THE QUIVER

ANNUAL VOLUME, 1899

PAPERS, ADDRESSES, STORIES
POEMS, MUSIC

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XUM

THE QUIVER.

THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

By Our Special Commissioner at Berlin.

Illustrated from Photographs.

FEW projects of Church extension have attracted so much attention as the forthcoming opening of the Lutheran church in Jerusalem: a movement which has been zealously pushed forward by his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser of Germany and King of Prussia, and will be happily consummated by an imposing ceremony, at which his Majesty and his illustrious consort will be the central figures, just about the time that this number reaches its thousands of subscribers. So important is the movement, and with such close attention has it been watched by the religious bodies of England, that a special representative was sent to Berlin, who was fortunate enough to be received by some most distinguished Personages and kindly furnished with many details of the scheme, and all the information that it was possible to give—so much in advance as the exigencies of a monthly periodical demand.

It will be as well to first speak of the requirements for a new Lutheran church in Jerusalem. For a great many years there has been a considerable German colony in the city, its members steadily augmenting year by year. In the time of Frederick William IV. of Prussia a joint Protestant bishopric (German and English) was established, the right of appointment to lie with each country alternately. The first Bishop was a converted German Jew



A VIEW OF VENICE.

(*The Imperial Party's Place of Embarcation.*)

holding orders in the English Church; two others succeeded him, and then in 1886 Prussia withdrew from the agreement.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT-GROUP OF THE GERMAN ROYAL FAMILY.

(Photo: J. Baruch, Berlin.)

Nearly twenty years previous to this latter date the Sultan had presented to King William I. a disused building, which formerly was the property of the Knights of St. John, in order that a Protestant Lutheran church might be erected on the site. For some reason, the work was delayed for a considerable period, and the members of the German Evangelical Church have been worshipping in a small temporary chapel, by the side of which the handsome new church has been reared. The work has been carried on by a pastor and an assistant teacher, and there has also been a good school in conjunction with it. The foundation stone of the church was laid on October 31st, 1893, and it was thought the consecration would take place in 1897; but things were not in readiness, and so the event was fixed for October 31st of this year—the anniversary of the birth of the Evangelical Church, being the day on which Luther nailed his thesis to the church door in Wittenberg.

The Kaiser and Kaiserin have long cherished a wish to visit the Holy City and tread the land which Christ trod when on earth; and no better opportunity could possibly occur than when a new Lutheran church was about to be consecrated. Both their Majesties have done much—not only by rightly using the immense influence which they possess, but also financially—to further Church work; and, apart from any other cause, the opening of this sacred building for the use of their countrymen in a foreign land could not fail to enlist their sympathetic interest. The undertaking is a pious and domestic, and *not* a political, one, spite of several assertions to the contrary; and all who have the cause of true religion at heart cannot but rejoice that there will be

another pulpit from which the risen Saviour will be proclaimed to the residents of God's chosen land.

Their Imperial Majesties will leave Berlin by special train for Venice, where a brief rest will be taken previous to the embarkation on the royal yacht *Hohenzollern*. The dignitaries of the Lutheran Church and invited personages will travel in another direction. Leaving Berlin by train, they embark on the *Midnight Sun* (an English vessel flying the English flag) at Trieste; thence they will proceed to Alexandria. Having explored that city, they will visit Cairo, and thence, returning to Alexandria, they will go on to Jaffa, and so through Palestine to Jerusalem, where they arrive about midday on October 25th. The next few days will be spent in viewing the city and neighbourhood, and on the 31st the entire party will be present at the formal opening of the "Erlöser-Kirche" in the presence of the Kaiser and Kaiserin.

But I wish more particularly to draw your attention to the route taken by their Majesties, as this was particularly pointed out to me in Berlin. Venice—the principal port on the Adriatic—will naturally claim some share of the interest of the Imperial couple, and the Palace of the Doges, dating from the fourteenth century, with its many historical and awful associations; the famous cathedral of St. Mark—a venerable building of the eleventh century, rich in cupolas and mosaics, and marble columns to the number of five hundred—as well as other renowned places, will be visited.

At Venice their Majesties will go on board for a voyage of four days down the Adriatic, and up in a northerly direction through the Dardanelles and Sea of Marmora, direct to Constantinople and the Golden Horn. Here the Sultan has made great preparations for their reception. Special buildings are being erected, old roads widened, and new roads made; moreover, all streets to be traversed by the Imperial party are being properly paved—not before it was requisite—thousands of gas-jets are being added to the meagre number which have hitherto done duty, and the Yildiz Palace has been completely overhauled and refitted. In short, Abdul Hamid is incurring tremendous expense in order to entertain his distinguished visitors right regally. The sojourn will extend over several days, and many places will be visited, including the royal palaces—which abound in Constantinople—the mosques, tombs, towers, and bazaars; and as their Majesties will be in the city on a Friday, the "Selamlik," or Sultan's procession to the mosque, will be included in the programme.

On leaving Constantinople, the Imperial yacht will steam round Asia Minor to the Syrian coast, passing many attractive places, amongst which may be mentioned the Plains of Troy and the Isle of Patmos. A run of about three days will bring them to Kaiffa, more generally known as Haifa. Here the Kaiser and Kaiserin will land about



JAFFA (JOPPA) AT THE PRESENT DAY.

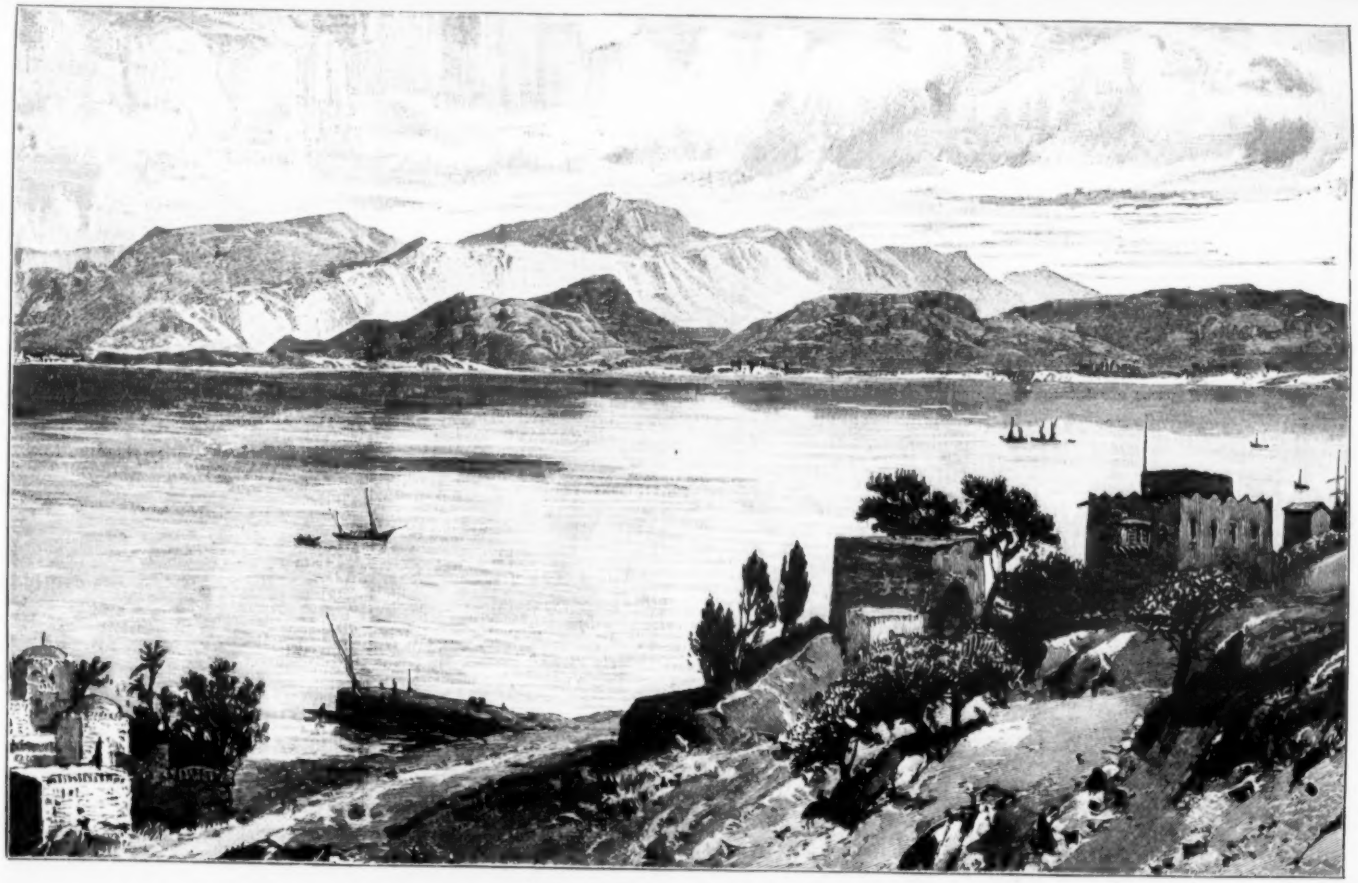
midday on October 25th, at the special new landing-stage which has lately been erected for the purpose. The first stone of this was laid amidst much ceremony by the Mutessarif of Acre, in the presence of the entire Consular body, the troops, and all the local notabilities. The ceremony was, of course, a Mohammedan one, a sheep being sacrificed upon the stone, and the blessing of Allah invoked upon the coming Imperial guests.

Once landed at Haifa, thenceforth the Imperial expedition will be entirely under the guidance of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, the well-known tourist agents, Mr. Cook himself personally conducting the party to Jerusalem. The Sultan had previously offered tents, horses and carriages for the journey, but these the Emperor at first declined, as he was anxious to avoid giving any political significance to an expedition undertaken solely on religious grounds, and for the purpose of the formal opening of the Church of St. Saviour or the Redeemer. At the earnest solicitation of the Sultan, he, however, finally consented to use horses, mules, carriages, and wagons provided by the Turkish monarch. The journey will be performed in true Oriental style, everything else necessary being furnished by Thomas Cook and Son.

The Kaiser will make the journey on horseback, the Kaiserin in an open carriage. The route is to be exactly the same as that followed by ordinary tourists, and the entire party will camp out at night in the usual way. The first day's journey will occupy nine or ten hours, and tents will be pitched for the night outside Cæsarea, in full view of the Mediterranean. Thence the party will ride to Jaffa, a journey of ten hours. The town is beautifully situated, and extensively planted with orange groves. There is a good carriage road from it direct to Jerusalem, and a railway, which was opened some six years since. The Imperial party will spend the night under canvas outside the city, the view of which has an added interest, inasmuch as there is within its walls a considerable German colony. The



A VIEW OF MODERN JERUSALEM.



HAIFA, AND THE BAY OF ACRE.

(The Landing-Place of the Imperial Party.)

remainder of the journey to Jerusalem will be carried out in the same manner over ground that is scripturally historical and highly picturesque, passing as it does over the Plains of Sharon, by Lydda and Emmaus—where Christ walked with



THE JAFFA GATE AT JERUSALEM.

(From here the Emperor and Empress go on foot to the Holy Sepulchre.)

His disciples after the Resurrection—and so on through the Valley of Ajalon, by Kirjath and Jesrun; arriving at Jerusalem on Saturday, October 29th, where tents will be pitched on ground acquired by the Evangelical Jerusalem Fund.

The actual entrance of the procession into the city will be imposing, but, once within the Jaffa Gate, the Kaiser and Kaiserin purpose going on foot to the Holy Sepulchre, with an entire absence of any State surroundings. The route from the gate to the Sepulchre has been entirely renovated for their Majesties by the Sultan. Needless to say, this block of buildings containing the Chapel of the Sepulchre is surrounded by much that is legendary, and has been the scene of many and fierce contentions. Now it is under the protection of the Sultan, and Moslem soldiers guard it, and are stationed within the vestibule to keep order amongst the various Christian pilgrims who visit it. Various chapels credited to various nations are within its portals, the Church of the Sepulchre being, of course, the chief place of interest.

The rotunda of the sepulchre is the principal part of the building. In the centre of the adjoining vestibule, or Angel's Chapel, lies the stone which is said to be that which the angel rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre; then by passing through a lower door you enter the Chapel of the Sepulchre; it is very small, only holding three or four persons at one time. Very much controversy has taken place regarding the correctness of the site of the Holy

Sepulchre. It must of necessity be an uncertain matter, as the course of the city wall has not been clearly ascertained, and it seems an undoubted fact that in the fourth century the actual site of the tomb was completely lost sight of. Pilgrims who visited Jerusalem at that period centred their entire interest on the place of the Ascension of the Lord, worshipping and revering the living, and not the dead, Christ.

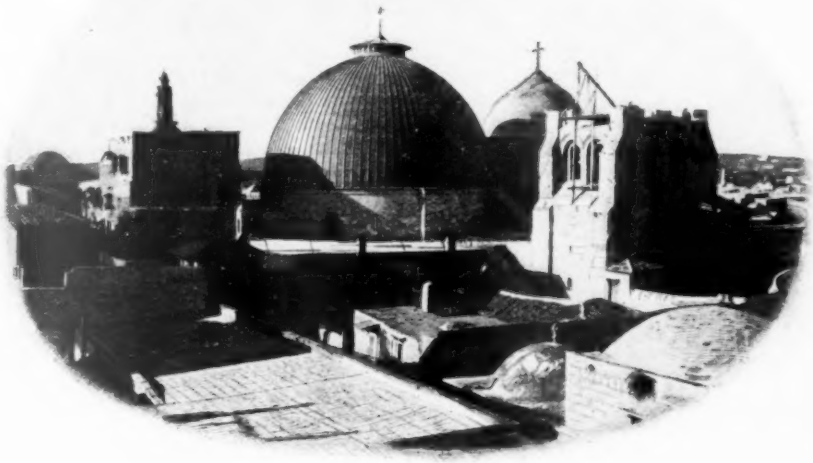
It is perhaps hardly necessary here to point out the difference between ancient and modern Jerusalem. Many of the old landmarks are still in existence, some of which I shall have occasion to mention later. There is a large German colony now resident there, and during his Majesty's visit he will receive representatives of this colony at the German Consulate.

Sunday will be a memorable day for the expedition, the first event being the attendance at morning service in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, to be followed by the opening of an orphanage for Armenian children.

In the afternoon certain sacred places on the Mount of Olives will be visited. The entire Mount is replete with interest, for there is no other place which was frequented so much by Christ when on earth. It is a significant fact that, so far as can be ascertained from the Scriptures, Jesus never spent one night within the precincts of Jerusalem, but was wont to spend them on the Mount of Olives.

The Brook Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat are each near, and are amongst the places to be visited by the Kaiser and the Kaiserin on that special Sunday. But as interesting as any event of the day will be an open-air service to be held on the Mount, attended by their Majesties, the whole of the personages forming the expedition, and the German settlement in Jerusalem. The bands of the royal yacht and the escorting squadron, which will have journeyed up from Haifa for the purpose, will perform the musical part of the service.

The next day—Monday, the 31st—the consecration of the Church of the Redeemer in the Mâristân will take place; the ceremony will be somewhat imposing, as a large number of clergy and distinguished personages will be taking part in it. The list of representatives who will be present reads as follows:—The members of the Evangelical



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



DR. BARKHAUSEN OF BERLIN.

(Organiser of the Tour.)

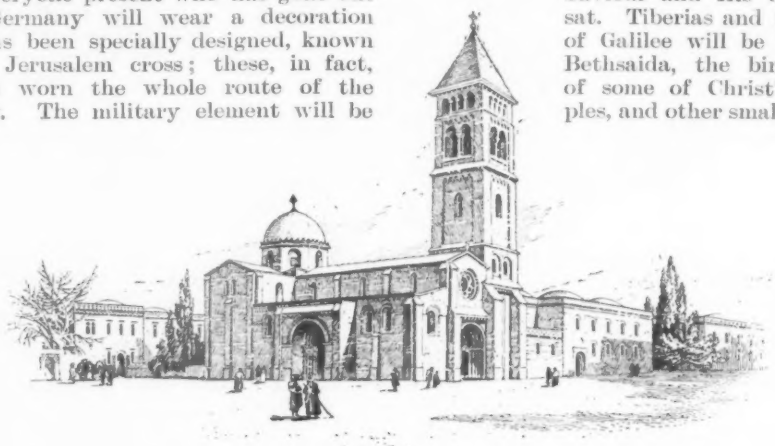
(Photo: Johannes Hülsen, Berlin.)

Church Council specially formed for the Jerusalem expedition; the representatives of the German Evangelical Ecclesiastical Governments; the invited Foreign Church Corporations; the Knights of the Order of St. John; the invited representatives of the missionary societies who are working in Palestine and Syria; the Gustave Adolf Society; the whole of the Evangelical Church in Jerusalem; their Imperial Majesties and suite. I may say that everyone present who has gone out from Germany will wear a decoration that has been specially designed, known as the Jerusalem cross; these, in fact, will be worn the whole route of the journey. The military element will be in the minority, consisting only of about sixteen men, eight of them belonging to the Imperial Body Gendarmerie, and eight to the Kaiserin's bodyguard; these, however, will not travel up with the Imperial party, having gone out from Berlin some little time beforehand to accustom themselves to the habits of the country.

Immediately subsequent to the ceremony at the church the Kaiser and Kaiserin will start for a two or three days' visit to places of interest around Jerusalem, commencing by riding to Jericho, which will take about six hours. The Imperial party will halt there for the night, camping at the foot of Jebel Harantel.

On the succeeding day visits will be paid to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, the latter one of the most wonderful rivers of the world, with a history running through the entire Bible. Various other places of much interest will be seen, and then their Majesties return to Jerusalem, going back to the coast by train, and taking ship again at Jaffa for Haifa.

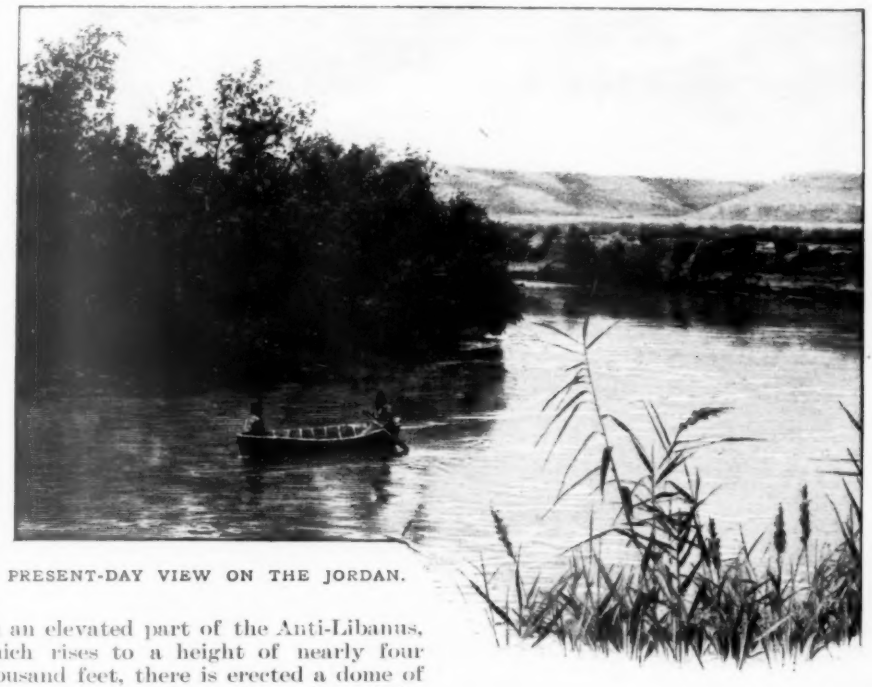
From here they will visit Nazareth—which is memorable as the home of Jesus. It is still a flourishing place, partly built on rocky ridges. There is a Latin chapel which is supposed to be built over the workshop of Joseph; also a small chapel known as the Table of Christ, which is merely a vaulted chamber containing the table at which the Saviour and His disciples sat. Tiberias and the Sea of Galilee will be visited. Bethsaida, the birthplace of some of Christ's disciples, and other small places



THE NEW LUTHERAN CHURCH, JERUSALEM.

in the vicinity, will each come in for a share of attention.

Proceeding northward, the expedition will view other places, but none, perhaps, so beautiful as one at which they will make a brief stay—Damascus, the oldest city in the world. It is situated on the western side of the great plain, at an elevation of two thousand two hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and is beautiful beyond all description.



A PRESENT-DAY VIEW ON THE JORDAN.

On an elevated part of the Anti-Libanus, which rises to a height of nearly four thousand feet, there is erected a dome of victory, from which the best view of the city and the seven rivers can be obtained, as also of the white-streaked mountains, the chocolate plain, and the rich and varied colours of the foliage of the trees. Within the city stands a citadel and a palace. Damascus has seventy mosques, and about one hundred and fifty other places of worship in addition; and each of the principal religious communities occupy different parts of the city. In the same way different industries are carried on, each in their own quarters exclusively, having their own bazaars for the sale of goods. The place is highly prosperous, and its appearance is, as I have said, extremely beautiful. Thence the Kaiser and Kaiserin will journey on to Egypt, seeing Alexandria, Cairo, and going up the Nile; but here space forbids us following them.

It is a visit which cannot fail to impress all; the Kaiser himself to no ordinary extent, considering his remarkable power of grasping the religious and romantic elements of ancient history and its famous scenes. What he will see will stir his heart to no ordinary degree, sensitive as is his mind to all such impressions. It must also sensibly appeal to the cultured members of every religious community, and all will watch this Imperial pilgrimage with unusual interest, and wish for it a happy and prosperous finale.

I cannot close this without tendering my respectful thanks for the gracious kindness accorded me in Berlin, and for the valuable assistance rendered me by Dr. Barkhausen, the President of the Evangelical Church Council for the Jerusalem Expedition, this gentleman being chiefly responsible for the entire arrangements.

PLEDGED

By Katharine Tynan, Author of "A Daughter of Erin," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

MR. GRAYDON and his daughter Pamela were jogging leisurely home from the little market town of Lettergort. There was no reason to hurry, and if there had been, Frisky, the little fat pony, whose frisky days were long over, would not have been aware of it.

It was very hot, a morning of late summer; but Pamela's creamy cheeks were as cool as the firm petals of a lily. She bore as if accustomed to it the jog-trot of the pony and the frequent ruts into which their chariot bumped, flinging her from the seat as though she were the football in a hotly contested game.

Mr. Graydon kept up a contented whistling when he was not commenting on the fields and the cattle as they passed. That had been a long, hot summer, and for once in a century people had begun to long for the patter of rain on the leaves.

"Woa, Frisky—woa, little lad! That's a nice colt of Whelan's down there by the sally-tree. Do you see, Pam? Now, I hope the poor fellow will get a handful of money for it. He'll need it this summer," Mr. Graydon would say.

Or, again, it would be a farmer going their own way from Lettergort.

"Good-morning, John."

"Good-morning, your honour. How did the calves do wid your honour?"

"I'm not complaining, John. Murray of Slievenahoola gave me thirty shillings apiece for them. It was as much as I hoped for."

"Aye, they wor but weanlin's. An' 't is no use keepin' stock this summer."

"How did you do with the heifers, John?"

"Didn't get the price of their feed, your honour. Wirra! 'tis a desperate summer. The hay wasn't worth cuttin', and the oats is pitiful."

Again, it would be a labourer with a scythe on his shoulder whom Mr. Graydon would stop to ask after his household concerns. Everywhere they passed a smile followed Mr. Graydon's broad back in its faded homespuns.

"'T is a rale pleasant word he has in his mouth, God bless him! an' him a rale gentleman an' all," followed him from many a cottage-door.

"You 've done your marketing, Pam," said her father, turning to her.

"I'd plenty of time, dad, while you chatted to your million acquaintances."

"And sold my calves, Pam."

"You might have sold a thousand in the time."

"Well, well, Pam, it is my little world, you see. I hope the perishable things won't be broken when we come to the rut by Murphy's gate. 'T is a foot and a half deep at least. Johnny Maher ought really to mend this road."

"You ought to make him, dad. What's the good of being a magistrate?"

"What indeed, Pam! Sure, I never get a job done for myself. There's old Inverbarry now, and he a lord, and he's getting the private road through his park mended at the public expense. And he as rich as Crœsus, the old sinner!"

Mr. Graydon rubbed his hands with benevolent amusement. His daughter glanced at him with a pucker between her white brows. The violet-blue eyes under curling black lashes exactly reproduced her father's,

though at this moment the expressions were widely different.

"You're too easy-going, dad. You should make Johnny Maher mend the road."

Mr. Graydon dropped a rein to pull one of his daughter's silky black curls.

"You wouldn't be having me too hard on the poor fellow, and he with a sick wife and an old mother and a pack of children. Eh, little Pam?"

Pamela shook her head severely; and the red mouth, which had drooped at the corners when she was serious, parted over white teeth in a laugh fresh as a child's.

"You've no conscience, dad, any more than Lord Inverbarry or Johnny Maher. You're conniving at their wrongdoing, you see."

"Maybe I am, Pam—maybe I am. Only I don't suppose it seems wrongdoing to them—at least, not to Johnny Maher, poor fellow. Inverbarry ought to know better."

They jogged along for a few minutes till there was another jolt. Simultaneously there was a crash at their feet, and Mr. Graydon pulled up with an exclamation.

"There goes some of your crockery, Pam. I hope it's not the lad's looking-glass."

"Never mind," said Pam, with a sigh of despair. "Perhaps now you'll get Johnny Maher to see to the road. If it's his looking-glass, he'll have to shave as Mick St. Leger used, with the lid of a can for his looking-glass."

"Ah, poor Mick was used to our ways. He didn't mind. But this is a public-school man. We'll have to furbish up for him, little Pam, and put our best foot foremost, eh?"

"It looks like it," said Pam, gazing down at the jumbled parcels at her feet. "I'll



"How did the calves do wid your honour?"

tell you what it is," she said: "it's the glass for his bedroom window. It is all in smithereens. He'll have to put up with the brown-paper panes, as Mick St. Leger did."

"Never mind, never mind. The lad's a gentleman, and he'll see we're gentlefolk, though we're as poor as church mice. He won't mind, you'll see, Pam; gentlemen never do mind these things."

"You're thinking of Mick still, dad. You forget that Gwynne man who wouldn't stay because he got nothing but potatoes for three days. As if we could help the roads being frozen and Frisky not being able to get to Lettergort! Do you remember Gwynne's face over the potato-cake the third day? Yet I'm sure Bridget had done her best. What with potatoes in their jackets, and mashed, and with butter, and without, and in a salad, and at last in a cake, I'm sure there was no sameness about the diet."

"Gwynne was a—well, of course, he was a gentleman, but as disagreeable as a gentleman can be. Besides, Pam, potatoes probably didn't agree with him; they don't with everyone, you know, and Gwynne was dyspeptic. I don't know what the lads are coming to. In my young days we didn't even know the word dyspepsia, much less the thing."

"Gwynne was hateful," said Pamela. "He expected us to kill the chickens for him when every single chicken was a pet, and so tame, dear things! that they would walk into the drawing-room and perch on your knee."

"Perhaps that's why Gwynne wanted them killed," said Mr. Graydon.

"Nasty thing!" said Pamela. "I was glad when we saw his back. He couldn't bear the dear dogs lying on his bed either, though Mary told him it was a proof of their friendliness towards him. He fired his boot-jack after Mark Antony, you remember, and though it's not easy to stir up Mark Antony, yet I'm glad he had the spirit to go for Gwynne's legs."

"Mark Antony had been burying bones under Gwynne's pillow, my dear."

"Only because it was a wet day, and he never liked to go out in the rain. I daresay if he'd had time he'd have removed the bones to the garden. However, I don't suppose this youth will be like Gwynne. What do you think, dad?"

"His father was the best fellow ever stepped on shoe-leather. If the lad is like him, we shan't complain. What a handsome, dashing fellow he was! I can see him now in his scarlet and gold lace that night at Lady Westbury's ball, where I first met——"

He broke off suddenly with a little sigh. "That was another world, Pam."

"A world well lost—was it not?—dad."

"Aye, a world well lost, little girl."

It was plain to see that a tender intimacy existed between this father and daughter.

"I daresay he'll find my ways rather old-fashioned, Pam. It was an odd thing that his father should have remembered me, and have wished the lad to come to me."

"It would have been odd if he hadn't," said Pam shortly.

"There are new ways and new methods in the world since I was at Oxford. I daresay the lad'll find me rather rusty in my knowledge."

"You'll teach over his head, as you always do, and you'll get great delight out of it. You'll forget all about your pupil, and you'll go mouthing Greek poetry till we think downstairs that the study chimney is on fire. And while you're growling and thundering the youth will be making caricatures of you under the table, or cutting his name deep in the oak of your precious study table."

"Is that my way, little Pam?"

"That's your way, dad. There was never one of your pupils that could follow you, only little Sells, and he died young, poor boy!"

"Ah, little Sells. I am proud of Sells. He died fighting the small-pox with all the heroic soul in his little body. He had the making of a fine scholar."

"Never mind, dad. None of us can do more than die heroically. And Sells would always have been a poor curate. They'd never have made him a bishop."

"I suppose not, poor lad! Scholarship doesn't count for much, Pam."

"Or you would n't be here, dad."

"I'd always be in the ruck, Pam; I'm afraid I'm a worthless old fellow. From what you say, Pam, I'm as much of a failure at the teaching as anything else. I'm really afraid it's true."

"Never mind, dad. As Mick St. Leger said, you taught them better things. It isn't your fault that you're over their heads."

"Did poor Mick say that, now?" said Mr. Graydon, answering the first part of her sentence. "Mick was a good boy; but no scholarship in him. A child could beat Mick at the Greek verbs."

"He was more at home with a rod or a gun," assented Pamela. "Only for the noise he made you'd never know he was in the house. There was no fun he wasn't up to."

Mr. Graydon's face suddenly became serious.

"You'll remember this lad's not Mick, Pam," he said; "you and Sylvia, I mean, for, of course, Mary is always prudent. Don't behave with him as if you were all boys together. Now, that locking Mick in the hay-loft, or going with him to Whiddy Fair, would never do with this boy."

"That was five years ago, dad," answered Pamela, looking with a demure smile at the hem of her pink cotton frock where it covered her shoes. "We were wild little colts of girls, then, with our hair down our backs. Besides, we never meant to *leave* Mick in the hayloft; we only forgot he was there in the delight of finding a wild bees' nest; and we cried coming home from Whiddy Fair, we were so tired and so hungry."

"Till I overtook you with Frisky, and drove you home and comforted you."

"You should have spanked us, dad, and sent Mick to the right-about."

"So I should. If you'd been boys, I daresay I'd have known a better way with you. But what can one do with little girls? Then poor Mick. I knew it wasn't Mick's fault. You'd been leading him astray, as usual."

But Frisky had pulled up suddenly at a rather dilapidated gate, with a post falling to pieces, and the two halves of the gate fastened together with a piece of string. Out of the lodge within poured a stream of blue-eyed and chubby children, who stood regarding Frisky and his freight with shy and friendly smiles.

"Halloa, you rascals," called out Mr. Graydon, "run and call your mother, some of you. Gone with your father's dinner, is she? She seems to be always gone with your father's dinner. You can't get down to open the gate, Pam? No, I see you can't; you're built in with parcels round your feet. Here, take the reins, and I'll get down myself. Only don't let Frisky get his head, or he'll run off with the other post, as he did with that one."

"Frisky is not likely to do that, dad. He's got more sedate since those days. It was about the same time that Sylvia and I locked Mick in the hayloft."

"Five years ago, Pam? It can't be five years ago. I'd never have left that post unmended five years. Why, it was only the other day I was saying I'd have over the mason from Lettergort to mend it."

He had now done fumbling with the tie of the gate, and Pamela drove into the overgrown avenue. While he was replacing the bit of string he kept up a running fire of jests with the small, shame-faced children, to which she listened with a half-smile.

"Dear old dad," she said to herself. "He has been so long letting things go that he even forgets that he has let them go. And I'm his own daughter."

She took up a breadth of her pink frock and looked at it. There was a rent of at least three inches in it. Pamela shook her head in mute self-reproach.

"It'll never do for 'Trevithick's lad,' as the dear dad calls him. I don't suppose he's used to young women with rents in their frocks. And I am a young woman, and so is Sylvia, though our own father has never found it out."

As she sat waiting, a dreamy smile came to her lips and a softness to her eyes. It was like a prophecy of what "Trevithick's lad" was to bring—like the dawn of love, sweet and bitter, that was to bring Pam the hoyden into her woman's inheritance.

"Come along, dear," she said with a start, turning to her father: it seemed as if his head-pattings of the children would never come to an end. "Frisky's getting uneasy, and will bolt with me and the crockery, if you don't hurry up."

Her father jumped into the little cart with a laugh.

"I forgot that you were waiting, Pam, those infants have such pleasing ways. But as for Frisky running away with you, why, bless me! he's had time to get old since he ran away with the post; at least, so you say, though I should never have believed it—never!"

"And now," said Pam, "you're going to be turned out of house and home for the next few days. Unhappy man, you little know how you've carried soap and scrubbing brushes for your own destruction."

Mr. Graydon gave a gasp of genuine alarm.

"Soap and scrubbing brushes! But what for, Pam? I am sure everything is very clean—except my books: and I won't have the books touched, mind that—I won't have my books touched."

"Indeed, then, and I'd advise you to say that to Bridget yourself, for I'm sure I won't. She's taken a fit of industry, and says she might as well be living among haythens, wid th' ould dust an' dirt the masther's for ever gatherin'. 'Them ould books of his,' she says, 'would be a dale better for a rub of a damp cloth, and then a polish up wid a duster.'"

"Pam!" cried the unhappy gentleman. "She wouldn't dare put a damp cloth near my books."

"She'd dare most things, would Bridget. It's your vellum covers she's after chiefly. She says they're unnaturally dirty."

She looked at the beloved face, which bore a look of genuine dismay over its genial ruddiness.

"Never mind, dad," she said. "Bridget promises great things; but between you and me I believe the great clearing up will just end in what she herself calls a lick and a promise. I don't suppose she'll ever get so far as your possessions—I don't really believe she will."

"Don't let her, Pamela darling, will you?" said her father entreatingly. "Why, good gracious! my classics in vellum! A damp cloth! And Bridget's damp cloth! It would be enough to send me to an asylum."



"Come along," she said.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS.

"WHEN I was at Lord Carrickmines's," began Bridget.

"Bother Lord Carrickmines!" said Miss Sylvia Graydon. "We know everything that happened at Lord Carrickmines', and that can't have been much, seeing you've lived in this house since before I was born."

"When I was at Lord Carrickmines's," went on Bridget with a kindling eye, "the young ladies—and sweet young ladies they were, Miss Mabel and Miss Alice—would have scorned to sit on the kitchen table swingin' their feet an' givin' advice they worn't asked for when there was work to be done in the house. They were more likely to come an' help——"

"In their pink and blue silks, Bridget dear. You know they always wore pink and blue silks. Besides, I only advised you for your good. You're going the wrong way entirely about mending that chair. The first time Sir Anthony sits on it he'll go flat on the floor."

"Well, then, it won't be you'll go flat on the floor, Miss Sylvy, so you needn't be talkin' about it. There, bother the thing! The more nails I drives in it the more it splits, till the cracks in it is like the spokes of a wheel. I believe 't is you sittin' there givin' me impudence, Miss Sylvy. Sure

it's the contrary ould thing entirely. I wish I'd never bothered after it."

"Why did you, then? Why can't he sit on his trunk, as Mick used to do? I'm sure he can't be better than Mick."

"There's a deal o' differ, Miss Sylvy, between the rank of a 'Sir' an' the rank of a meleetia leftenant, though Mr. St. Leger was a real nice young gentleman, when not led into mischief by you or Miss Pamela. You see, I learnt the differ when I was at Lord——"

"I'll tell you what, Bridget," said Miss Sylvia, jumping off the table, "I'll go and pick currants in the garden. You were saying yesterday they were dropping off their stalks for want of picking."

"Aye, do, dearie. I'll be makin' jam as soon as I get this weary cleanin' done, an' you'll help me with the stirrin', Miss Sylvy, an' write the labels for me?"

"That I will, Bridget, on condition you give me a pot for myself."

Bridget looked fondly after the slender young figure as it went out in the sunlight, followed by a very fat bull-dog which had been basking before the fire.

"There," she said to herself, "Miss Sylvy's real willin', if you only take her the right way. Sure, as I was sayin' to the master the other day, you'd never miss a young gentleman in the house as long as you'd Miss Sylvy. Miss Pamela's real pleasant, too, but give me Miss Sylvy, for all she's more like a boy nor a girl. But there, a household of females is apt to weigh on the spirits, as I say, so it's well we have Miss Sylvy, for the master's ever abroad or shut up wid his musty ould books."

At this moment a lieutenant of Bridget's appeared on the scene. This was Mrs. Murphy, a stout village matron, who had been brought in to assist in the great cleaning up, preparatory to the arrival of the new pupil.

The good woman was steaming like her suds, of which she carried a very dirty bucketful.

"Well, that job's done," she observed, "an' the room ought to be clane enough to sarve him another twelvemonth. I don't know what the gentry wants wid all the clanin' at all. 'T is meself wouldn't like ould buckets o' suds rowled round the flure o' my little room at home. They say washin' flures is the cause of a many coulds. How is the work wid ye, ma'am?"

"I'm not progressin' much, ma'am. I was just tellin' Miss Sylvy that it was her sittin' and laughin' at me was puttin' out my hand. Sit down for a minute, ma'am, an' have a noggin o' buttermilk to cool ye. There's time enough to be pullin' up the master's ould carpet that hasn't been up in the memory o' man. He won't be home this hour yet."

"Gentlemen doesn't like clanin' times, Miss Flanagan," Mrs. Murphy observed, as she seated herself.

"Indeed, they're contrairy cratures, like all men. They like claneness, but they don't like to be claned. See how they're always moppin' themselves in could baths enough to give them their end, and yet water about their rooms is somethin' they can't endure. When I was at Lord Carrickmines's, the housekeeper put me, as it might be you, ma'am, to pelt an ould bucket o' water round his lordship's studio. He was a hasty man, an' he caught sight o' me enterin' the door—oh, bedad! he took the ould blunderbuss an' promised me the contints of it if I didn't quit."

"The master here's rale quiet, though. He won't be for murdherin' you, glory be to goodness!"

"I daresay he'll raise a pillalew all the time," said Bridget philosophically, "but 't is no use mindin' him."

"Yez have great preparations anyway, an' people's comfort all out o' the windy. I suppose 't is a rale grand young gentleman yez are gettin'?"

"Well enough, well enough," said Bridget loftily. "He's what ye call a baronite."

"Rowlin' in gould, I suppose?"

"Well, then, ma'am, I was never curious enough to ax his fortin'."

Undeterred by this glaring snub, Mrs. Murphy went on placidly:

"He'll be a fine match for wan o' the young ladies."

"He might be," assented Bridget, as if she had thought of it for the first time.

"Miss Sylvy now'll dazzle the eyes of him wid beauty. I wouldn't ask a greater beauty meself if I wor a young gentleman."

"Oh, the beauty's there, never fear. You wouldn't find a sweeter angel than Miss Sylvy sittin' up in church on Sunday, wid the feathery hat she made herself, poor lamb. The little face of her, and the big shiny eyes, an' the darlin' hair puffed out about her. Och, indeed, you'd go a long way to bate Miss Sylvia in beauty."

"So the young gentleman 'll think, I'll be bound."

"Indeed, then, I hope he won't be wastin' his time, for if he was to come makin' love to Miss Sylvy, 't is as like as not she'd make a face at him."

"Well, then, it 'll be Miss Pamela."

"May be, may be. Anyhow, it won't be Miss Sylvy, for she's just an imp of mischief, for all she has the face of an angel. The master calls her 'Boy.' 'I was lookin' for a

boy,' says he, 'an' 't was herself that come. But sure, after all,' says he, 'I'm not sure 't was any mistake at all, at all.'"

"And now, Mrs. Murphy," said Bridget, with a sudden return to authority, "I 'd be obliged to you if it was your work you was gettin' about, an' not sittin' here idlin' all day. Stir your lazy bones, woman, an' be off to the master's studio, or 't is never done 't will be at all."

"Well, indeed, ma'am," said Mrs. Murphy, with a justly aggrieved air. "Here I wouldn't be at all, exceptin' by your own invitation."

Bridget hurried upstairs through the quiet house flooded with morning sunshine. Carrickmoyle stood on a plateau, and looked away



"Gentlemen doesn't like clanin' times, Miss Flanagan."

over the bleached country and the summer-dark coppices. It was a square house, kindly of aspect, despite its ruinous condition, and around it lay a rich old garden, full of damask roses and such wealth of fruit as only come with years to a garden.

An orchard, gnarled and overgrown, was down in the hollow. A delightful place it was to dream away a summer day, with no sound to break the stillness save only the moan of the wood-dove or the dropping of ripe fruit.

As Bridget went upstairs she paused at a window. Below her, flitting here and there through the raspberry canes and currant bushes, she caught a glimpse of Sylvia's blue frock.

"There she is, the lamb," muttered the old woman, her face softening. "There she is, wid that Mark Antony at her heels, helpin' himself to the raspberries, I 'll be bound. An' she, pretty lamb! 't is more she 'll be atin' thin pickin', I 'm thinkin'. But never mind, never mind, we can't be young but wance."

In the room intended for the new pupil Mary Graydon, the eldest of the three girls, was sitting, puckering her forehead over a mass of muslin that overflowed her lap.

"What are you in trouble about, Miss Mary?" asked Bridget.

"I don't know how to cut this into curtains for the window at all, Bridget dear," said the sweetest, most plaintive voice; "it 's so narrow and the window so wide."

"What have you got at all, child? 'T isn't your poor mamma's muslin slips?"

"It is indeed, Bridget. They were only going to pieces where they were, and we can't afford curtains, and I 'm sure if mamma was alive she 'd tell me to 'take them.'"

"Indeed, then, I 'm sure she would, Miss Mary, for she was like yourself; she 'd give the clothes off her back to anyone she thought wanted them worse. Give me the scissors, jewel, an' I 'll just cut them out for you. I once got a prize in Major Healy's lady's sewin'-class for cuttin'-out when I was a girl; though you 'd never believe it, to see the botch I made of the chair I was tryin' to mend."

"It isn't quite the same thing, Bridget, you know. Oh! thank you, that *is* clever. How are you getting on downstairs?"

"Pretty well, Miss Mary, but 't is aisy does it wid that woman, Mrs. Murphy. She 's a great ould gossip of a woman; 't is no wonder Tim an' the childher are the shows of the place. I was hard put to it to shut her mouth—her tongue 's longer thin my arm—an' get her to the master's studio before he came home."

"Oh, poor papa! You 're surely not invading him, Bridget?"

"Aye, am I. The woman 's up to her shoulders in dirty soap-suds by this time, unless she 's found someone more ready to listen to her thin I was. There, Miss Mary, there 's the curtain; I 've made a nate job of it, haven't I?"

"You have indeed, Bridget. I wish you 'd teach me some of your cleverness."

"Arrah! what would you want with the

like? Sure, 't is only by rayson of a little inconvaynience that rale blood-ladies like yourselves has to lift your hands, if it was only to wash your faces."

Mary Graydon shook her head. Hers was a face which seemed irradiated with a quiet inward light, and her eyes were gentler than the eyes of doves.

"You must teach me all you know, Bridget, for I shall always be poor."

"You mane when you marry Mr. St. Leger, Miss Mary?"

The girl nodded without speaking, but a sudden rush of happy colour covered her innocent face.

"Don't be thinkin' of that, my lamb. The ould lord 'll come round before that. Sure he couldn't be as hard-hearted a naygur as he lets on."

"I'm afraid not, Bridget. He has a little son of his own now, you see, and so the less reason for forgiving papa."

Bridget lifted her eyes and hands.

"Him wid a little son indeed! Cock him up wid a little son, an' him wid wan foot in the grave! Well, there 's no gettin' over the ways of some people. But 't is time for me to be gettin' about my work, or I 'll be as bad as that Murphy woman. Just you call to me, Miss Mary, if you want to know anything; but don't go spoiling them eyes on Mr. Mick, puttin' too fine work into that baronite's curtains."

She went off then, and for a time there was silence in the room, broken only by the occasional efforts of Pamela's Irish terrier, Pat, to better Bridget's bed-making. The windows, brown-paper panes and all, were flung wide open, and there was a lovely prospect of plain and hill, and wood and river, stretching away into the pearl-grey distances. A little wind sang like a lullaby in the leaves of the sycamore outside the window, and from the garden below came a drowsy humming of bees.

But to the girl who sat there dreaming dreams a scene widely different presented itself. She saw a parched Indian plain and a row of low white buildings. All around there was a clearing, but beyond was the mass of the jungle, where the jackals cried by night and the lions roared thunderously. Somewhere in that baking place she saw the face she loved—the plain, honest, devoted face of Mick St. Leger, who had passed from the Militia to be a subaltern in a marching regiment. Five years at least would elapse before he came home—five years, with all their chances of trouble and loneliness, and, alas! of death.

Mary Graydon trembled over her sewing as the longing for her lover became almost intolerable. Then she snapped a thread off short, and lifted her eyes in a quiet way which had become natural to her when she was alone. She could not know what was happening to her dear boy under those deadly skies; but there was One who knew and whose love was greater still, and she could trust that love even if its will was to slay her.

There was a quick step on the stones, and the sound of someone rushing up two steps at a time.

"Oh! here you are, Molly," cried Pamela, rushing in breathless. "We've got home, papa and I; and the glass for these windows is all in a smash, and three of the new tumblers, and the youth's shaving-glass. And what do you think, darling? The youth 's coming to-day—this afternoon. That dear old dunderhead of a father of ours has been reading 'Thursday' for 'Tuesday,' and has just had a telegram to undeceive him."

Mary lifted her hands in dismay.

"Dad 's to meet him at Lettergort at four-thirty. It 's just as well it happened, anyhow, for, instead of going into his study to read the *Sentinel*, I 've headed him off for the stables to see if Frisky must have a shoe. So he hasn't discovered yet the terrible havoc among his household gods. Maybe, if we can get things to rights before he finds out, he 'll never know his room has been cleaned at all, at all. I 'm sure Mrs. Murphy will leave as few traces of the cleaning as possible."

"What *are* we to do, Pam?"

"Why, do nothing. It 's just as well the glass is broken, for there 'd be no time to put it in. Besides, I 'm of Bridget's opinion, that brown paper 's a deal comfortabler-looking in the could weather."

"But his dinner, Pamela?"

"Why, kill the red cock. He 's been insufferable, strutting about with his hoarse crow, since he killed my dear bantam. Besides, he can't live much longer; you know he 's very old."

"But won't he be tough? Besides, how are we to catch him?"

"As to the toughness, the youth will think it 's the habit of Irish fowl. As to catching him, I think he might be trapped in the rose-bush opposite the hall-door, where he and his wives have taken to roosting; and a nice thing they 've made of the rose-bush. He 's so old, poor dear! that he goes to bed while yet the sun 's high; but, mind, I 'll have nothing to say to catching him, lest it should savour of revenge for my Dick."

"But, Pam, the house is upside down; and Sir Anthony comes at four-thirty, you say?"

"Four-thirty his train is due. But papa must take him a round that 'll keep him till seven. You may trust Frisky, if Frisky gets a chance, though in the ordinary course of things they 'd arrive here from Lettergort in

half an hour. Then the train *may* be more late than usual, to oblige us."

"I suppose papa must keep him out?"

"Yes, of course, he must. It's an interesting country and a charming day. Later on, of course, he'll find out that Lettergort Station is only round the corner, so to speak; but he'll think the long drive was an aberration of his Irish host."

"But won't he be tired after his long journey?"

"Don't do that, Pam, darling."

"Only as a last resource. Never you fear, I'll keep the poor darling's mind undisturbed. You'll see he never suspects anything, even when I ask him at lunch where I shall find the quotation, 'Alas, unconscious of their doom, the little infants play.'"

And Pamela did ask him at lunch, and the poor gentleman gave her innocently the information she asked. Though, as she said afterwards, it was a shame to keep him in the dark, for he loved a joke so dearly that he would have enjoyed one even at his own expense.



Mary lifted her hands in dismay.

"He'll be more tired if he has to help us to catch the red cock; that is, if we don't succeed in surprising the poor thing."

"Yes, I suppose we'll have to ask papa to do that. And Pam, darling, do run down and see what Mrs. Murphy is doing in the poor dear's study. He has always been so happy there that it's a shame to disturb him with the knowledge that it has been invaded."

"Leave that to me. You'd say I was a born general if you saw the way I headed him off when he came in. I'll lock Mrs. Murphy in, if necessary, and then make a prodigious search for the key."

CHAPTER III.

SIR ANTHONY TREVITHICK.

"WELL, if the ould train isn't batin' herself for bein' up to time!" said Pat Sheehan, the porter at Lettergort Station. "She'll draw up at this platform twenty-five minits before she's due be the time-table, an' an hour an' twenty-five before her usual time."

"'Tis Timothy Dolan that's drivin' her," said the person addressed, a little old woman like a robin, with a soft little voice hardly bigger than a bird's twitter.

"The power of love is wonderful," she went on; "sure Tim's spakin' to Mrs. Doyle's little Katty, an' he's raced the thrain so that he can dart up an' see the little girl while the ould ingin' is pantin' the sides out of her like a dog after a gallop."

"More than punctual!" commented a young gentleman, who was standing in a first-class carriage, looking from the shining landscape to the face of his chronometer.

He was a good-looking fellow, with honest brown eyes and a face that told of constant living in the open air. He was lean as a hound, and almost as long; presumably he would fill out, but even now his long-legged youthfulness was not without its attractive side.

As the train drew up at the platform he pocketed his watch, and began to gather his belongings leisurely. They seemed to be a good many — gun-case, golf-sticks, fishing-tackle, hat-case, rugs and umbrellas, and all the rest of it. While he was thus engaged a good-natured face, belonging to the red-bearded and red-haired giant who was guard of the train, looked in at the window.

"No hurry, sir, if you're not goin' on. If you are, there'll be time to take a dander up the town an' get a bit of dinner."

"Indeed? I didn't know you made a long stop here," said the youth, pausing in his occupation of locking a small portmanteau.

"No more we do. We're supposed to skelp along wid the letters for Ballintaggart beyant the mountains there. But you see, sir"—insinuatingly—"the driver's gone to see his sweetheart. That's how we got in so early. Tim is the boy for not lettin' the grass grow under the thrain when he has a mind. I remember when this ould thrain was bet in a race wid a pig; but Tim's put another face on her."

"Oh — indeed. And when will you start again?"

"Whenever your honour likes. I wouldn't be for hurryin' a gentleman over his dinner, to say nothin' of Tim, that's a dacent boy, an' deserves a good turn."

The traveller laughed with an enjoyment that lit up a face grave in repose.

"You don't mind letting the people at Ballin —what's-its-name?—wait for their letters?"

"Och, surely not. Maybe 't is a week before some o' them 'ud hear be chance there was a letter for 'em at the post-office, an' be that time every wan in the place 'll know what's in it. It 'll be: 'There's a letter below at the post-office for you, Judy, wid an order in it for a pound from your Uncle Con in Philadelphy'; or, 'Miss Geraghty below at the post-office was tellin' me there's grand news from the daughter in New York—twins, no less, an' all doin' well.' Sure, the people themselves is the last to hear, barrin' the polis."

"But why should the police be in the dark?" asked the young gentleman, as he finally concluded putting his traps together. "Here, help me out with these, please. I'm getting off here, or I'd be delighted to fix the hour for going on."

Mat Connor, the guard, beckoned to Pat Sheehan.

"Here's a man 'ull run 'em anywhere you like in his ass-cart for you, sir, an' welcome, As I was sayin', sir, the polis has nothin' to do but pick up news, and there's an objection to doin' away wid their ockypation—that's all. They're dacent men, the polis."

"I expected a carriage or something to meet me."

Mat Connor looked up and down the platform, where the little woman stood alone, enjoying the excitement of the train's arrival. Then he went to the door and looked out. As he came back he again carefully scanned the platform, as though he might have overlooked such a thing as a carriage.

"Not a sight of one I see at all, at all, sir. Where might you be for, if I may make so bould as to ask?"

"I'm going to Mr. Graydon's, of Carrickmoyle. I daresay he 'll be here presently, as he knows the hour the train is due."

"Och, Mr. Graydon 'll be here, never fear. He 'll be rowlin' round in his little car in less thin no time. The gentleman's for Mr. Graydon's, Pat. Just get his things on the ass-cart an' run them around before another train 's due."

"It is not far, then?"

"If you turned to the right when you wint out, an' kep' your eyes shut, only feelin' your way by the wall, you'd be turnin' in at the gate of Carrickmoyle in, maybe, half an hour. But sure, here's Mr. Graydon himself comin' to look for you. I suspected he wouldn't be long."

The young gentleman turned round and saw coming towards him along the platform a lively, fresh-coloured man, of fifty or thereabouts. In spite of his old Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers of grey homespun, yellowed and browned with hard wear, there was no mistaking Mr. Graydon for anything but a gentleman. His face beamed cordiality on the new arrival, and his blue eyes shone with pleasure.

"You are welcome, my dear Sir Anthony, very heartily welcome to Carrickmoyle! Have you been waiting? I'm so sorry. I made certain to be in time. Indeed, I had

an errand to do a little further, but, of course, I turned in as soon as I saw the train had arrived."

"The train was over-punctual, sir, and I have been very well entertained while I waited."

"I daresay, I daresay. There are worse comrades than Mat. Many a pleasant day's shooting I had with Mat for companion. Eh, Mat, you don't forget the night in the Moyle river when our legs froze waiting for wild duck, and we thought we 'd have to stay there till the hot weather set us free."

Mat grinned delightedly for response.

"The worst of Mat is he 's a born poacher. Doesn't respect Inverbarry's preserves or anybody else's, and isn't to be frightened, though I tell him Inverbarry 'll lock him up one of these days."

"Not wid your honour on the bench. But 't isn't me that poaches. 'T is the bit of a dog. You couldn't insinse respect for the law into that little baste's head wance he 's put up a hare or a partridge."

"Well, good-bye, Mat, good-bye. Tell the old mother I was asking for her. How are you, Mrs. Kelly? What 's the last news from Nora? The best, that 's a good hearing. Come along, Sir Anthony. Don't drop any of the gentleman's things on your way, Pat."

Mr. Graydon bustled his new pupil out of the little station, and into the very disreputable pony car, with a blissful oblivion of its shortcomings.

"You won't mind coming to the village with me till I deliver my message? I was very near forgetting it. Then I'll have you home in less than no time. You 'll be glad of a wash-up and a cup of tea."

Sir Anthony assented, but he was preoccupied, tucking his long legs away under the seat of the little car. When he had time to look at his host, he found him gravely regarding him.

"You are like your father, just such another as he was at your age."

"I am glad you think so, sir. I am proud to be like him."

"Ah, he was a fine fellow, my lad."



You are welcome, my dear Sir Anthony."

"He never forgot you, sir, and your old friendship, though, as he said, you had chosen to bury yourself far away from your friends. He used to say that no man had more friends or deserved them better."

"Did he say that?" and for a second Mr. Graydon's eyes were misty. "Ah, well! he showed he remembered me when he wished his boy to be in my hands."

"You are good to have me, sir."

"Not at all, my lad. I shall be very glad of your companionship, and shall feel sometimes as if it were Gerald Trevithick beside me as of old instead of his boy. And your mother? I hope you left Lady Jane well."

"Quite well, thank you, sir."

"And what did she think of her only son burying himself in the wilds of Ireland?"

"She respected my father's wishes," said the young fellow, and Mr. Graydon detected a note of coldness in the voice which had

been so tender when he spoke of his dead father.

"Ah, here we are," said Mr. Graydon, as they turned into a tiny street of mud cabins and drew up in front of a general shop. "Just take the reins for a minute while I give Mrs. Lennan my daughter's orders. Oh, is it yourself, Mrs. Lennan? You shouldn't have troubled to come out. You're looking bonny in spite of the hot weather."

"The same to you, Mr. Graydon," said the little rosy-cheeked woman, curtseying. "What can I do for your honour to-day?"

"I've a list here as long as a woman's tongue, Mrs. Lennan, though the tongue isn't yours or we'd wish it to be always wagging. Let me see—here it is: soap, candles, matches—there, you'd better take it inside and get Mike to read it for you. He's a fine scholar, I hear."

"Indeed, then, he is, sir, though his mother oughtn't to be talkin' about it. Thank you, sir. I'll put the things together in less time than you'd say them over."

While they waited in the village street, Mr. Graydon beguiled the time by genial gossip with every man, woman, and child who came the way.

"How well you get on with the people, sir," Sir Anthony could not help saying.

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Graydon, with a little surprise. "You see, we've known each other so long. Things and people change little in these out-of-the-way places."

"I couldn't do it, if it was to save my life. Besides, the people where I come from wouldn't understand it."

"Ah, I suppose not. We Irish are more of a large family—which is, perhaps, the reason why we wrangle sometimes."

"I don't know how you recollect all their ailments, and the names and conditions of their families, and all the rest of it."

"I am about through them so much. Your mother would understand. I daresay she plays the Lady Bountiful a good deal."

The young man's lips parted over a range of beautifully white and strong teeth.

"No," he said, a little grimly. "The mater isn't at all the district-visiting sort, I assure you, sir."

With a feeling of having blundered, Mr. Graydon changed the subject.

"I was glad to see your gun-case," he said. "There's any amount of game about here. The mountain yonder has no end of rabbits; and there's plenty of teal, woodcock, grouse, and partridge. Good fishing, too, in the Moyle—the sweetest salmon-trout that ever grilled over a clear fire; and a mile or two away there are big salmon for the taking."

"Unpreserved?" cried the youth, with sparkling eyes.

"Well, not very strictly preserved. That mountain yonder, Carrickduff, is part of my singularly unprofitable property, and the Moyle runs inside my walls."

"If you don't keep me too close to work, sir, I foresee that I shall find Carrickmoyle a paradise."

"There are worse places than Carrickmoyle," said Mr. Graydon, with a sparkle of pleasure in his eye. "Oh, I shan't overwork you. I believe in out-of-doors for young fellows. When I am busy—I daresay I shall be a little busy at times with a book which I have had in hand some years—the children will look after you."

"You have children, then?"

"Yes, three little girls. The eldest is, I'm afraid, becoming grown-up; but the others are quite children, and as wild as little hares."

By this time they had passed the rickety gate and were approaching the house, the double doors of which stood hospitably open.

Mr. Graydon drew up on the gravel-sweep opposite the door.

"I must take Frisky round," he said, "and, meanwhile, will you go into the drawing-room? It is the first door on the left. I'll be back with you in a minute, as soon as I've found little Tim to take Frisky from me—likely as not he's playing marbles in the paddock."

Sir Anthony did as he was directed. The big hall, when he had entered it, was full of sunlight, but otherwise bare as poverty. A big fireplace, where the brasses tarnished and the steel rusted; a great handsome box, intended for billets of wood, but now coldly empty; some dusty antlers and shields on the high wall—these were not cheerful.

What was, was the sound of young laughter proceeding from the door to the left—exuberant laughter, full of enjoyment, accompanied with an odd little sound of rushing hither and thither.

The young fellow's face lit up as he went forward.

"The children playing 'Puss in the Corner,'" he said to himself, and went almost on tip-toe.

But as he reached the door he was met by a sudden silvery shriek. Something feathery and very hard struck him between the eyes; then the thing dodged him, but before he could discover what it was another missile followed; at the same moment the silvery voice cried, in accents of despair:—

"Very well, you wretch! go, if you will; but you have disgraced Carrickmoyle, and left the baronet without any dinner."

But let Sir Anthony himself explain these extraordinary happenings, and how he met his fate, and the strange shape in which love came to him.

END OF CHAPTER THREE.

Our Roll of Heroic Deeds



THIS series of pictures of heroic deeds is fittingly inaugurated by the portrayal of the splendid heroism of the nursemaid Fanny Best, of Tiverton, who, by her courage and presence of mind, was instrumental in saving the lives of her charges when attacked by an infuriated cow. As will be seen, she kept a firm hold of the perambulator, and at the risk of her own life boldly resisted the repeated thrusts of the animal until help arrived. The Editor is always pleased to hear of such instances of self-sacrificing bravery—either in men or women—with a view to the award of the Medal of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund, such as was sent to Miss Best at the time.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

By the Lord Bishop of Derry.

"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—St. MATTHEW iii., 2.



THIS proclamation, made by the Baptist, is the best possible beginning for a gospel, since men will never repent unless they feel that better things are open to them.

Therefore, as the next chapter informs us, these same words were the first utterance, the modest germ, of the profounder teaching of our Lord Himself, and He started from the precise point to which the forerunner had led his followers. The next step was to fill up somewhat these slender outlines by saying, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the gospel" (St. Matthew iv. 17; St. Mark i. 15).

This announcement is necessary still. How often have we excused our misdeeds by the abject plea that we could not help ourselves! It is abject, it is a confession of slavery; but, if true, it is a perfect defence. None may blame us for doing what is inevitable, or failing to do what is impossible. If a giant were to force a torch into my hand and with it to explode a powder magazine, I should not be the murderer of those who perished by my hand. I should feel outraged and indignant, but not remorseful.

And whoever is really certain that he "cannot help" his intemperance, or sloth, or anger, need not feel remorseful any more, but he also ought to feel outraged and indignant. But against whom? God? or Satan? or himself, the self of other days? For, after all, an act which is quite uncontrollable now may have sprung from the wilful acts of long ago, from compliances that forged habits which have now become bands of steel.

At all events, the gospel does not deny man's debasement and thraldom; it asserts, not that you are naturally free, but that you are graciously emancipated; it is preoccupied, not with your strength, but with the approach of reinforcements. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Now think how urgently a kingdom of heaven is required. We know to our cost that there is an awful kingdom of hell—an organised and systematic power of evil. Christ Himself said it. He declared that Satan could not cast out Satan because evil in this world is regulated, coherent, and organic—it is a house, a kingdom, working consistently, and it would fall if it were divided against itself. And we are beset by its forces, entangled, and made captive. Whatever be our frailty, they seize upon it. Am I selfish? The carelessness of others makes me dishonest. Am I uncharitable? Their failings provoke my scorn. Am I light and trifling? Their example beguiles me into excess. Am I irascible? Their injustice lashes me into fury. Am I sensitive? Their neglect discourages, their harshness ulcerates me. Am I affectionate? Their kindness disarms my judgment and drugs my conscience to sleep.

And the evil which these nurse in me becomes in turn a snare to other men.

And all these influences are wielded and swayed by malignant and terrible intelligences, our foes, our tyrants.

Therefore we have need of a kingdom as real, a power of goodness as systematic, to overcome in us this organised pressure from beneath.

And hence it was not mere goodness, but a kingdom of organised and potent goodness, which Jesus from the first proclaimed.

What is the meaning of the phrase, "the kingdom of God"—"of heaven"? Many excellent people believe it to be something still future, the outcome in another dispensation of forces latent still, the millennium, the personal reign of Christ. And we must not deny that there are passages which indicate that such will be the fulness and triumphant issue of His kingdom. But Christ did not say, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at least nineteen centuries away from you." And again, when tauntingly questioned as to when this kingdom should come, He answered that it was come already, "not with observation," yet among them.

And, indeed, He, being Himself the Anointed One, was always speaking of the kingdom; so that, while the rest of the New Testament mentions it thirty-three times, it is mentioned in the gospels one hundred and twenty-five times.

For He spoke to men who understood the phrase, being steeped in Old Testament promises of the Messianic time; and they, when their turn came, had to preach where the mention of a new kingdom would be as alarming as it was to Herod.

If, then, our Lord had even once employed a safer expression, this would so much better suit His followers as inevitably to displace among the Gentiles His own favourite phrase, "the kingdom." And so it comes that the word "church," which He is only known to have uttered on two occasions, is found elsewhere one hundred and thirteen times.

This is, indeed, an evidence of the accuracy of the reports, for if the discourses of our Lord were not genuine, how could they have been marked by this distinctive peculiarity when the Church had become used to employ a different word?

And surely it *is* the Church, this kingdom which our Lord spoke of as a field where tares were growing, as a little seed which became a tree, as a net which embraced alike good fish and bad?

It is the organised coherent power of the world to come, confronting evil with an influence and mastery superior to its own.

Repent, said Christ, because the empire of wickedness is tottering—because the iron sceptre of the tyrant is about to break—because the prince of this world is soon to be cast out.

What do we know of the constitution, and what of the spirit, of this divine kingdom upon earth?

Jesus declared its constitution when He said that, while the kings of this world put forth an imperious sway, and men obsequiously reckon them benefactors who exercise lordship over them, with us the conditions are reversed, and he is greatest who stoops, helps, serves, and forgets the ambitions that usurp and trample.

What encouragement for the penitent! In the realm which he now enters—where he fears to be reproached for his past rebellion—every true leader has it for an ambition to help and serve him; and he is made sharer in a vast and sublime citizenship, where all, from the Prince of Life to the lowliest true servant, are united in desiring his victory and joy.

Oh, if this is true, if the Conqueror of Death and Hell has received gifts for us, and ever liveth to make intercession for us, and if, in one grand and organised strain and stress of effort for the right, angels and principalities and powers, and things present and to come, and Paul and Cephas, all are ours, then, in the approach of such a kingdom, in the voice that bids us rally to such a standard of emancipation, what hope, what animation, what an opening of prison doors!

Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

With mutual help for its constitution, now what is its aim and temper?

"The kingdom of God," said St. Paul, "is not self-indulgence, not eating and drinking, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

It is not any *one* of these isolated from the rest.

Righteousness, for instance, means conformity to rule; a sceptre of righteousness is the same thing as a straight sceptre.

But can you not imagine a life of conformity to rule, a life perfectly righteous, being hideous?

Think, for instance, of a slave in a plantation, rising early, toiling until absolute exhaustion arrested his incessant labours, perfectly temperate, sober, and obedient. But all this was because the sound of the lash was in his ears, and the scars of it on his flesh; and all the while his soul was either stupefied or frenzied.

Well, it is not practically possible, but it is conceivable in theory—and Christ conceived it—that, even thus, in the fear which has torment, one should thoroughly obey God, remembering the pangs of remorse, and foreboding those of hell. And I repeat it: such a righteousness, pressed on the reluctant soul by external forces, would be hideous. It is the righteousness of the prodigal's brother: "I never transgressed. . . . Thou never gavest me a kid."

But the kingdom of God is righteousness combined with peace; it is obedience to an inner law—to a law written in the heart and mind.

"Righteousness, and peace, and joy." How little of real penetrating joy comes into an average human life! "Happy," says Thackeray, who knew men so well, "'appy! who is happy?" And even the calm and tranquil Wordsworth, most blameless of the children of his time, complained that—

> "We are pressed by heavy laws,
> And often, glad no more,
> We wear a face of mirth, because
> We have been glad before."

Nor, to be frank, is the life of a Christian altogether and perfectly joyful. "Even we ourselves do groan within ourselves," wrote Paul to the same church for which he prayed that the "God of hope would fill them with all peace and joy."

But the reason he groans is because he has only the first fruits of what is coming. He groans waiting for the redemption of the body, and the old nature still has power to hinder and to thwart him. What is new in him tends to happiness, the higher and holier part of him is all for joy; that is true of him in some degree which is observed of his Master (despite one apparent exception by the grave of Lazarus), that He is often said to have His soul troubled, but only once that He rejoiced in spirit. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

This kingdom, Jesus said, was at hand. And when His disciples were rejected, and shook off the dust of the city from their shoes, He bade them say, "Nevertheless, of this be ye sure, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

And it is nigh unto us to-day. It is felt in the inmost soul even of those who would be ashamed to confess its presence.

Even when you are most miserably defeated in striving to be good, most ashamed of failure, even when (to return to our starting-point) you declare that you cannot do the thing that you would, even then you do not entirely believe yourself; the conviction of lofty possibilities will not quite begone; righteousness, and peace, and joy, still haunt your imaginings and disturb your guilty pleasures; you feel, you know, that these things are your heritage, and without them you can never be content.

What does this strange, illogical, incessant experience mean?

There is a beautiful old legend of a Christian girl, betrayed to martyrdom by her pagan lover in the bitterness of his rejection, who promised as she went to die to send him, if it were allowed to her, some proof of her religion. On that same wintry night, as he sat and mourned, the legend says that a fair boy left at his door a basket filled with flowers of such bloom and fragrance as never grew in earthly gardens. Whereupon he arose and confessed Christ, and passed through the same dusky gates of martyrdom to rejoin her in the paradise of God.

Like those flowers of unearthly growth, proclaiming the reality of the unseen, so do our unworldly longings, our immortal spiritual aspirings, our feeling after a Divine Deliverer, if haply we may find Him, prove that the kingdom of God is at hand.

Every thought of God comes from God, and is already the operation of His Spirit.

Every desire for Christ is Christ's forerunner in the soul, and bids us welcome Christ.

"Repent ye, and believe the gospel."

HOMES OF NOBLE POVERTY

By the Author of "England's Youth at Worship."

TO be miserably poor throughout life is a burden sufficiently hard; to sink from riches to poverty is a tragedy. Yet it is a tragedy that we see constantly occurring around us. To struggle with despairing pride to preserve that outward show which is falsely termed respectability; to see fair-weather friends slink one by one away; to surrender the little luxuries, innocent enough in themselves, that have grown to become a part of life itself—that is what it means to slip down the hill of fortune.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," says the Book of Proverbs, the embodiment of wisdom for all time.

In poverty, as in all things else, there are degrees. What may be wealth to one may be destitution to another. It depends upon what the previous habits of life have been. Take, for instance, the gentlemen and ladies, many of them bearing the noblest English names, to whom the Queen grants apartments in the old Palace of Hampton Court. They are not without small incomes themselves, and the rates and taxes they have to pay amount to no inconsiderable sum. Yet to live rent free is a boon that enables them to live comfortably.

Shortly after the commencement of his reign George III. closed the Palace as a royal residence, and from that time private families commenced to occupy its innumerable rooms. These "royal squatters," as they have been called, at



(*Photo: J. G. Williams, East Molesey.*)

NOBLE POVERTY AT HAMPTON COURT.

first behaved in doubtful fashion. Many had been granted leave to stay for a few weeks, and quietly proceeded to make it a permanent residence. Worse still, they seized additional rooms when they thought they could

as its punishment, a certain gentleman retired to the rooms of a relation in the Palace, and claimed the immunity of a royal residence. The bailiffs knew that they could not arrest him there, and hung about at the gates,



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

HOUSES OF THE MILITARY KNIGHTS, WINDSOR CASTLE.

do so in safety, and sometimes let them out at a substantial rent to their friends. News of these strange doings was carried to the king, who became very angry, as an existing letter that he wrote shows to us. It was proclaimed that no one would in future be allowed to occupy a suite of apartments save under the Lord Chamberlain's warrant. Gradually the thousand rooms of the great building were divided up into, firstly, the State apartments, and, secondly, fifty-three private suites, varying in size from ten to forty chambers. At the present time these suites are granted, as a general rule, to the widows of men who have distinguished themselves in the service of their country. To no more worthy use could the Palace have been placed; indeed, the tact and discrimination which have been exhibited by our Queen and her advisers in the distribution of these benefits cannot be too highly praised.

About the royal pensioners of Hampton Court many interesting and amusing stories are told. When debt brought imprisonment while he took his daily exercise upon the roof. One day he incautiously ventured out and was arrested; but he escaped from his enemies, swam the river, and got back into safety again. Red-tape rules supreme in the management of the royal buildings, as the pensioners know to their cost. Certain windows, for instance, are never properly cleaned, owing to the fact that the Woods and Forests Department washes the outside of the panes and the Lord Steward's Department the inside. As the two departments rarely manage to do their cleaning on the same day, the windows are usually in a state of semi-obscurity. To obtain the use of an old staircase that led from her rooms to the gardens, a lady had to successively petition the Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, the Lord Steward and Board of Green Cloth, the First Commissioner of Her Majesty's Works, and, finally, the Woods and Forests!

While chronicling the movements of the Queen, reference is now and again made in the daily press to the Military Knights of Windsor. Nevertheless, but few who read

about their doings know of what that order consists. They are officers who have distinguished themselves in some of our innumerable little wars, and yet in their old age find themselves solely dependent on a very



A MILITARY KNIGHT OF WINDSOR.

diminutive pension. From the Queen they served so faithfully and well they receive an annuity and a lodging in that vast palace, Windsor Castle. The order is, indeed, a pendant to that better-known home for the veterans of the rank and file, Chelsea Hospital. Its history is peculiarly interesting. When that gallant warrior, King Edward III., founded the Order of the Garter, he ordained that each of the twenty-six companions should be allowed to present an "alms-knight" to the provision made for them by the king. According to the original grant, these veterans were to be "such as through adverse fortune were brought to that extremity that they had not of their own wherewith to sustain them nor to live so genteely as became a military condition." That they might live "genteely" they were given a lump sum of forty shillings a year, and twelve pence each day they attended the royal chapel — a small pension, it seems to us, but it must be remembered that money has vastly decreased in purchasing power since those early days.

But evil fortune awaited the alms-knights. They had been placed under the supervision of the canons of St. George's Chapel, and these priests seem to have bullied them unmercifully. Under Edward IV. the quarrel had grown to such a pitch that the king interfered. Monks carried long tales to the monarch of the insubordination shown by the stout old warriors to the rules that had been made for their government. The alms-knights replied, but in cunning they were no match for their adversaries; "deeds not words" might have been their motto. In the end they were shut off from the royal bounty, and, as an old chronicler of the times remarks, "how they next subsisted doth not fully appear." Bluff King Hal, however, took pity on the poor old gentlemen that yet remained in the land of the living, and set apart certain lands for their maintenance. Queen Bess added to their lodgings, but issued a series of strict regulations as to their behaviour, which well became the maiden Queen, however distasteful they were to the alms-knights themselves. Their old enemies, the canons of St. George's Chapel, were informed that they were to consider themselves responsible for their behaviour, and severe penalties awaited a "haunter of taverns" or a "keeper of late



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

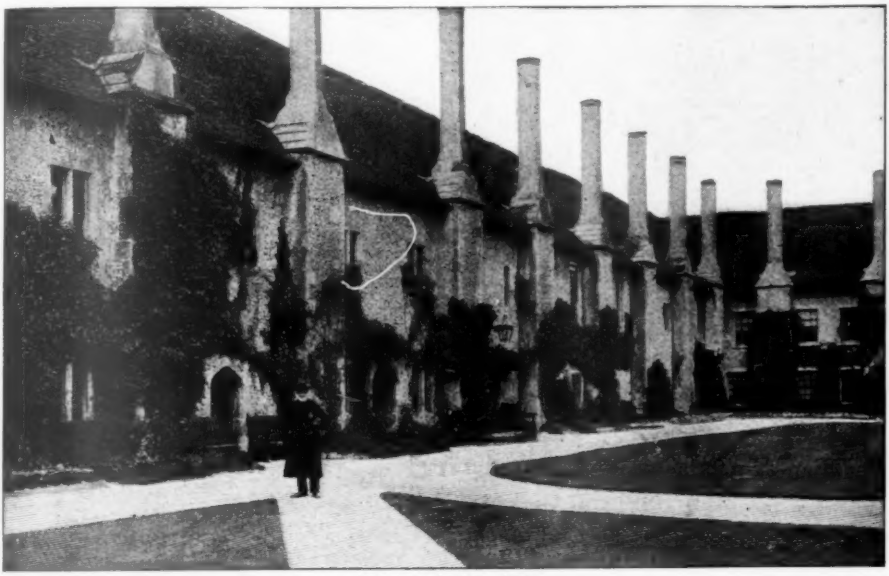
A PROTHER OF ST. CROSS.
(Of the Order of Noble Poverty.)

hours." When the Queen visited Windsor they were to be ready to salute her; lastly, it was ordained that no married man could be admitted to the order, bachelors and widowers being alone eligible.

Until the reign of William IV. their uniform was more ornamental than comfortable. Indeed, during hot weather it must have been well-nigh intolerable, consisting as it did of a flowing red mantle, decked with a "scutcheon of St. George" upon the shoulder. Since the reform instituted by that king, however, it has consisted of a red swallow-tail coat, dark blue trousers, cocked-hat with red and white plume, crimson silk sash and a leather belt for a sword. Of course, it is only on full-dress occasions that the veterans thus gaily bedeck themselves. Remarkably well they then look, with their kind old faces beaming above the rows of medals that proclaim their past achievements. They still mourn the discontinuance of their famous banquet on St. George's Day; but presents of game from the royal preserves doubtless reconcile them to the loss of their annual feast

From the old fortress of Windsor Castle, fit residence for veteran soldiers, to the quiet Hampshire country in which the Hospice of St. Cross lies is a change indeed. So cool and quiet does St. Cross seem that it might be likened to some pleasant bower left by the side of the great highway of life, along which we jostle in the heat and dust of a summer's day. It lies little more than a mile from sleepy Winchester, and the River Itchen wanders through its meadows. It was in 1136 that Henry de Blois, the famous bishop and statesman, founded St. Cross as a hospital for thirteen old men. So good a deed stood out in strong relief against the cruelty and savagery of the times. From north to south, from east to west, England was desolated by all the horrors of civil war. As the Saxon Chronicle tells us in its dying wail, "Men openly said that Christ and His saints slept." Yet Bishop Henry, in the midst of his fighting and scheming, found time to ensure comparative happiness to thirteen poor traders whom the raiding barons had reduced from prosperity to poverty. Faults the great churchman may have had in plenty; but that he had a kind and generous heart he has left sufficient proof behind him. No finer monument than St. Cross could man erect to keep his memory green.

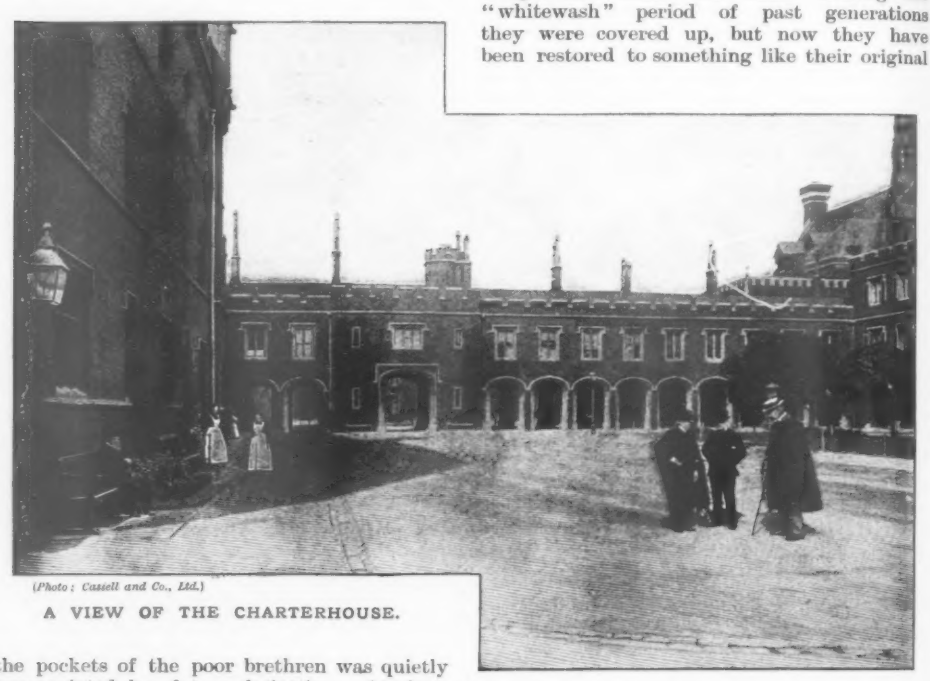
On the death of its founder, St. Cross fell into evil times. It passed under the protection of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, a military order then more powerful than scrupulous. The Jerusalem Cross which is



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE HOSPICE OF ST CROSS, WINCHESTER.

prominent in the church of the Hospice comes from that source. After a long struggle the Bishops of Winchester triumphed over the knights, but abuses still prevailed, and the money that should have found its way into the pockets of the poor brethren was quietly appropriated by fat ecclesiastics. At last, under Henry VI., Cardinal Beaufort set to work to remedy these evils. So noble were his efforts that he almost deserves to be coupled with Bishop Henry as joint-founder of "The Hospital of Noble Poverty," as he renamed the institution. From his time St. Cross has never been in danger of destruction.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A VIEW OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

An avenue of shady trees leads to a fine gate-house, for which St. Cross is indebted to Cardinal Beaufort. Above the arch kneels the effigy of the great churchman himself. Once within the doors we almost feel as if we had shaken off the nineteenth century and dropped back into the days of the Tudors. "Wayfarers' dole," a little horn mug of beer and a slip of bread, is presented as refreshment for the weary traveller. This may seem strange enough to us, but there was a time when the custom was by no means uncommon in hospitable England. Those were the days when wayfarers were few, roads half-mud or half-dust, and inns far between. Passing on, we next find ourselves in a spacious quadrangle, having for centre a smooth lawn of that exquisite turf for which our country is deservedly famous. Round it lie the chapel, hall, cloisters, and brethren's houses. The chapel is a fine building in the Norman style. Perhaps the most interesting features of its interior are the designs that adorn the walls. During the "whitewash" period of past generations they were covered up, but now they have been restored to something like their original form and colour. In this more than one of the brethren, where they were able to do so, lent a helping hand. The little burial ground is to the south of the chapel. It would be difficult to imagine a more peaceful spot for the last resting-place of the veterans who have fought and lost in the great battle of life.

"Have you many visitors from London itself?" I once inquired of the gate porter of the Charterhouse. "No, sir," said he. "We get a lot from the country, along with the Americans and foreigners; but precious few Londoners ever come here." It is strange how absolutely ignorant the average Londoner is concerning all that is quaint and interesting in the old buildings of the great city in which he lives. The case of the Charterhouse offers an excellent example. About it the broad streams of traffic pour unceasingly day after day; yet, though the little backwater wherein the grey old houses lie is but a few dozen yards away, few of the busy crowds can either spare the time or take the trouble to visit it.

The history of the Charterhouse is a strange one. In 1348 all London was trembling in the grasp of the Black Death. The grave-diggers did not know what to do with the bodies, and finally buried them in any pit or ditch that seemed convenient. Famous Sir Walter Manny, the favourite of all the fighting heroes of Froissart, was horrified at this grave scandal. He, together with the Bishop of London, procured certain lands, which were consecrated and handed over to the city that the dead might at least receive decent burial. It is said that fifty thousand bodies were there interred in a few years. Some time later, the plague abating, the same two philanthropists commenced to build a Carthusian monastery on part of the ground. For three centuries the Charterhouse, under the rigour of that stern order, pursued its quiet path. But with Henry VIII. came evil revels there while James I. was king, eighty gentlemen being knighted at one time after a banquet which had been to the royal satisfaction. Finally it was bought by a certain Thomas Sutton, and shortly afterwards we find him petitioning Parliament for licence to endow it as a home for aged men and a school for poor children.

Let us take a day in the life of one of the "old gentlemen," as the attendants always call them. About eight o'clock a "nurse" comes bustling into his sitting-room, lights his fire, and sees that his breakfast is laid ready. At nine o'clock a bell goes for chapel. Each of the brethren must attend one chapel a day on pain of a shilling fine stopped out of his allowance; but he may choose the morning or evening service as he likes. The morning service is the more popular, and to chapel we will now bend our steps. It is a venerable old building, and now that



ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL, REGENT'S PARK.

times for the monks. There were searching examinations, and finally executions. The monastery was dissolved and the building tossed from hand to hand. Twice it was held by Dukes of Norfolk, and for a time was known as Norfolk House. Two of its ducal owners passed from it to the block on Tower Hill. Queen Elizabeth took refuge there in the reign of Mary. There were

the schoolboys have left their old home and retired to Godalming there is plenty of room. On the right of the altar is a heavy carved pulpit; on the left the tomb of the founder, good Thomas Sutton, with its elaborate carving and gold-tipped railings.

After chapel the old gentlemen are at liberty to do what they like until dinner is served at three, an hour in itself the survival

of a custom long passed away. The hall, with its carved woodwork, is a most interesting spot. Wearing their gowns, the brothers file in and take their seats at the mahogany tables. Above the fireplace the Sutton arms are blazoned, and from his frame on the wall the picture of the good merchant himself smiles down upon the recipients of his bounty.

After dinner, in the summer weather, the brothers usually chat or doze in the pleasant shade of the buildings in the largest court. There are few of them that have not something out of the common about their faces, and none of them but have a hard story to tell, if they chose. They are of all ranks, but mainly drawn from the classes described in the old regulations as "poor gentlemen, old soldiers, merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck, and household servants of the sovereign." "We get a lot of literary men here now," said an attendant, looking knowingly at me; but I did not pursue the conversation.

Evening service is at six, and at eleven the gates are shut for the night.

With the institution known as St. Katharine's Hospital the queens of England have always been closely connected. It was founded as long ago as 1148 by Matilda, wife of King Stephen; but to Queen Eleanor the hospital owed its first charter. By it the English queens were always to be considered perpetual patronesses, and the institution was to be part of their dower. Eleanor added further revenues "for the health of the soul of her late husband and of the souls of the preceding and succeeding kings and queens."

Henry VIII. seems to have intended at one time to quietly appropriate the revenues, but Anne Boleyn, the reigning favourite, prevented this iniquitous deed. From the Stuarts to 1824 there is little of importance to recount; the handful of royal pensioners lived in comfort, and a school for poor children was also maintained. Quiet garments were the rule, though the strict order passed by the queen of Edward III. against "striped clothes" as "tending to dissoluteness" had long been abolished. In 1824, however, came the proposal to dig out a huge dock on the ground whereon the hospital stood. After great debate Parliament granted the necessary powers. St. Katharine's Docks were begun, and at the same time the walls of a new St. Katharine's Hospital commenced to rise in Regent's Park. The present buildings can



WILLIAM THE FOURTH'S NAVAL ASYLUM, PENGE.

Photo Cassell and Co., Ltd.

scarcely be called beautiful, the chapel being a poor imitation of the one at King's College, Cambridge. The offices of master and brethren are now practically sinecures of considerable value presented by the Crown; a large century Sir John Morden was a member of the great Turkey Company, trading in the Mediterranean. He had a "fair estate," numerous ships, and all things that in his day made up the prosperous trader.



MORDEN'S COLLEGE, BLACKHEATH.

number of non-resident "bedesmen and bedeswomen" are also supported out of the funds. The Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurses' Fund has of late years been connected with the Hospital.

In the year 1847 Adelaide, Queen Dowager of England, determined to found and endow an asylum for widows and orphan daughters of the officers of the Royal Navy. Penge was the spot selected, and there twelve pretty little houses were built and called "King William the Fourth's Naval Asylum." It was a graceful act of the queen, for far too little had been previously done for the destitute relatives of those to whom the country owed nine-tenths of its power and security. From its foundation the governors and trustees have all been in some way connected with the Navy, and can be relied upon to appreciate the position and look after the interests of the pensioners.

Connected also with the sea is that old and famous institution, Morden's College, Blackheath. In the middle of the seventeenth

In the City of London his name stood high. But the tenure of riches and prosperity was more precarious in those days than in our own. The whole of his fleet perished on one voyage, either by pirates or storm. But honest Sir John did not relax his energy because he found fortune his foe. Steadily plodding on, he again commenced to rise in the world, until at last, like the patriarch Job, he was even greater and wealthier than before. Misfortune had taught him a lesson in charity which he never forgot. When at the lowest depths of his calamity he had vowed that if ever the Almighty again crowned his efforts with success he would provide a shelter for merchants who, like himself, had fallen upon hard times and lost their estates "by accidents, dangers, and perils of the seas."

The College is a spacious red-brick building, with two wings that form a central quadrangle, which is surrounded by piazzas. It was built according to the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. At the present day it

houses within its hospitable walls forty pensioners, while one hundred out-pensioners receive sums varying in amount up to £80 per annum. The inmates, with £120 each, are very comfortably off. In 1844 a fine dining-hall was added, in which hang the portraits of the baronet and his lady, painted by Sir Peter Lely. The new library was bequeathed by the will of a son of a former inmate of the College. With the increasing value of property, the income of Morden's College is



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

HUGGENS' COLLEGE, NORTHFLEET.

now little short of £18,000 a year. The generous action of the founder well merited the praise of an old member of the institution, who wrote in his gratitude a poetic effusion thus concluding:

> "What need is there of monument or bust,
> With gift so noble and a cause so just?
> It seeks no aid from meretricious art,
> It lives enshrined in every member's heart!"

John Huggens, who founded the College at Northfleet which bears his name, was a fine type of the business man of the early part of this century, a time when the commerce of England commenced to advance by leaps and bounds. A letter which the Rev. M. M. Ffinch, Chaplain of the College, has kindly lent me describes him as a tall, well-made man in "nankeen breeches, blue dress coat, with large gilt buttons, and a white beaver hat with the nap fully an inch long." Like many other founders of charitable institutions, he had seen that the hardest poverty of all is the poverty that will not beg and cannot, through age, infirmity, or misfortune, make enough to keep body and soul together. A hard worker all his life, he would have been the last man in the world to encourage the sloth that comes by indiscriminate charity.

In 1847 he opened a small building of sufficient size to house eight pensioners who had sunk from comparative comfort into evil times through no fault of their own. "Having run our little bark into the smooth and tranquil waters of the summer evening of life," said the founder in his opening speech, "may we sail on happily to the end of our voyage here below!" Before and after his death fresh houses were added, and since the foundation of the home two hundred and twenty-nine residents have been received within its walls.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN NOVEMBER.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



RICHARD BAXTER.

(After a Contemporary Engraving by Robert White.)

THE British calendar never lacks interest. There is not a day which does not recall for us some great name in our country's history, some victory of peace or in war. Let us put ourselves in mind of a few of these—not necessarily of the most familiar or the most striking, but of some which more especially speak of movements and workers in the religious and philanthropic life of the nation.

November is the month in which the Long Parliament met, and William of Orange landed in England; it is the month of Clive's defence of Arcot, of Hawke's battle in Quiberon Bay, and of the soldiers' fight at Inkerman; it is the month that saw the birth of William III., of Laurence Sterne and Jonathan Swift, of Sir Matthew Hale, of Richard Baxter, of William Cowper, William Hogarth, Henry Havelock, John Bright, and Frederick Temple; it is the month in which Adam Smith published his "Wealth of Nations," and Charles Darwin his "Origin of Species"; it is the month in which Cardinal Wolsey, John Milton, and Admiral Benbow died; it is the month which saw the State pageant many this year have called to mind, the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(After a Drawing by Count D'Orsay.)

Sir Matthew Hale (born November 1st, 1609) is but one of the many judges who have joined to eminence in the law the example of a devout mind and a life of religious zeal. He administered justice in the times both of the Commonwealth and of the Restoration. Stillingfleet and Baxter were amongst his friends, and his life of austerity witnessed to his consistent sympathy with Puritan ideals. Before him there came John Bunyan, for the then heinous crime of frequenting conventicles. He wrote with equal facility upon law, morals, and theology, and his MSS. are still amongst the treasures of Lincoln's Inn.



DEAN SWIFT.

Richard Baxter (born November 12th, 1615) had a career of singular variety. Sometimes thought of only as a pioneer of Nonconformity and the author of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," he shared in the startling changes of his period. He had tried in early years a courtier's life; he received holy orders from the Bishop of Worcester; he was for a time a chaplain to the Parliamentary forces; he was on Cromwell's Committee to "settle the fundamentals of religion"; he was, a few years after, a chaplain-in-ordinary to King Charles II.; he might have been Bishop of Hereford; and he lived to be tried for sedition before Judge Jeffreys. He is known to

many, who are not familiar with his other works, by the hymn "Lord, it belongs not to my care." Curiously enough, this hymn is said to have been repeated, during his last illness, by the late distinguished physicist, Professor James Clerk Maxwell, who also is a November worthy, born on the 13th of this month.



WILLIAM COWPER.

(From the Painting by G. Romney.)

Dean Swift (born November 30th, 1667) had little of the divine about him, though he obtained an Irish deanery and aspired to an English bishopric. Politician and satirist, some of his books are still eagerly read by those who have forgotten the circumstances which produced them, as well as the defects which stained his character. William Cowper (born November 15th, 1731) is a pleasanter memory. The Christian Church is not likely soon to forget the "Olney Hymns" and their authors, although Cowper's descriptive poetry and his letters are less familiar than they might be. And "John Gilpin"—can he ever be forgotten? With these authors we may reasonably join a moralist who taught by another art. William Hogarth (born November 10th, 1697) reproached the vices of a licentious age with a power of pictorial satire which has never been excelled. He was one of the group of distinguished artists who associated themselves with the early history of the Foundling Hospital.

Of Christian soldiers, who has appealed to us more strongly than Henry Havelock (died November 24th, 1857)? "So long," it has been truly said, "as the memory of great deeds, and high courage, and spotless self-devotion is cherished among his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely grave beneath the scorching Eastern sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death, be regarded as one of the most holy of the countless spots where Britain's patriot soldiers lie." As with many another man, his religious character owed much to the influence of his wife, a daughter of that Marshman whose name will always be remembered in the history of Indian missions. To Outram the dying man could say, "I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." "Principles alone," wrote Havelock, "are worth living for or striving for." The words might stand as a motto for the life of John Bright (born November 16th, 1811), Christian statesman and orator, one of the many members of the Society of Friends who have left their names writ large in their country's history. The men who remember the struggle for Free Trade are passing away, but the part played by John Bright is not likely soon to be forgotten.



THE LATE SIR H. HAVELOCK, K.C.B.

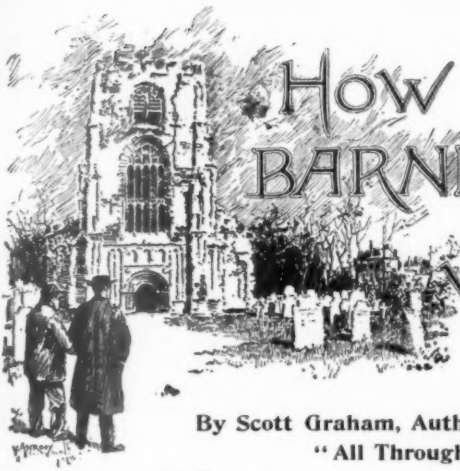
(After the Portrait by F. Goodall, A.R.A.)



ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.

(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

November has not been a month fruitful in the foundation of philanthropic and religious organisations. But to those who have watched the progress of the temperance movement in England, who remember the difficulties of its pioneers, and the obloquy which often fell upon them, November has a claim as the birth-month of one of the earliest and hardest of the temperance workers — Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury. Born in the Ionian Isles on November 30th, 1821, he has, all through his manhood been a vigorous exponent of the total abstinence cause. From the first he recognised no bounds of denomination in its support, and although he has been a great power to the Church of England Temperance Society, he has always lent his voice and influence to other agencies working in the same great cause. He has an invaluable helper in his wife, in both temperance and diocesan work.



How Barnford Church was Saved.

A Complete Story.

By Scott Graham, Author of "Pemberton's Piece," "All Through Prejudice," Etc.



WHEN Llewellyn Percival, the new Rector, first beheld the dilapidated pile called by courtesy Barnford Church, his heart sank. The late Rector, who had just died, aged ninety, had held the living fifty years, and during his sway scarcely any repairs had been done. The parish, a remote village in the East of England, was an exceedingly poor one; and the very ancient and interesting church had literally settled down—for one side was much out of the perpendicular—to decay.

It smelt incredibly fusty, it was disfigured by hideous high pews, daubed with yellow paint, locally termed "horse-boxes"; the fine west window was blocked by a huge gallery containing the organ—an instrument so much out of order that half the notes were mute, and the pipes emitted the weirdest groans, absolutely terrifying to a stranger. The old sexton assured Llewellyn that the roof was so leaky that in wet weather the rain poured down on the congregation, and though there was a stove, it was so ill-constructed that in winter the cold was terrible. There was a fine old peal of bells, but the tower at the west end had a huge crack running from top to bottom, and seemed so unsafe that they did not dare to ring more than one.

All this was sadly disheartening; especially as the church was really a fine building, with a splendid Norman doorway, a dilapidated but still beautiful carved screen, and many interesting features.

"Is there really no rich family in the place who could help to restore it?" Llewellyn asked the sexton. "What about the people at the fine grey-stone Manor House, there among the trees?"

"Oh, them's the Lancasters—they're rich enough, but you'll not get nothing out o' them, sir. Old Squire Lancaster and the old Rector quarrelled years ago about the family pew, and ever since they've gone to Thornton Church, in the next village. Miss never gives nothing to this church now."

"Is she an elderly lady?"

"Bless you, no sir, she's quite young—twenty-four, maybe—and handsome too. She's the only child, and since th' old Squire died she's had it all her own way, for her ma's a great invaleed, and never troubles about anything."

Llewellyn sighed. It did seem unfortunate that the only rich people in the place should have quarrelled with the late incumbent. He asked an old friend, an architect, to come and stay

with him in the comfortable Rectory, which was such a contrast to the tumble-down church, and give his opinion about the restoration.

After due examination, Mr. Lane announced that, unless the foundations were strengthened, the tower at least partially rebuilt, the roof renewed, and the walls mended in weak places, the church could not last much longer. This would cost at least two thousand pounds, and if a new organ, new pews, and some much-needed internal improvements were also effected, a thousand more would be necessary. Poor Llewellyn—he was only thirty, and this was his first church—groaned aloud, as well he might. He had only a hundred a year of his own, besides his sorely depreciated living; and the small farmers and labourers who populated the parish were powerless to help. He might appeal to the Bishop, but the diocese was a very large and poor one, and Barnford was only one among many churches urgently needing repairs.

"If you can find the money, I 'll undertake the work without fees, for absolutely out-of-pocket expenses," said Lane generously. "I'd do it economically too, and save you as much as possible."

Llewellyn thanked him most heartily, but, nevertheless, the thought of that two thousand pounds weighed upon him like a nightmare. He soon made the acquaintance of the formidable Miss Lancaster at a neighbouring Vicarage. The family were descended from a wealthy banker who had bought Barnford Manor for a country house, and as sole heiress Laura had nearly five thousand a year and was a great catch. She was a tall, dark, handsome girl, with a commanding air due to the fact that from her childhood she had been flattered and petted by everybody. But she was civil to Llewellyn and invited him to call at the Manor; apologising for her mother as an invalid who never went anywhere.



"Is there no rich family in the place who could help to restore it?"—*p.* 37.

Mrs. Lancaster did not appear when Llewellyn went, but Laura, who had been her own chaperon all her life, entertained him in the handsome drawing-room with great composure. He had never seen a girl with such an assured manner before.

Over his cup of tea he ventured, humbly and meekly, to hint at the restoration of the church.

"It's such a picturesque old place that it would be a shame to pull it to pieces and spoil it by injudicious restoration," returned Laura decidedly.

"It isn't a question of my own particular fads, Miss Lancaster, but the fabric is absolutely unsafe,

owing to an extensive settlement. The roof isn't watertight, and the windows are almost tumbling out of the walls."

"And how much would be needed?"

"A friend of mine, an architect, has most kindly offered to give his services without fees; but to make the place even decent would cost, he says, two thousand pounds."

"Something must be done, and very soon."

The heiress tapped her foot petulantly on the carpet.



"You clergymen are all alike!" she cried.

"You will never raise such a sum here!" was her brusque answer.

"I don't like to commence our acquaintance by begging, Miss Lancaster; but if you could see your way to do anything for what is, after all, your parish church——"

"Yes, but we always go to Thornton. Old Mr. Short was awfully rude to father years ago, and we left the church. I play the organ at Thornton and train the choir; and the Vicar and his wife are great friends of ours. I couldn't leave them in the lurch by coming back to this church now—especially as Thornton is a very poor parish too."

"Even if you don't attend the services, I should be most thankful for any offer of help towards the restoration," he patiently answered, determined not to show annoyance at her abruptness.

"You clergymen are all alike!" she cried. "You undertake tasks too great for you, and then come to the laity for help! A poor parish like this could never raise two thousand pounds, unless we ourselves gave the whole sum, which we certainly can't afford to do. There is nobody else here to subscribe."

"Believe me, I never thought of asking you for such a large sum as two thousand pounds, or even a quarter of it, Miss Lancaster. But the smallest sum would be welcome, as the nucleus of a fund. I intend to use my uttermost efforts to raise the money, if it takes me the rest of my life!"

His fair, good-humoured, and thoroughly English face had assumed a very dogged look as he uttered the last words: and Laura, who knew a real man when she saw him, noted it approvingly. In her secret heart she relished a little wholesome opposition; it was an agreeable

novelty when most people were so subservient.

"But how can you raise it?" she asked doubtingly.

"This is now October, and these country villages are so dull in the winter evenings that any entertainment is welcome. If the Bishop will consent, I propose to get a very good magic-lantern, with several sets of slides, and exhibit it in the villages and small towns round, with the consent of their clergy, and paying a certain proportion of the proceeds to their own charities if they lend me a hall. I shall charge very little for seats, from a shilling down to twopence or threepence; and as I shall explain the views and work the apparatus myself, the expenses will be nothing."

"Fancy the Rector of Barnford turning showman! What a come-down!" said disdainful Laura. "I can't think you will make much! However, if you succeed, and come to me in the spring with a statement of the profits, I promise I will give you as much as they amount to."

It was more than he expected; and he thanked her warmly, despite her evident conviction that the profits would be small.

"I'll give you a written promise, if you like, to that effect," added Miss Lancaster, who was a most businesslike young woman.

"No, thank you; a lady's word is quite enough," he answered earnestly; and a genial smile stole over her handsome face as he spoke, for she was secretly pleased by his chivalrous trust.

On the whole, he quitted the Manor fairly well satisfied; for though Laura could not be described, by any stretch of courtesy, as an amiable girl, he discerned fine traits of character behind her somewhat repellent manner. "A girl who wants knowing," he decided. "She has been flattered because of her riches, and pestered by mercenary suitors, until she imagines all men are deceivers!"

II.

THE Bishop, who was a liberal-minded man, and much interested in the restoration of the church, entirely approved of the projected lantern entertainment. In addition, a drawing-room meeting was held at the Palace, which produced twenty-five pounds, and the Bishop added another twenty. As Llewellyn had decided to set apart his own hundred pounds annually until the restoration was completed, he felt justified in immediately commencing the most necessary repairs at once, trusting that the printed appeals which the Bishop caused to be sent out would bring in a steady flow of subscriptions.

He inaugurated his magic-lantern entertainment at Barnford itself with great success, for the Bishop came over with several friends, and Mrs. Lancaster sent a sovereign for five tickets. But neither she nor her daughter put in an appearance, their places being filled by their servants. The principal farmer lent his biggest barn gratis, so that Llewellyn cleared over five pounds that night. And after that, though he encountered some good-natured ridicule, the Rector and his lantern were in great request. His enterprise was even commended in the London papers; and the villagers simply crowded to the entertainment everywhere, glad of some amusement in the long winter evenings. The richer farmers and tradespeople gladly paid a shilling or eighteenpence for a seat, and the smaller sums mounted up amazingly, so that, after all deductions, Llewellyn seldom received less than between two and three pounds for one evening. Although he never gave more than four exhibitions a week, being resolute not to neglect his own parish, he made over forty pounds a month.

Little could be done to the church before spring, as it proved a very severe winter, and outdoor work was impeded by frost. Tarpaulins were temporarily stretched over the cracked roof, but at best it was a very shivery and dreary spot, so that Llewellyn always returned with renewed eagerness to his magic-lantern journeys after a Sunday spent in the desolate building, where the howls of the ruined organ made the singing a mockery. In his private life he exercised the strictest self-denial, for the scanty income from his living left no margin for luxuries. He scarcely went into any society, as his engagements left him no time; for, as Miss Lancaster informed everybody, he was a perfect maniac on the subject of restoring the church. He met her now and then in going about the roads; and

sometimes she passed him with a brief nod, though occasionally she would stop to ask, with some mockery in her tones, how the magic-lantern was getting on. She never appeared at his church, though it was so much nearer than Thornton, and the duty-calls he paid at the Manor were few and brief.

In February the long frost broke up, whereupon Mr. Lane arrived one Saturday night at the Rectory with a view to commencing work in earnest. After the Sunday morning service Llewellyn felt impelled to rebuke the old sexton, who was supposed to clean the church. "When did you dust the pews last, Reed? The very air seems choked with it; the reading-desk and my books and the communion rails are in a disgraceful state!"

The old man began the rigmarole he always employed when criticised. "I served Mr. Short, man and boy, for fifty years, and never was told the church was dirty afore! I cleaned it out reg'lar, on Saturday, I did, and dusted everything, sir!"

The Rector shrugged his shoulders as he looked round at the dust which he could see lying thick on every moulding and ledge, but said no more to Reed. On reaching home, however, he mentioned the matter to his friend Lane, who had not been at church, having caught a bad cold on the journey. To his intense amazement, no sooner had he mentioned the amount of dust in the church than Lane started up, and, disregarding all remonstrances, flung on his overcoat and hat, and started off through the churchyard at a tremendous pace to examine the tower from outside. Although carefully shored up in the autumn, the crack in it had widened perceptibly even to Llewellyn's sight, and was extending across the wall of the south aisle.

"It's the frost," said the architect ruefully, after a thorough examination both inside and out. "It has assisted in disintegrating the masonry, and caused a further settlement that may bring the old tower down with a run any minute. Being Sunday, we can't do anything to prevent it, even if that were possible now. The dust in the church is no fault of old Reed, but is simply caused by the stones of the tower grinding together, because every moment they are becoming more displaced. To-morrow, if it stands till then, I'll try and get men to take it down."

Poor Llewellyn looked very dejected. "Oh, Lane, this is bad news! If the tower falls, it will wreck half the church!"



She hastened to the churchyard.—*p.* 42.

"It's a pity, certainly, but it's nobody's fault. You mustn't have service in it again, for it really isn't safe."

Fortunately, during the dark winter months Llewellyn, at the urgent request of the inhabitants at the other end of his very large and straggling parish, was accustomed to hold service on alternate Sunday evenings in a large room at the outskirts of the village, and was due there that night. He decided not to say anything about the tower, for fear of alarming his parishioners; but he carefully locked the churchyard gate so that no one could enter it, and, returning home, he took the key of the church from the nail where it usually hung, telling his old servant Dorcas that nobody must go into the church on any pretext whatsoever, as he feared it was unsafe.

That afternoon he called to soothe old Reed's wounded feelings by saying in confidence what had caused the dust. He strictly enjoined the sexton in case any strangers came to inspect the church, as they did sometimes, not to admit them on any account. Reed promised faithfully; but that Sunday was a sadly anxious time for Llewellyn, who expected every moment to hear a mighty crash and see the tower fall.

Early next day Lane set off to engage men and appliances; for the old tower, to his great surprise, was still standing, though perceptibly more out of the perpendicular. Llewellyn departed to the school, and had not been gone long, when an imperative knock sounded at the Rectory door. Dorcas opened it to behold Miss Lancaster and another girl, Daisy Staples, an old schoolfellow, who was staying at the Manor.

"I've come to borrow the key of the church, please. I want my friend to see it, and I'll bring back the key when we've done with it." Laura, it is needless to say, had heard no whisper of the precarious state of the tower.

Dorcas, who, like all the villagers, stood considerably in awe of Miss Lancaster, was much taken aback. "I'm very sorry, miss," stammered she, "but you mustn't go into the church—master says it's not safe; and I wasn't to give the key to anybody."

"Not safe!" cried Laura incredulously. She had seen the old place shored up with timber so long that the spectacle had lost all its significance. "What nonsense! I'm sure it's just as safe as it ever was, and I particularly want my friend to see it. So give me the key, please, and we'll go."

"I haven't got it, miss, indeed. Master took it away, and left word nobody was to go inside."

The spoilt heiress, unaccustomed to opposition, turned upon her heel in high dudgeon. "Then I can only say your master is a most arbitrary and disagreeable man!" she cried angrily. "Mr. Percival is just like all the rest of the clergy, Daisy!" she grumbled to her friend as they went away. "They love to show their power by tyrannising over the laity! I don't believe the church is really unsafe at all! Probably the Rector thinks that because I won't go to his services on Sundays I don't deserve to enter the church on weekdays, and so I am to be refused the key!"

Angry people are very seldom dignified; and Laura, knowing that Daisy was keenly interested in architecture, was determined to try and accomplish her project somehow. "After all, I'm a parishioner, and I've a *right* to enter the church!" she exclaimed. "The old sexton has a key, and we'll go and get his, since that cross woman refused the Rector's."

But the sexton was out. As no answer was returned to her knocks, Laura, who was well acquainted with his habits, tried the door, which was unfastened, and, looking in, saw the large church key hanging on its accustomed nail in his little kitchen. She snatched at it in triumph, and hastened to the churchyard; only to find her progress once more barred.

"Mr. Percival has actually gone and locked the gate!" she exclaimed, descending to slipshod English in her excitement. "Now, I should say that must be distinctly illegal! At any rate, here goes!"

They vaulted over, with the agility of modern girls practised in gymnastics, and very soon were inside the church. The dust was thicker than ever, but in the excitement of displaying the various points of interest Laura hardly noticed it; and they poked about everywhere, little dreaming of the appalling risk they ran.

Llewellyn, on quitting the school, came round to speak to Reed; and found the old man, who had just returned, standing staring stupidly at the bare nail

on the wall. "Did you come and fetch the church key away, sir?" he began.

"I? I've never touched it—never seen it! And yet it's gone from the nail! Surely it can't be that somebody has taken it to go inside the church! Lane says the tower can't possibly last out the day."

For an instant they gazed at each other with scared faces; and then Llewellyn rushed away, mad with fear, clearing first the churchyard fence, and then the tombstones with incredible bounds. As he went a curious, dull rumble was audible, and to his horror he distinctly saw the massive tower first sway slightly, and then commence to slip, slip with a horrible motion unlike anything he had ever seen before. The church door was ajar—there must be somebody inside! Pray Heaven he might be in time!

Meanwhile the girls, poring over an old floor-brass, were startled by the rumbling; whilst the dust grew so much thicker that Laura exclaimed, "Pah! What a stuffy old place! That rumble must be thunder—there it is again!"

Still not suspecting their danger, they leisurely retraced their steps to the south door, at the bottom of the church, very near the fatal tower. Laura could distinctly remember turning past the last pew; but after that nothing was clear. She only knew that some man, unrecognisable in the cloud of dust and mortar which suddenly obscured everything,



"I couldn't rest till I saw you," she faltered.—*p.* 44.

threw himself, as a still louder rumble occurred, with what then seemed absolutely brutal violence upon her and Daisy. Seizing her with a force which for days left bruises on her arms, he positively hurled her and her friend before him through the open door. Then before he had himself quite crossed the threshold the entire fabric of the tower fell with a terrific crash, wrecking the whole of that end of the church.

III.

WHEN Llewellyn Percival, after some time, recovered from the effects of a serious wound on his head from a falling stone, and a broken arm, it was to find himself a popular hero. To his own mind, he had only done a most ordinary thing, such as any man would naturally do; and he could not understand why all the papers should publish glowing accounts of his bravery. The poor old sexton, who had faithfully followed him on his errand of mercy, and had only been deterred by his age and feebleness from arriving in time, deserved quite as many thanks as he did, Llewellyn maintained. But the fickle public did not think so, and subscriptions for Barnford Church literally poured in.

It is a fine thing to be a popular idol, even for a day; and Llewellyn received so much kindness during his illness that he had never been happier in his life. An old aunt came to nurse him; and on the first day he was allowed to come downstairs a humble message was brought that Miss Lancaster would like to see him for a moment, if it would not tire him too much. She and her mother had been incessant in their inquiries, besides sending fruit, flowers, and invalid delicacies daily.

"Show her in," said Llewellyn, unheeding his aunt's remonstrance; and in a minute she was bending over the chair from which he feebly strove to rise, her dark eyes full of tears. "I couldn't rest till I saw you," she faltered. "But oh! if you had been killed, I should have felt like a murderess! It was all my fault, for being so obstinate and wicked! When Dorcas told me I couldn't have the key of the church, I thought"—and she hung her head—"I said, indeed, that it was a piece of spiteful tyranny on your part, just to assert your arbitrary authority. Oh, how could I ever think it of you? Say you forgive me—only say so!"

With the tears of genuine repentance and humility streaming down her face, it was not possible for mortal man to refuse her anything. "My dear Miss Lancaster, pray don't distress yourself! We are all liable to errors of judgment, and, believe me, I forgive you from my heart—if, indeed, I have anything to forgive."

"Besides that, I've always been horrid to you," she sighed remorsefully. "I wouldn't help about the restoration, nor do anything in the parish, and I sneered at your magic-lantern. Oh, yes, I did—you can't deny it. But I hope now you won't worry any more about raising funds. Daisy and I, as a thank-offering for the great mercy vouchsafed to us, are going to finish the restoration, if you'll only tell us what you'd like. No, not a word of thanks—at least, not to *me*—I feel I really don't deserve it."

And the dignified, self-complacent Miss Lancaster fairly bolted from the room; conscious that her face was quite unfit to be seen, and that it was absolutely necessary to have her cry out somewhere. Llewellyn leaned back in his chair, almost overwhelmed by the knowledge that he was about to attain his heart's desire at last.

* * * * *

The restored Barnford Church was such a dream of beauty that sometimes Llewellyn would ask himself whether it were a real building or only a fairy vision. The light fell through beautiful painted windows; an excellent organ replaced the old one; and oak pews, exquisitely carved, filled the nave. A huge gilt cock strutted proudly above the restored tower, and a brass tablet near the pulpit declared the restoration to be the thank-offering of two grateful hearts. People came from far and near to the services, eager to see the beautiful church, but the largest crowd that ever assembled in the building came on the occasion of the marriage of the Rector to Laura Lancaster.

AS CHAPLAIN TO MR SPEAKER

Some Reminiscences of Parliament.



EX-SPEAKER PEEL.

(Photo: Russell and Sons.)



MR. SPEAKER GULLY.

(Photo: Bassano, Ltd.)

By F. W. Farrar, D.D.,
Dean of Canterbury.



(Photo: Mendelssohn, Pembridge Cres.)

MR. H. D. ERSKINE.

(*The Present Serjeant-at-Arms.*)

I KNEW something about the Houses of Legislature, and had been present at not a few debates, long before I had the high honour of being a Chaplain to the Speaker. Many years ago, when I was a master at Harrow, I had the privilege of knowing the late Lord Charles Russell, whose son, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, was once in my form, and who always treated me with conspicuous kindness. Lord Charles was for a long time the highly popular Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons. There are only two persons who enjoy the privilege of having "private galleries" at their disposal at the end of the House—the Speaker and the Serjeant-at-Arms. Whenever there was likely to be a very important debate, which excited keen public interest, Lord Charles used to offer us two seats in his gallery. I availed myself of this exceptional privilege as often as I could, and in that way I have been present at some of those deeply interesting political and oratorical displays which may almost be said to have become things of the past. The speaking of the most distinguished leaders in the House of Commons is still manly, forcible, and lucid: but I do not think that I am only speaking as a *laudator temporis acti*, *Me puero*, when I say that never—or, at any rate, only on the rarest occasions—do we now hear those flashing interchanges of wit, or those utterances of sustained, impassioned, and lofty eloquence which were by no means unfrequent thirty years ago. It may be that the pressure of affairs is greater,



(From an Engraving by Joseph Brown.)

LORD CHARLES RUSSELL.

(*Late Serjeant-at-Arms.*)

owing to the immense and ever-extending interests of the British Empire; or that there is not, at the present moment, the intense political excitement which once prevailed; or that the prevalent taste in such matters is different:—but, whatever be the reason, it would, I think, be generally admitted that, in nine cases out of ten, debates in these days are more unexciting and more severely practical than once they were, so that speeches full of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are now rarely delivered before our assembled senators. For that reason the debates are far less interesting and memorable than they were in former times.

There are still many speakers in the House to whom all must listen with pleasure and admiration. Sir W. Harcourt, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Morley, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Balfour, always set forth their arguments with force and dignity; and it would, I think, be generally conceded that few speakers could surpass Mr. Chamberlain in the skill and fearless forthrightness with which he enunciates his views. There are still a few debaters who might bear comparison with Sir Robert Peel in the dignified enunciation of views full of sober wisdom; or with Mr. Cobden in his "unadorned eloquence"; or with Lord Palmerston in his unstudied and lively geniality:—but since first Mr. Bright, and then Mr. Gladstone, stepped out of the political arena, anyone who could be called "a great orator" has become very uncommon in Parliamentary debates. No orator in the House has acquired, or perhaps even aims at, the fame for eloquence obtained in the political arena by men like O'Connell, Sheil, Lord Macaulay, Sir Edward Bulwer, Mr. Disraeli, John Bright, Lord Sherbrooke when he was at his best, or William Ewart Gladstone. We do not now have speeches which, like that of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords on the Reform Bill, occupied six hours in the delivery; or, like the famous "*Civis Romanus sum*" speech of Lord Palmerston in the Don Pacifico debate, are prolonged "from the dusk of a summer evening to the dawn of a summer day."



PRAYERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(Conducted by Canon Wilberforce, the Present Chaplain.)

This may partly be due to the fact that we have not, for many years, passed through political crises in which the hearts of men have been so powerfully stirred as they were in the times of the first Reform Bill; or in the early struggles of the Irish party; or in the debates on the abolition of the corn laws; or during the thrilling incidents of the Crimean War. In these days speeches are shorter, less formal, less ornate, less impassioned. But if the passions of men should again be stirred as they were by those anxious issues, doubtless the same stormy eloquence might once more be evoked. In those days the hearts of millions beat like the heart of one man. One or two historic incidents may serve to illustrate the intensity of national feeling.

While the great issues at stake in the first Reform Bill were filling the thoughts of all, only one Bishop, Dr. Philpotts of Exeter, voted (I believe) in favour of the Bill. The consequence was that the whole bench of Bishops was for a time overwhelmed with national hatred. The late genial and kind-hearted Duke of Buccleuch told me that he had been severely hurt in an attempt to protect the Bishops from popular insult as they came out of the House of Lords. The Bishops had to sign a common protest that they were no longer able to carry out their legislative duties because they could not attend the House of Lords with safety. Even in Canterbury, when the kindly Archbishop Howley visited his metropolitical city, he was assaulted by the mob in the streets, pelted with mud and dead cats, prevented from dining at the Guildhall, and was only saved by two or three courageous gentlemen from being dragged out of his carriage and brutally ill-treated. Lord Macaulay's celebrated description of the scene which took place in the House of Commons when the Bill was passed by a very small majority proves how much less inflammable is the present state of the political atmosphere.



ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY ASSAULTED BY THE MOB.



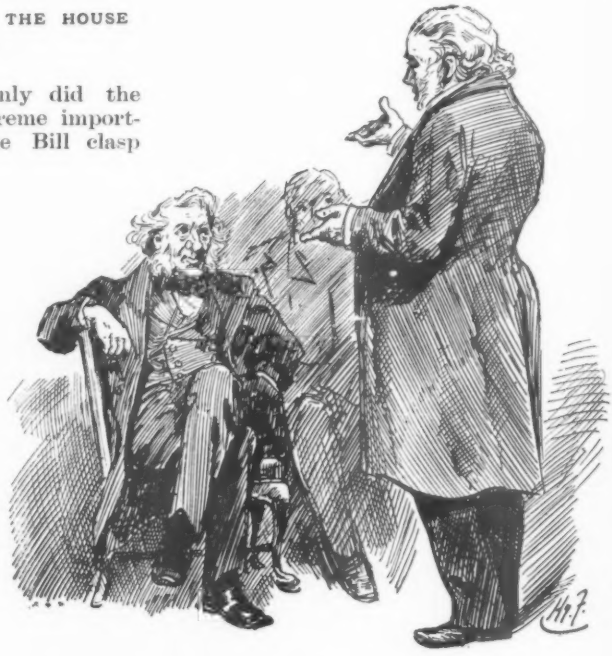
JOHN BRIGHT SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

He tells us that not only did the members who attached supreme importance to the passing of the Bill clasp each other by the hand with tears, but that, with unprecedented disregard of the decorous traditions of Parliament, they leapt upon the benches, and stood there waving their hats, and cheering themselves hoarse.

Take again the scene which the House witnessed during a memorably eloquent speech of Mr. Bright. He was addressing a House which in those days all but unanimously rejected his opinions, though time has since then shown how well deserving they were of consideration; and yet he moved many to tears who were little accustomed to give open signs of their emotion. He always spoke in a style of nervous Saxon English, and his words on that occasion were a singular mixture of unconventional homeliness and profound pathos.

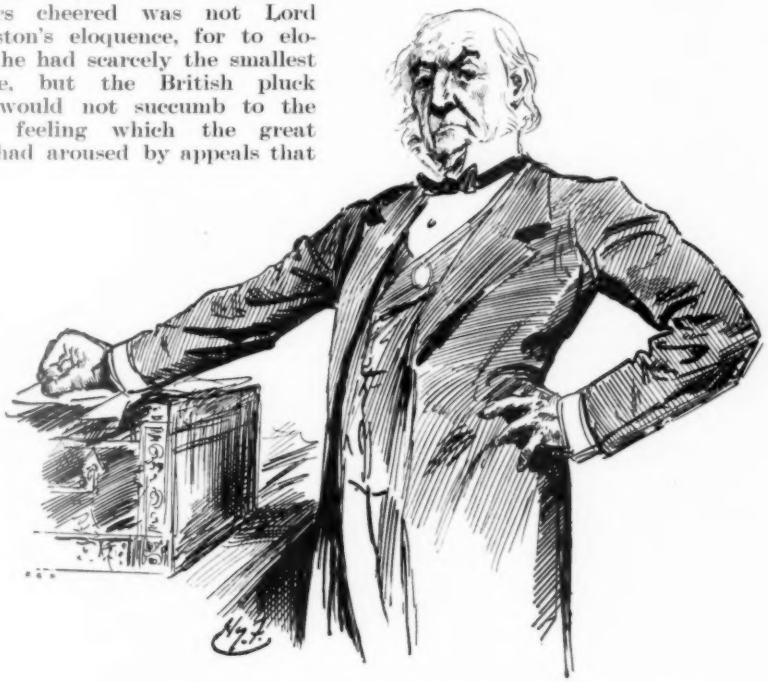
He mentioned that he had met Colonel Boyle, a well-known member of the House—"at Mr. Westerton's, the bookseller's I think it was, at the corner of Hyde Park"—and had asked him whether he was going out to the Crimea. He answered that he was afraid he was. "It was not fear for himself: he knew not that. 'But,' he said, 'to go out to the war is a serious thing for a man who has a wife and five children.' The stormy Euxine is his grave; his wife is a widow; his children are fatherless." And then, after alluding to other well-known members who had perished in the Crimean War, he added, "The Angel of Death has been among us; we may almost hear the beating of his wings."

As he spoke many of the assembled gentlemen of England were seen indignantly dashing away, or furtively wiping



BRIGHT RECITING HIS SPEECH TO HIS FRIENDS.

from their eyes, the tears of which no one need have been for one moment ashamed. When Lord Palmerston arose to answer the oration, and to repeat to the House its own predominant convictions, the bursts of cheering with which his entirely unoratorical speech was welcomed were heard even in the House of Lords. But what the members cheered was not Lord Palmerston's eloquence, for to eloquence he had scarcely the smallest pretence, but the British pluck which would not succumb to the intense feeling which the great orator had aroused by appeals that



A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE OF THE LATE MR GLADSTONE.

had held his audience "hushed as an infant at the mother's breast."

On the evening before this speech Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden had been the guests of a former kind friend of mine, Mr. W. S. Lindsay, M.P., in his beautiful house on the banks of the Thames. Mr. Lindsay had been the warm ally of both these great leaders in the Free Trade agitation, and he told me this curious anecdote. Mr. Bright, as is well known, carefully studied his speeches and committed them to memory word for word, delivering them in such measured, yet often thrilling, tones as gave to each word its utmost force. Mr. Lindsay said that the evening before—knowing the extreme importance of the speech, and the fact that he would be trying to persuade a multitude of hearers against their will—Mr. Bright had recited to these two friends in the drawing-room the arguments which he intended to enunciate. But he had not then brought in the allusion to the Angel of Death. The three members were sitting side by side during the debate; and it was perhaps as a relief to his own over-burdened feelings that Mr. Cobden, when the tumult of applause which followed the speech had subsided, said to Mr. Bright, "Where did you get hold of that passage about the angel, John? You did not say it to us last night." "No," answered the orator; "I only thought of it while I was dressing this morning." "Now, if you had said 'the *flapping* of his wings,' instead of 'the *beating* of his wings,'" said Cobden, "everyone would have laughed." I have no doubt that in this apparently trivial criticism Cobden was only seeking to lighten the oppression

of his own misgivings about the national policy of that time; but, curiously enough, I several times heard Dean Stanley allude to the great speech, both in conversation and in



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

RICHARD COBDEN.

sermons, and he *always* quoted the passage, "We may almost hear the *flapping* of his wings."

Several of Mr. Bright's best points seem to have occurred to him suddenly. In the days when there was the secession from the Liberal party to which he gave the popular nickname of "the Cave of Adullam," speaking of the fact that the members of the party seemed to be all on an equality, and to have no acknowledged leader, he convulsed the House with laughter by comparing them to one of those shaggy lapdogs of which it was difficult to distinguish which was the head and which was the tail. One leading member of this party was the late Mr. Horsman — a very forcible debater, who used sometimes to be spoken of as "the wild Horsman." I once heard a little passage of arms between him and the late Lord Houghton. "Ah!" said Mr. Horsman, "you can't boast of a Cave of Adullam in the House of Lords!" "No," replied Lord Houghton, with the readiness of a rapier thrust, "in the House of Lords we have nothing so *hollow!*"

It is extraordinary how much our judgment of oratory is affected by our opinion as to the point at issue. I once heard Mr. Bright deliver a speech of great force and beauty on the second Reform Bill; and his speeches were *always* eloquent and admirable so that he never seemed to sink below himself. Indeed, one secret of his splendid success was the care and study which he devoted to master every detail of what he intended to say: so that—to the astonishment of Mr. Gladstone, who had the happy art of falling to sleep as soon as he laid his head on the pillow—Mr. Bright's speeches often caused him sleepless nights. The oration to which I refer was delivered, if I remember rightly, in 1857. I was listening with admiration in the Speaker's gallery, when suddenly an ardent Conservative, who was sitting next to me, showed himself so entirely impervious to the charm and power of the orator that he flung himself back in his seat with the contemptuous remark, "I thought the fellow could speak!"

This reminds me of one or two incidents in the great debate on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church in the House of Lords. The Earl of Tankerville, whose son was a boy in my house at Harrow, had very kindly given me a seat in the gallery, and I heard a great part of that very famous discussion. The learned and lovable Archbishop Trench had to plead the cause of his Church: but he was old and deeply depressed, and his speech was naturally ineffective. At the very beginning he made an unfortunate slip, which, trivial as it was—and it is by no means unfrequently the case that a "trifle light as air" makes an impression, favourable or unfavourable, far beyond what might seem to be its proper importance—at once marred the effect of what he was about to urge. For, at the beginning of his speech, he unluckily addressed the assembled peers as "My brethren!"—or, as he pronounced it, "My *brathren*"—instead of "My Lords"; and, hastily as he corrected himself, the scarcely suppressed titter which ran through the House was alike disconcerting to the speaker and injurious to the effect of his words. A stranger was seated next to me, who was burning with enthusiasm for the Irish Church, and expected a powerful defence of its

position from its eminent Archbishop. But the prelate's somewhat lachrymose appeal seemed to him quite below the importance of the occasion; and, with a sigh of deep disappointment, he leaned back with the murmur, "Oh dear! he's as heavy as lead and as dull as ditch-water!"

The greatest speech on that occasion was that of the late Archbishop Magee, who had then been recently appointed Bishop of Peterborough. I had, shortly before, heard his powerful sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, at the Church Congress, while the fate of the Irish Church was still trembling in the balance. He had chosen the text, "And they beckoned to their partners, who were in the other ship, to come over and help them." The text was so singularly appropriate that Archdeacon Denison is said to have started up from his seat and almost to have clapped his hands aloud! Great things were expected of the speech, and the recently appointed Bishop fully rose to the occasion. As we went out of the House, one of the peers told me that the late Lord Ellenborough (the famous Viceroy of India) had pronounced Dr. Magee's speech to be the most eloquent he had ever heard, except one (I think)



(*Photo: S. A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.*)

LORD DERBY (14th EARL).

(*The "Rupert of Debate."*)

of Lord Erskine's. Yet I could not help fancying at the time that political circumstances had tended to the undue



"MY BRATHREN."

(*Archbishop Trench addressing the House of Lords.*)

extolment of this speech—eloquent and powerful as it undoubtedly was—above its intrinsic merits. I perfectly remember the scene and all the circumstances, and even the manner and accent with which it was delivered; but neither then nor afterwards was I at all impressed by the arguments, nor can I now recall them. This is far from being the case with another speech delivered in the same debate by Dr. Connop Thirlwall, the very able and learned Bishop of St. Davids. He was dealing with the charge of "sacrilege," which was freely brought against the Bill, and he endeavoured to show that there were acts which some might characterise by such a stigma which might, on the contrary, be deeds actuated by the highest justice and mercy.

I witnessed a humorous little incident in the House of Lords during the debate on the Public Schools Bill. The late Earl of Clarendon was in charge of it, and the Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," was opposed to it. A number of head-masters, whose methods and interests would be affected by the Bill, had been permitted to stand by the throne in the part of the House where members of the House of Commons are allowed to take their place when they want to hear a debate. Lord Clarendon

in his speech was gently complaining that Lord Derby, in characterising the Bill, had said of it (as Lord Clarendon misquoted it)—"Sunt bona; sunt quædam mediocria; *sunt plŭră māla.*" This quotation, as the amused head-masters instantly noticed with a smile, involved two very glaring false quantities on the part of the statesman who



(From the Bust by C. Moore.)

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

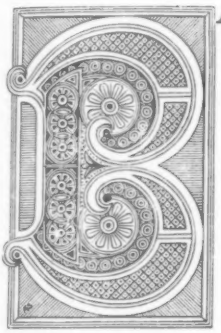
was introducing the Bill for the improvement of the education of the country. Instantly Lord Derby started up with the words, "Will the noble Lord repeat what he has just attributed to me?" Innocent of the little trap which had been thus laid for him, Lord Clarendon repeated his "*Sunt plŭră māla.*" "I never said anything of the kind!" said Lord Derby with humorous indignation. "I am sure," said Lord Clarendon, "that I shall be in the recollection of all when I repeat that the noble Lord, though he must have forgotten the fact, quoted the line which I have just repeated to the House." "Nothing of the kind!" said Lord Derby, with great emphasis; "what *I* said was very different. It was" (and the quotation was emphasised by pointed finger and slow enunciation), "'Sunt bona; sunt quædam mediocria; *sunt mălă plūra.*'" Lord Clarendon laughed good-humouredly, and apologised for the slip; but he was evidently a little discomfited.

To return for a few moments to the House of Commons, a friend of mine once asked Mr. Gladstone who was the most eloquent speaker whom he had ever heard in the House of Commons. He answered, as he has replied to others, "that he thought he had never heard anyone more eloquent than Richard Lalor Sheil." Anyone who will read Mr. Sheil's published volume of speeches will not be surprised at this remark. The one celebrated outburst which is best remembered, thrilled all who heard it, and sounded like the sudden sweep of a tornado. Lord Lyndhurst, in a recent speech, had unwisely and unfairly spoken of the Irish as "*aliens.*" Alluding to this, Mr. Sheil burst out with the fine passage from which I will only quote a part: "*Aliens!*" he exclaimed. "Was Arthur Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, 'Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!' . . . On the field of Waterloo the blood of Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall they not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told as a requital that we are '*aliens*' from the noble country for whose salvation our lifeblood was poured out?"

The effect of such a passage delivered as Richard Lalor Sheil delivered it, can better be imagined than described. He was a man of short figure and somewhat insignificant appearance; and his voice was high and shrill, and never well-modulated like the voices of such orators as Lord Chatham or Mr. Bright. But he spoke with genuine feeling and enthusiasm. The impression produced by such earnestness can never be resisted. The tones of passion are very penetrating, and they vibrate in the memory. "But did not Mr. Sheil *scream* a good deal in his speeches, Mr. Gladstone?" asked his friend. "Sir," was the answer, "he was *all scream!*" And yet few Parliamentary debaters have ever produced a deeper impression!

THE INTERVENTION OF TODDLELUMS.

A Complete Story. By Helen Boddington.



ANG! bang! went the fist of Toddlelums on the window-pane, as the little hand tried to capture a cunning fly which always managed to escape his grasp. Toddlelums was curled up on the window-seat, with such big, big thoughts coursing through his little brain. Not unspoken thoughts. Oh, no! Toddlelums at six always did his thinking out loud. "Ah! you silly, silly, little fly," he said in his cooing voice; "I wonder what you are made of, and where you go to when you die. Ah!" with another bang and a little chuckle, "I nearly caught you that time."

"Toddlelums, what are you doing?" said his mother, from the other end of the room.

Toddlelums rolled off the window-seat, picked himself up, put his hands in the pockets of his knickers, and finally placed himself with his back to the fire. "I was only trying to catch one little fly, mammie."

"Ah! but, my pet, it is rather cruel to kill the poor flies."

"Oh! I wasn't going to kill it, only catch it and make a tiny cage between my two hands"—putting the palms of his hands together—"then I would let it fly away again, right away."

The mother sat there watching her boy and thinking how like his father he was growing. Presently he edged up to her and leant against her knee, and then she put her arm round him, and bent her head so that her cheek touched his brown curls. "Mother's baby," she said softly; "mother's little Toddlelums," and there was a quaver in her voice.

Toddlelums did not notice it, though, for he turned to her with a merry twinkle in his great brown eyes and twined his arms lovingly round her neck. "Let's play, mammie; let's play bears," he cried, trying to drag her out of her chair with fearless hands which were certain of no repulse.

She stood up, laughing. How tall and graceful she was, and how young! Soft golden hair, brown eyes like Toddlelums', only with a sad, sad look in them even when she smiled. Toddlelums thought his mother was beautiful, and Toddlelums was right. A romp was in full swing when a man's step sounded in the hall. In a flash the boy with his rosy face and rumpled hair made a bolt for the door, as a deep voice called, "Toddlelums!"

"It's dad, it's dad!" he shouted, battling with the knob of the door. Then two little feet scampered down the hall, and Toddlelums was raised up high into the air and smothered with kisses. The mother was cognisant of all this, yet she did not attempt to follow. She merely gave little touches to the disordered hair, took up her work, and seated herself once again. Where was the smile now? Where had the tender look gone? Vanished at the sound of a man's voice—and that man her husband!

"Mammie and me were just playing bears," said the son, as he came in perched on his father's shoulder. "Wasn't it fun, mammie?" looking at his mother with a joyous smile.

"Yes, dear," she answered, without looking up; and her husband, glancing at her, noticed that she bit her under lip and a flush suddenly dyed her cheeks.

They had been married seven years, and during that time never one word of love had passed the lips of either. It had been a *mariage de convenance*, his and her fathers' estates joined, and, as she told him afterwards, she had seen nobody she liked better. It had seemed easy enough at first even without love, but

gradually—neither knew exactly how—a coldness sprang up, they drifted apart. There was no actual quarrel, only a few hard, bitter words on both sides, but the barrier grew and grew until there seemed little hope of its being broken down.

his sweet baby voice making sunshine in the home where lurked so many shadows. Toddlelums never saw the shadows, though, for mother and father vied with each other in keeping them out of his path.



"Vanished at the sound of a man's voice."—*p.* 53

At the end of the first year Toddlelums came, and then, if anything, matters became worse, for all the mother's thoughts were centred in her baby, all her love was lavished on him—the father was left to his own devices. As the child grew older, instinct told him to divide his love between father and mother, and then cruel pangs of jealousy visited the mother's breast.

So the years passed, Toddlelums with

During the last few months, almost unknown to herself, something had been stirring in Grace Millroe's heart: some strange feeling hitherto quite foreign to it. Perhaps it was the constant vision of a man's grave, patient face with the sad look on it which seemed of late to have grown sadder. That may or may not be; but, in any case, before she was aware, love, which had lain dormant so long, was awakened. Then at last, when

it came upon her with its mighty full force it brought her only sorrow, for, as she cried within herself, "There is so little use in loving when there is no return." And so this day, when her husband came in after her game with Toddlelums, the flush on her cheeks, which he attributed to annoyance at his approach, was in reality caused by the quickened beatings of her heart.

Later, when Toddlelums was fast asleep in his tiny crib and the house was silent, she sat alone in the drawing-room and he in his study, as was invariably the case when there was no visitor before whom to keep up appearances.

She wanted the second volume of the book she was reading, and so presently she rose from her comfortable chair near the fire, slowly crossed the large, old-fashioned hall, and softly opened the study door. How cosy the room looked, with its crimson curtains drawn closely before the great windows, the fire and shaded lamp combined filling it with ruddy light! She stood with the knob of the door in her hand and with her eyes riveted on the figure at the writing-table.

His arms were folded on the table, his head was buried in them, and, surely, that was a low, despairing moan which came to her across the stillness!

"Ah!" she thought, "if he only loved me, I could make him happy." Then she noticed for the first time that the black hair was streaked with grey. Her lips quivered, she made a step forward; then she drew back, passed out of the room, and softly closed the door after her. In the impulse of the moment she had intended saying some comforting word, and then she thought of his usual cold, passionless look, and refrained.

How could she know that if she had made an advance the man would have gladly, most gladly, responded? A few minutes after he lifted his head, and, had she been there, she would have seen that the face was full of passion, and on it were deeply drawn lines of pain.

In the meanwhile she bent over her little one's cot, and, kissing the tiny face, which was flushed with sleep, she whispered, "Ah, my little Toddlelums! if daddy only loved me as he loves his boy, I would be content to die this minute, even if I had to leave you, my baby, behind."

And yet, after all the passionate



She stood with her eyes riveted on the figure at the table.

feeling of the night, when morning came they met—outwardly, at least—with the usual cool indifference in their bearing towards each other. At breakfast Toddlelums was with them in his white pinafore, seated on a high chair which was drawn up very close to the table.

"Mammie," he said, "may nurse take me down to the river to play with Frankie Darrel this afternoon? We want to swim our boats."

"Yes, dear, but you must swim them in the shallow part."

threw kisses to him as she drove away in the carriage.

Ah, little Toddlelums, go your way, sail your small craft! Unconsciously, you will guide it through the deep waters, but the land will be reached at last!

It was evening, and Grace Millroe, entering the hall on her return from her drive, found her husband standing at the foot of the stairs apparently waiting for her, with a look on his face which



"Daddy, you do love mammie, don't you?"

"And don't get too near the edge, old chap. Remember, if you roll in, daddy won't be there to fetch you out, and you'll be gobbled up by the little fishes."

Toddlelums was looking at his father with great, round eyes. "Gobbled up by the little fishes?" he echoed; but his father did not hear, for he was saying in an undertone to his wife, "Tell nurse to be careful; the river is swollen after the rain."

Afternoon came, and off went Toddlelums, carrying in his arms a boat with big, white sails, while the young mother

she had never seen there before. He made no movement, one hand clutched the balustrade with a tight grip, and twice his drawn lips opened to say words which refused to come. She rushed to his side — she clung to his arm, while the fair face, working with some wild, fearful emotion, looked imploringly into his. "Edgar, what is it? What is the matter?"

"It is——"

"It is Toddlelums. Oh, Edgar! for mercy's sake, don't say it is Toddlelums!" and her hold tightened on his arm.

He turned his head away, for he

could not bear to see the agony on her face.

"Yes, Grace, it is Toddlelums. He fell into the water, but—ah! don't look like that—he may live yet, the doctors are doing their best for him."

Together, mother and father ascended the stairs, she faltering on every step, while hard, dry sobs shook her frame. Ah! what a wan, white Toddlelums lay on his little bed, and, but for the faint breathing, the mother must have known herself childless. The doctors were doing their work, while the agonised parents stood watching and waiting. She would have clasped him in her arms — she would have pressed his little cold body to her breast—but first the doctors had their part to do; the mother must wait.

"Edgar," and she turned to him with great, dry eyes, "will my baby die? No, no, it cannot be!" she moaned plaintively. "It would kill me to lose my little Toddlelums."

"Dear," he said, and somehow she felt comfort in knowing that his arms were round her; "if I could, I would give my life for his."

"No, no," she said, and then she sprang to the bedside; for the doctors had moved away, and Toddlelums was calling "Mammie."

"Mother's darling, mother's precious baby!" she cried, twining her arms round him.

"And daddy's too," said the weak little voice, for Toddlelums was a very shadowy Toddlelums still.

"Yes, and daddy's too," she said, as the man bent over his son and held one tiny hand.

"Daddy, you do love mammie, don't you? He said, that horrid Frankie said, that you hated each other"—looking at the two faces. "He said he knew it was true because he heard his mother and father say so. And I told him it was a big, big story, and I fighted him hard—very hard—and then he gave me a push, and I went down, down into the cold water. It isn't true, daddy, is it?" looking at his father with great, earnest eyes; "you do love my mammie?" and he stroked her face tenderly.

The man hesitated, looked across at the woman; then he said, "Yes, darling, I love her more than my life."

A few seconds of silence, a sigh of content from Toddlelums. Then the mother's voice saying, "And I love my little child, but I love his father more."

Eyes meet eyes, hands clasp hands, and the two hearts severed so long are united at last.

Blessed little Toddlelums, with your sweet baby face and your manly little heart!—gallantly you fought your first battle, and the victory is yours. The deep waters encompassed you, and the Valley of the Shadow was very near; but the Captain of the Host has yet a greater battle for you to fight, and that is the Battle of Life.

LOVE'S DEBT.

"From every portion, from every department, of Nature comes the same voice. Everywhere we hear Thy name, O God; everywhere we see Thy love. Creation in all its length and breadth, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of Thy Spirit; and without Thee the world were dark and dead."

THROUGH all the flowers, I love Thee,
Through all the joys around, above me—
Through tree and brook, and sea before me,
Through bird-songs—I adore Thee.

For these a debt I owe Thee:
Poor words are all I have to show Thee
How much Thy glorious work doth move me,
And how my soul doth love Thee.

LOUIS H. VICTORY.

THE COLOURED JEWS.

Strange Survivals of the Scattered Tribes.

"Amazing race! deprived of land and laws,
A general language and a public cause;
With a religion none can now obey,
With a reproach that none can take away:
A people still whose common ties are gone;
Who, mixed with every race, are lost in none."
—CRABBE.

WHERE are they? Rather, where are they not? Dispersed to the four corners of the earth, this nation of exiles, ever loyal to the Government under which they live, still look for a better country and fix their eyes on Palestine, their ancient home. One of their learned men, Dr. Hertzl, has lately appealed to his fellow-Jews to rise and re-people the land. But nothing can be done, he tells them, without the enthusiasm of the whole nation: "The idea must make its way into the most distant and miserable holes where the people dwell."

It was just at a time when the Philistines said, "Behold the Hebrews come forth



THE HEBREW LAW OF THE CHINESE JEWS.

(Facsimile of a page from Deuteronomy.)



A CHINESE ISRAELITE.

out of their holes where they had hid themselves," that Israel's captivity was turned to freedom. It may be that history will repeat itself.

In many unexpected corners of India, China, Africa, and Persia representatives of an indestructible people have been discovered. They wear the dress of the

natives and submit to their laws, but century after century they have remained proof against absorption. Neither poverty, contempt, nor persecution shakes their belief—the faith that is the heritage of their fathers—that they are the remnant of a chosen people.

Jerusalem will see an amazing sight if it calls upon all the remotest holes and corners to deliver up its children. Jews



(Photo supplied by the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews.)

JEWISH SCHOOL CHILDREN IN PERSIA.

(With Mr. Norollah and Native Teachers.)

white, black, and brown from India, dusky from Abyssinia, arrayed in the costume and sporting the pigtail of China, as well as Jews rich and poor, high and humble, from Europe and America—all will bring with them the divers ways, tongues, and customs of their adopted countries, and assemble as one nation.

Amongst the most remote colonies are the Jews of China, who have aroused interesting inquiry and been the theme of many French writers. Early in the seventeenth century, and shortly after the Italian missionaries had come to Pekin, one of them, Matthew Ricci, received a morning call. His visitor wore the gorgeous Chinese dress, including the queue; but the figure and face were not Mongolian, and the smiling countenance was not in keeping with the dignified solemnity of a Chinaman. This gentleman's name was Ngai, and he had heard of the arrival of some foreigners who worshipped one Lord of heaven and earth, and who yet were not Mohammedans; he belonged to the same religion, he explained, and had called to make their acquaintance.

Now Master Ngai made it clear that he was an Israelite, a native of Kaefung-foo, the capital of Honan. He had come to Pekin to pass an examination for a mandarin degree, and had been led by curiosity and brotherly feeling to call at the mission house. In his native city, he said, there were ten or twelve families of Israelites, and a synagogue which they had recently restored at the expense of 10,000 crowns, and they had a roll of the law four or five

A MISSION-SCHOOL GROUP OF INDIAN JEWS.

(Photo supplied by the Trustees Bible and Medical Mission.)

hundred years old. The missionary's letters described this synagogue. It occupied a space of between three and four hundred feet in length by about a hundred and fifty in breadth, and was divided into four courts. It had borrowed some decorative splendour from China. The inscription in Hebrew, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord, blessed be the name of the glory of His Kingdom for ever and ever," and the Ten Commandments were emblazoned in gold. Silken curtains inclosed the "Bethel" which enshrined the sacred books, and which only the Rabbi might enter during the time of prayer.

Every detail of this place, with its incense, its furniture, and all its types of good things yet to come, is interesting. There in the last century the children of Israel at Kae-fung-foo worshipped the God of their fathers with the rites that pointed to the Messiah of whose advent, as far as it can be ascertained, they never heard until the arrival of the Italian missionaries. Learned men have entered into discussions as to whether these people were Jews or Israelites, whether they came to China from the Assyrian captivity or the Roman dispersion. They themselves say that their forefathers came from the West; and it is probable that the settlers arrived by way of Khorassan and Samerkand. They must have been numerous in the ninth century, for two Mohammedan travellers of that period describe a rebel, named Bae-choo, taking Canton by storm in A.D. 877 and slaughtering 120,000 Jews, Mohammedans, Christians, and Parsees. More than one Jew of Kae-fung-foo is known to have gained the right to wear the little round button on the top of his cap so dear to the ambition of a Chinaman. The Tai-ping Rebellion dispersed the settlement, and the remnant who remain faithful to the memory of old traditions are chiefly poor and distressed. The Chinamen distinguish them by the name of "Tiao chiao" (the sect which pulls out the sinew), for these "children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day." They are said to often repeat the words of the dying Jacob, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord." This is to them like the cry of an infant in the night. They have waited so long that it is little wonder if the words have lost their triumphant ring and their ancient accompaniment of faith in future blessings.

The Persian Jews, from whom the colony in China sprang, are interspersed over the Shah's country. The missionaries of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews make long tours to seek them out and shepherd them. A convert from amongst them, the Rev. M. Norollah, found in 1890 that of his own people in Isfahan, numbering 5,000, not more than ten could read or write the language of the country. He started a school for the children



READING THE LAW ON THE SABBATH DAY.

(From an Original Drawing by a Persian Jew.)

in the very heart of this Mohammedan city. This school and others besides have flourished, and been the means of making friends with the parents.

Of all the colonies in Asia, none seems to have preserved their traditions more carefully and lived up to them more worthily than the Jews in India. According to the last census, they number, 17,180.

Privileged travellers in the south-west have been shown a charter much older than the great English pledge of liberty. The first glance is not imposing. It is a copper plate, scratched with letters of such out-of-date character that they bear little resemblance to any that are

now in use. But this is a priceless treasure to the Jews of Malabar. Some authorities believe it was granted about the year A.D. 500; others say that the renowned Ceram Perumal was the donor, and this prince appears to have been in the zenith of his power in A.D. 750. All agree that the charter is at least a thousand years old.

According to the native annals of Malabar and the Jews' own traditions, 10,000 emigrants arrived on the coast about A.D. 70, shortly after the destruction of the Second Temple and the final desolation of Jerusalem. It is supposed that of these 7,000 at once settled on a spot then called Mahodranpatna, but now known as Cranganore.

Unhappily, this flourishing community fell out amongst themselves. After Jewish emigrants from Spain and other countries joined them a dispute arose, and they called an Indian king to settle it. The fable of the quarrel for an oyster was illustrated. The mediator took possession of the place; the fat oyster became his, and death and captivity represented the shells which he divided amongst the disputants. Some fugitives obtained an asylum from the Rajah of Cochin, and built a little town on a piece of ground which he granted to them, close to his palace.

In this lovely native state live their descendants—two classes of Jews, one known as the Jerusalem or White Jews, the other as the Black Jews. The White trace their descent from the first settlers; throughout the centuries they have preserved the fair skin, fine features, and broad, high foreheads that usually belong to Europe, whilst amongst the men blonde or reddish curly beards prevail. The Black Jews are too intensely black to be akin to the Hindoos; they are said to have sprung from Jewish proselytes from amongst the aboriginal races of the district. The Black and White Jews inhabit the same quarter of the town of Cochin; they follow the same customs, join in the same forms of prayer, but never intermarry.

The Jews of Cochin seem to excel all others scattered over India in strict religious observances, but they are apparently quite distinct from the Jews or the Beni Israel of the north and west. Some ladies of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society were welcomed into the houses of Jewesses in Calcutta. They recognised the noticeably Jewish features, in spite of the clear brunette complexion which belonged to neither the White nor Black Jews of the south. This community availed themselves of day schools and Sunday schools started for the children, which have now become part of the organisation of the Old Church Hebrew Mission, and responded to friendly overtures. One Jewish lady spoke to her visitors of the return of her people to Jerusalem, and she said, "We will go in your arms." "You will probably go in our railway trains," answered the Englishwoman, and this idea satisfied both.

The Beni Israel, or Sons of Israel, of the north and west say that their first ancestors in India were persecuted refugees from Persia, seven men and seven women who escaped from a shipwreck near Chaul, about thirty miles south-east of Bombay, and managed to save a Hebrew copy of the Pentateuch. Some assert that this happened eight hundred, others one thousand six hundred years ago. Their number is now reckoned as upwards of 5,000. They are said to resemble the Arabian Jews in features. They keep strictly the Mosaic fasts and feasts, yet in many houses visited by the ladies of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, the New as well as the Old Testament is studied.

For nearly half a century a principal man of the community has been in the service of the Free Church of Scotland at Alibag, about twenty-four miles to the south of the city of Bombay. For in this place, at one time famous as the centre of a small pirate kingdom, handsome, intelligent children, with marked Semitic features, and names familiar in the Book of Genesis, delight in attending school.

In Karachi the Beni Israel are also numerous. One of the missionaries of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, who work amongst them, was invited to a wedding in the synagogue. She noticed that, as a part of the ceremony, the bride received a cup, and after raising it to her lips threw it down and broke it. This, some of the guests explained, was a sign that even in the midst of their mirth they remembered Jerusalem with sorrow.

To many, such words and symbols are

very real. During the present year a rich Jew of Karachi has left his adopted home to build a synagogue in Jerusalem, where the Sultan has shown the Jews great toleration.

But though the Turkish Empire has been a refuge for them, none can exceed the Mohammedans in cruelty and intolerance when they are roused to fanatical zeal for their Prophet. This has been specially manifest in Africa. Abyssinia, perhaps, has the oldest colony of Jews. They go by the name of Falashas, which means exiles or emigrants, and claim an ambitious origin. King Solomon, they believe, added the Queen of Sheba to his many wives, and their son Menelek was educated in Jerusalem. On his growing to manhood, the Jewish nobles foresaw political disturbances, and begged the king to send him to his mother. King Solomon consented on condition that each Jew should send his first-born son with Menelek to Abyssinia. There he became king of Abyssinia, and his Israelite companions married native women, so a new nation sprang into existence.

Traditions of noble descent are of less value than nobility of character in the descendants. The church amongst the Falashas has been sown in the blood of martyrs. When the followers of the Mahdi became masters of Western Abyssinia, they massacred or made captives all the inhabitants who had not secured safety by flight. Jews and Christians, whether men or women, had to choose between Mohammed and death. A Falasha family, converts of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, were overtaken by the Mahdists. They were told to say the Mohammedan creed, "*Allah ilahu ill Allah wa Mohammed e rasah Allah.*" These few words would save their lives, but these words would deny their Master.

"Never will we deny Him Who died for us on the cross," they answered. "We are born Falashas, but have been converted to Christ He is our Saviour, and not Mohammed."



(*Photo supplied by the Zenana Bible Mission.*)

INDIAN JEWISH CONVERTS AT BOMBAY.

The parents were strong to endure, but could they bear to see their five children put to a cruel death? They not only lived through this ordeal, but the father encouraged the younger martyrs. "It is only a short suffering," he cried, "and



ARABIAN JEWS.

you will gain the crown of everlasting life." Then came the mother's turn. Only let her deny Christ and she might live. Her heart and her voice were broken, but she managed to answer clearly, "I love Him. I do not fear death." Her husband saw her butchered. His courage rose higher when his tormentors offered him not only life but riches—anything that he chose to ask—if he would become a Mohammedan. "You may torture me, you may cut me in pieces, I will not deny Him Who died for me." He too joined the white-robed army of martyrs—a spectacle to other captives, one of whom afterwards escaped and described the scene.

Six years ago the Falashas themselves became persecutors. They brought a prisoner in chains before the Governor of the province. They could find no charge against this ex-Falasha priest except that he had become a Christian; and therefore they declared that it would be a God-pleasing work to kill him. The Governor warned the Falashas that they would be punished if they attempted to take his life. Then he asked his prisoner if he would again become a Falasha, or if he chose to risk being robbed or beheaded. "I go to my Lord and to my Father," answered the dignified old man. "I would rather die than continue in life as an apostate."

The situation was suddenly reversed. Instead of passing sentence, the Governor said, "Honoured father, give me your



AN EGYPTIAN JEW.

blessing." Faith and meekness had gained the victory over violence.

In North Africa the Jews have adopted many Mohammedan customs. Child marriage, for instance, has become a curse amongst them. Sometimes men of forty wed little wives of eight or ten. At the

same time, in Morocco, an independent Moslem empire, the purity of their lives is in noticeable contrast to their neighbours. Algeria, where the Jews number 50,000, as well as Tunisia, is under French protection. It is little wonder if the anti-Jewish feeling of the French in Algiers should rouse an anti-Christian feeling in the Jews, and that here their opposition should be added to the many difficulties that meet Christian missions in Moslem lands. But many Jews rise superior to prejudices, and missionaries of the North Africa Mission find refreshment in studying the Scriptures with Hebrew scholars and Hebrew seekers after more light. In 1897, on the fast of Gedaliah, a missionary attended the synagogue. His friend, the Rabbi, mentioned his presence, and the worshippers, all of them pure Arabs and dressed accordingly, pronounced a benediction on him and commended him to God's grace.

Tyranny and dispersion have failed to exterminate the Jews. In the name of patriotism, the king of Egypt made their life a burden. In the name of religion and reverence for the Holy Sepulchre, the Crusaders brought horrible calamities upon them. In the name of uniformity, but with special reference to the Jews, the machinery of the Inquisition was set at work in Spain. Yet the 3,000,000 slaves who came out of Egypt have increased, as far as it can be calculated, to four times the number. Their affliction has been a refining furnace. From the day when Moses, himself a Hebrew fugitive, turned aside to see why an insignificant mimosa bush was not consumed by a devouring fire, the history of the chosen people has been a witness of the unchangeableness of God's Word: "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

D. L. WOOLMER.



AN ALGERIAN JEWISH GIRL.

(Photo supplied by the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.)



(Photo: Beagles.)

JEWISH VILLAGE GIRLS OF PALESTINE.



THE STORY OF A CATHEDRAL TOWN.

By E. S. Curry, Author of "One of the Greatest," Closely Veiled," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A LETTER OF APOLOGY.

THE afternoon's summer sun shone in on the chestnut head of a girl, bent sedulously over a book. She was Marjorie Bethune, only daughter of one of the minor canons of Norham. She was hard at work constructing a sonnet, to the accompaniment of the great organ in the cathedral, where her father was taking the service. The words of the psalms and anthem were almost audible, as well as their music, through the open windows, stimulating the girl's reluctant fancy. There were other helps, too, to her imagination — the twitter of birds in the flowering trees near the further window, the hum of the bees in the lime-trees, the scents of syringa and lilies.

The room in which she sat had a much-lived-in air and a pleasant old-fashioned shabbiness of aspect. There was a large round table covered with papers and books, calf-bound and large for the greater part—the books and litter of a scholar. Books also were heaped on the quaint spindle-legged side-table with deep drawers, ornamented with carving and brass Tudor roses; and wherever in the room was any wall-space low bookshelves of a peculiar pattern filled it. The wall-colouring above was a rich tan and red, the whole making a harmonious background to the girl's burnished head and brilliantly fair complexion.

A sudden thought seemed to strike her. She lifted her eyes to the further end of the room, where on a sofa near the pretty window lay a fragile-looking woman. The extreme youthfulness of her appearance was not contradicted by the brilliancy of the beautiful dark eyes she turned now on Marjorie.

"Mother, I wish you would tell me exactly what father said when he proposed to you. I suppose he did propose?" questioningly, gazing in doubtful sympathy at the colour flooding her mother's face at her question.

"You will know for yourself some day, Marjorie," Mrs. Bethune said softly.

"I? But I want to know now. Just the facts. You can't make up things on nothing," disconsolately. "Our literary guild next month wants a poem—a sonnet by preference—on Love. Such a subject! I could imagine a lot. But I don't know."

Mrs. Bethune's eyes were full of laughter, but her face was grave as she looked at her discontented young daughter.

"People's experiences vary," she said reminiscently.

"Do they? But yours would do, mother—just to get a fact for a foundation. Love seems such a shimmery, slippery thing."

"It was behind the door—at a party first. He had asked me to look at a picture——"

"Behind the door! Father!" exclaimed Marjorie, breaking in on the reminiscence. "Oh, mother!"

Mrs. Bethune laughed. "You'll understand some day, Marjorie. That was the beginning; after that, I kept out of his way——" She paused.

XUM

"Yes?" said Marjorie interestedly. "I don't wonder. Behind the door! I couldn't put that in a sonnet."

"It was difficult to meet alone," went on the mother. "We lived four miles apart, And I was afraid. I didn't want him to speak, and yet——"

"Didn't you love him then? Perhaps I could put that. Or did loving him make you shy?"

"Perhaps. But he was masterful—he found a way."

"Masterful," mused Marjorie, much exercised at this new presentation of her scholarly father. "Then love alters characters, if it made father masterful and you shy. Well, those are at least some facts. Thank you. What else, mother? Tell me exactly, please."

"One day after lunch, when he had come over, I remembered that I had dropped my thimble under the table, and I went back to the dining-room to look for it."

"And he followed?"

"Yes; he followed, and he then and there proposed."

"But, mother," with misgivings, "do you think that was sonnet-sort of love?"

"Sure of it, Margie."

"It sounds so ordinary. However, I wanted facts," in a tone of resigned dejection.

Impatient steps sounded in the hall. Hats and books were flung down outside, and two boys of seven and nine respectively came into the room. Marjorie's glance fell upon her young brothers dispassionately, staying her reflections on love.

"You look as if you had been in mischief," she remarked, as a certain air of agitation conveyed itself to her perception.

"Yes; and found out, too," said Sandy, the seven-year-old, disgustedly.

"You know that new man at 'The Ridges,' mother," burst in the older boy. "He's had the cheek to say we're not to go that way any more."

"But have you been, David, since the General died?"

"Of course we have, mother; why not? I'd got the keys."

"As if keys mattered anyhow!" put in Sandy. "Anyone can climb over that wanted to. It's the nearest way."

"But it's private ground, not a public path. Only the General was kind to you."

"Yes, and this man's a beast," viciously.

Then he went on, with a pretty little lisp between the two lost teeth left on a field of battle: "But we've had some fun all these weeks, mother, dodging the workpeople. They couldn't find out how we got in and out," delightedly, "even when we forgot the keys; there's always holes, somewhere. We didn't let 'em know; we just 'peared, and walked past the house, riling them. And if they ran us, didn't we just dodge 'em down the hill!"

"And now he says," put in David, "that he's written to father, and that he'll have no trespassing. Trespassing, indeed!"

"An' Dave called back that he was the trespasser, 'trudin' where he wasn't wanted," said Sandy gleefully, "an' that he'd better go back to Blackton, an' not fink he could come here and be a gentleman, cos no one would look at him!"

"Oh, David," said his mother reproachfully, "how could you? He will think we don't grow gentlemen here."

"Don't care for his thinks," muttered David. "Heard Charity and Mrs. Lytchett say it."

"No, David," put in Marjorie. "Charity said anyone from Blackton would feel like an intrusion, and all Mrs. Lytchett said was, that if he didn't like it he could always go back."

"That's exactly what I said, too, on'y the words came different."

"If he finks we're goin' all that way round twice a day, he's jolly w'ong," remarked Sandy injuredly. "We'd have to start hours an' hours earlier—not us!"

Again the door opened, and a tall man came in, whose first look of anxious inquiry was directed towards the table where his papers were lying. Sandy's impatient elbow was dug into the middle of them, as he fidgeted about on one leg. Mr. Bethune sat down in the three-cornered chair before the table, and rescued his papers, at the same time keeping Sandy by his side.

"So you two have been in mischief again?" he said gently, looking gravely at his sons.

"I'm afraid David has been rude, too," put in the mother, a little anxiously.

David, with a put-on air of unconcern, looked out of the window, where two more sturdy boys, younger, but made after the same pattern as the two inside, were now visible on the garden path. They were dilatorily obeying a call from Marjorie, and making for the window.

"I have had a letter," went on Mr. Bethune. "It's a nice letter, and what Mr. Pelham says is reasonable."

"Bounder!" muttered David, and Sandy said "Beast!"

The father lifted his eyes from the letter.

"You will have to apologise. Mr. Pelham is quite right. You have no business there. I will write a letter, and you will take it. Marjorie, will you see if tea is ready?" in a fatigued tone. "Mother looks tired out."

"Come, boys," said Marjorie. And the clamour that immediately ensued round the tea-table in the next room showed that rebellion and anarchy were in the air.

When they had gone their father laughed quietly.

"It is a nice letter. I expect they will find he will give them leave, if they behave themselves. But they have been playing tricks on the workmen—and on his servants, as I gather."

"They are always in mischief," said their mother, and her tone was not the tone of one who lamented. "But they are not generally rude. I am afraid they have heard the things that are being said against this man. Perhaps Marjorie had better go with them? He will not be rude to her?"

"No. 'This man,' as you call him, is one of the Pelhams of Lente. Yes, she can take them. Mrs. Lytchett was suggesting to me just now that she was growing up, and that she ought to have some lessons——"

"I wish Mrs. Lytchett would mind her own business!" flashed out the mother. "Marjorie is as well educated as she is, though I should be sorry to see her so meddlesome."

Then her ill-temper vanished, and she smiled serenely.

"Marjorie was writing a sonnet on Love whilst you were at church. She seemed quite equal to the composition, but lacked facts."

"Marjorie's lack of facts doesn't often curb her imagination," her father said. 'I do not think it was her education that Mrs. Lytchett thought wanted improving—though it does—but her deportment, whatever that is, and—and manners."

"She carries herself like a queen," asserted her mother, "even though she is thin and awkward yet. And her manners—should you wish them altered, father?"

"She is ours, my dear," he said tenderly; "and I think her simplicity natural and charming. But perhaps she has said something—she does sometimes—to Mrs. Lytchett."

"She does often. Mrs. Lytchett was here yesterday. I know she is good, but she *is* irritating, John. She condoled with me about your litter, and wondered if I couldn't arrange a room for you up in the attics. And she said she was sure all the boys were behaving badly in church on Sunday afternoon—and why didn't Marjorie sit between them, instead of at the end of the pew, where the corner was a temptation to her to lounge? And then she made a set at the stocking basket, and criticised the darning, and pitied us dreadfully for so many boys, all with knees, as well as red heads. And then Marjorie broke out. She thought the heads were beautiful, also the knees, and that the boys behaved in church like saints; and that you'd be miserable in the attics without me—though she could understand that with a nagging woman always about a man must have somewhere to hide himself."

"I hope Marjorie won't turn into a virago," her father said anxiously, after a pause. "That was rude, even if it were true. She is cramped here—it is a cramping place; and we are to blame—we put too much upon her."

He sighed, and rose to take his wife's cup, and then stretched himself before the fireless grate. "She has a dangerous gift of imagination. Will she ever be satisfied with Warde? I have told him he may speak now. But she is a child still, she has no idea——" he paused.

An inroad of boys, come to be inspected by their mother before starting on their errand, brought their father back to the table and the letter they were to take. Sandy, balancing on the arm of his chair, superintended its composition.

"Father's put 'Dear Sir,' 'stead of 'Horrid Fellow,'" he announced aloud to the others. They were standing round the table; the smallest of them, aged three, could just rest his chin upon it, and was listening in solemn admiration of Sandy's sentiments.

"Are you going to take all this horde with you, Marjorie?" her mother asked, her observant eyes glancing from collar to collar and from boot to boot.

"Yes, mother; I thought it would economise matters. They're all mischievous, and will need apologising for some time; it is such a convenient way to school."

"'My little sons will, I hope, make their 'pologies in person for their rudeness. I am extwemely sorry——'" sang out Sandy, raising himself on his elbows, dug into the table, the better to see what his father was writing.

"Don't put 'little,' father," he pleaded; "he'll think it's Ross or Orme, 'stead of us."

"I suppose you know what an apology is, Sandy?" Mr. Bethune bethought himself to inquire as he finished writing, and looked down at the curly head bobbing across his arm.

"Ought to," grunted Sandy, panting in his efforts to plant his toes between the spokes of his father's chair. "Never do so no more—till next time."

"If it is that, I shall be sorry, Sandy, in this case, because this gentleman's a stranger."

"Oh," said Sandy, dropping to the floor and glancing up into the grave blue eyes, of which his own were an exact reproduction, without the gravity.

"'Pologies is funny things," he said, pensively. "Mrs. Lytchett said we ought to be whipped when we made the peacocks scream, an' we 'pologises; and Charity boxed Dave's ears for treadin' on her fine new



"You look as if you had been in mischief," she remarked.—*p.* 67.

frock, an' he 'pologised—an' the Dean 'pologised back for her crossness. An' now, seems as if 'pologies did 'stead of leavin' off doin' what you want. Them peacocks screamed again to-day at dinner-time, an' to-morrer we——"

A quick frown from his elder brother stopped the admission that was coming.

"Your morality, your deductions, and your grammar are equally matched, Sandy," said his father. "Who is going to carry this letter?"

"Me, me!" implored the baby, advancing a chubby hand, plucked from his mouth for the purpose. He looked like one of Sir Joshua's cherubs—nothing visible of him over the edge of the table but a round moon face of exquisite fairness, with a large background of soft white hat instead of cloud.

"You 'll see that the boys behave and apologise properly, Marjorie," her father said, sinking back into his chair with such an expression of peace on his face as quite compensated his young daughter for the annoyance of the errand on which she was conducting her young brothers.

CHAPTER II.

ANTONY PELHAM.

THE surroundings of Norham Cathedral were the great attraction of the little town to Antony Pelham. Large, airy houses, set in gardens to match, with here and there a field running down to the street, formed one side of the main thoroughfare of the town. It was wide and shady, bounded on its other side by the Canons' Walk, a gravelled terrace, extending the whole length of the cathedral graveyard, over-arched by "immemorial elms," where the rooks year after year, cawed their noisy affairs into the ears of those below. At the eastern end of the cathedral the Canons' Court terminated the Walk, and provided residences for the minor canons almost under the cathedral walls. The Deanery stood at one end of the Court, and the gardens of all the houses extended southwards to enclosed fields called the Parks, on which also the grounds of the old palace, on the southern side of the cathedral, abutted.

Beyond the boundaries of the Cathedral Precincts the town developed into a small, compact area of shops, and then sprawled on into suburbs. These, called respectively Easton and Weston, had little to do with each other, and less with the exclusive Precincts. They had a church and parish apiece, served by two of the minor canons.

The spacious houses round the cathedral had been built originally to serve as town houses for the county families. They were now often used as dower houses, or pleasant homes to retire to from the active work of life. Their owners formed a sufficiently large circle to make society pleasant, but they admitted no one into their midst who was not "one of them."

When old General Orme died, he left no one to occupy the fine old house on the hill called "The Ridges," beyond which the "Green," with its complement of houses—also old, but filling the more useful *rôles* of Grammar School, Sessions House, and such like—descended into the valley. Here, as far off as possible, the necessary lock-up and railway station hid their commonness out of sight.

It was with amazement, and incredulity at his audacity, that the news gradually was received of the purchase of "The Ridges," by Antony Pelham, a lawyer from the big town of Blackton, eight miles away. This manufacturing town had superseded Norham as the county town—since which it was scarcely ever mentioned, much less visited, by the Norhamites. Not only had he bought "The Ridges" but, with an extraordinary fatuity, he meant to go on with his business and travel backwards and forwards.

After hearing this, nobody troubled to make any further inquiries about him—he was beneath notice. It was stated by the neighbours whose grounds adjoined his that an army of workmen had been sent from somewhere, and were, of course, making a wreck of the beautiful old house. But no interest was taken in their proceedings, except by David and Sandy Bethune, who rapturously availed themselves of the kindly circumstances attending his advent. The short cut to school on the Green, up a gravelled path on the edge of the field, which the old General had put at the service of his friends who wished to visit the Green, had become lately to the Bethune boys a way to bliss. Marjorie and her brothers now slowly ascended the hill to "The Ridges" by this path.

As they walked along, more like owners than suppliants for forgiveness, David pointed out to his sister the hiding-places they had found convenient. Marjorie's own conscience was asleep on the matter, and she did not put herself out to rebuke him. The man was angry. Her father had written that his boys would apologise. She supposed they would. They were generally able to do so when necessary, without in the least considering themselves bound thereby as to future action.

Marjorie looked with interest at the places pointed out to her on the way up. She even enlarged a hole in the undergrowth to admit Sandy's plump body. But a vague irresolution and faint sense of discomfort came into her mind as the old red-brick house

came in sight, and a blaze of colour from the flower-beds before the windows struck upon her vision.

"Boys," she said softly, "David, you will be nice, even if this man is a cad. Do you hear, Sandy?" she said more sternly, as Sandy panted to her side, returning from some exploration.

"All right," said Sandy; "there he is!"

They had emerged from the shrubbery path and had reached the edge of the lawn, which was divided from the long field by some white palings. Steadying herself by these, and an occasional grip at her father's trousers, as he walked beside her, was a little two-year-old girl. Her nurse was visible at some distance, sitting at needlework under the trees.

Undecided whether to advance on to the lawn, or to go further and ring at the front-door bell, Marjorie paused. The man's back was towards her. It did not present the appearance she had somehow expected. Why her imagination should have invested the new-comer with the attributes of a vulgar old man she could not afterwards recollect. But she had expected this. Instead, the back was young, and slim, and well-coated; and the finely poised head above it was adorned with a crop of short dark curls. Seeing him thus, Marjorie was conscious of a little embarrassment. A filtering doubt, creeping through her mind, made her give a hasty glance round at her young brothers.



"Father's put 'Dear Sir,' 'stead of 'Horrid Fellow,'" he announced.—*p.* 68.

David's eyes were glaring at the figure of his enemy, his face wearing an expression of deep disgust. Sandy had put on the air of jaunty unconcern with which he always met a difficulty. Ross, aged four, was looking distrustfully at the baby, whilst only on little Orme's cherubic face was there any appreciation of the situation. He gave an exclamation of delight, unloosed his hand from the

relaxing grasp of Marjorie, and hurried over the grass, head foremost, as was his wont when in a hurry. This youngest Bethune, like his brothers before him, had a sociable disposition; and was apt at making friends of every person, especially every infant person, he came near. From the private study of the Bishop — whereto his way was by a friendly window — to the cottage hearths he occasionally visited through convenient open doors when on his rambles — Orme Bethune was a welcome guest. To him girl-babies were a special fascination. He made advances to this one immediately.

Sitting down on the grass, to accommodate his three years to her two, he essayed to draw her nearer. She responded femininely. First she hid her face behind her father's legs. Then she unloosed his trousers and steadied her approach by the big brim of Orme's hat. With the other hand she rained blows upon his face. Bashing her dolls' heads was, with this baby, a preliminary to loving them. Finding this one to be flesh and blood, she crowed with glee, and sat down suddenly beside him.

Mr. Pelham had advanced a step or two on beholding Marjorie, her face an unexpected marvel of youth and fairness, against the dark background of the trees. Then his eyes fell on David's scowling countenance; he stopped, and his face flushed.

"Father has sent you a letter," Marjorie began. "Which of you has got it?" turning to the boys.

"Not me," said David sullenly, his manner conveying that no power on earth could have induced him to touch it.

"Nor me," said Sandy cheerfully.

"Surely you brought it?" Marjorie asked, a certain severity in her tone. "You, Ross?" hopefully.

Ross's face had just lighted up with the intention of making a trio of the charming duet on the lawn. He was slower than his more agile brothers—but sure, and none the less mischievous, for that his mischief was better matured beforehand. He opened his hands to show his innocence, and, murmuring "Me go find it!" he joined Orme.

Marjorie's eyes were lifted in an appealing fashion, the prettiness of which she would have been the last to believe, to the dark eyes somewhat haughtily questioning hers.

"My father wrote," she was beginning, when a skirmish and a squeal made her stop. Ross was rifling his little brother's pockets with an air of business. Orme was wriggling and fighting, and the baby was kicking and screaming in his defence, a vivid little vixen.

"Here," said Ross proudly, as having overturned Orme and left him prostrate, he held up Mr. Bethune's letter.

Marjorie's colour rose at the aspect of the dishevelled note. Its appearance, indeed, was not that of a missive calculated to appease the anger of an offended man. She watched a little amusedly the expression of the long fingers which daintily received and opened the crumpled paper. Then it struck her that in the character of suppliants they were not behaving properly.

She looked at David. His face now wore an expression of absolute vacuity. She wondered if by any possibility it would be taken for penitence. She hoped it might, as it certainly expressed nothing else. Laying her hand on his shoulder—after all, he was only nine, and could not have done much mischief, even if he had behaved badly—Marjorie gave him a gentle push forward.

"My little brother is sorry," she began, as the dark eyes, smiling now, were uplifted from the note.

But David, beating off her hand, said fiercely, "I'm not!"

"Oh, David!" said Marjorie, helplessly. "Then, if you aren't, why did we—you come?" a sudden passion in her tone.

"Margie! Margie!" called the cheerful voice of Sandy. And Marjorie turned her eyes hopefully to the speaker. He, at least, would not fail her in this emergency—he was always ready to say something nice.

Sandy was staggering towards them laden with the baby. His cap had fallen off, and she was alternately thumping his tight curls and laying her face down upon them in gurgling delight. This living head, with its silky adornments, was quite a new sort of toy in her hitherto child-solitary life.

Mr. Pelham made an alarmed step forward. He expected nothing less than the sudden destruction of his baby. But Sandy, grasping her tightly with both sturdy arms, eluded his outstretched hand and went on to Marjorie.

"Ain't she a nice baby, Margie? She's a girl. Don't you wish we'd got a girl 'stead of on'y boys? Can I take this 'n home?" he demanded, suddenly fixing brilliant blue eyes on the baby's owner.

"Oh, Sandy, Sandy! are you as artless as you seem?" thought Marjorie, watching with sympathy the magnetic change on the father's face as he looked down at his child.

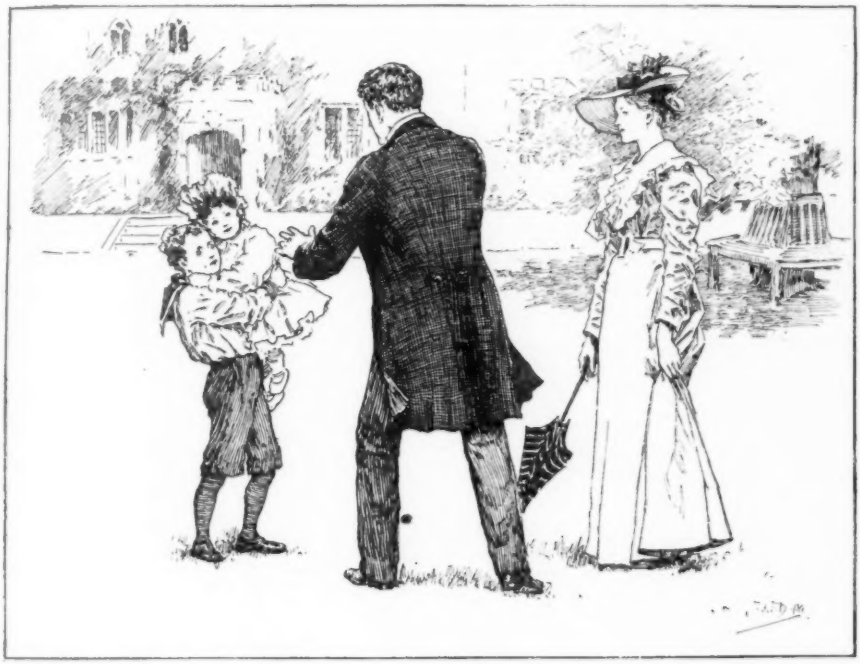
"I am sorry. I can't spare her," he said gently, looking kindly at the eager beggar.

"Can't you?" disappointedly; "I should like her ever so."

"Me, too," cried Orme, standing by with straddled legs and wide-open eyes fixed on Mr. Pelham.

"Me yike her ever so," chimed in Ross, ambling up and joining the group, murmuring, as no one attended to him, that he would carry her in his two arms.

If the man found the young girl interesting, he was to her equally so. She had come across no one like him before. He had come out of a world of which she



Sandy was staggering towards them laden with the baby.

In her dark, flashing beauty this baby, with her vivid face, her quick movements, her vitality, her curious coquetry of advance and withdrawal, was a revelation to the little boys. Only David—silent and superior—still held aloof, till the baby suddenly saw him and claimed him for another slave.

"Up!—up!" she called, in the imperious monosyllables by which she declared her will, holding out her arms to David and beating an impatient tattoo on Sandy with her toes. No boy could have resisted the flattery—least of all David, whom his mother often set to "mind" the babes because he was so good to them. And David—a sudden flush and smile illumining his face—took her from Sandy's unwilling clasp.

No apologies were made that day. In David's arms the baby accompanied her new friends—all clamouring, all seeking to amuse—down the hill to the gate.

Marjorie and Mr. Pelham followed slowly. knew nothing—of which, until to-day, she had never thought. Not many working people had hitherto come under her notice.

"Have you pictures?" she had asked, in surprise at a remark.

"A few—I wish I had shown them to you, as you care for them."

"But you have altered the old house?" There was a world of reproach in her tone.

"Not for the worse, I hope. It has been most carefully restored."

"Ah, yes—restored!" said Marjorie slightingly. The word was an abomination, savouring of destruction, in Norham.

Mr. Pelham smiled. "Come and see some day," he said. "I should like Mr. Bethune's opinion. My friend, the architect, wondered that I had not claimed his counsel."

"Why didn't you? People do."

"I realised my—presumption," he answered, pausing a moment for a word.

Marjorie turned to look at him.

"My father——" she began; "you are laughing at us. I know what you mean. We are old-fashioned, behind the times, prejudiced, narrow—I wonder you came."

He laughed. "It was just for that I came. I wanted my little one to have a beautiful home, and all beside that you have said."

"But you, of course, despise old things! Do you?" she asked—"even that!"

They had reached in their descent of the hill an opening in the trees whence across the field stood out blackly against the luminous western sky the stately cathedral. Foreshortened against the sky, the great length of the building was not perceptible. But the twin spires, the great central tower, the dome of the chapter-house, and the length of the northern transept, suggested a building raised for all time, if not for eternity.

"That is old," said Marjorie, a world of possessive delight in her voice.

"You share your father's love for it?" he said, turning to look at the face beside him, its fairness accentuated by the evening glow.

"How do you know? You know my father?" And a man less acute than this one would have seen the way straight before him into the girl's heart.

"Don't you think you can know a man in his books?" he asked. "Even if I had not heard him read the paper, I think I should have understood by that little book how he loved the cathedral."

"I did not know you were that sort," she said slowly, as into her eyes there crept a friendliness, which the man, recognising, found very pleasant to meet.

"But I am afraid I am not that sort," he said. "I am ignorant and he is learned. But I can feel the fascination of it. And I want my baby to grow up amongst it all—amongst you all," he corrected. "You remember what Ruskin says about homes? That passage after he has described what houses, homes, should not be, 'tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and mutilated stone, comfortless, unhonoured dwellings which men build in the hope of leaving.' Instead, I would have our homes like temples, built to last, and to be lovely, something God has lent to us for our life, and that our children will love." He paused. "That is the sort of home I want to make for my little one."

They had reached the iron gate leading into the road. Sandy, with an air of possession, drew forth his key and threw it open, and the action brought recollection back to Marjorie.

"Oh!" with a sudden start, "we came to apologise, and I forgot. Sandy, give Mr. Pelham his key, and remember——"

Sandy came forward, holding out the key with a twinkle in his merry eyes. "I 'pologise," he said.

Mr. Pelham laughed. "Keep the key, and come in and see my baby as you go backwards and forwards; she has no playfellows."



The baby flashed her smiles and kissed her hands.

The baby from her father's arms flashed her smiles and kissed her hands, as the two stood watching through the gate the receding figures of the Bethunes.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LOVE.

"MARJORIE, I've met the new man." "What man?" Marjorie, sitting in the garden, looked up from the polishing of her poem at her visitor, a girl of about her own age, the Dean's only child.

"The man from Blackton. He dined with us last night. I made father ask him in the train. Oh—don't think I did it out of charity," she said, laughing. "He was staying at Oldstead—you know we've been there. Orme, you cherub! what cheeks you've got!" and she caught up the three-year-old and kissed him.

"He'll spoil your grand frock," cautioned Marjorie. "They've been making mud-pies in their hovel."

"Pies," said Orme, wriggling down from Charity's knee, and dragging at her hand; nor desisting, till she got up to accompany him.

Marjorie looked after her brilliant friend, who was adored by all the Bethune children in turn, until they reached the age of nine; after which their admiration congealed. Soon, she turned her thoughts again to her labour. It was difficult making sonnets, in her busy life. She had to snatch moments when she could.

"Of course, 'lone' would rhyme with 'atone,'" she murmured; "but it is so obvious. Love doesn't want a crowd—I gathered that from mother. Have you done your sonnet, Charity?" as the other girl ran back and sat down again, Orme and Ross following in pursuit, as fast as their fat legs would allow.

"My sonnet? Not I! I've been basking in the Duchess's smiles and wearing my new frocks. She asked after you; she didn't know you'd got back. I put on this new one to show you, Marjorie."

"You look very silvery and cloudy," Marjorie said. "It suits you, but it wouldn't stand much work."

"Neither should I. Oh, Marjorie—hateful word! Don't distil Mrs. Lytchett. I was forgetting Mr. Pelham. He sings divinely—a sort of baritony tenor, that floats, and melts—I can't describe it. What stupids we've all been about him!"

"How?"

"Thinking him so deep down in Blackton smoke. He knew all the people at Oldstead. Blackton seems the fashion there, like an East-End. It was too silly having to be introduced, when he lives on the other side of the road. He seemed to know you, Marjorie."

"Yes—I went there."

"You went there? To call?"

"To apologise, as usual," laughing; "the boys had been in mischief."

"Why, he said what jolly boys they were, and that his baby was quite happy with them; and he was so glad she should have some companions. I thought he little knew.'

"Yes—he forgave them."

Her visitor laughed. "Now, Marjorie, don't be so hoity-toity. Why did you go if you didn't want to be forgiven?"

"Why? To save father bother." Unconsciously, the young voice took a pathetic tone. "Do you think we would have demeaned ourselves otherwise?"

There was the sound of the clatter of voices. Marjorie sprang up to try and stop an excursion into the drawing-room. Her friend leant back in her chair, and looked after her.

"If Marjorie were well-dressed," she thought, "she'd be a beauty. That girl they were fussing after isn't in with her—only she's got clothes; clothes mean so much. Why, Sandy, what have you got there?"

Sandy panted to her side, both his arms laden with a baby. She did not appear to mind her uncomfortable position; but when deposited upon Charity's lap, bent her brows in a scowl, as she studied Miss Francklin's dainty finery.

"It's the baby from 'The Ridges'—she's got a name a mile long; we call her Barbe. We found her, so we brought her. We wanted a girl down here."

"You don't mean," said Marjorie, overhearing, and turning to David, "that you've brought her without leave? Oh, David!"

"She was sittin' in her carriage, all silks and satins, and we saw the nurse's petticoats whisk in; so we just ran the pram down the hill, and left it inside the gate. That nurse finks a deal too much of herself," explained Sandy.

"You'll have to go this very minute and say where she is," said Marjorie. "Go, David, both of you—run!" she urged, remembrance coming of the father's face as he looked at his child.

"I'll go with you," Charity exclaimed good-naturedly, springing up. "Come, boys—hadn't we better take her back with us, Marjorie?"

"Perhaps you had," said Marjorie. "But why should you trouble?"

"It's no trouble. I wanted to go to the Green, and I am ready."

The four disappeared, chattering and laughing,

and Marjorie once more applied herself to her poem. Her eyes rested vaguely on the flowers before her. Her thoughts would not come. Instead, came others—on dress, and the inequalities of life. Charity looked very fluffy and soft—very different her dress was from Marjorie's green linen. Marjorie looked down on her skirts disparagingly, not exactly envying the soft summer dress of her friend, but seeing the contrast. Charity could have everything she wanted. Money was never lacking, and she had an indulgent father. Marjorie's father—here the girl's face took on a tender look—had no money to spare. The two boys at Winchester cost so much, and there were the others to follow. But not for a moment would Marjorie have parted with one of them—pervasive, noisy, unsettling, costly, too, though they were. Her thoughts ran on, finishing at last with: "You've got to face facts. Charity is Charity, by herself. And I am I, one of seven. I had better brush my frock."



The Bishop passed on to greet Marjorie.

The Precincts, as they gradually thawed to the new-comer, reprobated his choice of companions for his little daughter.

"The Bethune boys are the last you should encourage," said Mrs. Lytchett to him, the night he first dined at the Palace. "They've had no bringing up. Their father doesn't look after them, and their mother can't, poor thing. Marjorie is a spitfire, and has only just left off mischief herself—if she has. There's nothing they're not capable of—nothing!"

"Your little girl is a delight to the Bethune boys," the Bishop said in his kind tones, later. "They brought her to see me this morning. Oh! they won't do her any harm, just the contrary," in reply to an anxious question, "if they aren't led away by their adventurous spirits. They are honest, plucky boys, and chivalric in a peculiar manner. And their sister—ah! there she is!"

The Bishop passed on to greet Marjorie, without the meed of praise he was on the point of bestowing; but Mr. Pelham, watching them, gathered that Marjorie was a favourite She was looking well, distinguished, in her youthful, immature way, in a graceful, soft dress, whose clinging folds suited her height and slimness. Charity's pink prettiness, aided by every careful detail of dress and ornament, faded to nothing beside her. Marjorie had not been dining, but had come in through the conservatory, her wrap over her arm. There was a look of grave purity and freshness about her, that sort of expectancy on a young face which gives a beholder a pang, knowing how soon it will be disturbed by the wisdom and cares of the world. But the beholder to-night thought it beautiful. It drew him to her, more than any mere beauty would have done. "Just like that"—the unspoken wish arose in his heart—"may my little one grow up!" Another thought followed, stabbing him for a moment with a pang.

He was roused by Charity's soft blandishments.

"Will you come and sing with me, Mr. Pelham? Mrs. Lytchett wants some music. It is such a comfort to have another good tenor, instead of only Mr. Warde. That is he," she said softly, directing his glance to a man who had just joined the Bishop and Marjorie.

"Who is he?" he asked, something in the manner of the lingering handshake, some air of possession, striking coldly on Mr. Pelham.

"One of the minor canons. He is very well off and, as you see, good-looking, and

fancies himself a little." Charity laughed lightly. "Also," lowering her voice, "he is said to fancy Marjorie. I believe it is an understood thing. He wanted her a year ago, but she was only seventeen. She is a year younger than I am, but you wouldn't think it, would you?"

Mr. Pelham, as he turned with Charity to the piano, felt a sudden wrath at the man—a man much older than himself—who had the insolence to pretend to claim that slim girl.

A little later he made his way to the sofa, where Marjorie was sitting with Mrs. Lytchett. That lady, full of kindliness to Marjorie, fully intending to chaperon her during the winter to all the festivities, yet liked to remind her pretty frequently of her, as yet, unintroduced and unimportant condition. The skirmishes between them were hot; and Marjorie had just flashed out, "After all, mother has her wits, even if she has to lie on her sofa," when Mr. Pelham said:

"The Bishop has asked me to persuade Miss Bethune to play to us."

"Yes, Marjorie, go and play one of your little pieces," Mrs. Lytchett said, dismissing Marjorie and her flash of temper as she would have sent off a child.

Marjorie got up immediately.

"No, thank you," she said, sitting down before the piano, and smiling up at Mr. Pelham standing beside her. "My little pieces are here," lifting slightly the slender hands resting on her knee.

Wondering what this girl could have to say in such a language, unwilling to hear anything crude or jarring that should spoil the perfection of simplicity he was beginning to see in her, Mr. Pelham moved aside, his eyes resting disappointedly on her bent head. She raised her hands, and struck the opening notes.

The Bishop sank down into a large chair near, with a soft sigh. The buzz of conversation slowly died away. A delicate melody, in some unaccustomed minor mode, stole through the vaulted room, and Mr. Pelham drew a breath of relief. He need not have feared. There was nothing crude or jarring here.

After a few minutes her hands fell, with the lingering soft repetition of an unfinished phrase, and Marjorie lifted her eyes, liquid and dreamy with the thoughts that filled her mind. They met a look from dark unfamiliar eyes, never again through all her life to seem to her as the eyes of a stranger. They held her own, fascinated, arrested, almost like a voice speaking through the silence.

Her lips parted, as with a soft little sigh, her eyes fell.



Remembering she had stood there with him.

"Is that all?" the Bishop asked, disappointedly.

"Yes, that is all."

Antony Pelham's heart, as he walked up the hill in the moonlight, was full. He was only twenty-eight, and desperately lonely, after the year of brightness and delight he had shared with his young wife. Marjorie reminded him of her in some strangely familiar way—in her simplicity, her immaturity, her withdrawals. He turned to look at the cathedral, shining white in the moonlight, remembering that she had stood there with him, and that their talk had been about a home.

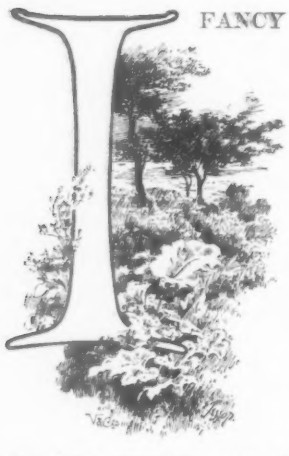
"I will win her," he said, as he turned, and set his face to climb the hill.

END OF CHAPTER THREE.

A NEW CREATION

By The Rev. W. W. Tulloch, D.D.

"In Christ—a new creature."—2 CORINTHIANS v. 17.



I FANCY that we have all felt the need of a change of air, of life, of our physical surroundings, our mental and moral environment; and we have experienced the good that such a change has done us. We have toiled on through the bad weather, the hard work, the much worry of a long winter; or we have been kept at our post and laboured listlessly through a hot and oppressive summer. The wheels of life have dragged slowly. We have felt below par. Everything has been more or less a trouble to us. The routine of daily duty has become dismally monotonous. The zest has departed. Our very sleep is not refreshing. We lie down with our weariness and trouble about us and in us, and when we awaken we are still surrounded and dominated by it. The burden seems no lighter for our repose. No new strength seems to have been gained to face the calls of the new day—a day which it is a trouble even to think about.

Well, we are ordered a change, or, driven by our instincts, we seek one, or the blessed holiday season comes round at last. We go away, and in fresh air, in a change of occupation, amid new interests and associations, we begin to feel quite different. The old lassitude and weariness have passed away. We have not been long in our changed place of abode, when we begin to say to ourselves and to write home that we feel quite new persons—a different man, a different woman. And when we return our very appearance, our talk, the whole attitude in which we regard life, the eagerness with which we take up the old task, tell to all who are interested in us how much improved we are, how much healthier and better we look. More to the purpose, we ourselves feel better in every way. The change has done us ever so much good. In it we have found our old self and yet a new self, and we rejoice and are glad.

A somewhat similar experience often comes to us after reading some book which has influenced us strongly. It has opened to us a longer vista and a higher reach of life. It has given to us new views, new ideas, new aspirations,

and made us live with a higher ideal before us. "It has made a new man of me," we say. Old things have passed away. Or we have come under the influence of some pure love, some self-sacrificing devotion, such as made the late Professor Tyndall say in writing of his wife to a friend that she had given him quite a new idea as to the possibilities of human nature. Or in daily association with some active brain, some large-hearted companion, we have formed at once new motives and new interests. All things have become new.

Or, again, we have found a new vocation. The consciousness of the possession of higher powers, of perhaps our real powers, has come to us. We have discovered that we have been endowed with the possession of some gift of which we were not aware. Some power has been lying dormant. It has now been awakened, and upon the very threshold of what we feel must now be a better and a higher life, we realise that we are new creatures.

I was lately reading the life of a famous singer, Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale," as she was called. She had been singing in public for some time, but she had only been feeling her wings, as the saying goes. But on a certain day there came the moment of moments. "I got up that morning one creature," she herself often said; "I went to bed another creature. I had found my power." And all through her life she kept that day with a religious solemnity. She would ask to have herself remembered on it with prayers. She treated it as a second birthday. And rightly, for on that day she awoke to herself. She became artistically alive. She felt the inspiration and won the sway she now knew she was given to hold. And this consciousness was not merely the recognition that she was singing better than ever. It was more of the nature of a new fact in her life, a disclosure, a revelation. "It was a step," says her biographer, "into a new world of dominion. She knew at last where it was that she stood and what she was to do upon the earth. She learned something of her mission. For to her religious mind the discovery of a gift was the discovery of a mission. She saw the responsibility with which she was charged, through the mere possession of such a power over men." The singer with the gift of God—that was what she became on that evening. She became a new creature.

Well, all these are only illustrations of the greatest truth in the world—that in Christ we may all become new creatures or a new creation.

We are prone by nature to do what is wrong rather than what is right; we are born with passions wild and strong, and early give the reins to evil desires. By the strength of our animal propensities we are often carried to ruin unless we are arrested in our headlong and miserable career. Sometimes—nay, thank God, often—we are thus arrested. For a time, the voice of conscience may have been hushed. Our heart is cold and dead, and there is no spring of life in it at all. But something happens. We are led to think. We come to see the evil of our ways, the ruin that we are bringing on others as well as ourselves—on the wife whom we swore to love and cherish, the children whom we are neglecting, perhaps starving.

And then, all at once, it is borne in upon us that we must change our life's course. A bolt from heaven descends on us in the shape of some punishment or affliction. Our darkness and distress are revealed to us.

We seek the only refuge for the sinner. We flee to Christ, as the belated and weary traveller would flee to a hiding-place from the wind, a refuge from the storm, a covert from the tempest, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. We become converted. In Christ we become a new creation. Oh, happy is it when we do so! Appalling and terrible it is when we do not. How sad and awful is the fate of one given over to the slavery, the bondage, the tyranny of some wicked habit! Unless such an one is visited by the grace of God, unless the heinousness of his guilt is brought home to him, unless divine light strikes in upon his darkened life, he will sink deeper and deeper into degradation, until, perhaps, he is driven to self-destruction like one of whom I lately read, and who left these terribly touching words behind him. "I am now about to finish a revolting, cruel, and wretched existence by an act of my own. I have broken every law of God and man, and can only hope that my memory will rot in the minds of all who knew me. Drink has brought mo to this fearful end. I am dying hopeless,

friendless, penniless and an outcast." And it might have been so different! Oh, that all who are giving way to any sin would listen to these terrible words of warning, that they would close at once with Christ's offer to make their lives different, to make them new creatures—once more fresh and fair creatures of God, that the old man with his corrupt affections and desires, be put off, and the new man in Christ Jesus be put on, that they would be in Christ!



(Photo: J. Moffat, Edinburgh.)

THE REV. W. W. TULLOCH, D.D.

To be in Christ—you know what is meant by that. You are in Christ if you are living in and by His Spirit; if you are breathing it into your life; giving it forth again, if your life is engrafted on His life as a branch is engrafted upon a tree. He is the Vine; we ought to be as the branches which thus derive their vitality, their beauty, their power of bearing leaf and fruit from the tree. The same soil nourishes it; the same dews feed it; the same breezes fan it. So we ought to have our life fed through Christ from God. If we are in Christ, we shall have the same hatred of sin as He had. We shall be removing ourselves further from evil; we shall ever be getting more like Christ, ever increasing in personal holiness and helpfulness to others, ever also willing to accept whatever He sends us, subordinating our weak, wayward wills to His holy and perfect will. If we let these words of charm, "In Christ," be written over our lives, we shall feel the old fetters fall off, the old unhappiness disappear, the old insubordination cease to assert itself.

We shall hardly know ourselves, the joy of the new life is so great. It is a joy, too, which we cannot keep to ourselves; we wish others to share our happy experience. We are constrained to wish this by the new and imperial impulse by which we are dominated. Because we carry heaven in our hearts we wish that others should do so, too. We look upon the sinner as upon some streamlet of water which is dwindling away day by day and will soon be dried up and the rocky channel left bare. Why? Because it is cut off from the fountain head, from the source away up in the hills near God's sky. And what we wish to do is to open the connection between the two, so that the stream may be fed and do what it is intended to do—flow along in full volume, making melody as it goes and fertilising the region through which it passes. In Christ, we are like the stream connected with its source: like it, we live melodious days and carry music to others. Or look at that branch separated from its parent stem; it is withering, it is dying. Again, a planet cut off from the central force and power—the sun—rushes through the dark night and is lost. So—if we be not in Christ, if we be separated from the true fountain, the living root, the centrifugal force—we shrivel up, we wither, we go to ruin here and hereafter, we die to all that makes existence tolerable and of value; and it might have been so different!

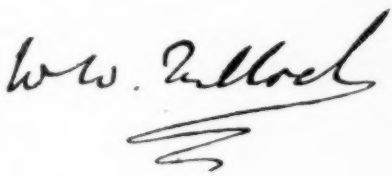
Shall we for the future, if need be, try to make life different to ourselves and others?

Then, if any of us become new creatures, the fact is at once recognised. People ask—What has come to So-and-so? His very appearance is changed; his gait, everything about him is altered for the better. He is regularly at his

work and in his place in church. He has a pleasant smile and a kind word for everybody. His wife, who used often to look dull and unhappy, is now bright and cheerful. His children are better dressed than they were; they are more frank and free with him; they take his hand; they go to meet him when he comes home; they consult him about their little joys and sorrows. He is altogether quite different. What has come over him? Oh, the explanation is a very simple one: he has ceased to do evil, he has learned to do well. He has left some course of sin; he is following after a life of holiness. He has left the service of a bad master—the worst of all masters; he is now serving a new master—the best of masters. He has made the friendship of the best of friends; Christ is his master, his friend, his example. He is in Christ. That is the reason of the change, of the new creation. That is the reason of the sunshine he carries about with him, and which he scatters on others. He is like Christ Himself, for all true Christians carry Christ with them, wherever they go; just as every leaf we take off some plants, put into soil, will become a plant exactly like the parent stem from which it is taken, so the Christ-life in a man, if it be genuine, will reproduce its source and origin. The least tiny speck of musk, carry it where you may, diffuses the same kind of fragrance as the plant from which it came. So lives thus hid in Christ with God will be redolent of Him in all places and at all times.

Let us, then, if we would be happy in our present lives—happy in the memories we leave behind us—happy in the great Hereafter—see that we are now in Christ, that we now know the glory and joy of feeling a new creature. It is a great joy to think that old things have passed away, that all things have become new. Then the very earth upon which we live will have a new beauty for us. We shall look upon it as the creation of our Heavenly Father, as the place in which we are to work for Him, making our little corner of it better, happier, more blessed than we found it. Then, too, we shall regard our fellow-men and women quite differently. We find that they are related to us in new ways and with holier, more sacred ties; they are our veritable brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. We can do them no harm, injure them in no way; rather shall we find it to be our highest duty and privilege to be helpful to them. Then, too, will pain and sorrow assume a different and new aspect. They cease to be altogether evils; they are seen to be blessings in disguise—crosses, indeed, but only sent to bring us nearer to God and to Christ; bitter medicine, indeed, but needed for our spiritual health.

Lastly, death itself, the old foe of the human race, as he is supposed by many to be, takes a new form. The awful and awesome shroud in which he seems to be enveloped falls off, and what we recognise is not the spectral skeleton with the hollow eyes coming to consign us to darkness and to death, but a radiant angel, a sweet, blessed messenger from the Father, bidding us come with him to our happy and eternal Home to meet our loved and lost, to be in Christ and with Christ for ever, with no chance any more of breaking off from Him or losing Him. And, recognising this, we shall go with him with the eagerness of a child to begin a new life, to enter upon a higher existence, to do nobler work with a more untiring zeal and energy, to love with a greater love; and as we stand for a moment to look back upon our earthly life, in the freshness of the Eternal Morning, in the beauty of our new Home, we shall realise that in Christ's Heaven, which through His great mercy and sacrifice we have reached, we are to be new creatures for evermore.



Told in Sunshine Room.]



Donkey Boy to the Queen.

A True Incident. By Alfred T. Story.

ONE dull though calm afternoon, when the century was younger by nearly half its years than it is to-day, two bright-faced, handsome boys, dressed in Highland costume, were quietly fishing in a mountain stream, when they were disturbed in their contemplative pastime by the piteous cries of a dog. Barely had they time to look round before a poor, miserable little cur ran past them, followed by an irate youth brandishing a stout cudgel. As the dog turned and cowered behind their creel, and seemed to crave their protection, the elder of the brothers—for such they were—stepped between the poor brute and its tormentor, asking the latter what the dog had done that it should be so ill-treated.

Said the lad gruffly, resenting the boys' interference:

"What 's it to ye? She 's ma dug, an' I 'll do what I like wi' her."

"You shan't hit her with that stick," replied the sturdy youth, who, though tall for his age, was not so thick-set as his opponent, and was evidently a couple of years his junior.

"Mebbe I will, mebbe I willna," returned the lad, who, though not ill-looking, was poorly clad, and, for the time being, ugly with passion. "But I 'll hae th' dug," and with the word he tried to push past the obstructer. A scuffle ensued, in which the younger boy wrested the cudgel from the dog 's tormentor, but, as his share, received a blow on the nose which brought blood.

"Gie me ta stick," said the owner of the dog, surprised that he had so far underrated his antagonist.

The latter's answer was to cast it into the stream.

This still more astonished the peasant lad, who seemed as though he would again fall upon his antagonist. But there was something about the youth's straight, well-knit figure, his handsome face, and flashing eye that caused him to reflect; whereupon he lowered his fists, which had risen to the bravado of attack, and, in a less defiant tone, said:

"Weel, let me hae Meg, an' I 'll say naethin' aboot ta stick."

"Promise me not to beat her then."

The young callant gave the required undertaking, and the next minute he had the shrinking little animal in his arms and was walking away with it the way he had come. But, turning round when he had gone a few rods, he saw the youth who had withstood him bending over the stream, laving his face in the cool water.

Now, for the first time, Tam, as he was called, noticed something about the boys which in his anger he had failed to mark.

XUM

It was not their dress—though that betokened rank above the common; it was something more intimate than that; something in the air, in the manner, of them which made him uneasy in his mind, and caused him to steal home with lagging gait and eyes that sought the ground.

His home was a little bracken-thatched one-storey cottage, or hut, with stone walls, planted in a green oasis of a few yards square, amid a wilderness of rock and shingle, overgrown with moss and heather and other rough vegetation, from which a few stray sheep and stunted cattle gathered a scanty subsistence. These were Tam's charge. For not far from the little two-roomed cot which he called his home were other huts like it, inhabited by poor, hard-working people like his grandparents, each having a few sheep, or a cow or two, and one or another a donkey or wild-looking Highland pony; and he, having to look after his grandfather's little stock, was paid a trifle by the others to tend theirs too.

Tam Jamison had done this since he was five, at which age he was left an orphan by the death of his mother, who died broken-hearted at the loss of her husband, fighting in a distant land against Britain's foes.

He was now twelve; and though he loved the braes and the mountain streams, he was beginning to chafe at his narrow life, wanting to be off now with the drovers, now with the sportsmen and gillies, or the coachmen who drove their teams daily in the season past his grandfather's croft. It was a hard task for the old folks, Donal and Yetta Jamison, to retain him at home, impossible to make him content. They did their best to keep him under control; but it was chiefly done by coaxing, a good deal by petting. This in the end did not lighten their task. Every day Tam became more wayward and difficult; every other day there were complaints of his negligence on the one hand, of his mischief on the other; and then, to cap all, it came to the old people's ears that their Tam—it could be no other—had dared to raise his fist against one of the princes of the blood, no less than the Prince of Wales.

That very evening the news was all over the country-side. The next morning there was such a hubbub as never was heard. Everybody said Tam would certainly be sent to jail, if no worse thing befell him. Tam, braving the thing out, said he "didna mind"; but the old folks, greatly caring, put on their Sunday best, and set out to walk to Braemar to see and intercede with the Queen on the boy's behalf. They found her not at home, and so had their long trudge for nothing. However, one of the domestics drew from them what their business was; and the next day a little lady, very plainly dressed, riding on a wee, shaggy pony, stopped at the door, and, being helped to dismount by a man who was with her, entered the hut and asked for Tam's grandparents.

They were not afraid of the little lady, because she looked so good and kind, and spoke so gently, but when they discovered



A little lady on a shaggy pony stopped at the door.

that she was from Braemar, and that it was to learn all about Tam that she had come, they were almost tremblingly anxious. Thinking that the Queen had sent her, they apologised very humbly for the boy's misbehaviour, saying it did not arise from any badness in him so much as from wilfulness and daring. They hoped the Queen wouldna be severe on the laddie; he was little more than a child, and though masterful and not to be said,

he had not a bad heart. It was partly their fault, no doubt, as Tam, having no parents, had been left to them very young, and they, perhaps, had spoiled him just a little.

So the old folks went on, the tears often in their eyes.

In a few minutes the good lady from Braemar had made herself acquainted with all the circumstances of Tam's birth and rearing, had heard the catalogue of his faults and shortcomings, and been posted as to his restlessness and discontent. It was a long and interesting human inventory, wound up with the declaration, tearfully attested by both Donal and Yetta, that "he wasna sae bad as wilfu'"; albeit they confessed to being greatly afraid, if he went away from them, as he wished, lest his masterfulness should lead him into evil ways.

"And where is this masterful one, this Tam?" asked the Lady of Braemar. "One would like to see him."

Tam, however, could nowhere be found. The old man looked up and down for him, neighbours joined in the search; but it was only too plain that Tam had hidden himself away somewhere.

"Well," said the Lady, at length, "I cannot tarry any longer. But the boy cannot be far away; so when he is found bring him to Braemar, and we will see what can be done."

Donal and Yetta promised that such should be their care, and, as a last word, ere the Lady rode away, they begged that she would intercede on Tam's behalf "wi' the gude and gracious Queen."

The Lady promised to do her utmost, and so departed.

The next day, the "sodger's laddie," as Tam was called, having in the meanwhile been found, the grey-headed old crofter and his wife, both of them bent with toil and drooping with care, once more made their way over the hills to Braemar: Tam, downhearted, demure, and in his Sabbath claes, padding the turf by their side.

Arrived at their destination, Tam hung a low head; for in front of the house was congregated a little party, chiefly of children, preparing to set out for a ride; among the number being the two young gentlemen whom he knew.

The elder of them, the Prince of Wales, at once recognising his antagonist of three days ago, stepped up to him and said, with a frank and kindly smile:

"Good-morning, Tam! You haven't forgotten me, have you?"

Tam uttered a barely audible "Nae."

"And you hold no grudge against me for throwing your stick in the river, do you?"

Another demure "Nae" found its way between Tam's half-closed teeth; but this time he allowed his blue eyes to meet the young Prince's in a surprised gaze.

"Then let us shake hands and be friends," said the Prince.

Tam extended his brown paw, and they clasped in token of mutual goodwill.

The little scene transacted itself almost as quickly as it can be read—so quickly, indeed, that Tam's grandparents witnessed it in mute astonishment; and before they had recovered their self-possession, the Lady who had called at the hut on Tam's account issued from the house, looking much as she had done the previous day, with the exception that a broad-brimmed straw hat covered her head in place of a sun-bonnet.

"So you found the little runagate, did you?" said she, addressing the old folks.

"Yes, madam," replied Donal. "Mister Fargus found him at night in a cave in the birch-wood above the burn."

"What made you run away, Tam?" said the Lady, turning to the youth.

Tam was silent.

"Tell me. You need not be afraid."

"I thought mebbe I had hurt him"—with a nod in the direction of the Prince.

"Oh, you didn't hurt me! You only brought a little of the red juice out of my nose, and that can hurt nobody," said the Heir-Apparent.

Prince Alfred, who was standing by, smiled at his brother's sally, as did also the Lady in the straw hat.

Tam laughed outright. He had never heard or known of a bleeding nose being treated so lightly, and at the same time so funnily. His poor grandparents, however, were shocked at his levity, and Yetta gave him a vigorous nudge to recall him to a due sense of his position.

"If you like," said the Prince, "I'll give you one of my sticks in place of the one I threw away," adding, with nice diplomacy, "but I can tell you it's too proud a stick to hit a dog."

Tam smiled, and said he would not use it in that way.

"And I think we must ask you to promise not to think of ever running

away from your grandparents," said the Lady.

That seemed to strike Tam as a large order.

"I wouldna like to bide on the croft when I get bigger."

"Why, what do you wish to be when you grow bigger?"

"I want to be a soldier, like my father."

Yetta drew a pained breath; Donal's lips twitched.

"You would not like him to go for a soldier?" queried the Lady.

"Baith my sons focht and deed for their kintra," said Donal.

"And you would like to keep your grandson to comfort you in your old age?"

The old folks bowed; their trembling lips could hardly frame an audible "Yes."

"It is quite natural. You hear that, Tam? You would not like to go away to the wars, as your father and your uncle did, and be killed, and so grieve your poor grandparents."

"I dinna want to grieve 'em," replied Tam. "But I'd like to be a soldier and fight for the Queen."

At this answer there was more than one moistened eyelid in the little group, whereof Tam, for the time being, constituted the central figure.

After a brief pause, his interlocutor continued:

"But, my boy, there are other ways of serving the Queen than by becoming a soldier—many other ways."

That was a new aspect of things to the boy, and his eyes, when he lifted them up to meet the Lady's, contained each a large note of interrogation.

"For instance," she continued, "the Queen wants a donkey-boy now, to attend her or the children when they drive about in their little phaeton." The boy's eyes brightened, then fell.

"You think the care of a donkey beneath you?"

"Nae, but I doubt that the Queen wouldna hae me to be her donkey-boy."



"Then let us shake hands," said the Prince.

"Why not?"

"'Cos I hae nae bin a donkey-boy, an' I might do things wrang."

"But you could learn—everybody has to learn. And if you did your best there could not be much fault-finding."

"I'd do my best."

"Nobody could say better than that," replied the Lady.

"Ah, if your leddyship," faltered Yetta, "could get her Majesty to mek' him her donkey-boy, or to 'point him to any sic position, he would still be near to us, an' a comfort in our old age."

"Ay, an' he would think nae mair o' running away," added Donal.

"You may be sure the matter will be taken into her earnest consideration," said the Lady. "And now, after you have had some refreshment, which I will ask them to give you, you had better go home, and in the course of a few days you will doubtless hear further."

TO BE CONCLUDED.
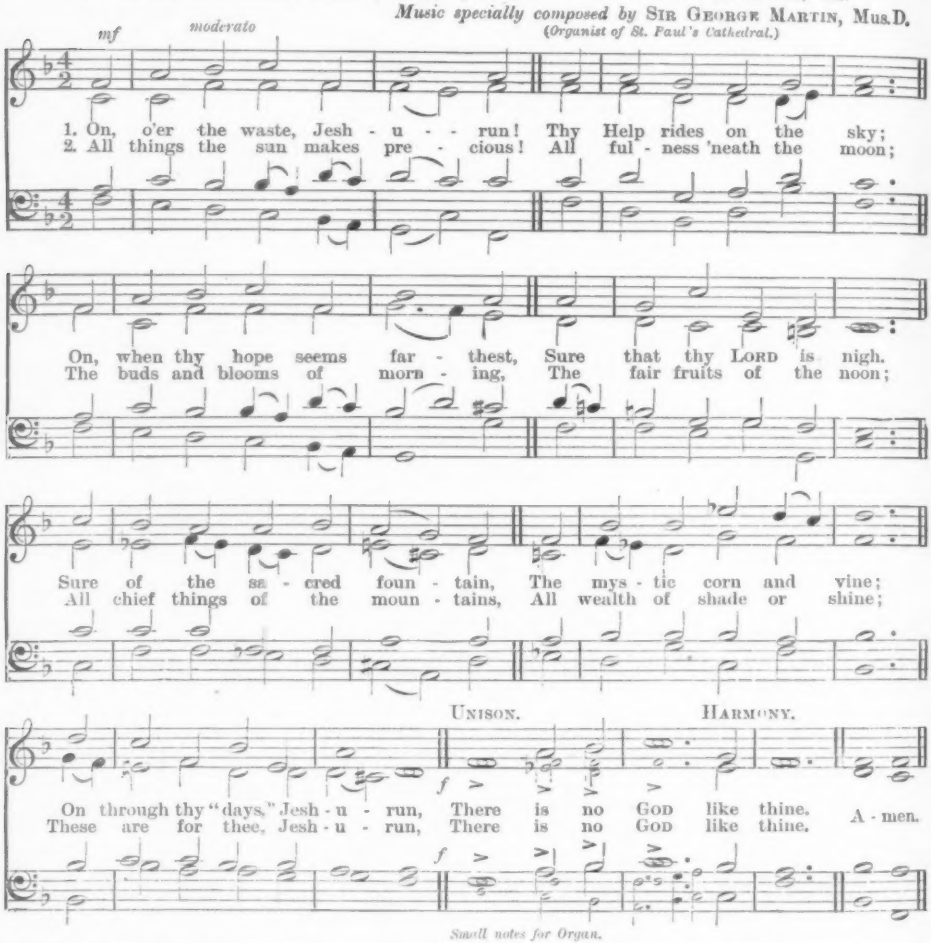
The Jeshurun* of Christ.

"There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun."—Deut. xxxiii. 26. "Peace—upon the Israel of God."—Gal. vi. 16.

AN ORIGINAL HYMN

By the Rev. S. J. Stone, *Author of "Lays of Iona," "The Church's One Foundation," &c.*

Music specially composed by Sir George Martin, Mus.D.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)



Small notes for Organ.

3. He is the shrine about thee,
His arms beneath thee spread;
His Excellence and Glory
The shield above thine head:
What tempests rave around thee,
What foes and fears combine—
Still thou art safe, Jeshurun,
There is no God like thine.

4. Bethink thee how from Sinai
His Law was seen as flame;
How, as He shone from Paran,
His saints in thousands came:
How these are thine ensample,†
Of fear and love the sign—
On then, in love, Jeshurun,
There is no God like thine.

5. Thine is sweet Hope made perfect;
On thee her ends have come;
Of all her silvern shinings
Thine is the golden sum:
The Church the vesture human
Wears now the robe Divine!
On through the years, Jeshurun,
There is no God like thine.

6. O Israel of Jesus,
O happy in thy King!
His Righteousness thy surety,
His Peace thy covering,
His Grace thy Fount of cleansing,
Thy food, His Bread and Wine—
On to the end, Jeshurun,
There is no God but thine. Amen.

* "All the tribes are here summed up in one name, derived from *jasher*, righteous. All the blessings of the Israel of God are concentrated here in Him, through Whom alone we are justified before God, Christ Who is the Lord our Righteousness."—*Bishop Wordsworth on Deut. xxviii.* 26.

† *Cf.* 1 Cor. x. 1-12. From this passage it is clear that a warning, as well as an encouragement, is part of the admonition to the Israel of God.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.



JOHN CASSELL.

(Temperance Leader and Founder of "The Quiver.")

NO apology is needed for opening a temperance department in THE QUIVER, for in the story of the temperance reformation the name of John Cassell will assuredly always hold an honoured place. At the time when he was enlisted in the ranks—1835—as a youth of seventeen, the movement had few friends and many opponents. Having once signed the "teetotal pledge," Cassell never deserted, but, on the contrary, became one of the most persuasive advocates the cause has ever had. He itinerated through the length and breadth of the land, and, under the name of "The Manchester Carpenter," gained a large number of adherents, some of whom subsequently achieved great reputations as temperance leaders. Even before Cassell had settled down in London as a publisher, he had learnt to value the printing press as an aid to temperance work, and not a few of the pamphlets, tracts, and broadsheets which played such an important part in the early days of the propaganda, owed their origin to his enterprising initiative. By-and-by he was in a position to command his own printing machines, and as early as March, 1846, he launched the *Teetotal Times and Monthly Temperance Messenger*, which was followed in July, 1848, by the *Standard of Freedom*, of which a temperance column was a leading feature. Anyone who takes the trouble to look over these early publications cannot fail to be struck by the comprehensive and statesmanlike grip of the drink difficulty which they present. It was to John Cassell that Richard Cobden wrote in 1849:—"I don't know how it is that I have never made the plunge and joined the teetotallers. Nobody has more faith than I in the truth of your doctrine, both from a physical and moral point of view, for the more work I have had to do the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot. As for the moral bearings of the question, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that all other reforms together would fail to confer as great blessings upon the masses as that of weaning them from intoxicating drinks." Cassell passed away at the early age of forty-eight, on April 2nd, 1865, on the same day as Cobden himself, whose friendship he had enjoyed for nearly twenty years.

COMING EVENTS.

Among the important events fixed for this month may be named two meetings convened by the National Temperance League for November 2nd, in Oxford, to be addressed by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and Professor Victor Horsley, F.R.S., the distinguished surgeon. One meeting is specially intended for undergraduates, while the other will be open to the townsfolk. On November 4th by permission of the Lord Mayor of London, the Mansion House will extend its hospitality to the Police Court Mission of the C.E.T.S., and Bishops, Members of Parliament, and Police Court Magistrates will plead the cause of this deserving charity. On November 27th the Nonconformist Churches will observe their annual Temperance Sunday, and on November 30th a function anticipated with keen interest, the first Lees-Raper Memorial Lecture will take place in the Church House, Westminster.



MR. A. F. HILLS.

(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

SUNDAY CLOSING.

Thanks to the munificent generosity of Mr. Arnold F. Hills, who has promised a donation of £5,000, conditional upon temperance friends making up another £5,000, a determined effort is to be made to press forward the Sunday Closing question in view of the reassembling of Parliament early in the new year. The whole-hearted ardour and enthusiasm which have marked Mr. Hills' temperance labours during the past ten years have made his name a household word. He started out with the settled conviction that the greatest need of the time was the union of

the temperance forces; and in the face of difficulties and obstacles which would have disheartened ninety-nine men out of a hundred, he has ceaselessly concentrated his energies to this end. The United Temperance Council, with its network of county councils and district councils throughout the United Kingdom, is the creation of his active brain: while the Temperance Parliament, which has given an opportunity to all the friends of temperance legislation to discuss their various projects, is another child of Mr. Hills' parentage.

AN IRISH EXAMPLE.

Visitors to Belfast cannot pass along the streets of this thriving, go-ahead city without being brought face to face with the practical efforts of the Irish Temperance League to



STREET COFFEE STAND, BELFAST.

counteract the public-houses. The League has set up nearly twenty attractive coffee stands in various parts of the town, and these do a very large business and are extremely popular. The movement was commenced in 1874, the first stand being opened on a site granted by the Harbour Commissioners, for a nominal rent, near to the berths of the cross-Channel steamers. As many as 10,000 persons have patronised the stands in one day. The hours of opening and closing are regulated according to the locality. No intoxicating liquors are allowed to be consumed on the premises; the best of food is provided; the most scrupulous cleanliness is observed; and no bills of any kind are exhibited, or anything likely to jar on the religious or political feelings of the customers.



J. H. RAPER.
(Photo: Lambert, Weston and Son, Folkestone.)

THE LEES-RAPER MEMORIAL.

It will be a long time before temperance folk will forget the shock which was occasioned in May, 1897, by the sudden deaths within ten days of each other, of Dr. Lees and Mr. J. H. Raper. These two devoted workers were known in both hemispheres, and it would be impossible in such limited space to give an adequate appreciation of their marvellous gifts. Dr. F. R. Lees was ever a fighter. From his boyhood up to his honoured old age he was always eager for the fray. As a keen controversialist he was literally without a rival. The winning personality of James Hayes Raper carried all before it. He was unquestionably a platform king. Nothing could be more charming than the extraordinary facility with which he rapidly placed himself in touch with an audience; and he possessed in a rare degree the gift of being able to make an acceptable "last speech" in a programme. The Committee charged with the promotion of a memorial to these temperance worthies is to be congratulated upon having raised nearly £1,700. Of this amount, £1,500 has been invested in a terminable annuity for a period of twenty years. A Lees-Raper lectureship has been founded, and, as already stated, the inaugural lecture will be given by Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, at the Church House, Westminster, on November 30th. The Archbishop of Canterbury will preside, and the Dean has chosen as his theme "Temperance Reform as Required by Righteousness and Patriotism."



DR. F. R. LEES.
(Photo: William Coles, Watford.)

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "We Wives," Etc.

"IN the fields of taste it is always much easier to point out paths which should be avoided than to indicate the road which leads to excellence."

Such are the words of a well-known artist of the present day. I feel them to be true as I begin this paper on the House Beautiful. Taste differs so widely that it would be futile to try to set up a positive standard of beauty. Furniture has its fashions, too, though they change but slowly. So we can only lay down broad general rules with regard to the plenishment of our homes. We cannot insist on detail.

There is no single point on which a gentlewoman is more jealous of disparagement than the question of taste. Yet it is a lamentable fact that this very quality is often—I may say generally—deficient even amongst the most cultured classes. The bubble of fashion is blown in our drawing-rooms just as surely and even more foolishly than elsewhere. Individuality is seldom seen.

In order to have lovely homes inside four commonplace walls we must remember that *simplicity* is one true element of beauty. The best and most picturesque furniture of all ages has been simple in general form. Next, good design is always compatible with sturdy service, and can accommodate itself to the most fastidious notions of convenience. Thirdly, every article of manufacture to be really beautiful should indicate by its general design the purpose to which it will be applied. In other words, shams and make-believes must be utterly tabooed.

Taking these three principles as the basis of our plans for our own particular House Beautiful, let us consider how best we may secure such. Our halls and kitchens are perhaps the best instances of simplicity of design. In them we seldom have more utensils or articles than we need. Parquetry, or inlaying with various-coloured wood, is an ideal floor covering, even for our modern narrow hall. Next to it ranks tiling, and a plain linoleum is admissible. All these secure cleanliness. Warmth must next be suggested. To obtain this, we lay down rugs of various colours and hang heavy curtains. An oak chair, solid to look at (N.B.—Curves in furniture should suggest repose, which is out of place in a passage), a chest to hold rugs and cloaks, a small, narrow mirror to lighten up the gloom, and you have all that is necessary. A few brass dishes on the wall, a tall palm by one curtain, elks' antlers, etc., are permissible where space is obtainable. Do not, however, ever be tempted to hang muslin in the alcove or to drape with flimsy materials. Leave plenty of room for visitors to pass in and out, without finding entrance or exit blocked with exasperating detail. Colour is what really redeems a hall from monotony. This the wall-paper and curtains and rugs should give without help from trivial ornamentation.

Our kitchens are perhaps the most really beautiful spots in our homes, if we take true beauty to consist of absolute fitness for the work to be done therein. The severe wooden dresser, with its wide undershelf and commodious cupboards, is as picturesque an object as can be found. From time immemorial its shape has been unaltered, and its beauty consists in its suggestions of utility. Tr. litional work is mostly beautiful, as evidenced by the fact that the lines of a plough have always been the admiration of artists. Plainness is not ugliness, and the dresser, glorified, is now one of the necessary beauty spots even in our drawing-rooms. Then those Windsor chairs, with their slightly sloping backs and hollowed seats, are restful to both eye and body. The bright steel or copper range fitted with necessary

knobs and useful doors is another example of the beauty of fitness. In fact, both stove and dresser are forms of truth and realism.

The two great faults to be avoided in the dining-room of our House Beautiful are dreariness and overcrowding. The French *salle-à-manger* is really an ideal to work towards. Unfortunately, few of us can consecrate the parlour to meals alone; this living-room has to serve many purposes. We should have it as spacious, then, and airy as possible. Round tables have gone out of fashion, unfortunately; yet the claw-leg pedestal table is the most convenient, and consequently the most decorative, of its kind. It economises space, and is easily beautified. I have in memory a dining-room I should like to see reproduced in many a home. Just an ordinary square chamber, with two straight windows looking out on a lawn; a round table, its centre encircled with flowers; a plain sideboard, guiltless of plate-glass, but enlivened by old silver wine coolers, napkin rings, and goblets; a wide brass-bound fireplace with hobs; a high mantelpiece, surrounded with a brazen grating; a screen, and a few fine chairs. The beauty of it—and it was very beautiful—consisted in fitness for the end for which it was designed. The walls were covered with a light-tinted background for pictures (not with ornamental garden stuff in perspective). Its heavy, rich curtains hung by visible rings from a real pole; its coal-scoop was of copper, not papier-maché tinware; its cupboards full of glass that might be wanted, and silver often called for; its napery and napkins fine and fair; its thick carpet guiltless of grating greens and crude crimsons; its windows made to open, and its iron-flanged door made to shut. There was no meaningless or characterless ornamental work about this old room; no inappropriate decoration spoiled its well-designed and well-constructed *tout ensemble*.

As I have sketched an ideal parlour, so would I limn a bedroom I have seen. It was a queer-shaped room, with rather high windows set over some panelling in a little, crooked, dome-shaped alcove, a tiny dressing-room opened off it. The paper was yellow; the paint all white. A bed with plain brass spindles and rails stood away from draught and light, headed with creamy chintz sprinkled with Scotch rosebuds and lined with gold. The curtains of shiny chintz hung from half-inch brass rods only to the window-sill. A wide box couch under them formed a restful seat. Crossways stood a dressing-table, its toilet glass flanked with brass candle-holders, and its jewel drawers fitted with old beaten drop handles; it, as well as the wardrobe, was enamelled white. A frame screen of the same purity, its yellow silk curtains dependent by tiny rings from tiny rods, stood before the dressing-room door, and effectually shut away all washing apparatus. The floor of this room was polished all over (kept in order by weekly applications of beeswax and turpentine). On it lay white Kurd and Scinde rugs. The mantelpiece was wooden, and the chimney corner decorated with shelves painted like wainscotting and doors. These little shelves supplied vantage-grounds for lots of blue-and-white china, and though the colour-scheme may sound monotonous, infinite variety was introduced by the etceteras of the toilette. Of course, blue or terra-cotta, carried out as faithfully, would give an equally satisfactory symphony of tint. However we may decorate our bedrooms, we must not forget that space and head-room are the two requisites for health therein. Simplicity, careful keeping, and radiant cleanliness should be the keynotes of every bedroom in the House Beautiful.

In approaching the drawing-room, I feel I am treading on difficult ground — in fact, an impossible one. Abundantly diverse in everything are some of the reception-rooms I should call beautiful. Wide-mouth pickle jars swathed in art muslin are positively wrong. So are painted rolling-pins or banjos. As to cardboard plaques representing china, and paper frills cut out to look like lace—away with them! A plain brown jug full of real daisies is far more beautiful than a glass bottle covered with varnished pictures and filled with paper or silk imitations. One bit of quaint crackle or Venetian ware on our chimney-piece is restful to the eye: highly coloured shams are distressful. "Although we may tolerate insipid prettiness in perishable confectionery, we ought not to do so in objects which become associated with our daily life." Power of design and power of imitation are the two widely divergent qualities of mind required to produce a beautiful drawing-room. Ostentation of money should be avoided here.

In concluding this paper, I should like to remind my readers that all yearnings after the beautiful are legitimate and right. God has placed a love for the lovely in every human heart. He Himself—in all reverence be it spoken—has led the way. When designing furniture for the Tabernacle built for glory and for beauty in the far-away desert, He made it in the most artistic, most serviceable, and most simple of forms. Look at the description of those golden candlesticks, with their golden almond-shaped knops and elegant branches. Think of the curtains of scarlet and blue and purple, and fine twined linen. Think of the snuffers and spoons and ouches, and bolts and rings and staves, all of pure gold. Truth and grace were evermore wedded together in these patterns of the heavenly things. "Go, and do thou likewise."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

INTERNATIONAL SERIES

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

NOVEMBER 20TH.—Manasseh's Sin and Repentance.

To read—2 *Chron. xxxiii.* 9—16. *Golden Text*—1 *St. John i.* 9.

MANASSEH, son of good King Hezekiah, yet for many years very wicked. Must have been taught to do right by his father; good seed sown, but choked by tares of sin and worldliness; a long time before bore good fruit—not till tares pulled out.

I. **Manasseh's Sin** (9—11). Only a boy of twelve when began reign. Many would flatter and spoil. Just an age to need good advice and guidance. But many to lead him wrong, as other kings had been led before him (xxiv. 17, 18). So he chose wrong.

Idolatry. Undid all Hezekiah's work by building up again altars for Baal (ver. 3); even set up idol in house of God itself (ver. 7), besides seeking counsel from witches, etc. (ver. 6), instead of God. Sinned worse than heathen, for he knew right, which they did not.

Punishment. God tried remonstrances, probably by prophets, but in vain. His heart and his people's hardened against God by sin; so God sent captains of King of Assyria, who took him prisoner, and carried him bound in chains to Babylon, capital of Assyria.

II. **Manasseh's Repentance** (12—16). *The captive.* The King, far from home, in strange land; what does he think about? His *father*—how little he has copied his example; his *home*—how he has forfeited it; his *life*—how wicked it has been; his *companions*—how they have led him astray; his *God*—he has sinned too deeply—can he possibly be forgiven?

The repentance. What does he do? He humbles himself—first step in true repentance, he confesses his sin as David did (Ps. xxxii. 5); he asks forgiveness; he promises amendment. Was such prayer ever in vain? (Golden Text).

The restoration. Sent back to his throne; became prosperous; fortified the cities. Best of all, put away idols, repaired Temple, offered sacrifices; did all in his power to undo effects of his former sin. Commanded the people to serve God.

Lesson. How to repent. Ask for true sorrow. Confess to God all sin. Seek grace to change life.

Repentance.

A man of the world, who had spent the greater part of his life in dissipation, was converted to God. He gave up all his property, and went to live with a well-known clergyman in Cornwall. There he devoted himself entirely to the service of Christ. One day he met a miner whom he had long been trying to bring to repentance. He persuaded him to enter the church; and there, kneeling side by side, they prayed for a long time, not ceasing till the miner felt a sense of the greatness of his sin and of the pardoning love of God. Many other souls was he the means of bringing back to God. There was joy in heaven over that repentant sinner as there was over Manasseh.

NOVEMBER 27TH.—A Temperance Lesson.

To read—*Prov. iv.* 10—19. *Golden Text*—*Ver.* 10.

THIS book, written by Solomon, contains a selection of his numerous "proverbs" or wise sayings. The early chapters are especially intended for the young, and are in praise of "wisdom," the practical carrying out of knowledge.

I. **The Blessing of Wisdom** (10—13). *Long life* often promised as the result of a godly life, *e.g.* to those who honour parents (fifth commandment); also to those who obey God (Deut. xxx. 20).

Right paths, i.e. right dealing with men, *e.g.* Abraham paying for burying-place (Gen. xxiii. 13); David in all his life (2 Sam. xxii. 21).

No stumbling. Life like a narrow path. A man burdened by sin walks, as it were, with shackles on legs. A Christian is held up by God's arms (Deut. xxxiii. 27); kept from stumbling to his ruin.

Eternal life. Wisdom (i. 20) personified as Christ, the Divine Word, in Whom is all knowledge (Col. ii. 3). To know Him is everlasting life (St. John xvii. 3).

II. **The Folly of Wickedness** (14—17). *Sin to be avoided.* Remind of Eve: of Lot choosing to live in wicked Sodom. The disastrous results: Eve turned out of Paradise—Lot losing home and wife.

Sin grows. Evil takes such hold that some prefer it to good—day and night plan evil, *e.g.* thieves, drunkards, etc., and take pleasure in leading others wrong.

III. **Results.** *The just.* A Christian's course like the light, increasing from early dawn till full light of noon. Perfection, not all at once. Good seed brings forth fruit "with patience," *i.e.* gradually (St. Luke viii. 15). Christ increased in wisdom as He grew taller and older (St. Luke ii. 52). So we must "grow in grace and knowledge." The more a Christian knows of God, the more clearly does God's light show itself in him.

The wicked. Are in darkness, and so stumble. Sin blinds their eyes (St. John xii. 35); they confuse right and wrong. Example: Saul, blinded by prejudice against Jesus of Nazareth, thought he did God service when he persecuted the Christians.

Lessons. 1. Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!

2. Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.

The Toil and Folly of Sin.

There was a man in a certain town who used, till he was caught, to steal all his firewood. He would get up on cold nights and prowl around, helping himself from the well-stacked piles. A calculation was made, and it was found that he had worked harder and spent more time to get fuel in this way than if he had earned it honestly by hard work. One day he was caught in the act of theft, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. "The way of transgressors is hard."

DECEMBER 4TH.—**The Book of the Law Found.**

To read—2 *Kings xxii.* 8—20. *Golden Text*—*Ps. cxix.* 2.

JOSIAH, grandson of Manasseh, like him, began to reign very young (eight years), but, unlike him, began well. Now about eighteen years old. Already been two reformations since his succession (2 Chron. xxxiv. 3—7). Now Temple being repaired.

I. **The Book Found** (8—14). *The place.* Temple found in great disorder. Amon, the last King, in two years had done much evil — idolatry again. Now Temple cleansed under superintendence of Hilkiah, high priest. Rubbish turned over; large "roll of a book" discovered. What can it be? The authentic copy of Law of God, *i.e.* books of Moses, kept near the Ark in the Holy of Holies. What a find!

The scribes. Two scribes, readers and keepers of the Law, with Hilkiah when the roll was found. They read it themselves; one of them, Shaphan, takes it to the King; reports the collection made for the repairs, how the work is going on, and the discovery. He reads the book aloud. The King much moved by the words of the Law and God's wrath against sinners (Deut. xxix. 27). Sends to Huldah the prophetess to inquire further of the Lord. He sees how little the words of the book have been obeyed.

Lesson. The Word of God is quick and powerful.

II. **God's Message to Josiah** (15—20). As in time of Judges, when Deborah was prophetess (Judges iv. 4), God speaks by a woman; double message.

To the people. A terrible punishment, as foretold in the Law, because of their sin. Had forsaken God—turned aside to other gods. Had not repented, therefore His wrath kindled against them.

To Josiah. His heart was humble; attended to God's message; he did weep for the people's sin. God has heard him—he shall be spared. The judgment shall not come in his time; his end shall be peace.

Lessons. 1. God ever the same. He *must* punish sin. He *will* deliver the just.

2. As then, so now, He sends warning by His Book, His ministers, and teachers.

3. Why will ye die? Return unto the Lord.

The Bible a Delight.

One day, when walking through Wales, Mr. Hone, the author, stopped at a cottage door and found a little girl reading the Bible. He asked for a glass of water, which was quickly brought to him. Getting into conversation with the girl, he asked her how she liked learning her task out of the Bible. "Oh," she said, "it is not a task to read it; I love it." Seeing his surprise, she added, "I thought everybody loved the Bible." The arrow went home. Hone pondered over her remark and began to read the Bible for himself, and from that time read the sacred book constantly. Before long, instead of being an opponent of the Bible, he became one of its strongest defenders, for he, like the child, had learned to love it.

DECEMBER 11TH.—**Trying to Destroy God's Word.**

To read—*Jer. xxxvi.* 20—32. *Golden Text*—*Isaiah xl.* 8.

JOSIAH the last godly King. At his death Jerusalem fell back into corruption. Jeremiah the prophet warns in vain of coming destruction—is hated by nobles—imprisoned by King; bids Baruch write God's words in a roll of a book (ver. 6).

I. **The Roll Read** (ver. 20). Hitherto Jeremiah spoke his prophecies. Why written now? To be read in various places while he was shut up (ver. 5), and kept for our instruction. Great excitement this day in Jerusalem. Large assembly of people heard—princes heard and were afraid (ver. 16); King Jehoiachim is told of it. Courtiers round the King tell him what they recollect of the warnings; he is interested — perhaps alarmed. Sends for the roll, hidden in the council chamber.

II. **The Roll Burned** (21—26). Picture the King sitting in his study; bright wood fire on the hearth in the winter-house. Jehudi sent to fetch roll. Nobles and other courtiers stand around; the roll is read. The King is angry; after hearing three or four columns he stops the reader, cuts the roll into pieces with penknife, flings them on the fire. Some of princes approve; three try to stop him. The parchment crackles, roll is destroyed. Baruch the scribe and Jeremiah ordered to be imprisoned. Is all over? King could destroy roll, but not God's Word.

III. **The Roll Re-written** (26—32). King's efforts all in vain. Man fights in vain against God. King despises the prophecy. Another roll written; more severe judgments. God laughs him to scorn. This is his punishment:—The King shall have no heir to succeed him. He shall have a dishonoured death—no burial. The whole nation shall be severely punished. King of Babylon shall take the people captive.

Lessons. 1. God's Word shall not return void.

2. The folly of trying to resist God.

3. The certainty of coming judgment for sin.

God's Word True.

A man and his wife became possessed of a Bible, which they had never read before. The man began to read it, and, one night, as he sat by the fire with the open book, he said, "Wife, if this book is right, we are wrong." He continued reading, and a few days afterwards he said, "Wife, if this book is right, we are lost!" More eager than ever to see what the Word of the Lord was, he continued to study the book, until one night he joyfully exclaimed, "Wife, if this book is true, we are saved!" This is the glory of God's Word; it tells of sin and punishment, but it tells also of salvation. King Jehoiachim, hearing God's Word, tried to destroy it and was lost; but King Josiah, hearing it, turned to God and was saved.

Short Arrows

Notes of Christian Life & Work.

Two County Medallists.



(Photo: W. Gill, Colchester).

MISS HAMMOND.

(The Essex County Medallist.)

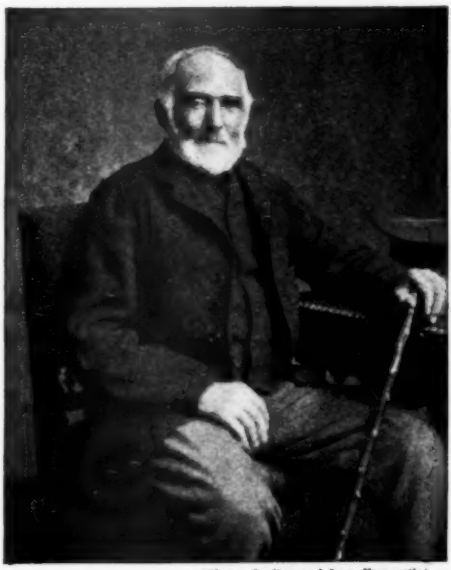
WE have pleasure in presenting our readers with the portraits of two recent Silver Medallists in connection with our Roll of Honour for Sunday-school Teachers. Miss Susan Hammond is the veteran of the county of Essex, having completed fifty-four years' service at the Wesleyan Sunday-school, Bradfield; whilst to Mr. William Fletcher belongs the honour of being the *doyen* of the Sunday-school Teachers of Lincolnshire, he having to his credit the magnificent record of seventy years' service at the Scamblesby Sunday-school.

The Real Winners.

A HURRIED and unceremonious burial is often all that can be given to the dead after a great battle. They are the harvest of war; but the dead, though in comparison to the living victors they may be said to be at least unhonoured, have often been the real winners of the battle. It was over their dead bodies or over the way they made that the survivors rushed to victory. So it is that when we allow self to die we accomplish most Christian work and win the fight of faith.

For Prizes or Presents.

THERE are already many indications that the Christmas festival is slowly but surely drawing near, and not the least significant is the deluge of new stories suitable for presents and prizes which has already commenced. To many a boy and girl Christmas would lose half its charms if it did not bring with it a new story from old favourites, such as Gordon Stables, Emma Marshall, or G. A. Henty, and the young people will not be disappointed this year. Messrs. Nisbet have just issued Dr. Stables's latest story, which he has entitled "Off to Klondyke." Its very title is suggestive of exciting experiences at the fascinating goldfields of the Yukon, and many boys—both young and old—will follow with breathless interest the numerous wonderful adventures which are related therein. From the same publishers comes an equally interesting story of an English boy's adventures in the great French War under the expressive title "Face to Face with Napoleon." There is plenty of romantic incident in this story, and as the author, Mr. O. V. Caine, has carefully verified the historical portions of the work, it will serve the double purpose of entertaining and instructing.



(Photo: Carlton and Sons, Horncastle.)

MR. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

(Who holds the Lincolnshire Record for Seventy Years' Sunday-school Service.)

Our old friend, Mrs. Emma Marshall, is to the fore with an excellent story for girls, entitled "Under the Laburnum Tree" (Nisbet and Co.), which will be eagerly welcomed in many a home and school.—The last volume before us is entitled "Yule Logs," and is edited for Messrs. Longmans by Mr. G. A. Henty. Unlike the books previously mentioned, this does not contain a single long story, but is made up of a series of short stories by such well-known writers as Henry Frith, Manville Fenn, John Bloundelle-Burton, and, of course, the editor himself. The stories deal with extraordinary adventures on land and sea, in both ancient and modern times, and are of such variety as to satisfy the most exacting reader.

"Mousie."

A POOR little lad died a few weeks ago in a narrow and crowded street of Central London after four years of terrible suffering from hip disease. His sweet and uncomplaining nature endeared him in a particular way to the friends who visited him, and one of them has taken a picture of him, as he sat up in bed, surrounded by his flowers and small comforts, not long before his death. "Mousie" got his pet name from the doctors at a big hospital, who were so struck by his gentleness, and by the quiet courage with which he endured his painful operations. He had been originally knocked down by a cab, and his feeble constitution never recovered from the accident. Once, to his great delight, he was well enough to attend a meeting of the Ministering Children's League, of which he was a member. He was supported on a table, and helped to make a cushion for a sick old woman. But he was soon obliged to keep to his room and his couch altogether. Even then "Mousie" was often thinking of others. "Can't I do a toy for some poor child who has none?" he would say, and with the wool that was given him he would make balls for babies. "It is not Jesus who sends me this pain," he once explained to the friend who pens this brief memory of him; "He is far too kind: it was my own fault for getting in the way of the cab." Poor "Mousie"! he was only ten years old, but he had his own solution of the mystery of pain. He loved to hear hymns. Someone sang "There is a Happy Land" to him the night before he died, and a little later those who were watching him were surprised to hear him croon the first verse all through in quite a strong clear, voice. Then he sighed pitifully, "Lord Jesus, do take me!" and said to his mother, "I shan't have a bit of pain *there*, you know!" And after a few unconscious hours "Mousie" knew why God had permitted his pain.

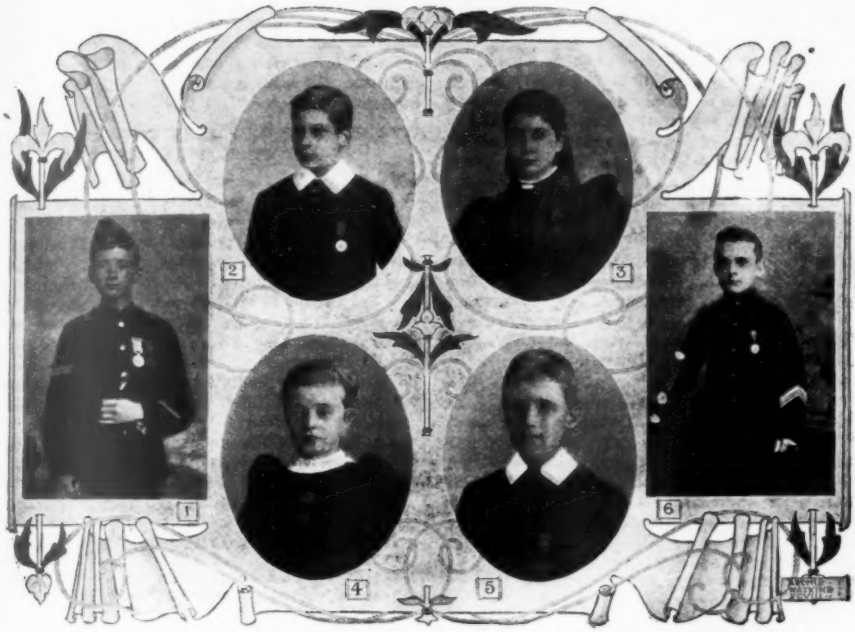


(*Photo: Mr. W. T. Piper.*)

"MOUSIE."

Always Rejoicing.

WHEN, in 1849, the American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was dismissed from being a surveyor, his wife thus writes of the supposed calamity in a letter to her mother: "It has come in the way of an inevitable providence to us (whatever knavery some people may have to answer for who have been the agents in the removal), and I never receive inevitable providences with resignation merely, but with *joy*, as certainly, undoubtedly, the best possible events that can



(1) THOMAS BROWN. (*Gordon Boys' Home.*) (2) HARRY CASTLEDINE. (*Orphan Working School.*) (3) CLARA A. LANGDON. (*Orphan Working School.*) (6) CHARLES E. SMITH. (*National Refuges.*)

(4) FLORENCE ANDERSON. (*Reedham Orphanage.*) (5) EDWARD M. NYE. (*Reedham Orphanage.*)

THE QUIVER GOOD CONDUCT PRIZE WINNERS, 1898.

happen for me." Surely this is the right way to regard the changes and so-called chances of this mortal life, if we believe that our Heavenly Father orders the lives of each one of us with individual care.

An Interesting Group.

THE QUIVER Prize has long since become an annual institution in several representative orphanages, and as our object is to encourage honesty, industry, and general good conduct, it is awarded each year to those inmates who have shown greatest progress in these respects during the preceding twelve months. We publish a group of the winners for 1898, who represent respectively the Orphan Working School, the Reedham Orphanage, The Gordon Boys' Home, and the National Refuges.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from September 1st up to and including September 30th, 1898. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* J. J. E., Govan (130th donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (100th donation), 1s.; M. G., Leeds, 1s.; Oxford, 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* An Irish Girl, 12s. 6d.; N. L. E., 10s. We are also asked to acknowledge the following donations sent direct:—J. E. D., 10s.; Inasmuch, 4s.; H. M. H., 5s.

For *The British and Foreign Bible Society:* A Thank-Offering, 1s.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** and **Presentation Bible** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Northumberland** (for which applications were invited up to September 30th) have been gained by

MR. THOMAS C. HINTON,
Fame Bank,
Gosforth, Newcastle,

who has distinguished himself by **fifty** years' service in the John Knox Church Sunday-school, Newcastle.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

LEICESTER,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before October 31st, 1898. We may add that **Sussex** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being November 30th, 1898. This county, in its turn, will be followed by **Wiltshire**, for which the date will be one month later—viz. December 31st, 1898.

The names of members recently enrolled will be found in our advertisement pages.

THE QUIVER SANTA CLAUS.

THE children's festival—as the Christmas season is rightly called—is already within the horizon of preparation. A few weeks more, and our young people will be enjoying the delights of Yule-tide, not the least of which is the perennial Christmas Stocking. Most of us remember the eager—almost feverish—anticipation with which we tied up our little stocking at the head of our small bed, in the full faith that the mysterious but kindly visitant of Christmas Eve would cram into it all sorts of lovely things; and how when morning dawned, our first thought was to reach it down to our pillow and explore its wonderful recesses. But there are thousands of little children to whom these raptures are unknown. They do not appear to have been put upon Santa Claus's visiting list; and it seems hard that this venerable gentleman should pass them over. These poor and friendless little ones, to be found in every town and in many of our villages, want a kind-hearted neighbour who will mention their names and addresses to that genial but omniscient saint, and then, presto! there's joy for a forlorn little chap or maiden "on Christmas Day in the morning." We therefore earnestly invite all fathers and mothers, and uncles and aunts, and all who love to see the children glad on the Saviour's birthday, to co-operate with us in providing Christmas stockings for those forlorn youngsters, into whose life scarcely a ray of brightness ever enters. Not much is needed to give them this boon by way of the Christmas stocking. A few wholesome goodies and a simple toy will amply suffice to supply them with a fund of innocent excitement and enjoyment. A sum of **one shilling** will furnish a stocking and pay the postage, when combined in a large contract. We have the happiness to announce that the proprietors of THE QUIVER have kindly consented to head our subscription list with a sum sufficient to provide the contents of

FIVE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS FOR POOR AND FRIENDLESS CHILDREN.

This is a good start, but this number will be quite inadequate to the innumerable demands which are sure to be made upon us. We therefore earnestly ask for further contributions from all child-lovers who would sorely regret to see any tiny mite left disappointed on Christmas Day.

We shall also be glad to receive recommendations from our readers (as before in the case of our Christmas Hamper Fund) of suitable cases for the supply of stockings. The special forms for this purpose will be supplied in our Extra Christmas Number, and if filled up in accordance with the directions there given will be dealt with in the order in which they reach the Editor, as far as the funds will permit. All contributions to the Christmas Stocking Fund should be sent to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and all amounts of one shilling and upwards will be thankfully acknowledged in our pages.

Special Presentation Plate.

A SEPARATE large-size reproduction, printed in colours, of Mr. W. Holman Hunt's great picture, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple," is presented with this part; and, should there be any difficulty in obtaining it, our readers are requested to communicate at once with the publishers, giving the name and address of the bookseller or other agent from whom they purchased the number.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

1. What action of Manasseh, king of Judah, shows how terribly the people had sunk into idolatry?
2. In what way did Manasseh seek to protect his country from invasion?
3. What is remarkable in the latter part of Manasseh's life?
4. Quote a proverb which warns us of the danger of evil companions.
5. In what way does the wise man express the beauty of a holy life?
6. In whose reign do we find the king sending to a woman for advice?
7. What great discovery was made while the Temple was being repaired in the reign of Josiah?
8. What proof have we that at one time the Jews were fire-worshippers?
9. In whose reign did God carry out the judgment which He pronounced against the altar at Bethel which Jeroboam had made?
10. Of what gross act of contempt against God was Jehoiakim, king of Judah, guilty?
11. What acts of cruelty are recorded against King Jehoiakim?
12. In what way did God punish Jehoiakim for his iniquity?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1147.

133. A tax of half a shekel of silver for every male of twenty years old and upward (Exod. xxx. 12-14).

134. Joash, king of Judah, in order to obtain money for the restoration of the Temple (2 Chron. xxiv. 6-9).

135. 2 Chron. xxiv. 8.

136. Isaiah is generally considered to have been the grandson of King Joash, and thus has sometimes been called the royal prophet (Isa. i. 1).

137. The altar seen by Isaiah in his vision was the altar of burnt offering, on which the fire which came down from heaven was perpetually burning (Isa. vi. 6; Lev. vi. 13; 2 Chron. vii. 1).

138. The effect of the teaching of the Gospel is to bring peace on earth (Isa. xi. 6-10).

139. Isa. xi. 9.

140. In the reign of Hezekiah (2 Chron. xxx. 2; Numbers ix. 10, 11).

141. Because the Temple was not cleansed until the sixteenth day of the first month (2 Chron. xxix. 3, 16-18).

142. It was the first Passover after the separation of Israel and Judah at which any of the children of Israel were present (2 Chron. xxx. 1).

143. By Sennacherib, whose army was destroyed by God in one night (2 Kings xviii. 17 and xix. 34, 35).

144. In the reign of Hezekiah (2 Kings xviii. 4).

XUM

LADY·DOCTORS IN·HEATHEN·LANDS

By the Author of "The Child Wives and Widows of India," Etc.

A GARRISON of snow-capped mountains; a valley smiling in Oriental luxuriance; the gorgeous, romantic loveliness described in "Lalla Rookh"—such are the general impressions of the land of Kashmir. Dirt, disease, and degradation summed up its prevailing characteristics in the eyes of an Englishman, who, in October, 1872, toiled wearily over the Pir Panjal, 11,900 feet above the level of the sea.

This was Dr. Elmslie's last journey. He hardly realised, as he dragged his weary limbs over rough but familiar paths, that one object for which he had struggled for years was practically accomplished. He sank from exhaustion on the way, and the day after his death Government granted permission for missionaries to spend the winter in the Valley of Kashmir. Still farther was he from knowing of another result of his labours. He had appealed to Englishwomen to bring the gifts of healing to suffering and secluded inmates of zenanas. Dr. Elmslie had found a direct way to the hearts of prejudiced heathen men. The sick came to him for healing, and learnt the meaning of his self-denying life.

"Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," are ancient words of wisdom; but this rule has exceptions. To Hindu women, at least, caste is dearer than life. It would be as easy to restore the down to a bruised butterfly's wing as to give back self-respect, and with it all that makes life worth living, to a zenana lady who has been exposed to the gaze or touch of a man other than a near relation. Custom of the country debars a respectable woman from receiving ministry to body, soul, or mind, unless it comes from one of her own sex. Dr. Elmslie's appeal resulted in Miss Fanny Butler's offer of service to the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society. She was the first enrolled student of the London School of Medicine, which had just been



(Photo: Elliott and Fry.)

THE LATE DR. FANNY BUTLER.
(At the time she went to India.)

transferred from Edinburgh, and passed second out of one hundred and twenty-three candidates, one hundred and nineteen of whom were men, in the Preliminary Arts Examination. She went to India in October, 1880, the first fully qualified medical missionary to women.

Seventeen years after Dr. Elmslie's death Dr. Fanny Butler obtained another concession for Kashmir, the permission for missionaries to live within the city of Srinagar. She saw the foundations of a new hospital for women begun within the city, and fourteen days after she also laid down what, an hour before her death, she described as a "good long life," in the service of Kashmiri people. The age of thirty-nine, she said to the friends who surrounded her, and who felt that she to send someone quickly to take her place. The new hospital was the gift of Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird) in memory of her husband. She had seen the dirty crowd of suffering women at the dispensary door overpower two men, and the earliest arrivals precipitated head foremost by the rush from behind, whilst numbers were turned away in misery and disappointment.

Hospitals and dispensaries have rapidly increased since the day of pioneers. Absolute necessity has forced medical work on many missionaries in the field. The most elementary knowledge of nursing and hygiene appears miraculous to women sunk in utter ignorance. A white woman too modest to give them remedies for every ailment is usually regarded as unkind.



(Photo supplied by the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.)

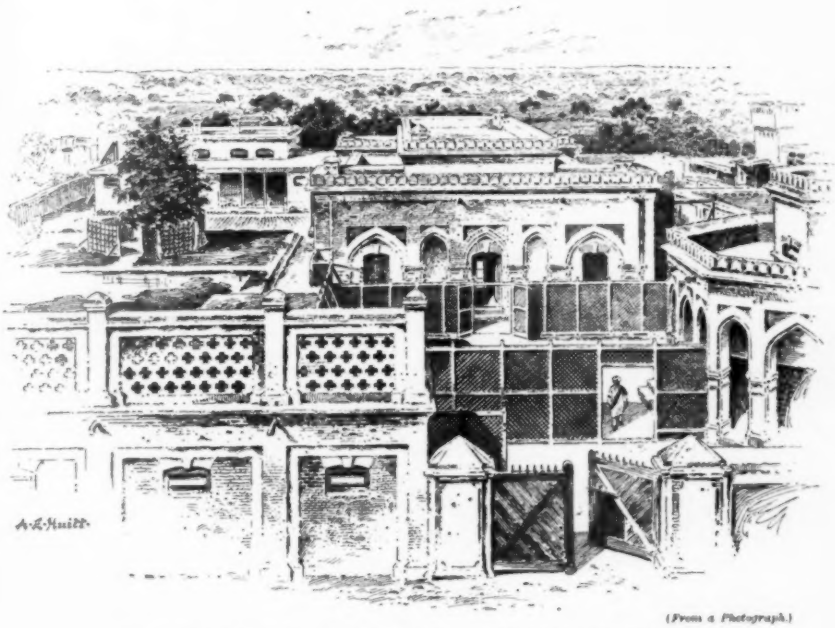
OUTSIDE THE VERANDAH OF THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL AT TARN TARAN.

(Showing some of the patients placed out to spend the hot night in the open.)

of all others could not be spared, was "not so very young to die," and she sent an earnest plea to the Church of England Zenana Society, the division of the old society to which she belonged, A neglected missionary dispensary is practically unknown.

At the time when the Countess Dufferin started her admirable scheme for providing medical aid for Indian women a

well-known Anglo-Indian surgeon stated publicly that, whatever other qualification was required in a candidate, two were absolutely necessary: she must be a lady in the highest sense of the word, and she must be a Christian, and he proceeded to give good reasons for what he said. The experience of every woman who has taken up this work would bear out his sentiments. Without courtesy and ready intuition of the feelings of others it would be hard to get an entrance into zenanas, and nothing but love and devotion to her Master would enable a woman to persevere in spending her life amongst sick heathen women, in spite of sights, scenes, and vexations beyond conception in England.



(From a Photograph.)

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S HOSPITAL, PESHAWUR.

The greatest difficulties are probably met in high-caste zenanas. There, in the midst of unhealthy surroundings, the friends and neighbours have grand opportunities of undoing any good that may have been accomplished. It is grievous to a medical missionary to find her fever patient dying from a douche of cold water, because the white woman has defiled her high caste by feeling her pulse. It is enough to make her give up a case in despair if, after she has explained that quiet is absolutely necessary, the friends and neighbours decide that the evil spirit supposed to be in possession must be driven out by the music of tom-toms. A Hindu man is said to "sin religiously," and a Hindu woman excels him in devotion to her creed. A fever patient in the Punjab refused to drink milk—the one thing of all others that her medical woman ordered her—because she said, if it were the last thing she swallowed, her soul would pass into the body of a cobra. One medical missionary found a woman, who was in a critical state, lying on a mat, whilst an old woman, supposed to be learned in sickness, stood on her body, or patrolled up and down like a sentinel, as far as the length would admit. This was kindly meant. Another found one suffering seriously from the effect of a linseed poultice. She had carefully explained the mysteries of making and applying it, but in her absence the patient's friends had spread dry linseed over her chest and poured boiling water over it.

Happily, all the women in India are



WAITING THEIR TURN.

(Patients outside the Tarn Taran Hospital Dispensary.)

(Photo: Bannas Bros.)

not secluded in zenanas. By far the largest proportion live in the villages, but their notions of propriety are very strict. The hard-working field-women will hide themselves on the suspicion of a *sahib* being within reach. When once they are satisfied that the visitor belongs to their own sex and is harmless, crowds beset the missionary encampments. Many tales of suffering are poured into sympathising ears.

"I am blind from crying for my only son" is not an infrequent complaint. Nothing can be done in this case.

"There is no god or goddess to love a Hindu woman. Whatever offerings we make her, the goddess of small-pox smites us, and then the men say the women have not offered enough, and are angry." This was the reply of a Punjabi woman, who spoke for her friends and neighbours.

One Bengali woman told a missionary of the death of a precious baby boy. There did not seem much the matter, but the *hakim* (a native quack) first gave him something burning to swallow, and then applied a red-hot iron to each side in turn; and the child only drew one or two breaths after this treatment. This also, one hopes, was kindly meant. The Hindus are by no means wanting in humanity, but ignorance is often as fatal as cruelty.

Many patients find an excuse for coming again and again to the dispensaries. There they hear of blessings in this world and the next which they say seem too good to be true. They see love shining in the earnest faces, and feel it in the touch of hands that will not shrink from dressing repulsive sores.

The majority of cases in dispensaries are ordinary fevers or skin diseases resulting from dirt, and other scourges that follow defiance of elementary rules of health.

Patients discharged as cured often return. "Tell me again that Name that I can say when I pray," one of them asked, to explain the reappearance of her shrivelled old face: "I forget so soon." And she went on her way repeating the Name that even some of the heathen realise must be exalted above all others.

"I know that your Jesus must reign over our land," a Punjabi woman said to a lady who had opened a dispensary at Tarn Taran, a sacred city of the Sikhs; "I know it, because your religion is full of love and ours has none at all."

The mission hospital at this city, with the name which literally means "The Place of Salvation," and the dispensary seen in the illustration, came mainly into being through the determination of the inhabitants. A suffering baby might claim a share in its existence. This infant's mother brought it to a missionary whose training as a nurse had made her a friend in sickness. The child's sight was hopelessly gone. The mother said that the *hakim* had told her alum was good for sore eyes, so she had put it under the lids.

"You have used it in such a way as to blind your baby," the missionary said; "and I could have told you what to do."

"How should I know?" the woman replied, using a common phrase to express helplessness or lethargy; but she told the story to her friends, and other mothers, whose babies' eyes were suffering, soon proved that the white woman had made no empty boast. Ophthalmia is terribly common in India, and its marvellous cures began to be famous.

One day a family party carried an invalid into the verandah of the Tarn Taran mission house. The missionary looked inside the *doolie;* she was not a doctor, and declined to undertake such a serious case, and told the men to take their invalid to the Amritsar Hospital. They were determined to take no such trouble. To show that she was equally determined to make them, she went inside the house and shut the doors and blinds. Who would hold out the longest? The result was a foregone conclusion. The Punjabis, armed with a greater disregard for a woman's life, gained the victory by the simple method of beating a retreat, leaving the helpless woman behind them. In common humanity she could not be left to die. In a few days her family returned to inquire, and were gratified to find her progressing towards recovery. The white woman's celebrity was now secured, and to her consternation and embarrassment she found her verandah full of patients, and, from overwork, was soon herself added to the number. The people of Tarn Taran afterwards gave the building for a Women's Mission Hospital, and a new one is now in the charge of a fully qualified lady doctor.

Hospitals are by far the most satisfactory

part of medical missions. In zenanas and dispensaries it is one thing to prescribe and give advice, and another for orders to be obeyed, especially if they



A GROUP OF WORKERS AT THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S HOSPITAL.

(Dr. Wheeler stands at the left-hand side of group.)

are contrary to rules of caste or custom. It is well known that a Hindu soldier, who will follow his British officer into the fiercest *mêlée*, and, if necessary, die for him, if true to his own creed, will not receive a cup of water at his hands. When wounded his parched lips will close tightly, lest his caste should suffer. The same principle debars his womenfolk from accepting physic in a liquid form from Englishwomen. They may, however, take powders. Written directions are generally useless, and verbal ones often misunderstood. It is little wonder if dispensary patients make slow progress.

"Are you sure you took the medicine I gave you?" inquired a medical missionary of one who made no advance at all.

"Quite sure, Miss Sahiba."

"How did you take it?"

"I ate the paper and threw away the dust."

This mistake was not astonishing under the circumstances. One Mohammedan specific is to swallow a paper pellet with the name of God written in Arabic; another, for the *mullah* to write an Arabic inscription on a plate, and for the water that washes it off to be the dose.

It is well when superstition and misconception stop short at swallowing paper and inky water. A woman, seriously injured from an accident, was carried into the Duchess of Connaught Hospital, Peshawur. Her husband accompanied her, and saw the medical missionary in charge carefully attend to fractures and bruises. Rest and sleep and quiet were doing their work, and the man was left to watch. A sudden crash startled the ward. The husband had turned the bedstead over on its side, and flung his wife down. He fancied she was dying, and said it would imperil her soul if it departed whilst she lay on anything but the floor. He had the satisfaction of knowing that she died where he placed her. This was a case of

a Hindu "sinning religiously." It would be harder to forgive the frequent sacrifice of life to superstition, if there were no ennobling element underlying it of honest desire for some vague spiritual good.

The Duchess of Connaught Hospital is a permanent memorial of her Royal Highness's kind interest in the women of India. Whilst on the North-Western Frontier she went through the Dispensary and Nursing Home which represented the first effort to bring medical aid to the Afghan women, and allowed it to be called after her name. A new and much larger building, of which a drawing has been reproduced, has taken the place of the native quarters, where Mohammedan bigotry was by slow degrees overcome. For years the ladies of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, who had charge of this hospital, were the only Europeans living within the walls of Peshawur. Every night the great city gates closed them in, and separated them from other missionaries and from Government servants. They chose to be in the midst of their work, and though outbreaks of Mohammedan fanaticism repeatedly checked teaching in schools and zenanas, ministry to the sick continued, and never lost the friendly confidence of Peshawuris.

In its early and humbler days, the fame of this hospital reached far-away Khorassan. A lady of that country who was suffering terribly, caused herself to be carried the fifteen days' journey to Peshawur. Miss Mitcheson, who opened the first dispensary, and is now the head of the hospital, saw that her case was critical and required an operation of a far more serious kind than she had ever attempted, and begged her to allow the civil surgeon to see her.

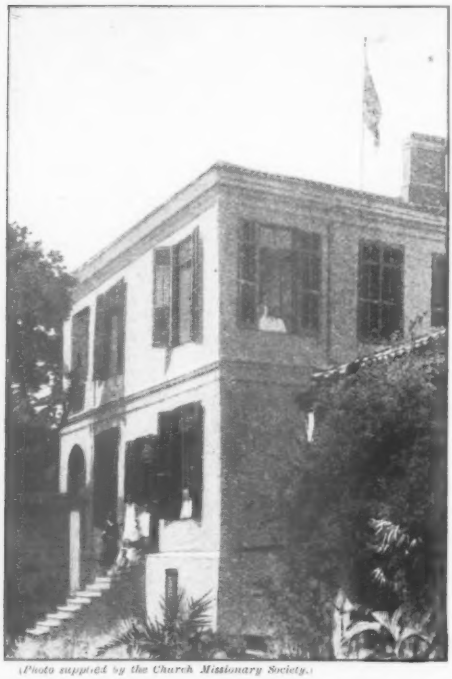
"I would rather die," the patient answered. The combined forces of suffering, fear of death, and persuasion, were powerless to move her. The Englishwoman, of whose powers she had heard in her own country, might do what she liked with her, but no man should come near her.



(Photo supplied by the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.)

STAFF AND PATIENTS OF ST. CATHERINE'S HOSPITAL, AMRITSAR.

Happily Miss Mitcheson successfully accomplished what was necessary, and the Khorassan lady made a good recovery. When the time came for parting from her new friends, she promised to use in her



(Photo supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

BACK VIEW OF NEW WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, HANGCHOW.

own country the knowledge she had gained in Peshawur. She kept her word, as more visitors from Khorassan testified, and they said she had not forgotten the benefits she had received in the mission hospital.

During Miss Mitcheson's absence in England Dr. Charlotte Wheeler, who with her fellow-workers, in the illustration on p. 102, stands in the verandah of the old building, superintended the medical work. On Miss Mitcheson's return, Miss Wheeler opened a medical mission amongst the women in Quetta. This work extended rapidly on and beyond the frontier, so that in November, 1896, when it was a year old, eight different languages were spoken on the same day in the dispensary waiting room.

Institutions for training Christian girls of India as doctors or nurses have come into existence as the number of candidates has increased and the necessity has arisen. The North India School of Medicine has been established at Ludhiana with this object. Many of the mission hospitals also have training classes. St. Catherine's Hospital, Amritsar, under the superintendence of Miss Hewlett, who has had nineteen years' experience, has provided very valuable assistant medical missionaries for stations in the Punjab and Bengal. At the last census a hundred Christian women—counting missionaries, assistants, patients, nurses and students—were within its walls. An illustration shows the inmates mustering before going to church.

One student in St. Catherine's Hospital, who had gained a scholarship, gave promise of a brilliant career. Before the time of study in which she delighted was over, the lady superintendent became suspicious of what this young girl described as broken chilblains on her fingers. A doctor was called in, and confirmed her impression that it was leprosy. An Eastern girl knows, what in Europe is only faintly imagined, of the horrors of this loathsome disease. One cry of anguish only escaped her when she was told the verdict. Then she rose above the trial, and resigned herself cheerfully to the will of God. She was prepared to start the next day for the Leper Settlement near Calcutta without meeting her friends or fellow-students for a word of farewell.

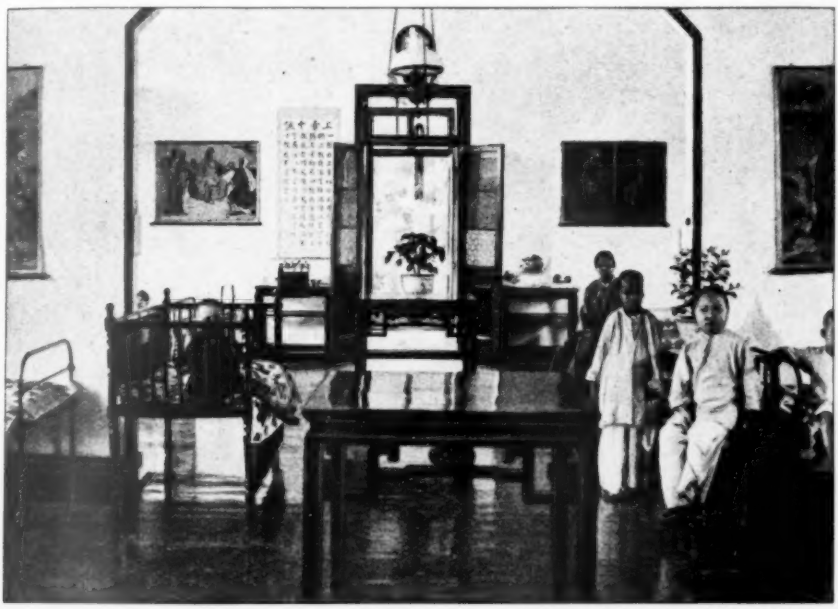
"What comforts me," she said to the Clerical Secretary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, who was in Amritsar at the time, "is that I may go as a missionary rather than as a patient."

She went to that place of death and banishment, to live out the rest of her days in ministry for others. In her case the days lingered into years, and the disease took a severe form, but her devotion and courage never failed. When death came to her as a friend, and her work was done, the memory of the "superior girl," who had lived among the afflicted people as a missionary rather than a patient, remained. Perhaps her fellowship in suffering gave her the final qualification to be a missionary to lepers.

India is the land which above all others cries out for lady medical missionaries; but other Eastern countries have also a claim. Wherever Islam has planted its iron heel, women are jealously guarded in harems, and it is very unusual for a man to be allowed entrance on any pretext. In China, also, women of superior class are hidden within the high walls that

surround their houses. Those free to go out gain little but suffering from the barbarous attentions of native surgeons. In the East the knowledge which brings relief from pain is a power to overcome obstacles to Christianity that resist every other force.

The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society has sent out a qualified lady doctor to Foochow, and in 1894 the Church Missionary Society opened a hospital for women in Hangchow with one large and six smaller wards. One patient who was brought into this building—of which two views are given—suffering from diseased bones, has gone out to devote her recovered health and new knowledge to the service of God and her own countrywomen.



(Photo supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

INTERIOR OF NEW WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, HANGCHOW

There is scarcely a mission hospital or dispensary that cannot tell of similar results of the double ministry to body and soul. Each year justifies the increased number of women with medical qualifications sent into the mission field. Some, like Mrs. Russell Watson, of the Baptist Mission at Chefu, are the wives of missionaries, others have been sent out by various missions, such as the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, or by the women's branches (added during the close of the present century), to the more venerable societies.

Dr. Henry Martyn Clark, of Amritsar, once asked a friendly Hindu what department of foreign missions his people considered most dangerous.

"Why should I reveal our secrets to the enemy?" the Hindu responded. But he yielded to persuasion. "We do not very much fear your preaching," he said, "for we need not listen; nor your schools, for we need not send our children; nor your books, for we need not read them. But we do fear your women, for they are gaining our homes; and we very much fear your medical missions, for they are gaining our hearts. Hearts and homes gone, what shall we have left?"

What may be expected when medical and women's missions are combined? According to the friendly Hindu, the very citadels of idolatry and superstition might tremble at the advance of this double force to rescue the captives.

D. L. WOOLMER.

Our Roll of Heroic Deeds



THIS month we devote our space to a pictorial representation of an heroic act by James Williamson, a fisherman of Whalsay, Shetland. During a heavy storm he waded out to the succour of two companions, who had been pinned on the rocks by their capsized boat and were in imminent danger of drowning. Williamson was at first carried away by a heavy sea, but was returned by the next. Then with an extraordinary effort he lifted the side of the boat, seized the men, and, with one under each arm, fought his way through the boiling surf to dry land. For this conspicuous act of bravery Williamson was awarded the Silver Medal of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund.

PLEDGED

By Katharine Tynan, Author of "A Daughter of Erin," Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

YOUTH AT THE PROW.

"AND then, old fellow," went on Sir Anthony's letter to Jack Leslie, of the Blues, his particular chum, "I stood staring, with my eyes watering and a little scratch on my nose bleeding where the old rooster — for a rooster it was— struck me with his spurs as he flew. He might have knocked out my eye, the brute! The second missile (an invention they call a sun-bonnet, I believe, made of pink calico and horribly stiffened) lay crumpled at my feet. And there in front of me stood the culprit herself, looking half-ashamed and half-inclined to follow the example of the other sun-bonnet which had buried itself in a big chair at the end of the room, and made scarcely a pretence of stifling its peals of laughter. I felt no end of a ninny I can tell you, especially as the owner of the first sun-bonnet was by long chalks the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen.

"I'm no good at describing a girl's charms, but even at the first glance her beautiful violet eyes struck me. Blue eyes and black lashes and eyebrows—it is a thing happens over here sometimes, they tell me. Then, though she'd been rushing about after the ancient barnyard fowl who was to have graced the table in my honour, she had no more colour than a white rose; and yet she looked the picture of health and life—so different from fine ladies. This was Miss Pamela—Pam for short—as I discovered later. To finish her description, her charming head is covered with a mass of short black curls. She had a very shabby frock on, which didn't take a bit from her loveliness. I couldn't help wondering what the mater would have thought if she could have seen her. She would surely have called her 'a young woman,' with that superb contempt of hers.

"However, the breeding tells. Nothing could have been finer than the little air with which she pulled herself together, and said, as if it were an every-day thing to blind and maim your visitors:

"'You must be Sir Anthony Trevithick. I am so sorry. That wretched fowl flew in through the open window, and we've been three-quarters of an hour chasing him round. It was *so* unfortunate his flying out just at that moment, and still more unfortunate that I should have flung my bonnet after him. But you've no idea how he had aggravated us.'

"I assure you the mater couldn't have done it better, if one could conceivably imagine the mater under such circumstances.

"I could think of nothing to do but to pick up the bonnet and hand it to her, muttering some idiocy about it not mattering a bit. While this was going on the laughter in the chair was dying off in sobs of enjoyment.

"But before we could get any further Mr. Graydon himself made his appearance. I suppose something about my looks struck him—for a cucumber wasn't in it for coolness with Miss Pam—because he said, 'Why, bless me, Sir Anthony! what's the matter? What's the matter, Pam? Why, Sir Anthony, your nose is bleeding!

"'Why, so it is!' said Miss Pam, calmly. 'Sir Anthony was trying to catch the red cock, papa, with a view to his dinner, but he's escaped, I'm sorry to say, and the dinner with him. It will be days before he comes home after the alarm we've given him. I'm so sorry you're wounded, Sir Anthony. Can I get you a little sticking-plaster?'

"'I never know where I shall find the fowls in this house,' said Mr. Graydon, a little irascibly, I thought; 'but the drawing-room at least ought to be kept free from them. Why, Sylvia, what are you doing there, child? Come here, and speak to Sir Anthony.'

"I expected a small child to come out of the big chair in answer to the summons; but, lo and behold! out of the sun-bonnet there looked another satin-cheeked damsel, almost as beautiful as the first. She made her bow demurely, and, I assure you, there wasn't a feather out of her after her fits of laughter at my expense. She had rather an ecstatic look, and her eyes were a bit moist—that was all. I can tell you I never felt so small in my life as when I stood up before those impudent girls, for I could see that the pair of them were hugely delighted at the whole affair.



"The old rooster struck me with his spurs."—*p.* 107.

"'Get some tea for Sir Anthony, girls,' said the father, 'and see that he has hot water taken to his room; he's had a long journey. Sit down, my lad—that is, if there's a chair in the room without a dog on it. Here, Mark Antony, you lazy animal, come off that sofa.' This to the fattest bulldog I ever saw—with such a jowl. He's Miss Sylvia's, and an amiable dog, despite his looks.

"Then the eldest daughter came in—not a patch on the others for beauty, but a Madonna of a creature, with a beautiful voice and a rather sad expression. She was greatly concerned about my scratched nose. But all the time she was talking I noticed that she looked at her father steadily reproachful. At last he noticed it too, for he suddenly blurted out:

"'Why, bless my soul! Molly, I forgot all about it,' and then he stopped and laughed. Miss Pamela has told me since that they had instructed their father to keep me on the way as long as possible.

"You'll gather that it is a rather rummy place. It is. The windows in my bedroom are mended with brown paper, and there are holes in the floor you could put your foot through. Not that my father's son need mind little hardships. But I am amused to think of what the mater would say, with her notions of things.

"By the way, if you're in Brook Street any time, don't repeat what I've told you. The mater hated my coming here. She has some extraordinary prejudice against Graydon, though he scarcely seems to remember her. But as I've given up my desire for soldiering to please her, it's my turn now to please myself by reading for this Foreign Office grind with my father's old friend.

"A word more and I am done. You'll think me as long-winded as some of those old women at the clubs. But their ways here are too delicious. The establishment is managed by one old woman—Bridget, who seems mistress, maid, and man rolled in one. Well, the morning after I came, when I rang for my shaving water there was no response. At last I heard a foot go by my door, and I looked out cautiously. It was Bridget, and to her I made my request. 'Why, bless the boy!' she said, staring at me, 'You haven't been pullin' that ould bell that's never rung in the memory of man?' I assured her I had. 'Well, then,' she said, 'goodness help your little wit! An' so ye want shavin' water, do ye? Sure, I thought ye wor a bit of a boy, that never wanted shavin' at all, at all!' However, she brought me the water obligingly, in an extraordinary piece of kitchen crockery. 'I suppose you're used to valetin',' she said. 'T was Misther Mick spoiled me entirely for other young gentlemen. He'd dart down for his shavin' water—aye, many a time before I had the kitchen fire lit.' Mr. Mick was apparently a former pupil; I often hear of him.

"There's any amount of sport here, but I won't tantalise you. I like Graydon better every day; he's a dear old boy, and though he's in the clouds half the time when he's supposed to be coaching me, I can see that he knows more than half the tutors in London put together. He's a delightful companion out of doors, a good sportsman, and as young as the youngest.

"It's a mystery his being buried here. But I've no time to try to unriddle it now, and you'll never get as far as this, I expect. Goodbye, old fellow—I'm extremely well satisfied with my present quarters, and pity you in Knightsbridge. I suppose town is getting empty."

When this enormous epistle was finished and sealed, the young gentleman put it in his pocket and went downstairs. His pace was hastened by the fact that he could hear the joyful yelping of dogs in the hall, from which he gathered that someone besides himself was bent on outdoor exercise. Indeed, as he reached the hall and caught his hat from one of the dusty antlers, he saw the two younger Miss Graydons setting out amid their leaping and yelping escorts. He hurried after and overtook them.

"May I come with you?" he asked eagerly. "I've a very important letter to post, and if you're going to the village you might perhaps point out the post-office. I'm such a duffer at finding out things for myself."

"But we're turning our backs on the village," said Miss Sylvia, "going in exactly the opposite direction."

"Oh, well, then, it doesn't matter; the letter can wait till another time."

"Though it is so important. Oh, but you must post it. We'll put you on the way for the village. You turn to the right and we to the left when we reach the gate; then you'll walk straight into the arms of the post-office."

Pamela, who had not yet spoken, turned her heavenly-coloured eyes on her sister, but without speaking. Something in the look made the young fellow's heart throb suddenly.

"Ah, Miss Sylvia," he said imploringly, "don't put difficulties in my way. I want to come for a walk, if you will have me, and the letter can wait. I'm not contemplative enough to enjoy a country walk alone; and it will be a pleasure to walk with you and your sister."

"And the dogs?"

"And the dogs. The joys of a country walk are doubled in the society of dogs."

"I hope you'll think so when you have the felicity of fishing them out of a bog-hole. They will chase every beast they see; and our neighbour, Jack Malone's black cow, Polly, always leads them such a dance, ending up deservedly in a bog-hole."

"I'll try to endure even that, Miss Sylvia."

"Then if Mark Antony gets a thorn in his paw, as he almost invariably does, you'll have to carry him home."

"He must weigh three stone, Miss Sylvia."

"About that, Sir Anthony."

"Then it is better I should carry him than you."

"Oh, if you're bent on it, Sir Anthony."

"If you're not bent against it, Miss Sylvia.'

"Well, come along then, for this is the parting of the ways."

They had arrived at the gate by this time.

"Sylvia should have told you, Sir Anthony, that though we turn our backs on the village, yet we pass a wall letter-box, which the postman empties on his way to Lettergort."

It was Pamela speaking for the first time, and in this less hoydenish mood of hers she had a likeness to her gentle elder sister.

"I'm not surprised to hear it, Miss Pamela. I guessed Miss Sylvia was only piling up the difficulties to tease me. But I was not to be put off."

"You are really a most persistent person, Sir Anthony."

"I know when I want a thing and mean to get it, Miss Sylvia."

"Did you ever see anything more beautiful than the rose-light on that mountain, Sir Anthony?"

"I have seen more beautiful things, Miss Pamela."

He spoke with the utmost simplicity, but the girl blushed nevertheless, and was furious with herself for blushing.

"See how rosy the peak is," she went on in some confusion, "but the woods are purple at the base. If we were over there where the road winds round the hill-foot, we should hear nothing but the singing of little streams. They are chattering through the bracken everywhere, and spilling into the road, where they make little channels for themselves, clear as amber."

"They make your boots very wet and your skirt draggle-tailed," remarked Sylvia.

"I see chimneys rising above the wood," said Sir Anthony. "Is there a house there, then?"

"There is, but it is empty at present. It belongs to Lord Glengall, who is away just now. It has a queer story attached to it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Lord Glengall went to Australia as a boy, and was unheard of for years. His mother lived there, with one old servant, in the bitterest poverty. She was so proud no one dared to interfere, until, it having been noticed that the chimneys were smokeless for days, the house was entered by force, and mistress and maid were found dying of starvation side by side. The house was full of valuables—lace and plate, and all kinds of lovely things—but they were heirlooms, and the old lady would rather starve than sell them, and the old servant was quite of the same mind."

"What happened then?"

"They were taken off to the Rectory by old Mr. Rogers, who died last year. And in the nick of time Lord Glengall, whom everyone said was dead, turned up safe and sound to nurse his old mother. 'I kept the things together for you, my boy,' she said as soon as she recognised him.

"And the next thing she said," went on Sylvia, taking up the tale, "was, 'Where's that cat?' The faithfulness of animals, Sir Anthony! Old Tib, with whom they had shared all their short-commons, had, it seems, stolen the very last drop of milk that stood between them and starvation, and had then escaped through a window into the woods. 'I should like to give him a good hiding before I die.' That was the second speech of the indomitable old lady."

"What a chance for the novelist this country of yours presents!" said Sir Anthony.

"But that fortunately he never comes our way," replied Pamela.

"Your father promised me you would take me fishing one day." He spoke to Sylvia, but his eyes turned from her to Pamela.

"So we shall," said Sylvia readily.

"The river runs quite close to the house?"

"Yes, but if you want the pleasantest fishing, you must climb for it. Up there in the hills are little golden-brown trout-streams running through the valleys under the shadow of woods, and they are full of trout spoiling to be caught."

"You know the best places, Miss Sylvia."

"Don't let her guide you, Sir Anthony. I'll tell you a story about her. She was always tantalising Mick St. Leger, an old pupil of papa's, who is in India now, with stories of a wonderful pike which inhabited one of the big holes in the Moyle. Well, poor Mick used to sit and fish for hours, now and then catching a little fish by accident, for his heart wasn't in it for thinking of Sylvia's big pike. And Sylvia used to sit by watching him, apparently full of sympathy. One day he was fishing the big hole as usual, when he gave a long whistle. 'What is it, Mick?' Sylvia cried, running to him. 'It feels like a twenty-pounder,' said poor Mick, very red in the face. 'Oh, Mick, do let me

help!' cried Sylvia. And then, with an immense deal of carefulness, and poor Mick holding on like grim death, they reeled up an old tin can full of stones, in the handle of which Mick's line was caught."

"Mick would never have known," said Sylvia dispassionately, "if little Patsy Murray hadn't come running after me a week later, calling out, 'Where's that apple ye promised me for sinkin' me mother's ould can in the river?' Mick never believed in me as an honest angler afterwards."

"No wonder! But to think your father should have suggested you as my guide, Miss Sylvia!"

"Pam's just as bad, Sir Anthony. I generally do the things, but Pam encourages me."

Pamela again turned those eyes of heaven's own colour in mute reproach upon her sister.

"I'll have faith in you, Miss Pam," said Sir Anthony impulsively, "no matter what your sister says to the contrary."

And he meant his rash promise.

CHAPTER V.

THE WISHING WELL.

"MY friends generally call me Tony," said a voice, the youthful growl of which was subdued to all possible softness.

"We have known each other such a little while," replied Pamela, looking down at the



"The letter can wait till another time."—*p.* 109.

ground, which had begun to cover itself in the flying gold of the autumn woods.

"As the calendar counts; but we—'we count time by heart-throbs'—doesn't somebody say that?"

A colour, like a pink rose-leaf, warmed in Pamela's clear cheek.

"We have become very good friends," she said, "seeing that it is only six—or is it seven?—weeks ago since we met."

"It is eight," said the youth. "I came in mid-July, and now it is mid-September. But it sometimes seems to me that I have always been here, and that my life elsewhere was but a dream."

"If that were so," she said demurely—and for a moment the violet eyes looked up at him under their shadow of night—"if that were so, then I might really call you by your name, Sir Anthony. But it is too soon."

"Then you will one day, Miss Pamela? How many days must go by first? You called that other man—St. Leger—by his name. It is 'Mick' with all of you."

"Ah," said Pamela, again with the bewildering glance; "but Mick was Mick, you see."

A sudden irrational anger kindled in the young man's eye, and his expression stiffened.

"Oh, I see," he said. "This paragon had special privileges which no one else may hope to share."

"He certainly had," said Pamela. "For no one else would endure them, poor dear!"

"Now, what do you mean by that?" he said doubtfully. "Do you mean the privilege of being called by his name?"

"No, but the privilege of my society and Sylvia's."

"He must have been jolly hard to please."

"He wasn't, then. He was as easily pleased as a child. I should like to have seen you in some of the situations in which Mick distinguished himself."

"I daresay I 'd be very undistinguished. I make no pretence of being a paragon."

"It would be useless to, Sir Anthony."

"I don't dispute it, Miss Pamela. I suppose we 'd better be making for home?"

He turned and walked sulkily along the forest path with the girl by his side. For a second there was silence; then Pamela broke it by saying softly:

"I often have thought that one reason why Molly fell in love with Mick was because she pitied him so much. He came to the wall in all our escapades. Of course, he was always in love with Molly, but I believe it was in protecting



"Tell me what you wished for?"

him from us that she became so fond of him."

"He is your sister's lover, then?" incredulously.

"Why, *of course* he is. Whose did you suppose he was?"

"Yours, Miss Pamela."

"Mine! why, he'd never look at me when Molly was by. Besides, you don't know how horribly we ill-used the poor dear fellow."

"Miss Pam, I wish you'd ill-use me."

"You wouldn't like it at all, Sir Anthony."

"Yes, I should, Miss Pamela. So Mick is engaged to your sister. What an ass I have been!"

"Yes, poor dears, they are engaged, without the remotest prospect of ever being married that I can see. Mick's a subaltern in a line regiment, with just his pay—he got in through the Militia—and Molly, needless to say, hasn't a penny."

"He's a lucky fellow, all the same. And now, Miss Pamela, what have we been quarrelling about?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Sir Anthony. Have we been quarrelling?"

"*I* have."

"But I haven't. I did think you were a little cross about something. But here is the Wishing Well that I told you about."

They had come on a little glade of the forest, in the midst of which was a brier heavy with blackberries. The bush hooded a little space, and, looking underneath, one saw, as in a cup, a still depth of water over pebbles of gold and silver.

"You are to drink, Sir Anthony, without spilling a drop, and think on your wish at the same time."

"Drink from what, Miss Pamela?"

"Why, from your hands, of course."

"I couldn't; the water would all run away."

"No, it wouldn't. See how I manage it."

The girl scooped the water into her rosy palms and drank it slowly. Then she looked at him, and again the wave of rose flowed in her cheek.

"I never could manage it; I'm such a duffer at things. Miss Pamela, would you let me drink from your hands? *Do!*"

Without a word she stooped and lifted the water and held it to him. He drank from the rosy cup to the last drop. Then he suddenly caught the hands that had served him, and pressed them to his lips. For a moment they were yielded to him, and then the girl drew back. He thought she trembled a little, and the ardour in his gaze grew.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I couldn't help it. You are not angry, Miss Pamela?"

"I am going home, Sir Anthony," she said.

"Not till you tell me one thing——"

He barred her way, putting himself in front of her. "Tell me what you wished for."

Her eyes fell before his, and as she stood with her hands clasped, and her head bent, she was a different creature from the wild Pamela of a few short weeks ago. The sunlight through the thinned branches fell on her short curls, for her hat—which she had been swinging by a ribbon—had fallen to her feet.

"Look at me," he said; "I want to see what is in your eyes."

She lifted them obediently, and then let them fall again.

"Ah, that is enough," he said, with exultation in his voice. "You have answered me, Pam. That is enough just for the present. Some day I shall tell you what I wished for, and we shall see if our wishes come true. A double wish should have double force to induce its fulfilment. Isn't it so, Pam?"

She said nothing, and he looked at her with triumph shining in his eyes. Blent with it was the tenderness of a lover when he knows he is loved, and just a shade of shamefacedness as well.

"We must be wise, little beautiful Pamela," he said presently, in a low voice. "We must be wise and wait. I mustn't ask yet all I would ask, but I will one day—one good day, Pamela. You will trust me, won't you?"

"Yes," said Pamela, hardly knowing what she was asked.

"It will not be for long. Indeed, I could not endure it for long. Shall we be friends for a little while longer, Pamela darling?"

"Yes," said Pamela, forgetting to rebuke him.

"After to-day I will not call you darling till I have the right before all the world. After to-day. I meant to have held my tongue, but you bewildered me, Pamela. You are not angry with me?"

"No," came almost in a whisper.

"Lift up your eyes to me and say it. That is right. How beautiful your eyes are, Pamela! Say 'Tony,' now."

"Tony!"

"Dear Tony."

"Dear Tony!"

"How sweetly you say it! It is like silver in your voice. But, come now, we will go home. I have to be wise, you know. Ah, Pamela, Pamela! why did you bring me to the Wishing Well?"

"You wanted to go."

"Yes, I know; but it was an accident that we were alone, or it was Fate — yes, it was surely Fate that sent Miss Spencer's carriage for your sister at the last moment, so that we had to take our walk without her. Shall

we go now, and talk no more about love to-day?"

Pamela hesitated, and then said:

"Poor Sylvia! She has spent this lovely afternoon shut up with an old lady and a dog."

"She wouldn't mind the dog, I fancy, Pam."

her strange in ways. She's immensely wealthy, and gives a good deal in charity, but mostly among single women. She seems to think that those who have husbands and children don't need pity."

"She's quite safe for your sister to be with?"

"Oh, quite. She has all her senses, only that she's a trifle peculiar. She's a splendid business woman, everyone says."



"Come along, Trevithick," he cried, rushing away.

"Nor the old lady. Sylvia is fond of Miss Spencer, strange as it may seem."

"Why is it strange, Pam? I can't help using the sweet little name."

He had taken her hand by this time, and they were walking like children down the aisle of golden trees.

"You haven't seen Miss Spencer. She is a little mad and a little grotesque to most people. But she is devoted to Sylvia, and Sylvia to her. She is not mad to Sylvia."

"How does it come that I haven't seen Miss Spencer?"

"She has been abroad. You'll see her one of these days, I expect. She was crossed in love in her youth, and it seems to have made

"It is a curious friendship. I should never have supposed it of Miss Sylvia."

"No. One funny thing is that Miss Spencer's full of sentiment — wait till you hear her sing 'She wore a Wreath of Roses'— whereas Sylvia's quite without sentiment, and laughs at everything sentimental."

"I feel sorry for the poor old thing," said Sir Anthony, with a half-ashamed laugh, "because she was crossed in love. I shouldn't like to be crossed in love myself, Pamela."

"It was cruel," said Pamela simply. "The man made her love him, and then went away and never came back. She was poor then. She inherited Dovercourt quite unexpectedly."

"What a sweep he must have been!"

"Poor Miss Spencer always thinks he will come back, though people say he married abroad and died there. I tell you all this so that you won't be the least bit in the world inclined to laugh when you see her. I daresay it's funny enough to see a pink silk coal-scuttle bonnet on top of a grey head; but then, you know, you don't feel like laughing."

"No, indeed, darling."

"Sylvia says it's made a man-hater of her. That's how she excuses herself for treating her admirers so outrageously."

"I'd have fallen in love with Sylvia myself, only for you, Pamela."

"It's lucky you didn't, Tony." The name came with soft hesitation.

"Why, Pam?"

"She'd have laughed in your face."

"I'd rather have your way, Pam."

"My way?"

"Though it made me behave worse than I intended. But never mind. A little time will unravel the tangled skein. Now we are nearly out of the wood. Ah, Pamela! kiss me once — I shall not ask you again till I have the full right."

Without a word the girl lifted her face to meet his kiss. To her it was the kiss of betrothal.

CHAPTER VI.

"I WILL COME AGAIN, MY DEAR."

"I WISH my friend, Glengall, were at home," said Mr. Graydon, leaning back in the chair by the study fire. "He'd give you a mount while you were waiting for Johnny Maher's little mare. The hounds meet at Lettergort to-day."

He looked wistfully through the bare trees on the lawn, as though he saw in imagination the scarlet horsemen pounding away after the streaming line of hounds.

His pupil thrust into a book a sketch of Pamela which he had been making absent-mindedly.

"Why don't you hunt, sir?" he asked, with sympathy.

"So I do, my lad, when I can. But I can't afford to keep a horse, and there aren't many mounts to be had here. Glengall is going to set up stables when he comes back, and I'll have the run of them, I suppose. He's a good fellow — one wouldn't mind being obliged to him."

"The mare'll be a good one when she's broken," said the young man.

"The best in the world for Irish fences, if she does look a bit roughish."

"You'll ride her for me, when I am away at Christmas, to get her mouth in?"

"Thank you, my lad; I should like to." Mr. Graydon's eye kindled with pleasure. "But I didn't know you were going. It seems a longish way to go home for Christmas."

"My mother would like to see me."

"To be sure, to be sure. I quite understand, and, of course, there are friends in London you naturally want to see."

"No one very particularly, sir."

"Ah, well! it will be a holiday from this dull place."

"No, I assure you, sir. It is partly because I have some—some business I want to settle. It is really true that there is no one I go to see whom I regard more than the friends I shall be leaving behind."

Sir Anthony blushed hotly over this avowal, but his unsuspicious host only saw in it the shamefacedness with which a man, and especially a young man, makes a display of his feelings.

"Now, that is kind of you," he said, looking at his pupil benignantly. "I am sure our Christmas will be dull without you. Do the girls know you are going? They won't like it, eh? And they will be disappointed that you will not be here for the Vandaleur affair."

"I am coming back for that, sir."

"I am glad. It is really the children's first outing. It is a dull enough affair for young people, but then they will wear their pretty frocks and see strange faces. We are such quiet people, Trevithick, that even Vandaleur's big dinner and reception, which comes off regularly whenever there is a general election in sight"—Mr. Graydon broke off to laugh and rub his hands—"is an event for us. But we are forgetting our Tacitus, my boy. Let us get back to the old fellow."

At that moment there was the sound of a horn, and, with the shout of a boy, Mr. Graydon was up.

"Come along, Trevithick," he cried, rushing away, hatless and coatless. "We shall get a glimpse of them. What a day for a scent! They are sure to find at Larry's Spinney."

His words came back to his pupil, who was getting under weigh more leisurely.

"Dear old boy!" he muttered to himself. "It's not surprising my father never forgot him. I wonder why the mater regards him with so deadly a hatred, though?"

At lunch Mr. Graydon announced that Sir Anthony was going home for Christmas. There was a shrill expostulation from Sylvia, and even a mild protest from Mary, but Pamela said nothing. Perhaps it was not news to Pamela.

"You will not be here for the skating," said Sylvia aggrievedly; "that is, if there's going

to be any. And I've promised them at the Rectory that you'd recite at their penny reading and give away the presents at the Christmas-tree, besides managing the magic lantern. And, oh!"—the magnitude of the misfortune coming full upon her—"you're not surely going to miss the Vandaleur dinner?"

"No, Miss Sylvia, I shall be here for it certainly. I wouldn't miss it for anything; but I object to your engagements for me with the Rectory people. I'd rather be shot than recite, and—the other things are beyond me," laughing.

"Never mind, then," said the young lady airily. "Lord Glengall will do just as well. I shall like to see him distributing the articles. Besides, he will please the people better than a 'baronite,' and be of the rale ould blood, too."

"Sylvia!" said her father, with a rebuke in his voice.

"Never mind, papa dear. Sir Anthony understands all about his being only a 'baronite.' Bridget told him the other day that if the master had his rights 't isn't teaching a 'Sir' he'd be."

"So she did," said Sir Anthony.

Mr. Graydon laughed.

"Ah, well, my boy! you mustn't tell your mother what odd people you've found among the wild Irish—will you?"

"She wouldn't understand a bit, but I'll tell her what dear friends I have found and made at Carrickmoyle."

He blushed again, and Mr. Graydon thought how well his modesty became him.

"Ah, well!" he said, "I suppose we must make up our minds to spend Christmas without you. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I'm going to Maher's to see the mare, and put her through her paces. I'd like to have her stabled here as soon as possible. If she's ready, she can come at once."

"To be sure. There's stabling for twenty horses here, though the stalls are bare—worse luck! But we won't let Sheila starve. Shall we, girls? I'll go bail these children will make a fine pet of her, Trevithick."

"I shall be all the fonder of her, sir, though I'm well pleased with her at present."

"She's a sweet little bit of horseflesh," assented Mr. Graydon. "I think I shall come with you, if you don't object to my company. I've a bit of business with Johnny myself."

When they returned in time for the afternoon cup of tea, they found an old yellow barouche standing before the door.

"Ah, Miss Spencer is here," said Mr. Graydon. "She's rather an oddity, my boy, so prepare to meet one."

"I heard her story from Miss Pamela. It is very sad."

"When I was a boy of thirteen or fourteen I remember her a brilliantly lovely young woman. That was before that scoundrel came in her way."

When they entered the drawing-room Miss Spencer was sitting with her back to them, almost hidden in a deep armchair. The three girls were sitting or standing about her, all evidently much interested.

"Here is papa, and our guest with him, Miss Spencer," said Mary.

The little old woman came out of her chair with a sudden darting movement like that of a bird. Her gaze went from Mr. Graydon to the younger man.

"Oh!" she cried. "Whom did you say?"

She looked at the stranger for a moment with an agony of expectation in her yet bright eyes, while she fumbled nervously for the long-handled glasses at her side. When she had found them she peered at him through them; then dropped them, the expression of her face changing to indifference.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said. "I am expecting a friend, and for a moment I thought you were he."

"How do you do, Miss Spencer?" broke in Mr. Graydon. "I see you have Stella under the barouche again. I'm glad she has recovered from her lameness."

"The foot has come all right, thank you," said Miss Spencer, assuming quite an ordinary manner. "You weren't hunting to-day?"

"No; I must wait till Glengall sets up his stables."

"Ah, Glengall is coming home soon?"

"He expects to reach Plymouth on the eighteenth. He will be at home for Christmas."

"There'll be nothing in order for him in that old barrack of his."

"He'll stay here while he's getting things straight. He is going to make a grand place of Glengall. He has plenty of money, and the heart to spend it, and the practical wit to direct it."

"What will he do with it then? He has neither chick nor child."

"There is always time, Miss Spencer."

The slightly mad, brooding look came back to the little wizened white face.

"Yes, of course, there is time," she said, dreamily. "I remember someone—who was it?—who knew Glengall when she was a young woman and he was a little boy. Glengall can't be old, of course, and any day people may return—mayn't they?"

"Why, to be sure they may. Glengall did, though he was twenty years out of the reach of civilisation."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of Glengall. It was of someone much younger, someone about the age of that young gentleman there."

Trevithick stood in the background and watched her with honest eyes of wonder and pity. She was smoothing the pink silk of her gown, while her eyes watched the fire as if she saw something very happy in it. Her skin was waxen white, and her features sharpened, but the brilliant eyes kept their beauty, and her little old hands, covered with rings, were delicately shaped. Her hair was half-white through the original black, and very oddly her pink bonnet, with its wreath of roses inside, sat on the streaked hair and over the white face. She had thrown off a large sable cloak on to the back of her chair.



Trevithick watched her with wonder and pity.

Sylvia now broke in on Miss Spencer's half-mad mood. She touched one of the hands tenderly. Trevithick, as he noticed it, thought that it was the first time he had seen Sylvia's face really soft; and wonderfully the new expression completed the girl's beauty. So she will look, he thought, some day, when she is in love, like—like Pamela. But Pamela's serious face was hidden from him now with a fire-screen she held in her hand. He had noticed of late that she seldom looked at him, nor was he displeased. He knew the secret she was afraid to reveal.

"We are all going to the Vandaleur affair, Miss Spencer," Sylvia was saying. "It will be on the thirtieth. There are to be great doings—acres of marquees for the diners, and the winter garden lit by electricity, and I don't know what besides."

Miss Spencer came back to every-day life with a start.

"To the Vandaleur affair, child! Why, who is going to take you?"

"Papa, of course. He loves a little outing, though he won't admit it. He says he'd rather stay at home and have a quiet night's work at his book, and get some hot tea ready for us by the time we come home."

"Why shouldn't I take you?" said the old lady. "I'm hardly old enough for a chaperon, of course, still I've the carriage, and I'd enjoy the function. I haven't been at one since the time Tom Charteris was master of the hounds. How long ago is that?"

Mr. Graydon, to whom she spoke, answered her without looking at her.

"A goodish few years ago."

"It can't be," said the old lady; "not more than four or five at the outside. I wore white satin and pearls. That reminds me: what are you going to wear, minx?"

This to Sylvia, at the same time softly pulling her ear.

"We've got pattern-books of silk stuffs from Dublin. They're dirt-cheap; but the dressmaking will be the bother. However, I daresay we'll manage. Mrs. Collins' Nancy, who is a lady's-maid, is expected home for Christmas. She'll cut the frocks out, and we'll sew them ourselves. She'll know the fashions."

disconsolate when I disappeared at twelve o'clock, and he'd send all over the country to find the fit of my glass slipper, and Molly and Pam would cry tears of rage because it wouldn't even fit on their toes."

"You're not ball-going, minx."

"It will be just as good. There'll be a beautiful dinner, and everyone in the county there, and afterwards there will be acres of beautiful things to see. It is a thousand pities Mr. Vandaleur is an absentee."

"If he wasn't, he wouldn't have to remind you of his existence now," said the old lady cynically. "But am I to be chaperon?"



"I must go, to unravel a tangled skein."

"Stuff and nonsense, child! Your first public appearance, too."

"It's Pam's also. But you'll see we'll look very nice. I shouldn't be surprised if the prince fell in love with me."

"What prince? Oh, I see, Cinderella's. But Cinderella went magnificently to her evening party — not in cheap and nasty stuffs cobbled up anyhow."

"The prince wouldn't see that. He'd be

"Well, I'll tell you what, Miss Spencer," said Mr. Graydon. "If you'd take charge of these children, I'd be greatly obliged to you. The fact is that I've to attend a sort of unofficial meeting of Vandaleur's supporters in the afternoon, and he has hospitably offered me a bed. So I thought I'd take my bag over and dress there after the meeting."

"And stay all night? I knew it," cried

Sylvia. "Papa pretended it was such a bother, and all the time he was longing to be in for every bit of it. Only he didn't know what to do with us."

Mr. Graydon laughed.

"Maybe you wouldn't like it yourself. I shall be button-holed by Musgrave and Frost and Clitheroe, and every man in the county who thinks he has a head for politics and wants a patient listener."

"And you will go at it hammer and tongs with the best of them, and forget you have daughters. I don't suppose you'll even remember at dinner-time to see whether anyone is asking us if we've an appetite."

"The young fellows will do that. Every boy in the county will be there, including the 300th from Dangan Barracks."

"I daresay," said Sylvia: "you're always ready to shift your responsibilities. Never mind, Miss Spencer; I daresay we shall be able to find someone who will look after us, if it's only a waiter."

"Oh, indeed, you'll find someone to befriend you, never fear. And so will Pam. And so shall I. But what about Molly?"

"Never mind me, Miss Spencer," said Mary. "It would never do to have you chaperoning three girls, and I shouldn't enjoy it a bit. I shall stay up and have tea for you after your cold drive."

"I don't know what girls are coming to," said Miss Spencer; "I shouldn't like to have to stay at home myself."

"We don't mind Molly," cried her sisters; "she really likes to stay at home and write her perpetual letters."

"I shouldn't mind having the three of you," went on Miss Spencer; "we'd pass for four sisters."

"We should never look as lovely as you in that white satin and pearls," said Sylvia, fondly.

"I was much admired," said Miss Spencer, complacently. "But now I must be going. I've letters to write before dinner: I don't want to lose my beauty-sleep sitting up to write them."

When Sir Anthony came into the drawing-room before dinner, he found only Pamela stretching her hands to the wood fire in the low grate.

The lover stooped down and kissed them.

"Have you been out?" he asked in a whisper.

"Only to the stables with Sylvia. Your Sheila has come. She is a dear thing."

"You like her, Pam?"

"Who could help it? She looks so wild and shy, and she is so gentle at the same time."

"Do you like her because she is mine, Pam? Do you, just a little because of that? Say you do, Pam."

"Just a little," whispered Pam.

"Why, if you like, she shall be yours, when—when everything has come right. I think she would carry a lady beautifully. What do you say, Pam? Would you like her, *then?*"

"Yes," said Pamela, with her eyes very bright.

"You didn't seem to mind my going away at Christmas, Pam. You were the only one who didn't protest."

"I know you wouldn't go if you could help it."

"Wise little woman. I must go, darling—to unravel a tangled skein. Afterwards it will be paradise, Pam. I will come back as soon—as soon as ever I can. I shall be in a fury of impatience till I come back."

"And I," said Pam, lifting her eyes to her lover, and flooding him with their light.

"Sweetheart! you were a coquette when I knew you first, Pam. Now you don't try me as many girls try their lovers."

"I have only love for you now. Ah! what should I do if you did not come back?"

"I will come back, 'though 't were ten thousand mile.' I shall be here for your great function. Do you think I would have you go without me?"

"I shouldn't care for it without you."

"There will be other men there, Pamela, to see how beautiful you are. I must be there to guard my own."

"There is no need for that."

"I believe you, my love, you are as much mine as if you were my wife. And I am as much yours."

"Love can only mean that."

"Ah, my darling! how sweet you are! You wouldn't care for the admiration of other men, Pam?"

"Only for one."

"It is hard to be wise, Pam, when I am with you. You are too sweet. It is fortunate I am going."

"When you come back it will be different."

"Yes; you will have to make up to me for my prudence all these months. I have been good, Pam; I have never asked you for a kiss."

"Yes, you have been good."

"And you, you are a girl in ten thousand. You have never asked me what stood between us—a shadowy barrier, Pam, but even that must go before I claim you, my queen. When I come back, Pam! Ah, when I come back!"

"Here is Molly," said Pam, in a low voice, as her sister entered the room.

END OF CHAPTER SIX.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN DECEMBER.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



JOHN WYCLIFFE.

(From the Portrait at King's College.)

DECEMBER is a month of great names. On December 21st, 1117, according to some authorities, there was born, in a house that stood on the site of the Mercers' Chapel in Cheapside, Thomas à Becket. Whether men side with Church or State, and are for or against Becket, they will hardly deny him the right to be remembered as an outstanding figure in our history. On the last day of the month died another great Englishman; like Becket, an Oxford man, and a potent factor in the religious development of our nation. On December 31st there passed away at Lutterworth John Wycliffe. His bones, thirteen years after burial, were dragged from their resting-place and cast into the River Swift. Thomas Fuller turns that shameful act of ecclesiastical malice to good use. "Thus," he says, "this brook did convey his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow sea, and this into the wide ocean. And so the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." On the 13th of the month, many generations later, there came into the world Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, an ecclesiastic of still another type. No modern dean ever identified himself with his cathedral as Stanley did with Westminster Abbey. Its national character was always present to his mind. His simple piety, his good works, his sympathy with Nonconformists, all helped to make the Dean himself rather a national possession than merely an ecclesiastic. He died in 1881.



DEAN STANLEY.

(Photo: The London Stereoscopic Co.)

We have had the Church, let us come to the State. It is a rich month that claims the birth both of William Ewart Gladstone (December 29th) and of his great rival, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (December 20th). They began their careers under very different auspices. Eton and Oxford prepared the one for immediate entry, under favouring circumstances, into Parliamentary life. The other was educated privately, designed for the law, and first caught the public eye as an author when he burst upon the world with the novel, "Vivian Grey." Mr. Gladstone survived his rival seventeen years.



JOHN MILTON.

(From the Miniature by Samuel Cooper.)

There died on December 14th one whom the British nation can only number amongst its own worthies by adoption. The death of the Prince Consort in the prime of life, and just when his very considerable powers and great devotion were beginning to be understood by those who at first regarded him with doubt because he was a foreigner, plunged our Queen into sorrow which long darkened the

life of the Court and was felt by the whole nation. The pure, unblemished life of the Prince Consort, his sincere desire to advance the welfare of the people, his ready promotion of the arts and sciences, as well as his tender devotion to the Queen, have long been understood and valued by the nation which he served.

To come to other fields: there was born in London on December 9th, 1608, John Milton. Educated at Cambridge, he early gave free play to the powers which in their issue have made his name familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Few remember him as a writer of polemical treatises on affairs of the State and the Church, or even as Latin Secretary to Cromwell; but he was an old man and blind when he gave the world "Paradise Lost."



SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

(From the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

On the 12th there died Robert Browning, a poet who spoke to his age as few men have ever done, and spoke of God and the soul, of the here and the hereafter, with a clearness of faith which was as distinct as the robust manliness of his character.

December 28th is given as the date upon which Westminster Abbey was consecrated in 1065; and on December 2nd that other minster, St. Paul's Cathedral, was opened in 1697. Legend says that the same King Sebert who founded the original St. Paul's also founded the Abbey at Westminster, whilst another story invokes the aid of King Offa. There is, however, clear testimony to the establishment of a Benedictine abbey at Westminster in the time of Edgar; that is antiquity respectable enough to satisfy most of us. A cathedral on this site is mentioned by the Venerable Bede as early as 604; but the actual fabric of St. Paul's has, according to Mr. Loftie, undergone greater vicissitudes than that of any other cathedral in England. The present St. Paul's was begun in 1675 and finished in 1710. Its cost was £736,752. Sir Christopher Wren, its architect, received for his services £200 a year. What were then called "the new ball and cross" on the cathedral were completed in this same month in 1821.



ROBERT BROWNING.

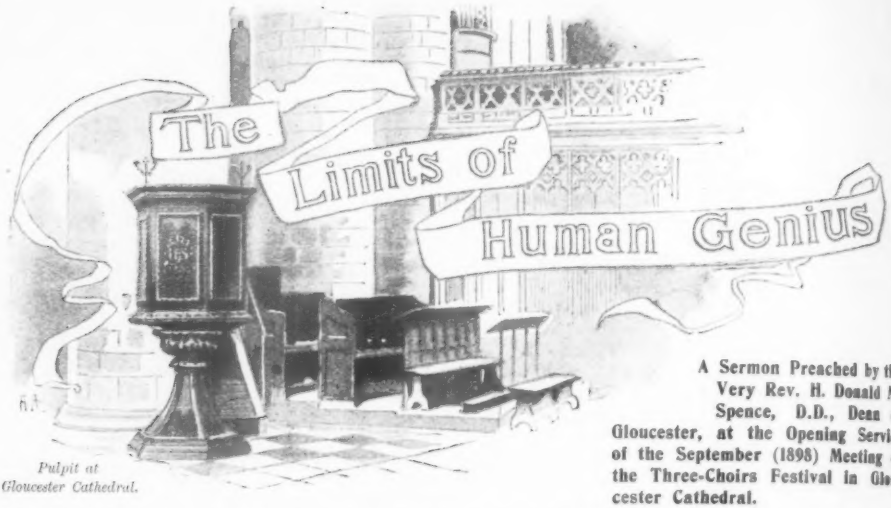
(Photo: Cameron and Smith, Mortimer Street, W.)

An old calendar assures me that on the 15th of this month, in the year 1802, "societies for abolishing the common method of sweeping chimneys" were instituted.

On the 20th of this month, in the year 1814, Samuel Marsden landed in New Zealand—a missionary anniversary worth recalling.



TWO EMINENT STATESMEN BORN IN DECEMBER.



Pulpit at Gloucester Cathedral.

A Sermon Preached by the Very Rev. H. Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester, at the Opening Service of the September (1898) Meeting of the Three-Choirs Festival in Gloucester Cathedral.

"As for Wisdom, what she is, and how she came up, I will tell you, and will not hide mysteries from you, but will seek her out from the beginning of her nativity, and bring the knowledge of her into Light, and will not pass over Truth."

THE surroundings of a custodian of a mediæval cathedral, beautiful though they are, at the same time are unutterably pathetic. They tell him, do the pages of the old solemn Book of Stone he is never weary of turning over and of pondering upon, that the genius of man has its limits, which it may never pass; that the story of human progress to higher and ever higher levels is often a delusive one; that in past ages his forefathers were perhaps as noble and chivalrous—aye, nobler, more chivalrous than the men of his own generation—that their imagination was more brilliant and their hands more cunning; that if in some respects progress is visible, in others the movement is retrograde.

Again, a great mediæval cathedral like our own glorious Gloucester, inimitable in its fadeless beauty and matchless strength, surely deals a very heavy blow to human pride, and it teaches humility to the most competent and ablest of our number, for it is a conception belonging to a past age. A great gathering, however, like the present, numbering some six or seven thousand persons, is for varied reasons an inspiring one and bids us be trustful—even hopeful.

Dwell we a brief while first on our surroundings. Of all works devised by human ingenuity and carried on by human skill, the triumphs of architecture are among the most enduring, afford the most genuine and purest delight to the greater number of men and women, are confessedly the most attractive, perhaps the most instructive, as they are among the most enduring of human creations. The glories of Luxor and Karnak, which for several thousand years have been mirrored in the grey-green Nile; the white and gleaming shrines of Athens the bright and happy, the mighty ruins of Eternal Rome, are splendid instances.

But perhaps the conspicuous examples of this architecture, the most loved of human arts and crafts, are, after all, the mediæval cathedrals. The first object of interest for the modern traveller in search of health or rest is a cathedral. All sorts and conditions of men find delight in its contemplation. The delight, of course, is varied, but the strange and witching beauty appeals to them all. This appeal to the higher and devotional side of our nature speaks to every soul, to the unlearned as to the learned, to the mill-hand as to the scholar. The wanderer from the New World beyond the seas at once seeks them out, conscious that in them he will find

a beauty and a joy such as he will never see or feel outside their charmed walls.

I have said that to the custodian of such a cathedral the surroundings are, if not sad, at least pathetic, for these magnificent and loved creations of human genius belong to a somewhat remote past, and, as far as these exquisite buildings are concerned, save for purposes of necessary repair—repair simply to arrest the ravages of time—for nearly four hundred years the clink of trowel and pickaxe has been hushed.

It is scarcely an exaggerated statement which speaks of architecture, in its noblest sense, as a lost art. Very significant are the words of one of the greatest of modern architects, who, after dwelling on the decadence of his loved art, tells us how "It is a somewhat saddening reflection—but there is no escaping from the conclusion—that the art which created the glorious abbeys and minsters, the beautiful parish churches so plentifully dotted over our country—abbeys, minsters, and churches which the churchmen of the second half of the nineteenth century so reverently and wisely restore and seek to copy stone by stone, arch by arch, window by window, down to the smallest bit of ornament—is a lost art! Men have come sorrowfully to see that mediæval architecture is the last link—perhaps the most beautiful as well as the last link—of that long chain of architectural styles, 'commencing in far-back ages in Egypt and passing on in continuous course through Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, and Byzantium, and thence taken up by the infant nations of modern Europe, and by them prolonged through successive ages of continuous progress till it terminated in the beautiful thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Gothic, and has never since produced a link of its own. . . . Alas! it is the last link of that mighty chain which had stretched unbroken through nearly four thousand years—the glorious termination of the history of original and genuine architecture.'" Well may men love it and seek to preserve the examples they possess of it, and aim at copying it as well as they can. These remarkable and melancholy words above quoted were deliberately spoken by Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., LL.D., in his first lecture on Mediæval Architecture delivered at the Royal Academy some years ago.

So much for my note of sadness. Now let me strike a different chord.

Such a gathering as the present, I repeat, is an inspiring one, for it tells me that if one great art dies, He who loves us and has redeemed us at so great a price, gives His children something in its place. Now it is strange that amidst all the gorgeous and striking ceremonial of the mediæval services, with their wealth of colour and ornament, with all their touching and elaborate symbolism, music, as it is now understood, was unknown and comparatively neglected. In the noblest cathedral of the Middle Ages, in the stateliest Benedictine or Cistercian abbey, while the eye was filled with sights of solemnity and beauty, each sight containing its special and peculiar teaching, the ear was comparatively uncared for. Strangely monotonous and even harsh would chaunt and psalm and hymn, as rendered in the mighty abbeys of Westminster, Durham, or Gloucester in the days of the great Plantagenets, of the White Rose or Red Rose kings, sound to the musically trained ears of the worshippers of the second half of the nineteenth century. Indeed, music as a great science was unknown in pre-Reformation times. The most complete anthem-book may be searched through by the curious scholar, but scarcely a musical composer of any note will be found in these collections of a date earlier than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It would seem as though, when architecture ceased in the sixteenth century to be a living craft, a new art was discovered and worked at by men.

A new art! I say these words, strange to some, with emphasis. One who has indeed a right to speak of music * thus voices my assertion. While telling us that certain grand forms of music loom out of the darkness of the earlier centuries of our era, the famous musician to whom I refer adds that little of what we understand of music existed before the later years of the fifteenth century. It was no mere renaissance, for that which had never been born could not be born again.

In case some should think that too strong expressions are here used, it may be well to quote some of Professor Hullah's own words, which he used in the above-mentioned lecture at the Royal

* Professor Hullah, in his "Lectures on the History of Modern Music," delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, published 1884. See, too, Professor Hullah's Royal Institution Lecture on the Transition Period of Musical History (1876).

Institution:—"Music is a new art. . . . What we now call music . . . what answers to our definition of music, has come into being only within comparatively few years; almost within the memory of men living." "I should say that in the scholastic music there was no art, and in the popular music no science; whence it is that the former has ceased to please, and the latter has for the most part perished utterly."

It was a new art which charmed and delighted men as they listened to the magic of the sounds evoked by the majesty of the compositions of Palestrina, or by the sweetness of the music of Marenzio. It is true, as I said, that certain grand forms of music loom out of the darkness of the remote past—shadowy forms—and the rare composers and writers of the music of the past are, as far as music is concerned, but the shadow of names now. I allude, as famous examples of these shadows of names, to names such as Gregory and Isidore, Hucbald and the eleventh-century *maestro*, Guido Aretino.

With extraordinary rapidity developed the new craft. To give here some familiar landmarks—

Henry VIII. was reigning before Josquin Deprès, whom all musicians revere as one of the earliest, certainly the most renowned, of the pioneers of modern music, became generally known in Europe. Josquin Deprès was born somewhere about the year 1406, dying about 1515, some ten or fifteen years before Palestrina was born. Luther said of him, "Other musicians do what they can with notes; Josquin does what he likes with them." The Abbate Baini alludes to him as "the idol of Europe"; and again writes, "Nothing is beautiful unless it be the work of Josquin."

The famous Roman School of music only dates from 1540. The oratorio, even in its more simple forms, made its appearance some seventy years later.

Not until the last years of our Queen Elizabeth were the names of Palestrina and Marenzio, those great early composers, conspicuous, and the Queen so loved of Englishmen had long fallen asleep before Carissimi, the earliest master of the sacred cantata in its many forms, gave his mighty impulse to the new-born art; while the works of his world-famed pupil Scarlatti, and of our own English Purcell, belong to the art-records of the days of William and Mary and Queen Anne. See how the whole of the marvellous story of music—as we understand music—belongs to quite recent days!

All through the eighteenth century, when the Georges reigned, architecture slept its well-nigh dreamless sleep. But the new art of music grew with each succeeding year, while the men whose names will never die lived and wrote.

It was this eighteenth century which saw a Beethoven, a Handel, a Bach, a Haydn, and a Mozart. As masters of the new-born craft none can be conceived greater.

The century now closing boasts, however, a long line of true followers and worthy disciples of those great ones, men whose names are household words in every European city.

But my brief record, necessarily dry and bald, of a momentous change in the teaching of the world would be incomplete without one word on the glorious instrument—the voice, so to speak—of these masters of a new art, the organ. The first organ known in Western Europe traditionally was sent to Pepin in France by the Emperor of Constantinople in 759, but Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, in his poem on Virginity, some half a century earlier, apparently describes what appears to have been the organ. Elphege, Abbot of Winchester in the tenth century, is said to have caused a very large organ to be constructed; but, with this solitary exception, all the mediæval organs seem to have been small and comparatively unimportant instruments. The oldest organ-cases preserved do not date back further than the last years of the fifteenth century, and these by the side of modern organs are insignificant in size. Viollet le Duc, in his great work, gives us a picture of the Perpignan organ, one of the earliest (early in the sixteenth century). From this date the size rapidly increased.

In the "Rites of Durham," where a great mediæval church is described at the period of the Dissolution (1530–40), there were three organs in use in the abbey church, the principal one being only used at "principall Feasts," the pipes being "very faire and partly gilded." "Only two organs in England," says the "Rites," "of the same makinge, one in Yorke and another in Paules."

The most magnificent organ-case in



LISTENERS AT THE THREE-CHOIR FESTIVAL.

Europe is the one in St. Janskirk at Bois le Duc, and, like the vast majority of the great organ-cases, is Renaissance in style. Viollet le Duc sums up the question in the following sentence:—

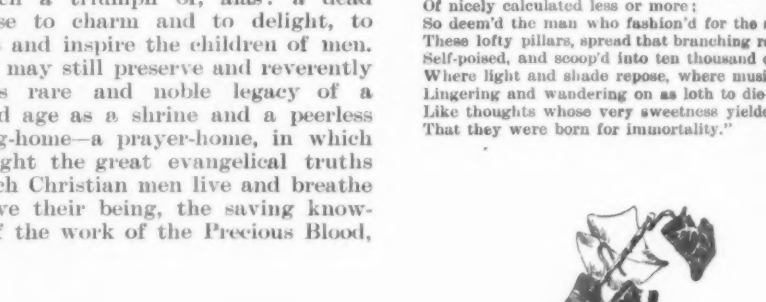
"It does not appear that great organs were in use before the fifteenth century, and it was only towards the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries that the idea of building organs of dimensions hitherto unknown was first conceived."

The organ, as we now know it, was born among us at the same date when architecture died. Like the music of the Middle Ages, in the days when these vast and peerless buildings arose, it is true the organ was not unknown; but, like mediæval music, it was a small, poor thing compared with the stupendous instrument we know and love. There was no great organ before the last years of the fifteenth century, when the Tudors reigned. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries witnessed its development, and acknowledged its surpassing grandeur, and recognised its fitness as one of the chief handmaids of the new great art.

Now the secret of the men who built this lordly abbey is lost; never again will such a triumph of, alas! a dead art arise to charm and to delight, to instruct and inspire the children of men. But we may still preserve and reverently use this rare and noble legacy of a vanished age as a shrine and a peerless teaching-home—a prayer-home, in which are taught the great evangelical truths by which Christian men live and breathe and have their being, the saving knowledge of the work of the Precious Blood, the glad Redemption-story, the story loved of men; the story which never ages, never palls, but which, like dew, descends on each succeeding generation of believers, and gives them new stores of faith and hope and love. This—these things—we try to do, and not without success, for as God's bright glory-cloud once brooded over the sacred desert-tent and the holy Jerusalem Temple, so now upon our beloved and ancient cathedral, with its almost countless services of praise and prayer and teaching, God's blessing surely rests.

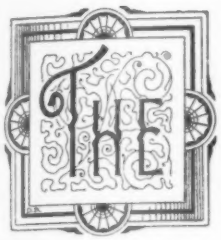
"It sleeps," does our cathedral, as one has lately said in words beautiful as true—"it sleeps with its splendid dreams upon its lifted face." But it has, too, its many wakeful working hours. Not the least memorable of these will strike this week, when the charmed strains of Handel and Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, and of the great Englishmen, Gibbons and Boyce and Walmisley and Wesley, and last, but not least, of Hubert Parry, peal through these fretted vaults, "lingering and wandering on" among these wondrous chambers of inspired imagery; while the almost prophetic words of that truest English song-man Wordsworth become history:—

"Give all thou canst; high heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering and wandering on as loth to die—
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."



A HERO IN DISGUISE

A Complete Story. By M. Westrup.



GIRL was little, slender, insignificant—only her love made her heroic. The man was big, broad, one to be noticed in a crowd, and his love made him as helpless as a little child.

They stood opposite each other in the poor, shabby little room. His eyes devoured her face wildly, incredulously, but her eyes were fixed on a great hole in the faded carpet.

Her mind was chaotic, for with his eager words of love rang others, bewildering her. Side by side with his passionate outpouring of his love for her, his longing to have her for his own, to live for her and work for her, were other words—words of ambition and great aspirations, words of intending travel into far-away countries, of hardships and discomforts to be borne for the sake of the book that was to be written—the book that was to bring fame and satisfaction to the writer of it.

And these words rang with a deep note of earnestness and strength, and overpowered those eager, present tones that were pleading to her so wildly.

"I called you Kathleen Mavourneen last night, you remember, and you smiled and blushed!" he protested, roughly. "Why did you do it? Kathleen, you *do* love me, you do! Why don't you speak to me? I tell you, I have seen it in your eyes. Why do you deny it now?"

She shook her head, and her heart cried in agony, "How long? How long?"

"Won't you try, then?" with a humbleness that was not natural to him. "Oh, Kitty, little Kitty, I cannot live without you!"

He held out his arms to her despairingly.

"I have a singing lesson to give at one o'clock," she said.

His arms fell to his sides. The sun streamed in on to the pretty, pale, downbent face of the girl, and on to the white, haggard face of the man who stood opposite.

There were no shadows in the little room—it was all glare and shabbiness.

"I will go," he said, and then his eyes caught fire; "but you are a flirt! Do you hear, a paltry, heartless flirt! You have led me on—played with me. You have made your eyes soft, your lips sweet, to amuse yourself at my expense! How do you do it?" with a little cynical laugh. "It's really clever—of its kind—you know——"

He moved towards the door.

"I beg your pardon," he said icily. "I should not have spoken so to a woman. Good-bye."

"You will begin your travels now?" she said.

He laughed.

"Why keep up the pretence?" he said; "it's rather late now to pretend any interest in my life."

She was silent.

At the door he paused.

He was a proud man, and he had an iron will.

But his love made him helpless and weak as a little child.

"Kathleen," he breathed, "you are sure?"

A moment she stood still and rigid as a statue.

"Little one, I love you so——" His voice was soft and caressing; but her love made her heroic. She raised her head. "I am sure," she said steadily.

The girl sat in a corner of the warm, gorgeous drawing-room, and wished vaguely that people would not nod and stare at her so energetically. She was used to it now, and tired of it.

She had never liked it, but fame brings notoriety in its train, and notoriety brings nods and whispers and stares.

She was dressed beautifully. She had always liked pretty things, and now she could have as many as she wanted.

The man stood over in a doorway and watched her with cynical eyes.

He had not seen her for five years, and as he stood there another man lounged up and spoke to him.

"Looking at *la belle Philomèle?*" he said; "she's quite the rage, you know. Ever heard her sing? You're only just back from the wilds, aren't you? Oh, well, of course you'll go to St. James's Hall to-morrow? She's going to sing, you know. Her voice is splendid. I never go to hear her myself—makes me feel I'm a miserable sinner somehow—does, 'pon my word. I've heard her twice, and then I dropped it. Don't like feeling small, you know."

He lounged away again, and the man with the cynical eyes still watched her.

Her head was turned away from him—only a soft, fair cheek and little ear nestling in a soft mass of hair, a white throat, and a lot of pale chiffon and silk, could he see. And suddenly the cheek and even neck were flooded with a red blush, and then they looked whiter than before. He wondered, and smiled bitterly as he did so.

And the girl's eyes remained fixed, eager, fascinated, on the long looking-glass before her.

But she was not looking at herself.

Afterwards he sought her.

"You were wise," he said mockingly, and her eyes grew dark with pain.

He took the seat beside her and played with the costly fan he had picked up.



"You were wise," he said, mockingly.

"I must congratulate you," he said indifferently. "This"—with a comprehensive wave towards her dress and the diamonds at her throat—"is better than the old days."

"Yes."

"But perhaps you have forgotten so long as—what is it?—ten—no, five years ago?"

"No."

He furled and unfurled the fan in silence, and wondered who had given her the Parma violets in her hair.

"Your—book?" she said timidly.

He stared at her blankly.

She reddened slowly.

"You—you—were going to—to travel, and write about it—strange places——" she faltered.

"Oh, ah! yes, I believe I was—five years ago."

Her face was white again now.

"You *have* travelled?" she ventured at last.

"Oh, yes! I've done nothing else for five years. I've shot tigers, bears—I've lived with Chinamen and negroes—chummed with cannibals once—oh!"—with a laugh—"I've had a fine time!"

Her eyes were wistful.

Her hostess brought up a man to be introduced, and when she turned again, the chair was empty.

She did not see him again for two weeks.

There was an added pathos in the beautiful voice.

La belle Philomèle brought tears to many thousands of eyes, but her own were dry and restless. It was dawning on her that she had made a mistake—five years ago.

"Seen Hugh Hawksleigh?" she heard one man say to another. "Never been so disappointed in a chap in my life. Years ago he promised great things. Those articles of his on 'Foreign Ways and Doings' made quite a sensation, you know. And there was some talk of wild travels and a book that was going to be *the* book of the day. The travels are all right, but where's the book?"

"The usual thing—a woman," drawled the other. "Didn't you know? Some pretty coquette—the usual game—but the cost was heavier than usual—to him. It knocked it out of him, you know. I never saw a fellow so hard hit. That was five years ago, and he's never written a line since. Poor fellow!"

The knowledge that she had made a mistake five years ago was growing plainer to her.

At the end of the fortnight she met him and asked him to come and see her.

He smiled, and did not come.

Her eyes grew too big for the small, sad face.

She met him again, and asked him why he had not come.

He looked down into the sweet, true eyes, and his love weakened his will again.

He promised he would come. He came, and stayed five minutes. He looked at her sternly as he greeted her.

"Why do you want me?" he said, and watched the colour come and go in her cheeks with pitiless eyes.

"We—used—to be—friends," she whispered.

He laughed.

"Never! I never felt friendship for you," he said, "nor you for me. You forget. Five years is a long time, but I have a retentive memory. I forget nothing."

"Nor I," she murmured.

"No? Then why do you ask me to come and see you?"

She did not answer.

He looked round the pretty shaded room.

He laughed again.

"There is a difference," he said, "in you too."

She looked up quickly.

"I am the same," she said, knowing her own heart.

"Are you?" His eyes grew stormy. "Listen," he said, in a low, tense voice: "I am five years wiser than I was—then. I will not be a tool again. You have ruined my life—doesn't that content you? I would have staked my life on your goodness and purity—once. I dare not believe in any woman since you, with your angel's eyes, are false. I was full of ambition and hope once; you killed both. I tried to write—after. I could not. I shall never do anything now—never be anything. I despise myself, and it's not a nice feeling to live with. It makes men desperate. I love you still. Do you understand? I have loved you all the time, and I loathe myself for it." His voice changed. "You may triumph," he said, "but now you understand—I will not come again."

She stretched out her arms after him, but he was gone. And she knew now quite clearly that she had made a mistake five years ago.

For three weeks and a half she did not see him.

Then she saw him when he thought he was alone.

She studied his face with eyes that ached at what they saw. Then she went forward and touched him gently on his arm.

"Well?" he said.

"Will you come," she said in a low voice, "to see me——"

"Thanks, no."

His eyes rested bitterly on her rich gown.

It came across him again how wise she had been. Tied to him, she could not have been as she was now.

"I have something I must say to you," she said tremulously; "will you come—just this once?"

He looked down into the soft eyes with the beautiful light in them.

"I would rather not," he said gently.

The weariness in his eyes brought a sob to her throat.

"Ah, do!" she entreated; "I will never ask you again."

He looked at her with searching incredulity.

Then he turned away.

Just so had she looked five years ago.

She laid a small, despairing hand on his.

The iciness of it went to his heart.

"I will come," he said gently, and went away.

When he came, he wondered at the agitation in her small white face.

Her eyes were burning.

He waited silently.

She twisted her hands restlessly together, and he saw that she was trembling.

He drew a chair forward.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

She sat down in a nest of softest cushions.

"I—I——" she began, and put up her hand to her throat, "I want to—to—to explain."

His face darkened.

She got up restlessly and faced him.

He thought of that time when they had faced each other before—in the shabby, glaring little room—and his face hardened.

"When you——" she began; "I thought it was for you—I had heard you say——"

"Are you going back five years?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then would you mind *not?*" he said. "There can be no good in it, and to me at least it is not a pleasant subject."

"I must!" she burst out. "Oh! cannot you help me? It is so hard!"

She held out her hands pathetically.

A deep colour came into his tanned face, and he stood still, looking at her strangely.

"I think I will go," he said; "there is no use in prolonging this."

"Do you—love—me still?" she cried suddenly.

He turned on her in a white passion of anger.

"Not content yet?" he breathed. "What are you made of? Do you want me to show you all my degradation? Why? Oh, Kitty, Kitty, be merciful! Be true to those eyes of yours——"

He stopped abruptly and moved over to the door.

"Hugh, I love you!"

It was the veriest whisper, but it stayed his steps, and brought a great light leaping to his eyes.

The light died down.

"It is too late!" he said, and turned away.

"Hugh, listen—I loved you always—five years ago. It was for your sake——"

He turned again.

"Kitty?" he said uncertainly.

She went on bravely, always heroic through her love.

"I was poor—insignificant; you were ambitious—clever. I had heard your longings after greatness. Hugh, how could you travel into those wild countries with me? I knew you would give it up, and how could I bear that? To be a drag, a hindrance to you! And in the coming years I thought you would regret—— Hugh, you were poor, too, though not so poor as I. I did it for you—it nearly killed me, Hugh. I was ill after, but it was for you!"

Her voice died away into silence.

He stood very still, and his face was white and bloodless.

But in his eyes there was a great reverence.

"Forgive me!" he said.

She smiled softly.

"Oh, yes," she said.

The cynicism had gone from his face, and the hardness and bitterness too.

knows what I think of you. I can work now. Good-bye, dear."

She raised her eyes to his—mystified and anxious.

He answered them, very gently, but



"Oh! cannot you help me? It is so hard!"

She looked at him wistfully. He turned away from her eyes and hid his face in his hands.

"It was a mistake," he said, slowly, dully.

"Yes."

Still she waited.

He looked up, and she strove to read his face in vain.

Sad it was, and set, and yet there was a light there too.

He took her hands gently in his.

"Kathleen," he said earnestly, "God with a firmness there was no gainsaying.

"You are famous," he said; "when I have made a name I will come to you. Will you wait, Kitty?"

"For ever, Hugh," she answered, understanding him so well that that was all she said.

He bent and kissed her hands.

She knelt at the side of his bed, heedless of the presence of the nurse at the other end of the room, and her tears

wetted his hand. The right hand and arm were swathed in bandages.

He smiled sadly as he looked at her.

"I am a failure," he said.

"Ah, no, no! All England is ringing with your name. Hugh"—she raised a face all alight with a proud joy—"you are famous now!"

A little flush rose to his white face.

"Pshaw!" he said, "rescuing a woman and a few children from being burnt to death. Anyone would have done it."

"Ah, no, Hugh! Brave men shrank from that awful sea and burning ship!"

He was silent, looking at his bandaged hand.

"I must learn to write with my left hand," he said.

She bent nearer.

"Let me write for you," she whispered; "let me finish your book, Hugh, while you dictate it to me. I do not sing now in public, you know."

"Yes, I know."

He drew her closer to him and rested his cheek against her soft hair.

"I said I would not come to you till I had made a name," he said. "I am a wreck now! I shall be a wreck for a long while——"

"Ah, dear, but you are famous!" she interposed lovingly.

He sighed.

"I cannot do without you any longer, Kitty. I am beaten at last. Will you take a wreck?"

"I will take *you*, Hugh, a famous——"

"A famous wreck," he finished with a smile.



"Let me write for you," she whispered.

THE PULPIT MANNER

CHARACTERISTIC GESTURES OF GREAT PREACHERS.

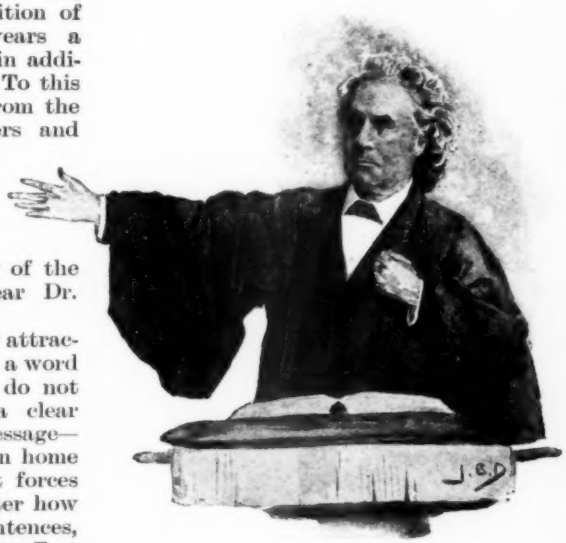
By F. M. Holmes.

FIRST let us look at Dr. Joseph Parker. His sermons are constantly attended by ministers of all denominations, including clergymen of the Church of England; and no stronger testimony, we take it, could be given to a man's extraordinary preaching power than that year after year he continually attracts other preachers.

Dr. Parker, it is almost needless to explain, is the eminent Congregational minister of the City Temple in London, and he occupies the unique position of having maintained for thirty years a noonday service every Thursday in addition to his usual Sunday services. To this Thursday service come persons from the ends of the earth, and ministers and laymen of various religious persuasions. On one occasion the sittings of a conference belonging to one of the minor Methodist bodies seemed seriously imperilled because so many of the delegates desired to go and hear Dr. Parker.

What is the secret of his widely attractive power? The answer comes in a word—he is intensely dramatic. We do not mean theatrical. He chooses a clear message to deliver, and that message—that paramount thought—is driven home to his hearers in a manner that forces itself upon every mind, no matter how reluctant. He uses short, pithy sentences, and heightens and emphasises their effect by suitable modulations of voice, by deliberate or rapid utterance as the words may require, and by vigorous and appropriate gesture. He speaks only the very pith and point of what he has to say, and then says it in the clearest and most suitably effective manner that he can possibly command. It is the thing itself we hear, rather than talk or argument all round and about it.

Thus, on one occasion, his theme was found in the text, "Jesus in the midst."



DR. PARKER.

"Where is the midst?" he asked in a clear and striking, sonorous voice that commanded attention at once. These were his opening words, and after a pause he proceeded in the same manner and in similar short, striking sentences to point to different ideas of "the midst," and to declare that Christ was, or should be, in the midst of the literature, science, philosophy, and business of the day. Unless ministers without concluding that he constantly studies not only what he shall say, but how he shall say it in the most striking and effective manner.

As a dramatic preacher, we might also instance the Rev. J. H. Jowett, who has succeeded the late Dr. Dale at Carr's Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham. To his Oxford scholarship Mr. Jowett has united an assiduous cultivation of a fine voice and vigorous yet graceful and suitable gesture, which render him a most striking and fascinating preacher.



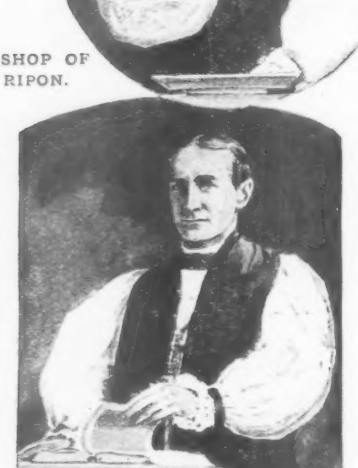
ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.



DEAN LEFROY.



BISHOP OF RIPON.

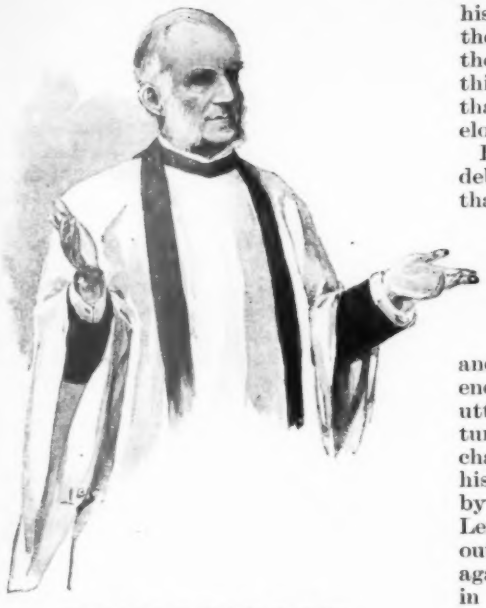


BISHOP OF STEPNEY.

But turning now to other styles, if Dr. Parker is one of the most dramatic, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the learned Bishop of Ripon, is one of the most eloquent of preachers. He is also one of the most rapid. He seems so fully charged with his subject that the words pour from his lips like a torrent; his body turns first to one side and then to the other, and anon leans forward in front, as though propelled by the energy of the thought within. His hand is often held up before him with the index finger pointing, as though to lead his audience on to the next thought, and to prevent their interest or attention from flagging. But, rapid and fluent as he is, it must not be thought that he is superficial; on the contrary, there is every evidence that the discourse is well thought out, and

preached Christ, said he, they had better be silent.

There is nothing new in this, you will say. No doubt Dr. Parker would tell you that he does not wish to preach anything new; but no one can watch him critically



PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE.

based on a solid framework of reason, while the language is eloquent and rhetorical. And it is, as it were, to mark the network of logical deduction within the words that the index finger is brought so fully into play. We judge that his voice is naturally somewhat thin and poor, but by careful use and perhaps assiduous cultivation, and by the most beautifully clear articulation, Dr. Boyd Carpenter can make himself heard in St. Paul's with what appears to be perfect ease. There is no straining of the voice and no shouting; but in a quiet though forcible manner he sends his voice round the huge building. Further, it has been pointed out to me that he will not commence his discourse until the congregation have settled themselves down into absolute quietness, and all the rustling of dresses, and coughing, and fidgeting are stilled. Under these circumstances his voice would, of course, carry far better in a large church.

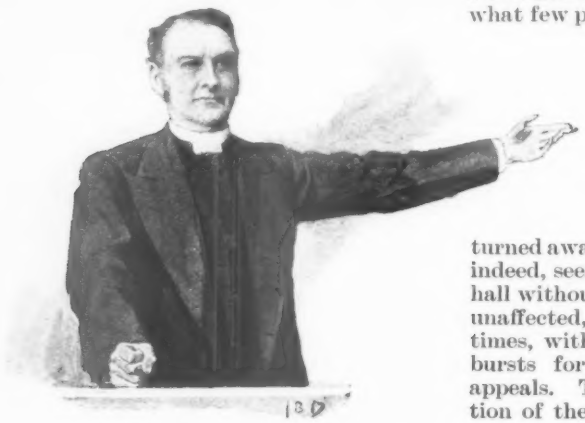
Somewhat similar in manner is Canon Barker, of Marylebone, who, in the energetic expression of the thought with which he seems surcharged, bends forward sometimes so deeply towards the congregation as to give the impression that he is about to dive out of the pulpit. But his style is that of the special pleader, the advocate and the debater; it is as though he desires to argue out everything to its logical conclusion, rather than to sway or move his audience by eloquence and emotional appeals.

Dean Lefroy of Norwich is also a debater; perhaps, a more keen debater than Canon Barker, and he is also a rhetorician. He delights to preach a strongly evangelical "Gospel" sermon, and to embellish it with rhetoric and declaim it with passionate earnestness. It is evident he thoroughly believes in his theme, and he seeks to impress it on his audience by vigorous, earnest, passionate utterance, in which his energetic gestures are often of the most decided character. A curious characteristic of his preaching has been related to me by a friend. "You cannot listen to Lefroy for five minutes," said he, "without violently taking sides either for or against him. You are either intensely in favour of him or find yourself becoming almost vehemently opposed"—a testimony, we take it that the Dean



JOHN McNEIL.

is a decided, downright, assertive and aggressive preacher rather than persuasive and emotional. He has instituted a Nave



IAN MACLAREN

(*Dr. John Watson.*)

service at Norwich Cathedral, at which he often preaches himself, and attracts enormous congregations.

Still continuing to glance at those whom we may call rapid and fluent preachers, Prebendary Webb-Peploe comes to mind. He is not so energetic as some others, but the rapidity of his utterance, the fluency of his expression, and his great command of language, would rival that of almost any speaker. He and many others would probably utter three times as many words in a given time as Dr. Parker or Archdeacon Sinclair.

The latter is slow, deliberate, and dignified in his utterances, rarely using gesture and affecting a grave and somewhat sonorous voice; but the Archdeacon's sermons are always most carefully prepared, and indicate considerable study and research.

Among the grave and sedate preachers we might also place Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool; his sermons are full of thought, and, as might be expected, exhibit an excellent literary finish.

Now, if we take Archdeacon Sinclair and Dr. John Watson as examples of more deliberate and sedate preachers, we may regard the Rev. John McNeil, the well-known Presbyterian minister, as an instance of the colloquial preacher.

Not that his voice is low-pitched, as used in conversation. Mr. McNeil has done what few preachers could physically undertake: he has preached twice a day for a fortnight in the Albert Hall at Kensington, the largest hall in London, and capable of holding about ten thousand persons; and he has repeatedly filled the huge Agricultural Hall at Islington, numbers being turned away from lack of room. His voice, indeed, seems capable of filling the largest hall without effort. But his style is easy, unaffected, conversational, though sometimes, with both arms outstretched, he bursts forth into loud and impassioned appeals. There is no doubt a large section of the public who like this easy and



DR. McLAREN.

colloquial style, especially if it come quite naturally to the speaker.

And now another celebrated figure rises on the scene, the eminent Baptist minister,

Dr. McLaren of Manchester. Refined, scholarly, brimming over with knowledge, and a master of beautiful illustration, there is no doubt that he takes rank as one of the very greatest preachers of the day. Like other great speakers, he has evidently studied the art of preaching.



DR. HORTON.



HUGH PRICE HUGHES.



J. H. JOWETT.



SILVESTER HORNE.

At a meeting at the Holborn Restaurant to celebrate his ministerial jubilee in April, 1896, he said he had determined, at the outset of his career, to concentrate his mind on the work of the ministry and not fritter away his energies over many minor engagements. He had always endeavoured to make his ministry one of Gospel exposition; he had preached Christ because he believed that men needed redemption, and he had preached without doubts and hesitations. It was Thomas Binney who had taught him how to preach.

Undoubtedly Dr. McLaren has succeeded in his aim as an expositor of the Scriptures, for that is regarded as one of his chief characteristics. A favourite gesture of Dr. McLaren's—at all events in his earlier days—was to squeeze up a handkerchief, no doubt quite unconsciously, in his right hand by the nervous energy he was putting forth in his discourse, and then suddenly his hand would dart out to mark some emphatic passage as though he were about to throw the handkerchief at the congregation; but needless to add the handkerchief was never thrown.

Like Dr. McLaren, Dr. Whyte, of Free St. George's, Edinburgh, has a great command of beautiful and striking illustrations. "He is the most wonderful preacher in Scotland," declared an enthusiastic Scot to me on one occasion. "Mr. Gladstone used often to hear him, and Lord Rosebery does now." Dr. Whyte makes great use of the imagination in his discourses and employs frequent gestures, but graceful, emphatic and always to suit the action to the word and the word to the action. "One illustration," said a gentleman, "I remember some time ago. Dr. Whyte was preaching about tribulation, and he showed that the word came from *tribulum*, which is a Latin name for a roller or sledge for thrashing out corn, and in the same way tribulation sifted men as wheat." How like a platitude this may sound when summarised down to a line; but the point is that the idea of the beneficial purpose of tribulation had been so firmly fixed in the hearer's mind that he remembered it, and perchance in some dark hour it

had been to him a "cup of strength in some great agony." Is not that, after all, one of the great aims and one of the great tests of good speaking—to fix some idea, some truth firmly in the hearer's mind so that it is never forgotten?

As a robust, manly preacher few, if any, we suspect, can surpass Dean Hole of Rochester. He has a tall, commanding presence—he is over six feet high—a bright, animated countenance, and a most genial manner. When some years ago he held the living of Caunton, Notts, he used to journey periodically to Liverpool, where his midday addresses to commercial men were most successful and exercised great influence. He does not employ much gesture, but his fine voice, sparkling eye and manly, straightforward utterances, based on reason and logic, always command deep attention.

His appeal is rather to reason than to the emotions, and by way of contrast we may glance at Canon Wilberforce, who is fluent and fervent, and affords



DR. WHYTE.

one of the best examples of the emotional preacher. It would seem as though he set himself to arouse and stir up all the feelings of his congregation and lead them into what he conceives to be the right channel. Often choosing most unusual texts, he can yet make direct and pointed appeals from the pulpit, touching the greatest hopes and deepest trusts of human nature, and yet can employ as illustrations the greatest events and the newest discoveries of the day. He uses but little gesture, in this respect being



DR. CLIFFORD.

somewnat different from the eminent Wesleyan, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who might also be classed as an emotional—we had almost said passionate—preacher. In fluency and fervour he is probably surpassed by none. Possessed of a remarkably clear, vibrating, and penetrating voice, which seems as though it could thrill through any building, however large, there is no chance of anyone dozing when he is in the pulpit. When pleading some cause or denouncing some wrong, his feelings seem to get the better of him, and he slashes away with his voice in a perfect hurricane of verbal blows.

Quite as emotional and quite as fluent is Dr. Clifford of Westbourne Park Baptist Church. His command of language is extraordinary, and with a mind less clear and well-regulated this great fluency might prove a snare; but his discourses

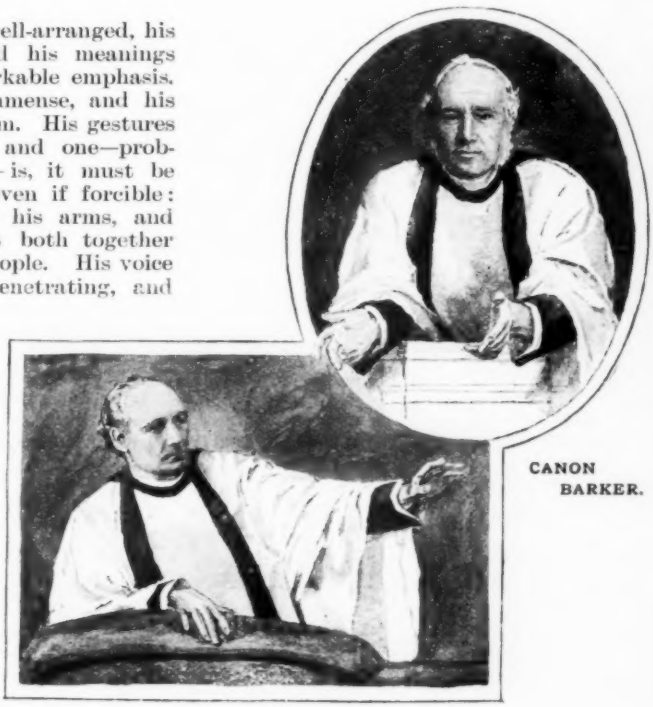


DEAN HOLE.

work in the East End. He used frequently to preach in Victoria Park, where he has readily acknowledged his best supporters were Nonconformists.

Another eminent preacher whom we may also describe as exhibiting all the characteristics of Oxford culture is Dr. Horton of Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, Hampstead. Possessed, like the Bishop of Stepney, of a remarkably sympathetic voice, he modulates and varies it to suit the subject and the words, and his gesture, never redundant, has lately been reduced almost to extinction. At the sermon which he preached before the Congregational Union at its autumnal assembly at Birmingham in 1897, his style was almost severely quiet, but the effect of his thrilling voice and sometimes awesome whispered tones, his polished literary language, and his intense earnestness—as he declared that the ideal Christian must be in constant touch with God, and yet in constant touch with men—was very great, and are always remarkably well-arranged, his "points" are clear, and his meanings driven home with remarkable emphasis. His congregations are immense, and his hearers are devoted to him. His gestures often follow his words, and one—probably quite unconscious—is, it must be confessed, not graceful, even if forcible: it is a drawing back of his arms, and then shooting them out both together as if appealing to the people. His voice is exceptionally clear, penetrating, and resonant; and in all very popular preachers much is due to the voice.

The Bishop of Stepney, who may be described as bearing all the characteristics of the highly cultured Oxford man, has in addition a deeply sympathetic musical voice. He does not use much gesture, but such as he does employ is well suited to the words, while his illustrations are often drawn from his social and religious



CANON BARKER.

CANON WILBERFORCE.

appealed both to reason and emotion. Indeed, both of these find their place in his sermons. Dr. Horton has mastered the art of always being interesting, no matter what his theme; and it would seem as though in his discourses he makes an effort to really interest and to reach all sorts and conditions of men.

Another Congregational minister who exhibits much of the Oxford manner is the Rev. Silvester Horne, of Kensington; but, in addition, he seems possessed of a fiery zeal and fervent enthusiasm that will, it is feared, wear him out physically before his day is fully spent, unless he carefully husbands his nervous energy. Already, although a young man, he has had to take rest for a whole year because of ill-health. That inner fire, that mental energy, that disciplined enthusiasm, which light up his face so brilliantly and animate his suitable and graceful gesture, are far too precious a possession to be quenched too quickly; but there are few or none of the younger preachers of the day who have promise of a more brilliant future.

And now a word in conclusion for one who is perhaps the greatest philosophical preacher of the time—Dr. Fairbairn of Mansfield College at Oxford. His memory is marvellous, his power of choice and accurate verbal expression is wonderful; he can speak for hours without a note, and though sometimes a sentence should appear involved and complicated, it will finish admirably, and, if read in a verbatim report afterwards, will have all the finish of a literary production wrought out in the quiet of the study. He uses but little gesture, an occasional opening out of hands and arms, as though to present and lay before the audience the thought which he is uttering, seems nearly all. In fact, it would appear that he is so absorbed in the abstract thought, the argument, the philosophy he is working out before you, that he thinks nothing of the manner in which he utters it.

We do not pretend to have exhausted the list of famous preachers, or even to have glanced at all the different types; but these will be sufficient to indicate the variety that prevails, and to show that there is an art of preaching which, like other arts, needs to be assiduously cultivated, and well repays those who intelligently do so.

A MOTHER'S BIBLE.

A PATHETIC incident occurred some years ago in connection with one of our wars abroad. A youth who had been wounded, and who died in the field hospital, clutched in his last hours an old worn copy of the Bible, on the fly-leaf of which were inscribed these touching lines:—

TO MY BOY.

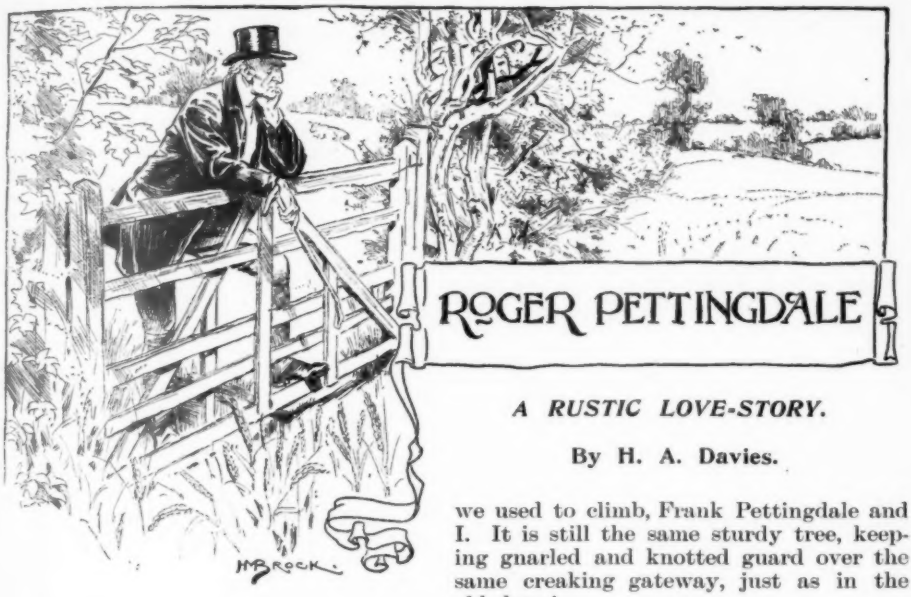
REMEMBER, love, who gave you this,
When other days shall come,
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember! 't was a mother gave
The gift to one she 'd die to save.

A mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gift of God above
She chose a godly one—
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light and life and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come
They might have hope, and meet again
In an eternal home:
She said his faith in that should be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh his fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside
Which he from youth had borne—
She bade him pause and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best.

A mother's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing,
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 't is no idle toy,
Thy mother's gift! Remember, boy!



ROGER PETTINGDALE

A RUSTIC LOVE-STORY.

By H. A. Davies.

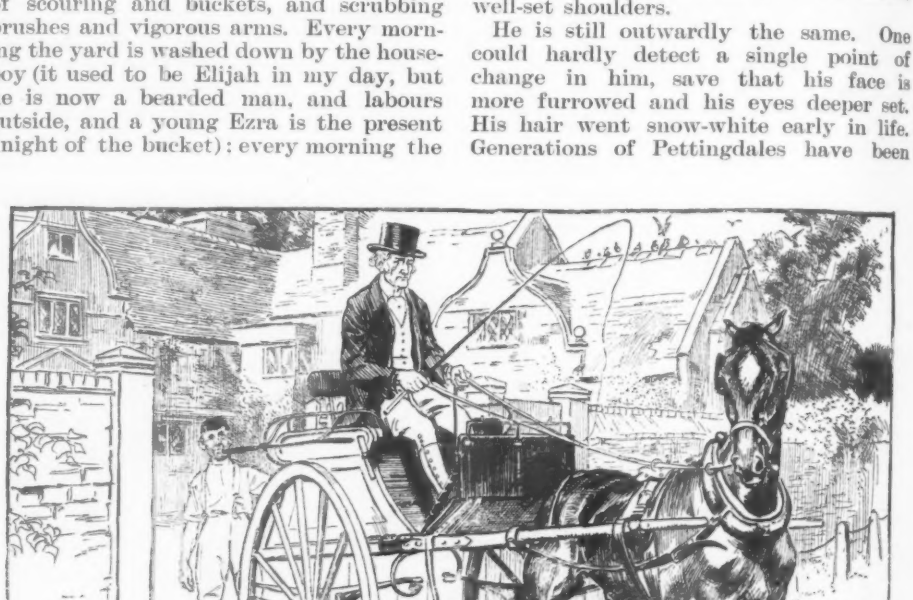
ACROSS the fields from the church—through the clover meadow first, into the broad wheat-field next, and thence over the pasture lands, all yellow with the glint of buttercups—you will come to the Pettingdale farm. A thrill and a song and an aching went through my blood all together when I looked on the block of buildings the other day. How sweet-and-bitter is remembrance; how musical to the heart, and yet how sad with yearning! For the sight of that rugged old chimney standing square and grim and familiar upon the grey roof of the house; the red-tiled barns clustering behind, plain and prosperous; the sweep of the waving corn-fields towards the setting sun; caused my heart to surge with swift memories, long since buried and forgotten beneath the stress of life. How peaceful were the old days amidst these very fields! When the heart is young, ah! then 's the time for music; and what echoes of far-off melodies—songs of old summers past and gone—does the scene awaken! There 's the orchard where I spent such rare hours. Here are the hedges where we went a-nutting. Yonder is the oak-tree which we used to climb, Frank Pettingdale and I. It is still the same sturdy tree, keeping gnarled and knotted guard over the same creaking gateway, just as in the old days!

Wherever my eyes fell there were thorns and roses for the heart all in one moment. It was in the old upland field that Clara Pettingdale and I as children used to wander, hand in hand, amongst the buttercups. She has long slept, poor Clara, in that corner of the churchyard where lie generations of Pettingdales past and gone—a long line of sturdy yeomen.

The full light of the sun falls upon the courtyard of the farmhouse. It has a broad frontage, long and low and quaint, with irregular gables and overhanging eaves and deep, mullioned windows. The house runs queerly on two sides of the courtyard, one wing being at right angles to the other. It is beautifully clean and prim, with its whitewashed walls, its freshly painted woodwork, and its geraniums growing in green boxes on every window-sill. On the third side of the yard run the granary and the cider-house; while the fourth, save for an ivy-covered wall, which gives way to the entrance gates in one corner, is open to the gentle vista of countryside which stretches away before the house. What a pleasant old courtyard it is—so cool in the summer that the panting dogs love to throw themselves upon its stones; so

sheltered in winter that the blustering nor'-easters touch it not; so prosperous-looking always, with its well-kept flags laid from end to end, as level and smooth as a billiard-table, and as spotless as the floor of the farm kitchen. How the polished milk-cans glisten and blink upon the wall! How the white sills of the old-fashioned windows gleam in the sunlight! The whole place seems to breathe of scouring and buckets, and scrubbing brushes and vigorous arms. Every morning the yard is washed down by the house-boy (it used to be Elijah in my day, but he is now a bearded man, and labours outside, and a young Ezra is the present knight of the bucket): every morning the cans are scoured and the tubs are scrubbed, and the step before the door is free-stoned, and the flowers are watered, and the house seems to smile a glistening, watery smile, as though it had just lifted its head from its morning dip to bid you the time of day. There was ever a charm to me about Pettingdale and its paved courtyard. I mind me well what a brave and romantic sound to my young ears was that of the horse's hoofs ringing and clamping upon the stones as he was brought up to the door on market days with the high yellow dogcart behind him; or the clatter of the wheels across the yard as Roger Pettingdale drove out through the broad gateway, a fine old figure with his white hair, and his aquiline nose, and his broad, well-set shoulders.

He is still outwardly the same. One could hardly detect a single point of change in him, save that his face is more furrowed and his eyes deeper set. His hair went snow-white early in life. Generations of Pettingdales have been subject to the same peculiarity. Thus it is that the long step from forty to sixty-five has wrought little difference in Roger Pettingdale. His body is as erect, his step as firm, his voice as sonorous as ever. He was ever a well-known figure at all the county markets and agricultural meetings, and it might be twenty-five years agone for all the change that one can



His hair went snow-white early in life.

see in him. Among other men he was always noticeable, with his tall figure, his white hair, his clean-shaven, well-cut face, and that wide-rimmed silk hat which he always affected. As he moved amongst the crowd I have heard men say, "Who is that?" and others answer, "Don't you know him? Why, surely everybody knows *him?* He's Roger Pettingdale."

He is elected on all the local bodies. Thus he is a guardian of the poor, a member of the School Board, vice-chairman of the County Council, and the people's churchwarden at the parish church. There is no man amongst all those he meets in these capacities whose words are listened to with more respect. That solid weight, that hall-mark of sound judgment which always attends upon sheer common-sense, is apparent in every opinion he utters. He forms his judgments first, and speaks afterwards. While other men are impulsively throwing themselves into useless controversy on this or that vexed question, Roger Pettingdale is silently weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the matter in his own mind; and when he speaks there is usually nothing more to be said. He chops no logic; he simply argues with the sledge-hammer of common-sense, backed up by the blunt, uncompromising sincerity of an honest and fair-dealing mind. His tolerance, his breadth of vision, his power of seeing the other side of the question, his scorn of all shams and pretences, have made his name a password for integrity and sound judgment. "You will always get a fair hearing from Roger Pettingdale," people say. "Does Roger Pettingdale think so? Oh, then, there must be something in it."

In his home life, in the control of his farm, in his own daily affairs, there is the same straightforwardness, the same sincerity, the same well-balanced judgment and acumen. "There never was a year, as I remember, when we didn't have plenty of hay to begin conditioning on," said one of his labourers the other day. "Now, at the next farm they've never got enough." That is only a small instance of the perfection of method which marks every department of the prosperous farm.

At home he is essentially a plain man, this sturdy farmer. There is no nonsense about him, although he can claim blood with one of the oldest families in the county. Yet he has a proper pride, in a manly, direct kind of way, as you shall see. He has had four children, two boys and two girls, in giving birth to the youngest of whom his wife died. James, the eldest, is his right hand in the farm management, and will some day be head of the family, as the Pettingdales have succeeded, son to father, for generations out of mind. Mary, the second, you shall hear more of anon. Frank, the third, my old playmate, early in life took the fancy that he would like to be a soldier. Roger Pettingdale has ever been a wise and a tolerant father, studying well the nature of each of his children. He unerringly knew Frank's proud and stubborn character.

"You want to be a soldier?" he said. "Well, I could have wished it otherwise, Frank. It would have been a pleasure to me to see you settle down on the farm. But we will not argue the point. Let it stand for twelve months, and then talk to me about it."

Twelve months did not change Frank's resolve. When he mentioned it again, a drawn look passed over Roger Pettingdale's face for a moment—a look of keen pain—for he loved his children. Then he drew himself up to his full height.

"You are still of the same mind, Frank! Then I have nothing more to say. I am not going to attempt to dictate to you what your calling should be. You have to live your own life, and as you make your bed you must lie on it. Remember that, my lad. If you decide to go as a soldier, you shall go in a proper fashion, lad. You shall have your commission. No son of mine shall enter the ranks."

And have his commission Frank did. I looked at the tablet in the old church the other day with a surging heart. It is a brass tablet, the lettering of which has been recently renovated.

TO THE MEMORY OF
LIEUTENANT FRANK PETTINGDALE,
WHO FELL IN ACTION IN THE
BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

That was all. There was no vainglorious recounting of the brave deed in the

performance of which Frank was cut down. He fell "in action." That was all. It was Roger Pettingdale all over—simple and direct and manly. And were not the laconic words far more eloquent than all the ornate elegiacs that poets might have written, just as Roger Pettingdale's silent grief when the news reached him was far more eloquent than all the passionate outbursts of frenzied sorrow that one could conceive?

The fourth child, Clara, as I have already said, sleeps in the churchyard. She died when she was a fair-haired girl of ten—as bright and promising a maiden as one could wish to see. But she was ever fragile, like her mother, and suddenly she faded away, leaving a great gap in the home life at the Pettingdale farm.

As to Mary, the second child, she was nineteen years of age, and newly returned from school, when Edward Leigh, the son of old Squire Leigh, of the Hall, came home from his travels round the world. These two, who had only distantly known each other as children, met for the first time after many years—she a sweet-looking, fresh-coloured girl, in the first blush of womanhood; and he a manly, well-set young fellow with a pleasant, sincere face and straightforward blue eyes. It was the old story! Twang goes the bow of the roguish little archer, and to some heart or another the world all at once becomes rose-colour. The old story! They saw each other on a Sunday morning across the church. She, sitting in the Pettingdale pew, mentally noted that there was a young man at the Squire's side who could be no other than his newly returned son; and he, from his corner underneath the dingy, ponderous coat-of-arms of the Leigh family, looked upon her in her simple dress of white. The sun, striking through the window to her right, glinted upon her brown hair, which always curled so prettily about her forehead. He thought, as he looked, that she was the sweetest, daintiest maiden he had ever seen, and he fell in love with her.

He made no secret of his passion. Beating about the bush was entirely foreign to Edward Leigh. The choleric old Squire went off into a fit of apoplectic rage when he heard how things stood. The veins swelled in his forehead, and that pugnacious under-lip of his stood out and drew itself over the upper lip and the teeth with a tight grip. But Edward had all the old Leigh blood in him. "I love her, father," he said quietly, looking the Squire straight in the face, and the old man's heart sank within him as he met the steady glance of those blue eyes. Fits of passion, threats, fiery denunciations—they were all of no avail. Edward was never once other than respectful. He would stand with shoulders squared and head uplifted, bearing the storm in perfect calm and silence, and then would look his father in the face and say—"Father, I love her"; and the Squire would clench his fist and march to and fro, furiously stamping his feet upon the floor.



"Father, I love her."



'Forgive me!"

In one culminating fit of choleric rage the Squire rode over to the farm. He found Roger Pettingdale in the corn-field, looking at the growing wheat.

"Look here, Pettingdale," he burst forth fiercely. "This nonsense must be stopped. Are you an idiot, that you cannot see what is going on, or are you in the scheme to entrap my——"

Roger Pettingdale turned round upon him.

"I beg your pardon, Squire Leigh?" he said quietly, as one who had not heard aright.

"Tut! Nonsense!" retorted the Squire. "Don't 'beg-your-pardon' me! You know full well what I mean. Are you blind? I say it must be stopped! You know full well that that precious son of mine has gone stark mad over that chit of a girl of yours!"

"And what of that, Squire Leigh?" replied Roger Pettingdale, drawing himself to his full height and looking at the Squire from underneath his heavy eyebrows. "If that precious son of yours has gone stark mad over my daughter, what of that?"

"Why, this," thundered the Squire: "that it must be stopped!"

"Very well, why don't you stop it?" replied Roger Pettingdale.

The retort, perfectly cool and natural, laid bare all the Squire's impotence at one stroke, and drove him well-nigh to frenzy. His eyes shot fire, and those veins in his forehead swelled as though they would burst.

"It is not my daughter who is coming to the Hall after your son," Roger Pettingdale went on. "It is your son who is coming here after my daughter. You seem to forget that point. You say it must be stopped. And I repeat—Why don't you stop it?"

"It is as I thought," shouted the enraged Squire. "You are all in it—all of

you. All in the scheme to entrap him! A pretty plot, don't you call it, for a man who poses as a Christian?"

In a blind access of fury he took a step forward and raised his riding-whip. And then his shaking arm fell to his side, for Roger Pettingdale had laid a hand upon his shoulder, and was confronting him with grave, kindly, pitying eyes.

"You are in anger, Squire Leigh," he said, with simple dignity, "else I should take your words as an insult. Be sure that the Pettingdales have not fallen so low, nor their womenkind either, that they need to trap the son of Squire Leigh. But I tell you this, as man to man: if your son truly loves my daughter, and if she loves him in return, I will put no bar before my child's happiness; no, not for you, nor for all the Leighs in the world. We come of as good a stock as you, Squire! Remember that! More money and more land maybe you have — but not more pride of family. I care naught for your money or your land. Thank God! I have prospered beyond all expectation. And I tell you again, straight to your face, if your son comes to me and asks for my daughter's hand, and I find it is for her happiness, I shall say 'Yes.'"

"I shall disinherit him!" burst forth the Squire; "he shall not have a penny—not a brass farthing!"

"I shall tell him," continued Roger Pettingdale, "that if he would win my daughter, he must first make a position for himself in the world, independently of aught you can do for or against him; and that shall be the test of his sincerity."

Then he turned away, and the Squire, his face livid with passion, marched off, savagely cutting at the wheat-ears with his riding-whip. And when he mounted his horse at the corner of the field, he dug his spurs so viciously into her that she bounded and reared, and almost threw him.

Well, the long and short of it was that Edward Leigh was not found wanting in the test which was imposed upon him.

"You are quite right, sir," he said to Roger Pettingdale; "the condition is a reasonable one. I ask for nothing more than the chance of proving that I am in earnest."

He went to London, studied under his father's old college friend, John Wetherell, the well-known Queen's Counsel, and in five years was making fair headway in the courts as a barrister. And the strange part of it was that the choleric old Squire—who has a good heart underneath his rough exterior—seeing his son's name in the papers from time to time, felt his paternal pride rising within him despite his stubborn resentment. Perhaps, too, he felt lonely in his old age. At all events, he went over to the farm one day, and asked to see Mary.

"I shall fight against it no longer, my dear," he said, holding out his hand. "The lad has proved his grit, and the woman who can call forth such steady love in a man is more than worthy of being mistress of the Hall. I am an old man, and have no time left for bitternesses. Forgive me, and you will find me as staunch in friendship as you have found me frank in enmity."

Mary is now Mary Leigh, of Leigh Hall, and a sweeter, gentler, more winsome mistress you could not find in the whole land. You may often see the old Squire leaning upon her shoulder—a bent, white-haired figure—as they walk in the grounds.

Among all the seasons of the year, I think there is none that Roger Pettingdale loves so well as the time of harvest. You may see him standing at the gateway, looking in meditation down the long shimmer and sheen of the golden wheat-field as the wind ripples over it.

"I love to gaze at fields white with corn," he said to me once. "They seem to breathe rich promises of that full fruition to which our own lives shall come if we live them well and uprightly."

At the last harvest thanksgiving service in the village church I was present for the sake of old times, and from my place behind Roger Pettingdale I saw him lost in meditation, with eyes fixed upon the chancel window. And when he stood up to sing he was still rapt in thought; but suddenly he joined in the sweet old hymn so lustily and with such a full heart that it did me good to hear him.

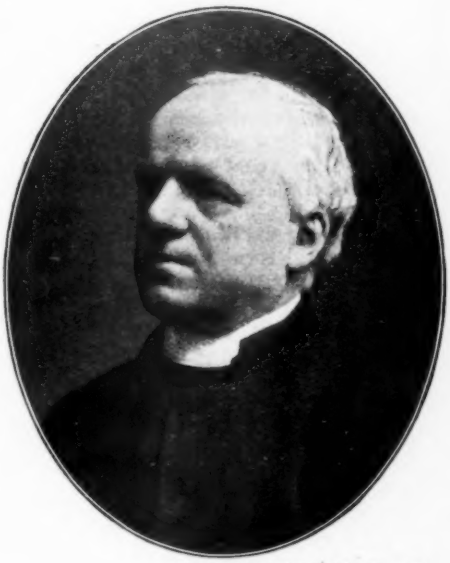
"The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing."

THE ART OF READING.

By the Ven. Archdeacon Diggle, M.A.

READING aloud is more commonly regarded as an accomplishment than an art. In truth, it is both. It is an art in that it cannot be left to its own guidance, but requires both an acquaintance with rules and familiarity with their practice to bring it to perfection. It is an accomplishment in that it is a means of completing our equipment for happy social life. Good reading yields not only profit but pleasure to others. It is one means of throwing brightness into home-life to gather the children together and read really well to them. And what a sweet delight it is in the ward of a hospital, or among the inmates of a workhouse, or by the bedside of some dearly loved invalid, to be able, by reading in soft, gentle, refreshing tones, to charm away the monotony and the weariness, perhaps for awhile to relieve even the pain, of the lonely and the suffering! We might shed sunshine into the darkness of many a life if, instead of spending our leisure hours in *ennui* on ourselves, we devoted them to reading aloud to others.

Reading aloud is good for ourselves both physically and morally. It is good morally, for if we never read anything unfit for reading aloud we shall not be likely to read anything morally deteriorating. And physically, reading aloud is a benignant exercise. It widens the chest, opens the lungs, strengthens the throat, and does good to all the breathing organs. It is a mistake to suppose that using the voice weakens it. Abuse or misuse of the vocal organs, as of any other organs, injures them; but by proper use and exercise they are strengthened and improved. Speakers and preachers have bad throats not because they use their throat too much, but because they use it badly. They force and torment it, instead of training it to natural action and giving it free, full play. And who shall blame them? At school they were taught to spell and mind their stops; but how to breathe and manage the voice when reading, they probably were not taught a single rule. In many instances teachers themselves



(*Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*)

ARCHDEACON DIGGLE.

are wholly ignorant of the art and therefore incapable of teaching it. And so it comes to pass that, unless either outward circumstance or innate commonsense turn our attention in later life to the management of the vocal organs, we never learn to read aloud without weariness and with pleasure. It is mainly through lack of early training that, of all useful and delightful accomplishments, the art of reading aloud is one of the least practised and most rare.

Yet it is an art which, in some degree, may be acquired by the majority of people; very many could, by a little training and perseverance, even excel in it. Of course, the art admits of many degrees of excellence. But without reaching the splendid summits of the art, attainable only by the highly gifted few, ordinary persons may learn to

read sufficiently well to gratify both themselves and others, if they will take pains to learn and practise a few simple rules.

The first requirement is to master the physics of the art: to learn to breathe in through the nostrils and out through the mouth, never to speak on an inflowing breath, quickly to fill the lungs and slowly to empty them, never to gasp or strain after sound, not to attempt the higher notes until the lower have been completely mastered, to rely more on the lower than the higher notes, to teach the lips and front portion of the mouth to do their fair share of work equally with the larynx and the vocal cords. A moustache is an impediment to easy and distinct reading. It hinders the air from passing in free, full flow up the nostrils, and it troubles the waves of sound as they issue from the mouth; causing indistinctness, more or less flat and thick, in enunciation.

Clearness of enunciation ranks next in importance after easy, natural, flexible production of voice, and largely depends on it, for there can be no clear, crisp, distinct enunciation of words, unless the tools by which words are made, viz. the organs of voice, are kept sharp and well burnished. Moreover, for the attainment of limpid and finely articulated enunciation careful training is required both in the melody and modulation of sounds.

Precision and beauty of enunciation are much assisted by habitual practice of the graduated series of all the tones from the keynote to its octave. Do not sing when you are reading, but, in order to read well, first learn to sing; otherwise your reading will be flat and monotonous, without light and shade, instead of being fresh, richly modulated, and melodious.

The next requirement of good reading is to learn the relative value of the letters, and the right handling of the syllables, of which words are composed.

This study is both interesting and attractive, for, as Plato observes, letters themselves have a clear significance. The letter *r* is expressive of motion, the letters *d* and *t* of binding and rest, the letter *l* of smoothness, *n* of inwardness, the letter *e* of length and the letter *o* of roundness.* Letters run in families, and each family has its own characteristic significance of sound. Some letters belong to the lips, others to the throat, others employ the whole mouth. Vowels and final consonants are the letters which demand most care and support in good reading. For the most part, vowels should be rich and full, and the final consonant well sustained.

If letters in themselves are expressive and significant, collocations of letters in syllables and words are clearly more significant still. "By various degrees of strength or weakness, emphasis or pitch, length or shortness, they become the natural expressions both of the stronger and the finer parts of human feeling and thought." To read well, therefore, it is necessary to give intelligent and ready heed to the relative weight of words, to notice whether consonants are massed together to increase their density, or vowels are freely interspersed to leaven and make them light. True enunciation largely depends on a careful study of the natural formation of words and a right appreciation of the proportionate value of their several syllables.

Reading, however, is frequently spoiled by pedantry and exaggerated minuteness. In seeking to avoid slovenliness readers often fall into foppery. Good reading goes at an easy pace, it is neither too fast nor too slow; it neither counts the letters nor omits them, neither jumbles syllables together nor anatomises words. The good reader reads so that intelligent listeners can spell his words, but he does not read as if spelling them himself. He avoids the extremes both of negligence and nicety, and constantly remembers that whatever is overdone is badly done. Avoid ostentation. No rule in reading is more fundamental than this.

Near akin to ostentation is the taint of false and histrionic emphasis. Colourless reading, bad though it be, is better than tawdry reading. Especially in all reading of a religious or sacred character should affectation and dramatic artifices be reverently avoided.

To read the Bible in church as if playing a part on the stage is as inappropriate and irreligious as to read like one in haste to catch a train.

Each kind of subject demands its own proper style in reading. Prose should

* *Cf.* Jowett's Plato, I. 311.

not be read like poetry; nor all kinds either of prose or poetry alike. As in writing, each species should be dressed in language from its own wardrobe: so in reading, each several kind should receive its own appropriate tone, and travel at its own appropriate speed. To read everything alike is to read nothing—or at most only one thing—well.

Great authors are by no means invariably good readers, even of their own productions. Lord Tennyson read some of his own glorious poems beautifully: but others he read either droningly or with too much singsong. Dickens read his own works with wonderful power

Reading, therefore, is an art which doubtless requires, for the attainment of excellence, some degree of histrionic gifts—imagination, imitation, fervour, and passion.

Similarly with oratory and authorship. Both these arts are distinct from that of reading; as each of these again is distinct from the other.

It is curious, indeed, how few among great authors are great orators; or, among great orators, great authors. The gifts which tell in writing—condensation, terseness, finish—are not the gifts which tell most in speaking. In speaking, the essentials are clearness of enunciation,



Charming away the monotony and the weariness.

and realisation. Wordsworth read his own verse admirably; but we are told that neither Coleridge nor Southey could read verse well: "They read as if crying or wailing lugubriously."

sympathy with the audience, copiousness of illustration, directness of statement, uninvolved reasoning. The merits which impart value to a book—wealth of fact, niceness in balancing opposing

considerations, delicacy of assertion, depth and sweep of argument — may easily become ineffective in the delivery of a speech. Hence, therefore, whereas a good speaker is occasionally a good writer, owing to his rare combination of different orders of talent, it more frequently happens that the one set of talents is given to one man to enrich them in seclusion, and the other to another man to use them with publicity.

In like manner with reading; it is an art by itself. It is natural to suppose that no one could possibly read an author's works so well as the author's self, because no one can understand them so intimately as their own creator. Yet experience proves this to be not the case; and for a reason which at first sight is not wholly apparent. It is just because they are his own that, as a rule, he cannot read them well. He may have a richly cultivated voice, clear enunciation, a varied power of modulation; he may even be able to read the works of others well, yet be a failure in reading what he himself has written. Why is this? Partly, perhaps, it is due to an unavoidable self-consciousness in reading his own works; and self-consciousness is the ruin of good reading. "Forget thyself" is a necessary condition of good reading. Partly, perhaps, it is due to over-absorption in the memory of sensations and sentiments which overpowered him when he wrote in the solitude of his chamber, but which are somewhat unnatural and overstrained for exhibition before a concourse of auditors. But probably the principal reason is that one of the greatest charms of good reading arises from the co-operation of two spirits toward one end—the spirit of the author and the spirit of the reader. The reader of another's works seeks actively to express the spirit of his author, yet unintentionally he is expressing his own spirit also. The author enters into him and he throws himself into the author; his reading, therefore, is the union, the marriage, the interpenetration and expression of two spirits—the author's and his own. However interesting, therefore, and delightful it may be to hear an author read his own works, yet is there always lacking the dash and force and suggestiveness produced when a great author is interpreted by a great reader. The author merely reproduces his original meaning in what he wrote; the reader, through the agency of his own independent personality, idealises and diversifies that meaning.

Idealisation is one of the most beautiful effects of the fine art of reading. The most ordinary poem or piece of prose, when idealised by an accomplished artist in reading, grows lovely and sweet. And one way of learning to read well ourselves is to sit at the feet of some of these great masters of reading. Until we have heard a great reader read it is next to impossible to conceive what a fine and noble art true reading is. On the other hand, we can never become good readers by merely listening to others, any more than we can become good musicians by hearing others play.

In the art of reading, others may be our models; none but ourselves can be our makers. Listening to others may show us how the thing can best be done, but without doing the thing ourselves the thing can never be truly learned by us. Sometimes, indeed, listening to others has an effect quite the opposite of a model for imitation. "Pausanias tells us of an ancient player on the harp who was wont to make his scholars go to hear one who played badly that they might learn to hate his discords and false measures." In like manner, one way of learning to read well is to hear others read badly.

The art of reading aloud culminates in the expression of the spiritual through the medium of the physical. As sculpture aspires to express its ideals in stone, and painting in colour, and music in sound, so reading embodies its ideals in uttered words. A well-trained voice, clearness of enunciation, rhythm and flexibility of articulation — these are the physical framework of the art of reading aloud. Without first acquiring these the reader is as impotent as the painter without colour or the sculptor without stone. But the physics of reading are nothing more than its material framework. Unless the reader is inspired with ideals, reading will never rise to the dignity and glory of an art with him. He may be as a house-painter with his brush, or a mason with his stone—an industrious and useful artificer, but not an artist in his work.

MIDGET CHURCHES

By J. A. Reid.

THE subject of church architecture is ever a fascinating one. Millions of money and an immense amount of time and labour have been spent in erecting places of worship, some of which are magnificent structures capable of seating several thousands. On the other hand, small, humble edifices sometimes suffice to meet the requirements of the worshippers; and it is with these that we here propose to deal.

Which of the midget churches is the smallest it is somewhat difficult to say; but it is believed that the smallest church in England is the truly miniature church of Lullington, in Sussex. It is a primitive and quaint building, constructed of flint with stone quoins, with a roof of red tiles. It can boast of a little weather-boarded turret at its west end; but its bell does not toll now, and the birds of the air have long since found the turret a convenient nesting-place. The church is but sixteen feet square. The pulpit is a pew, with panelled sides and door, and the furniture is of the plainest. Five, narrow, diamond-paned windows throw a scanty light upon the interior, in which there is accommodation for thirty persons—quite sufficient for the population of the village.

A somewhat larger edifice is the very interesting church of Wythburn, in Cumberland, the dimensions of which are—nave (length), thirty-nine feet; height of walls, ten feet; and width, fifteen feet. This was the original church, erected about one hundred and sixty years ago, and is of the simplest description. The roof is constructed of old ships' timber, and the windows are square holes with wooden frames. The chancel is eighteen feet long by fifteen feet by ten feet. The beautiful little east window is by Henry Holiday, and was put in to the memory of the late vicar. What a magnificent site for a church! The poets have thus expressed themselves with regard to this humble but beautifully situated church:—

Canon H. D. Rawnsley wrote:

"We cannot stay—for life is but an Inn,
A halfway house—and, lo! the graves how near!
Yet mighty minds have hither come for cheer
Before the upward path they dared begin.

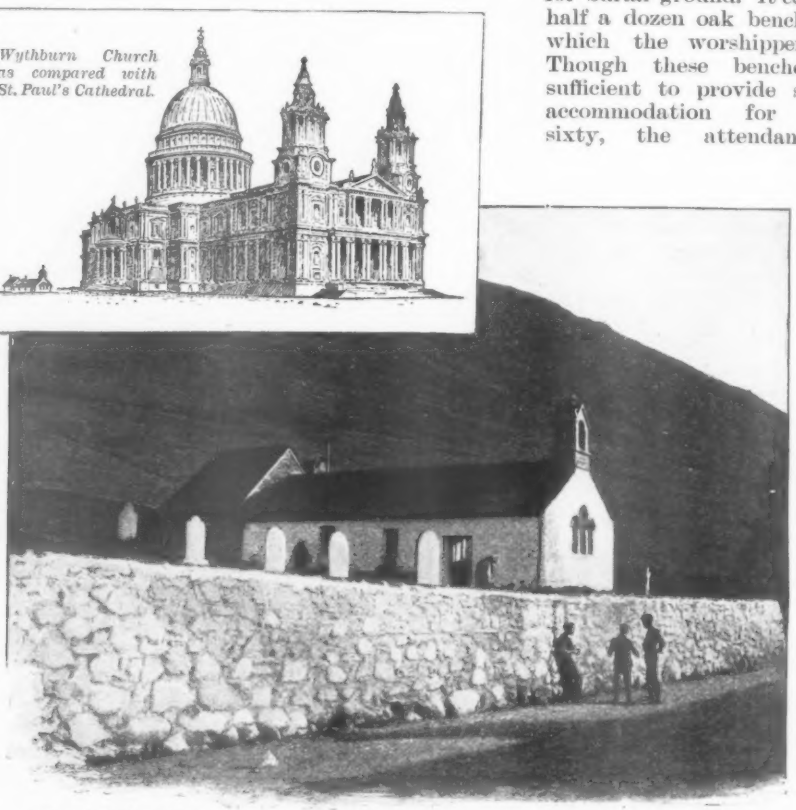


LULLINGTON CHURCH. (Photo: H. J. Unwin, Hailsham.)
(Sixteen feet square.)

Here Gray the pilgrim rested pale and thin,
Here Wilson laughed, and Wordsworth murmured here,
Here Coleridge mused, and ere he crossed the mere
Hence Arnold viewed the Goal he hoped to win.
And we who would Helvellyn's height essay,
Or climb towards the gateway of the mound
Where Dunmail died because his realm was fair,
May join their gracious company who found
Earth's beauty made Life's Inn a House of Prayer,
And speed, refreshed of soul, upon our way."

We have given two instances of very small churches: let us now refer to a midget chapel. At Crawshawbooth, a village near Burnley, there is an extremely interesting diminutive place of worship known as the Friends' Meeting-House, an old-fashioned building covered with ivy, and environed by a well-cared-for burial ground. It contains half a dozen oak benches, on which the worshippers sit. Though these benches are sufficient to provide seating accommodation for about sixty, the attendance is rarely more than six. John Bright once worshipped here, walking from Rochdale, a distance of twelve miles. This quaint little place is naturally regarded with much interest by visitors.

Wythburn Church as compared with St. Paul's Cathedral.



(Photo: T. Dumble, Keswick.)

WYTHBURN CHURCH.

(Thirteen yards long, five yards wide.)

Wordsworth, too, said:

"If Wythburn's modest House of Prayer,
As lowly as the lowliest dwelling,
Had, with its belfry's humble stock,
A little pair that hang in air,
Been mistress also of a clock
(And one, too, not hung in crazy plight),
Twelve strokes that clock would have been telling
Under the brow of old Helvellyn."

And H. Coleridge:

"Humble it is, and meek, and very low,
And speaks its purpose by a single bell:
But God Himself, and He alone, can know
If spiry temples please Him half so well."

It is interesting to point out that there is another Quaker meeting-house in the hamlet of Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, which is, if anything, smaller than that already referred to. It has been called the Shrine of Quakerism, for early in June every year

a gathering of Quakers takes place. Here lie the remains of William Penn, one of the greatest of Quakers. At a cottage in the vicinity Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost."

To revert to churches, Kilpeck Church is well worth referring to as being a lovely little place of worship. The nave is thirty-six feet by twenty, and the chancel seventeen by sixteen feet ten inches, the total length being sixty-eight feet and the average breadth about sixteen feet. It is built upon a Saxon foundation, and Saxon remains are still to be seen — notably, a "holy-water" stoup that must be one thousand or eleven hundred years old. It is not possible to do justice to this beautiful church in a few words, but the accompanying photograph will give an idea of the quaintness and beauty of the structure. The sculpture is remarkably interesting.



(*Photo: Poulton and Sons, Lee.*

KILPECK CHURCH.

(*Nave thirty-six feet by twenty.*)

An article on midget places of worship would be incomplete without a reference to the little lath-and-plaster church of Essex, consisting of nave, chancel, and a small turret. Hazeleigh Church, as it is named, stands in the near vicinity of Hazeleigh Hall — once the home of the Essex family of the Alleynes, one of whom founded the College of God's Gift



(*Photo: E. W. Lord, Little Lever, near Bolton.*)

THE FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, CRAWSHAWBOOTH.

(*Containing six oak benches to accommodate sixty worshippers.*)



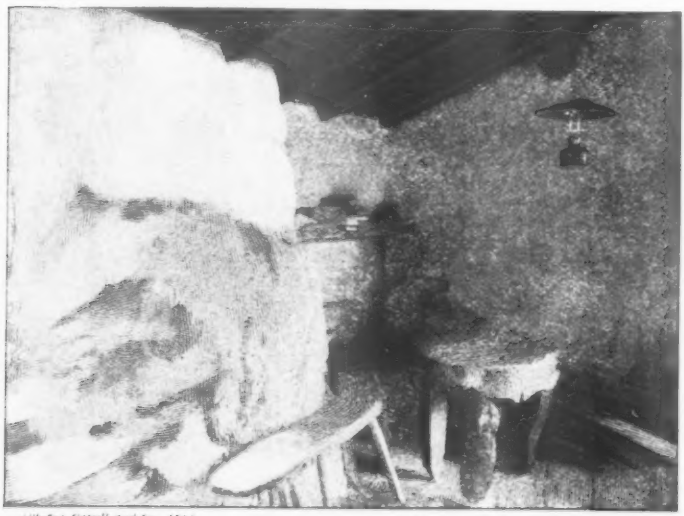
(Photo: R. D. Barrett.)

CHILCOMBE CHURCH.

(Twelve yards long.)

at Dulwich. This little church has thus been described by the Rev. H. R. Wadmore, sometime curate:—

". . . . A little church beside a wood
Securely sheltered from the sweeping blast;
So quiet, so secure, it seems to be
A very type of rest and all that's still."



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

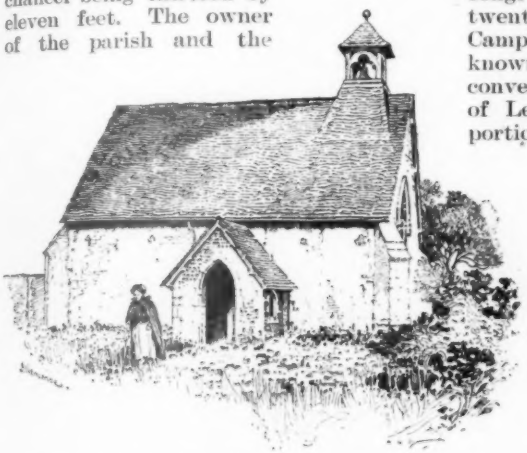
THE CAVE CHURCH AT LEDAIG, NEAR OBAN.

(The most primitive church in the kingdom.)

This little church of Hazeleigh, owing to its simple character, differs but slightly from the roadside cottages. It has been styled "the meanest church in Essex," owing to its unpretentious character.

A pleasing little church is that of Chilcombe, near Bridport, Dorsetshire. Chilcombe is mentioned in the Doomsday Book, and at one time was the property of the Knight Hospitallers of St. John. The existing church dates from the thirteenth century. It

is in the Roman style, and possesses a good Norman font. The length of the nave is twenty-two by fourteen feet, the chancel being thirteen by eleven feet. The owner of the parish and the patron of the living is Admiral the Hon. M. H. Nelson.



GROVL CHURCH, NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

(Capable of seating fifty people.)

Another remarkably small church is that of St. Peter, on the Castle Rise, at Cambridge, its dimensions being twenty-five by sixteen feet. It is of Norman architecture.

England by no means possesses all the diminutive churches and chapels, and a very quaint and interesting church is that of Ledaig, near Oban. It is unsectarian, and its congregation numbers, on the average, twenty-five. It was founded by John Campbell, who was more familiarly known as "The Bard of Benderlock." He converted a natural cavern in the cliffs of Ledaig into a place of worship. A portion of a trunk of a tree, on which Robert Bruce is said to have rested, serves as a table and reading-desk. Trunks of trees around the sides of the cavern serve as seats for the worshippers. Mr. Campbell officiated as minister for many years to a band of faithful Highland worshippers in this curious church. Mr. Campbell was a remarkable personality. He was postmaster of Ledaig, and he also gained a considerable reputation as a poet. He was a much respected man, and his memory is dear to many.

I would like to refer to a very interesting midget church at Grove, near Leighton Buzzard, which I had the pleasure of visiting recently. It is the smallest in the county, and is a gable-roofed, barn-like fabric, with a door



(Photo: A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.)

ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

(For some time used as a powder magazine.)



(Photo: G. E. Arnold, Knaresborough.)

ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL, KNARESBOROUGH.

(Showing figure of a Knight Templar cut in the rock.)

on the north side. In 1883 the little church was restored throughout, the fine old-fashioned square pews being replaced by open wooden seats, and it is now capable of seating about fifty people. Formerly the edifice contained a "three-decker"—clerk's desk, reading-desk, and pulpit combined. The churchyard contains many graves, but only one tombstone (eighteenth century). The dimensions of the church are—length, twenty-nine and a half feet; width, eighteen feet; height, about forty feet; in all probability, the church was formerly larger than at present. Grove is generally considered to be one of the smallest parishes in England, and one could hardly conceive of a smaller. It consists practically of a farmhouse and a lock-keeper's cottage.

We must not forget that at the top of Edinburgh Castle is the historical diminutive chapel of St. Margaret's, which was the private chapel of the pious Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III., during her residence in the castle. Until very recently it had been quite lost sight of, having been converted into a powder magazine and fallen into disrepair. In 1853, however, it was "discovered" and put into an efficient state of repair. It is considered to be the oldest and smallest chapel in Scotland, its dimensions being sixteen feet six inches by ten feet sixteen inches. The semicircular chancel is separated from the nave by a well-carved double-round arch, decorated with Norman zigzag mouldings. It is too small to be made available for divine service for the troops quartered



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

SMALL CHURCH AT ST. ANDREW, GREENSTED, NEAR ONGAR.

(Believed to include the only remaining portion of a Saxon wooden church.)

in the castle, and the only use that it is now put to is for occasional baptisms and morning Communion.

There are several very small places of worship which are now, alas! in ruins. At Iona, for instance, on the west coast of Scotland, are the remains of an extremely small chapel, known as St. Oran's Chapel. It is very near Iona Cathedral. It is constructed of red granite, and its external measurements are sixty feet by twenty-two feet. It is now roofless, and is very old. This little chapel is believed to have been built by Queen Margaret in 1080. Its architecture is Romanesque, and it has one low entrance. This humble edifice is interesting inasmuch as within its walls is the tomb of Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," the friend of Bruce.

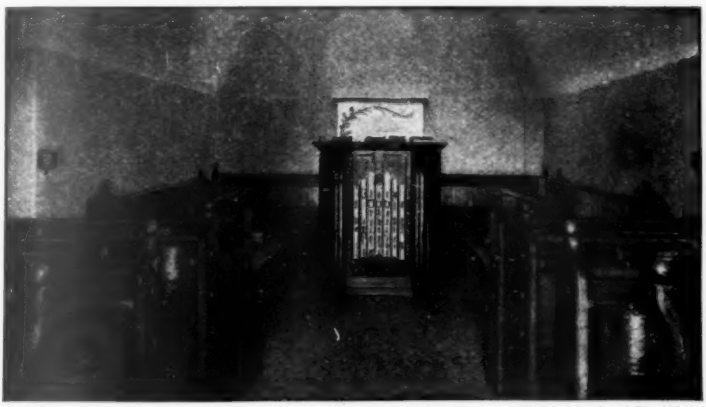
There is another tiny barn-like edifice at Greenloaning, near Dunblane. The little church is situated adjacent to a farmhouse, and seems to have been erected for the benefit of the farm-workers. It is remarkably small. The scenery in the vicinity is magnificent, and the church is regarded with much interest by tourists.

St. Anthony's Chapel is another small building also in ruins. It is interesting owing to its historic surroundings, being in the near vicinity of Holyrood Palace. It comprises a hermitage, sixteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high, and a Gothic chapel forty-three feet long, eighteen feet broad, and eighteen feet high.

One of the most remarkable of these little churches is that at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, which is a very queer little chapel elegantly hewn out of the solid rock, the roof being beautifully ribbed and groined in the Gothic style. At the back of the altar is a large niche, where an image used to stand, and on one side of it is a place for the "holy-water" basin. There are also figures of three heads—designed, it is believed, for an emblematical allusion to the order of the monks at the once neighbouring priory. Possibly they were cut by some of the monks. The order was known as Sanctæ Trinitatis. A few yards away there is another head. It has been surmised that this is a representation of St. John the Baptist, to whom the chapel is supposed to be dedicated. There is a cavity in the floor, in which some ancient relic was rested. The chapel is ten feet six inches long, nine feet wide, and seven and a half feet high. Near the entrance is the following inscription:—

> "Beneath yon ivy's spreading shade,
> For lonely contemplation made,
> An ancient chapel stands complete,
> Once the hermit's calm retreat
> From worldly pomp and sordid care,
> To humble penitence and prayer;
> The sight is pleasing, all agree—
> Do, gentle stranger, turn and see."

The chapel is known as St. Robert's Chapel. St. Robert, the hermit who



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

DIMINUTIVE CHAPEL AT POINT IN VIEW, NEAR EXMOUTH.

(Containing an organ made by the pastor.)

used it for devotions, was born about 1160, and was the son of Sir Toke Flouris, who was mayor of the city of York. In his youth he was noted for his piety, and he entered the Cistercian Abbey of Newminster in Northumberland. He was only there eighteen weeks, however, removing to York, and then to Knaresborough, where he retired from the world to live a life of contemplation in this restful spot. He died in the September of 1218. On one side of the entrance to the chapel, under the ivy, is the figure of a Knight Templar, cut in the rock, in the act of drawing his sword to defend the place from the violence of intruders. This is a queer and remarkable building, and, though not now used as a place of worship, the reference here made to it may prove interesting.

The cathedral of St. Asaph, in Flintshire, might be mentioned in this category as being the smallest cathedral in the country. It is in the shape of a simple cross in plan, consisting of a choir transept, nave, with five bays with aisles, and a central tower forty feet square and one hundred feet high. The choir was built in 1867-68 from the designs of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., and is of Early English architecture.

Passing references might also be made to the diminutive church of Warlingham, in Surrey, which runs the midget church of Wotton in that county very close; and to Grosmont Church, Monmouth, erected by Eleanor of Provence, a quaint little structure with an octagonal tower. There used to be a church known as St. Mildred in the Poultry, which was removed to Lincolnshire. It formerly occupied a position in the eastern end of Cheapside, and in 1872 it was taken to pieces and re-erected at Louth. It is generally considered to be the smallest church designed by Wren.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

INTERIOR VIEW OF PERIVALE CHURCH.

At St. Andrew, Greensted, near Ongar, there is a very small church, and it is a curiosity, inasmuch as it is believed to be a relic of the only church of Saxon origin built of wood remaining.

There is a small chapel at Point in View, near Exmouth. It is Congregational, and it provides seating accommodation for eighty persons, and forms one side of a block, the other three sides being taken up by four little almshouses, each consisting of two rooms occupied by four elderly maiden ladies. Over the chapel door is this motto:—

"One Point in View
We all pursue."

The chapel contains a diminutive organ made by the pastor. In the vicinity there is a peculiar round house, the property of the Reichel family. It was a member of this family who founded the chapel and almshouses.

The little church of St. Nicholas at Hulcote should be mentioned. It is near Woburn, the seat of the Duke of Bedford. It is rather difficult to find, at any rate when the foliage is on the trees, so surrounded is it by them. It was built about the year 1610 by Richard Chernocke. Its measurements are: length, from the tower to the chancel step, thirty-nine and a half feet; chancel, eight and a half feet from step to east; width, sixteen feet three inches. There are carved oaken panels to many of the seats, and on the north wall, inside the chancel rails, are some valuable old monuments in memory of the Chernocke family. It is now between fifteen and twenty years since the church was used for divine service, but it is still used for funerals.

There is a little church, near London, known as Perivale. Although so near to the great metropolis, it is situated in a peculiarly lonely district. It lies in the valley of the Brent amid expansive meadows and hay farms. In 1871 there were only seven houses and thirty-three inhabitants in the parish. The midget church is situated at the end of a field near a low, semi-Gothic half-timber parsonage and a farmhouse. Although somewhat desolate, the spot is a restful one, and the hill and spire of Harrow in the distance make the scene pleasing to the eye. The little church is in the Early Perpendicular style, and consists of a nave, a narrow chancel, a rough wooden tower with short, pyramidal spire at the west, and porch on the south-west. The interior presents a well-kept appearance. The church was restored in 1875. In the windows is some late fifteenth-century glass containing figures of St. John the Baptist and St. Matthew, in fairly good condition, and of Mary and Joseph, which are not so well preserved.

The prettily situated ivy-clad church of St. Lawrence, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, is another edifice which might well be described as a midget church, although some years ago it was found necessary to enlarge it. The church originally was thirty feet eight and a half inches long, it is now forty feet eight and a half inches; and its breadth was formerly eleven feet, whereas it is now twenty feet. The height to the eaves is about six feet. The architecture is Old English, but not at all striking. The church dates back to about the year 1190.

We have now exhausted our space, but not our subject. There are other examples of diminutive churches throughout the country, but we have made a selection of the more interesting ones. However small the church, the worshippers have this assurance from the Founder of the Christian religion: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them"; and with that quotation this little article may fittingly be concluded.



(Photo F. N. Broierick, Ryde.)

THE OLD CHURCH AT ST. LAWRENCE.



THE STORY OF A CATHEDRAL TOWN.

By E. S. Curry, Author of "One of the Greatest," "Closely Veiled," Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A PREMATURE PROPOSAL.

IN the Canons' Court, between Mr. Bethune's and the Deanery, lived Mr. Warde. He was a pleasant man, well off, artistic, musical—and happy in a life of little work, which left him leisure for his artistic pursuits. He had a rosy, kind face and plump figure; the Bethune children, Marjorie included, went to him before anyone else in times of need. He had often shielded them from offended law.

It was he who set on foot the literary and drawing guilds, arranged concerts, and was the universal handy man for games and social festivities to all the county round Norham. He was about thirty-five, and had a chivalric devotion to Mrs. Bethune and her children, since, as a young man, he had first come to Norham.

Marjorie was so accustomed to this that she did not see what was manifest to other eyes, on her return from school in Munich. She took all his kindness as a matter of course, having no more relation to herself individually than the Bishop's or the Dean's. Since her return, he had been sedulously pursuing his courtship in every way that occurred to him.

This gentleman was standing beside her under the lime-tree at the top of the garden, where Marjorie could superintend the pursuits of her two youngest brothers. They were now busily engaged underground. For a whole week every minute of David's and Sandy's leisure had been spent in digging a deep hole in the corner of the garden devoted to their use. Thence, with infinite patience, passages had been scooped, and the mound of earth thrown up against the wall had come in useful as a toboggan ground.

The little boys had received strict orders that morning that all the earth in the passages of the "cave," which, in a frenzy of labour, the two schoolboys had burrowed out before breakfast, was to be removed before their return in the afternoon. As it got deeper, steps had been conveyed from the house for the descent of the hole. The utility of division of labour had been impressed upon the children. Orme was to fill the baskets; Ross, being surer of his equilibrium, was to carry them up and empty them. If the work was not done, and done properly, the babies would have to play elsewhere; no longer would their presence be tolerated by their elders.

Marjorie was enjoying a new book, whose alluring cover was fit index to its contents. Now and then, between the pages, dark eyes looked at her in a strange and wonderful fashion. When this occurred, she would lift her own, and gaze dreamily over the currant bushes, her breath coming quickly, the colour fluctuating in her cheeks. Upon one such moment Mr. Warde had intruded.

"I thought I would come in and talk to

you about your sonnet, Marjorie," he said, looking about for a seat. There was nothing handy except a cleft log—used by the boys as a block for chopping sticks. On this uncomfortable seat Mr. Warde poised himself.

"But that wouldn't be fair, would it?" asked Marjorie.

"Oh! we judged the poems yesterday. I didn't propose to alter anything. Mrs. Adeane's is the best, and Lady Esther's next. But—your usual imagination was wanting this time," he said gently.

"I thought it was bad—it seemed so prosaic," Marjorie said humbly. "You see, father's advice always is, not to let imagination go further than it knows."

"Have you never imagined, never thought about love?" he asked softly.

"Often, lately," frankly. "I thought it was a very silly subject to choose."

"Not silly, Marjorie. The loveliest poetry has been written about it, as it is the loveliest subject. Why 'lately'?" he asked.

"To get ideas. They don't come, if you don't think—not to me, at least."

"That way of putting it is new," he said, considering. "Well, Marjorie, I want you to think of it, to imagine all you can of what it means—the new brightness, the new beauty it gives to life; how it transforms all things, even the commonest, so that——" He paused. Marjorie was looking at him in wonder.

Was it something in his glance that brought irresistibly back to her remembrance that look in Mr. Pelham's dark eyes, of which more than once that afternoon she had been thinking? She coloured brightly, and her beautiful eyes grew soft.

"Ah! I see you know what I mean," Mr. Warde said gently.

"Oh! I don't," said Marjorie confusedly. But the man, looking at her, thought he might take hope. He went on:

"It is expressed in all beautiful music, as well as in the best literature and art. It appeals to everyone, because it is natural to all, and answers to something in the heart of every one of us. So you see, Marjorie, knowing you and your gift of imagination, I am disappointed at this bald little verse."

"Father says it is dangerous imagining on nothing," Marjorie replied, plucking up her spirit. "First get facts, absolutely accurate. Then build on them."

"Well, Marjorie, don't you realise that



The man, looking at her, thought he might take hope.

the facts are all about you, that I——Whatever's the matter?"

A yell broke across the summer air, and Marjorie, springing up, bent over the edge of the crater-like hole. At the bottom lay Orme, his basket beside him, its contents upon him. In a second Marjorie had descended underground, and Mr. Warde was left gazing into space.

When she emerged, Orme was in her arms, muddy tears bedewing his cherubic cheeks. "Fall'd," he announced, in a self-pitying tone, to the visitor.

Marjorie reseated herself, her little brother's head upon her breast. As she comforted him, the man observing her grew more in love than ever. Marjorie, soft and gentle, unconsciously rehearsing Madonna attitudes, gave him a thrill of delight. Presently the boy, his conscience uneasy over neglected work, slipped from her knee, and, with muttered remarks on "er, nasty ground," descended again into its bosom.

He had learnt the imprudence of engaging in another man's labour. Resenting the meaner part of filling the baskets for the more stolid and surefooted Ross to ascend and empty, he had been promptly punished for his ambition. His little soul was now sore with the injustice of things.

"Er, nasty steps slipped poor Orme," he said to Ross, watching his careful ascent.

"You not big anuff," Ross answered importantly. "Go and fill er basket. Do what David bidded you."

Meanwhile Mr. Warde had glanced at his watch. Soon, all too soon, this semi-solitude in which he had been fortunate enough to find Marjorie would be invaded by the schoolboys. He was no nearer the end for which he had come, and he could not again drag in Marjorie's little verse for criticism. She glanced at him, as she drew the alluring book towards her, and said, not too politely:

"If you are going to stay, I'll just fetch my work," rising as she spoke.

"No, Marjorie, don't go. There's something I specially wished to say, to talk to you about," he said, becoming a little confused under her unconscious gaze. Could he, after all, disturb this serenity by the suggestion of love and marriage? He felt somehow that the time was not ripe—that they would seem incongruous to her in connection with himself. And yet, if he did not speak, and be quick about it, another man might step in.

"I have had a letter to-day," he said, "offering me a college living."

"Have you?" said Marjorie in a not altogether flattering manner, and looking at him rather as though she were much surprised. She stood poised, ready to fetch the threatened work; her attitude altogether an unflattering one to a lover who has just made an important communication.

"You won't go, shall you?" she went on, her glance going past him to the wall which divided the gardens. Over the top big clusters of the roses in which Mr. Warde delighted nodded gaily, whilst further on the square face of his house was gay with bloom, amid which the two lines of windows stared a little baldly. The blind in each was arranged symmetrically, and in spite of its prim tidiness, even its outside showed that no loved woman ruled within. From her neighbour's house Marjorie's eyes jumped to her own home.

Here there was no symmetry, but its character as a home stood out plain. The nursery windows, distinguished by their guarding bars, were wide open, and the blinds drawn to the top, whilst in the three open windows of her mother's room adjoining the curtains flopped lazily, and the blinds had been adjusted to the sun. Somehow the sight and the difference brought a feeling into Marjorie's heart which had not yet stirred it in connection with Mr. Warde. Hitherto he had not seemed to her to need pity. But now, when he went back into his house—away from her and the homely garden, where vegetables, and currant bushes, and the untidy quarter of the boys, were of more account than flowers, where little feet pattered, and boys' voices were never silent—what would he go back to? The blank windows lit up empty rooms, where no foot but his own stirred. He would find no companionship but that of his music and his books. Marjorie never guessed of the visions that peopled his fireside.

"Shall you go?" she asked, looking at him—then speaking out suddenly the pity her thoughts had called up: "Won't it be very lonely?"

"Very. Sit down please, Marjorie, and listen to me."

Then, as she complied: "When first I came here, ten years ago, your father and mother were very kind to me, and I grew so attached to them and theirs, that I wanted nothing more. I felt no need of the ties other men have or make, because I had — you." Then his tone grew tender. "Do you remember how you used to come round and climb into my study window for your lessons, when the boys began to go to school? You were a bit forsaken then, Marjorie. And then, when you were good—as you weren't always—how a little pony accompanied me on my rides, and then when the pony and the child who rode it had each grown bigger, one day they both

disappeared. The child went to school, to come back nearly grown up, with music oozing out of her fingers' ends. Well, Marjorie" (he had risen, and his face was paling, his self-control vanishing, as he stood looking down on her), "I have waited a long time for that little girl—who has yet seemed always mine—I want her for my wife. Will you go with me, dear, if I go?"

Marjorie gazed blankly into his face. "I? Of course, it is me," she said slowly. "I want you to be my wife. But I will press nothing against your will, and I have written 'No' to the offer of that living. I think you will like to stay near home. Whatever you decide, whether you say 'Yes' or 'No,' believe always that my love is too great to change, and that I am ever your attached friend,—W. St. J. Warde."

Marjorie was reading this letter with an expression which certainly did not augur well for



"He is a good man, Margie."

don't know—I didn't think—how can I leave—everybody?" her voice faltered.

She rose suddenly, putting aside the hand that would have stayed her. There is nothing so cruel as a young thing who has no notion of her power and of the devotion she has stirred.

"I didn't think," she said, cuttingly, "that you wanted payment. I thought—I thought——" And then, not trusting her voice further, she sprang away from his detaining hand, and fled.

CHAPTER V.

MARJORIE'S TROUBLE.

"DEAR MARJORIE,—You gave me no answer yesterday, and I am afraid I took you by surprise, and perhaps shocked you. A girl is a tender thing, I know. Will you send me just a little line of hope and forgiveness? I love you—how dearly you cannot guess—and I

its writer. She had been seeing to household matters for her mother, and had sat down with an armful of boys' clothes to mend, when the note had been handed to her.

"I do not know what to say to him, mother. I wish—oh, I do so wish he hadn't done it."

"He is a good man, Margie," her mother said simply. "A man, I think, to make you happy."

"Happy, mother? I am happy now. What should I do next door? I should always be running in to see you. And how could you get on without me?"

"We shall manage. And next door with Mr. Warde would be so much nicer than a long way off with someone else. It would scarcely be losing you."

"Do you want me to go, mother?" asked Marjorie, struck by her mother's tone.

"Not in one sense, dear; but you will go. It is natural for girls to marry. You will marry, I hope; it is the happiest life, with a good man you can look up to."



"You have been very good to my boys," Mrs. Bethune said.

"But do I look up to him? I think we—Charity and I—often laugh at him."

"But you can laugh, and yet look up, or life would be very dull. Who do you go to when you want to know anything that father can't teach you?"

"To Mr. Warde," acknowledged Marjorie.

"And when you want to go anywhere?"

"Yes; but only because he has a carriage—and we haven't."

"And when you want to see the picture galleries?"

"He can go; he always has time. "But all that doesn't mean that I want to marry him," she added.

"But it is just that. You already look to him for most of your pleasures. That is a long way towards loving him. You would find him a very kind husband and friend."

"Oh! mother, what must I do?" entreated Marjorie, the tears coming into her eyes. "He has spoilt everything. It is Charity's garden-party this afternoon, and I shall be so uncomfortable. Couldn't you go, mother, in your chair?"

Mrs. Bethune's face changed.

"I could, dear. Yes, I will go; perhaps it will be difficult for you." She sighed softly; she was hardly as yet reconciled to her helplessness in public, in spite of the cheery spirit which enabled her to bear suffering with such courage.

Mrs. Bethune's spirit made her the idol and confidante of her boys. Her fun was unquenched, even when the fire of life would seem to have gone out for ever; after the terrible fall, when, to save the infant in her arms, she had laid herself upon her back for life. The baby—Orme—was found unhurt, folded round, so it seemed, by the broken body of his mother. Ross, the most thoughtful, she averred, of her six sons, once said to her:

"Mummie, you do laugh mor 'n anybody. Is it 'cos you can't walk?"

"Yes, little son, perhaps it is; to make up, you know."

And Sandy, butting his bright head into her knees one day, inconsolable about something, was won to laughter by, "Sandy, laugh! Look at me!"—and he had looked. And the irresistible witchery of the beautiful dark eyes had cured his woe. She was always the sunshiny centre of the house, and only her husband, or Marjorie in rare moments, guessed how sometimes the bright spirit quailed.

The Dean was popular in the county. When Mr. Pelham came into the Deanery garden somewhat late, he found Mrs. Bethune's chair under the chestnut trees, a centre of laughter and conversation. Marjorie was standing by her mother, with a wistful look on her face, he thought at first sight, wondering at its expression. Love, when presented first to a girl brought up as Marjorie had been, comes as a great shock. That it should be Mr. Warde of all men who should cause her this disquiet filled Marjorie with a sense of the unsatisfactoriness of the world. It disturbed things that had seemed to her as settled as the hills round Norham that this old friend should want to be her lover.

Before going to the Deanery she had sent a little note in answer to his letter, in which she had said—

"There is nothing to forgive. But you must not think of me like this any more. You have always been so kind to all of us that it grieves me to say 'No' to anything you want. Still, it must be 'No.'"

She hoped he would not be present at the Deanery. It was his turn of duty at the cathedral. She would bring her mother away early, before he arrived. The afternoon was quite spoilt for her.

And then Mr. Pelham had come up, and she had introduced him to her mother with a tremulousness and agitation quite unlike her usual serenity.

"You have been very good to my boys," Mrs. Bethune said gratefully.

"Your boys have been very good to my little girl," he answered, admiring the delicate beauty of the face, scarcely looking older than the unquiet one of the tall daughter beside her.

"They're very enterprising," their mother said. "I hope she will not come to any harm with them. They're apt to give us surprises."

"I wonder if you will give me some advice about her," he went on, drawn by some magic in the dark eyes to appeal to their owner for sympathy, "if I may consult you. It is about clothes," he said, smiling. "My nurse is kind and careful, but surely a baby in the country does not really need expensive dresses from a Regent Street outfitter. I should be so grateful if you would tell me where you get those pretty things your little boys always look so nice in."

"Even when they are grubby?" laughed the mother. "I do not know where they could be bought. My nurse, and Marjorie, and I make them."

"Then, if you do, surely my nurse ought to have time. I do not like my baby's over-dressed look; at least, white satin seems to be out of keeping with mud-pies and digging. She is great on digging just now."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Bethune. "If you will send your nurse down to see me, I will have a talk with her."

The Duchess of Norham, a very great person indeed now came up to greet Mrs.

Bethune. She was not one who troubled about dress. To-day, in her grey silk, and round hat, she was the most plainly dressed woman on the Deanery lawn. Charity, by her side, was an effective contrast, in soft, shimmering pink.

"Glad to see you out again, my dear," she said to Mrs. Bethune. "And this is your girl come back to you—grown past all knowledge. I hear wonders about her music," kindly. "Charity, may I take her away for a few minutes, presently? I want to hear this music Mr. Warde extols so. Where is he?" looking round.

Marjorie's cheeks, in spite of her usual self-control, turned scarlet. But the Duchess's gaze was arrested by the look on Mr. Pelham's face. He, still standing with a hand on Mrs. Bethune's chair, was looking at Marjorie with a surprised appeal in his expression, as if he, too, was wondering at her sudden flush.

"Oh!" thought the Duchess, "I imagined it was Charity. Was I mistaken then? Not about the girl, if those rosy cheeks are to be trusted."

"Why isn't Mr. Warde here?" she asked of Marjorie, who, in obedience to her gesture, turned with her towards the house.

"He is at the cathedral. It is his week."

And the Duchess thought she guessed rightly the reason of the agitation she detected in Marjorie's voice.

"The Blackton man will be unsuccessful," she settled. "But Charity is pretty enough to console him, and it will be a good marriage for them both."

This great lady was never more happy than when arranging marriages amongst her friends.

Marjorie did not dream how her sudden flush had betrayed her, and forgot lovers and the difficulties they caused when she sat down to the piano. But perhaps it was the perplexity in her mind that conveyed itself to the listener, through the plaintive melody ending in a staccato phrase which fell from her fingers.



"Hush! Barbe, don't call!" entreated Sandy.—*p.* 168.

The Duchess sat at a little distance, viewing with approval the delicate face, framed in its bright hair.

"Good, pure, true, and strong," she

settled; "and," as a sudden conviction struck her, "she is beautiful, like her mother was ten years ago. Dressed"—her thoughts following along the same way as Charity's—"well, she would be a success. She is wasted on Mr. Warde. Shall I interfere?"

She was so deep in thought, working out a sudden plan, that she did not notice when Marjorie ceased playing.

Marjorie, glancing at her, asked softly—

"Was that too sad? Shall I try something else?"

But in a moment the Duchess rose briskly, and put her hand kindly on Marjorie's shoulder.

"No, my dear. I shouldn't like that spoiled by anything else. Mr. Warde is right. You have a gift. But a girl like you should not be sad or—or perplexed. Forgive an old woman. Is something troubling you?"

Marjorie looked up into the keen eyes above her.

"Not troubling," she hesitated, "only things are sometimes perplexing."

As she spoke her eyes travelled to the window, through which came the sound of low-voiced chatter and delicate laughter. The older woman, looking at the girl, saw a sudden arrested look come into her eyes and, following their direction, was again puzzled. Charity, standing by Mrs. Bethune's chair, was smiling up into Mr. Pelham's face. She had the manner of one who is pleased, and who wishes to please, and her pretty daintiness of pose and dress was very attractive. Mr. Pelham's whole attention, as he conversed, was given to her. In his courteous attitude were expressed, in the eyes of the two lookers-on, both deference and admiration.

"That girl has grown very pretty," the Duchess said, "and Mr. Pelham seems to think so. He is quite an acquisition here, though I am amused to hear you sniffed at him at first."

"Yes," agreed Marjorie, a little pang at her heart.

The keen eyes travelled back again to Marjorie's face.

"But your mother was prettier than any of you. The sweetest, merriest creature ever seen, with you babies at her feet. I am glad to see her so much better, able to do even this little, poor soul, poor soul!"

The sudden tears welled up into Marjorie's eyes at the appreciation and tenderness of the tone.

"And, my dear—forgive an old woman again—but I think I have guessed Mr. Warde's hopes for a long time, and he is a good man. There, there"—as Marjorie's face grew agitated—"nothing could have happened better. Your mother will have you at hand, and though she is so unselfish and brave, she has missed you sadly; and there is plenty of money."

Marjorie listened in silence, with a feeling as though chains were being bound round her. As she walked back by the Duchess's side to her mother's chair she strove in vain to recall her courage. In the eyes of the man who watched her, as she came towards him, the shadow on her face had deepened with that little excursion into the house.

CHAPTER VI.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

THE boys had seized the opportunity of the attention of their elders being engaged elsewhere to get into mischief. Although they had made so much fuss about their right of way to school, it was not the only way they used. They had, in fact, several ways. One was by train to Baskerton, a village on the river five miles away, and thence, by lanes and the parks, home. This, however, required time and the absence of authorities. Another way was through Easton and the parks, up the course of the little stream, which at one point nearly touched the Court gardens. In this stream, its shallow waters splashing up against their ankles, the boys were walking, and the baby was prancing between them.

"Should we take Barbe with us?" David had asked, pausing on the Green.

"If we can get her," Sandy had replied.

The boys reconnoitred, and the piercing whistle, which set the baby all a-quiver with expectation, sounded through the garden.

"There then, go!" said nurse somewhat crossly, as Barbe began to stamp; and she went. Her education was proceeding apace. Her father sometimes listened aghast at the things which, in her baby prattle, she reported herself to have done.

"See, Barbe, there 's a rat!" Sandy said eagerly, as a flop and a splash made them jump. "See, it 's swimmin' away."

"'Wimmin' away," said the baby, stooping to look, her two hands on her two knees, and the front of her frock sailing on the water before her.

"Oh, Barbe, you 're all wet!" David said, as they landed, and strolled up the field.

"Wet!" she echoed delightedly. "Foots—f'ock!"

"You 'll have to be dried."

"I know," said Sandy cheerfully; "we 'll dry you by the Bishop's fire—almost sure to be a fire."

But the study window, to which they crept warily by sheltered ways, was shut. The Bishop was absent.

"Now what 's to be done?" said David.

"I know where there 's a fire," Sandy said. "Was this morning, 'cos of that lead. Let 's take her to the little room."

Again they slipped by leafy ways out of the Palace garden into the cathedral yard. The baby's wet skirts flopped round her, and David lifted her into his arms.

The approach of Mrs. Lytchett, returning from the Deanery in unwonted bravery of attire, prompted them to seek refuge behind a tomb. Here it took the boys' whole attention to prevent Barbe's chatter drawing unwished-for notice upon them.

"Hush! Barbe, don't call!" entreated Sandy.

"Barbedie good girl," announced the baby in a loud voice, lifting herself on tip-toe to see the passer-by.

Mrs. Lytchett's ears were good, and, besides, she felt certain at this point that her eyes had seen something fluttering. She stepped off the pathway, and examined a tomb near.

"Hush!—sh—sh!" cautioned David, holding up his finger to his mouth—a movement which so pleased Barbe that she proceeded to copy it.

Mrs. Lytchett passed on; the danger was over. David lifted up the baby and carried her into a little octagon room near by, built in the wall of the cathedral, and used frequently as a workroom or office.

Here the boys were at home. It was the head-quarters of their greatest friends—the masons engaged on the renovations always in progress at the cathedral.

In the grate were the slowly dying embers of a fire, and the room was empty.

"Mr. Galton ain't locked up yet, knowed he wouldn't," said Sandy. "He likes his tea punctual—'spects it 's time. Now, Barbe, come an' get done."

Whilst David was holding the baby to the fire, Sandy disappeared, presently returning with an excited face.

"They 've nearly done," he said. "It 's prime up there. Seems to me, we 'd best settle as soon as possible."

"This baby won't get dry," said David, gloomily. "Just look at her!"

"I know," said Sandy, regarding the bedraggled Barbe. "We 'll take it off an' leave it here. An' I 'll fetch her somefink. Sure to be somefink stored in Margie's basket—know Orme made holes in himself last week."

So it happened that it was a little blue girl—clad in one of Orme's shabbiest overalls—who met Mrs. Bethune's returning chair, and was lifted to her knee for a "yide."

"But what has happened? where are her own clothes?" Mrs. Bethune asked, recognising the substitute.

"We thought they were just a little damp," said Sandy in explanation, climbing up the back of the chair to kiss his mother.

"Good boy, Sandy!" said his mother, "to take care of her."

"But how did they get damp?" asked Marjorie suspiciously.

"Just a little water p'raps got on them," he replied, feeling the tone unkind after his mother's praise.

"Then you have been in mischief?" asked Marjorie.

"Barbedie walked in er water," the baby replied, as if she had been doing a good work.

"You shouldn't have let her," Mrs. Bethune said caressingly.

"Barbe don't want lettin'," answered Sandy philosophically. "She does wivout."

The sweets of mischief whetted the boys' appetites for more. They applied themselves with zeal to a work they had in hand, and for the next few days little was seen of them.

One evening they were standing in a disused corner of the Palace grounds, under the ruined window of the old banqueting hall, which formed part of the wall enclosing the gardens of the modern wing of the house. The corner where they stood was immediately adjoining the wall of their own garden, and was part of an overgrown shrubbery between the ruins and the parks.

Both boys were exceedingly dirty. Faces, capless heads, fingers, clothes, all bore traces of the underground work from which they had just emerged. They had burrowed from their cave, and were mightily pleased at their point of exit. No place could be more secluded, nor less likely to be discovered. And from the ruined wall close by, under the shelter of a spreading elder, they were able to drop easily either into the cathedral yard or the Bishop's garden.

"Now the game begins. We 've got a base of operations," said David grandly.

"How much?" asked Sandy.

"What you work from, and what you fall back upon, if you get besieged. And it 's a good base too," he added, looking round. "We 've got to make this passage hard and firm, and then hide it from that prying gardener."

"An' we can pay back Mrs. Lytchett," said Sandy with joy.

"How?"

"Oh, I know! She just hates us going to the Bishop's window. He told me he 'd just got a new tin of gingerbread, an' now we can get in wivout goin' through the gate. She 's made that gate so it clicks."

"But you mustn't let her see."

"Not me! If she comes, we 'll just run round the house, and she 'll fink we 've come back way. And then she 'll run round to catch us, an' we shan't be there."

Sandy spoke with the certainty of much experience, as, indeed, he had a right to do.

"Our character is all gone," David said thoughtfully, "so it don't much matter how bad we are."

"No, s'long as it ain't wicked bad. We'll be highwaymen, but we won't be thieves and robbers."

"We can get into the cathedral, too," suggested David.

And then, with minds full of revolution and anarchy, the boys bent earnestly to the preliminary work of making their passage secure.

"Ross and Orme, you're never to go along there without us," David said to his young brothers, when he had wriggled back to the cave whence his passage started. Now their services were no longer needed, they were felt to be rather nuisances.

"If you do, you'll get smacked right hard," said Sandy.

Both children fixed round eyes on their elders, unable to understand this sudden change. They were dismayed at its injustice. For some days they had been treated with indulgent kindness, all their faults overlooked, so long as they did diligent work. They were cleaned when possible, and consoled when their dirty appearance awoke wrath in the powers responsible for them. Now, it seemed, all was changed. There was no mistaking Sandy's attitude, as he stood ready to administer the smacks alluded to. Nor were David's frowning brows more encouraging.

Ross tried argument. "We'se scooped, too," he said. "We'se got dirty, ever so," he added.

"Ever so," echoed Orme.

"No matter! You kids must do as you're bid, and if ever you go a step along there you'll catch it. See?" said David. And the infants, with moody brows, averred that they saw.

By this time the hole which formed the entrance to the cave was much improved. The wooden steps had been replaced by a flight of mud steps, the making of which had been a joy, not only to the boys, but to the baby. They had required water as well as mud in their making—endless paddlings and pattings and treadings down of little feet before the staircase was complete. David had engineered the proceedings, and Mr. Warde, now and then hovering about the top, had conferred advice. He was not encouraged to descend. The boys wanted no prying grown-ups to mar their schemes. Marjorie, now and then, had suspicions that some extra mischief was afloat. Never before had she known them to stick to anything for so long. But she recollected the fascination of caves and holes, and was, besides, much engaged with her own concerns.

One evening the Bishop, on leaving the drawing-room, had gone to his study. It had been a wet day, and the rain had finished in a thunderstorm an hour or so before, leaving the sky washed and pellucid under the summer moon.



The Bishop and the boy.—*p.* 170.

The shutters had been closed and a little fire lighted; but presently, finding the room warm, the Bishop opened the window, and stood gazing over the wide lawn which occupied the space between the house and the ruins.

The delicate tracery of the ruined window of the banqueting hall, and the many unevennesses of the walls, stood out black against the sky. Every object on the lawn—every bush and tree and flower—was sharply distinct.

As he looked, his eye caught a movement among the distant shrubs. Some small object was advancing along the gravelled walk surrounding the lawn. Presently, as if attracted by the light, it turned off the pathway on to the lawn, in a bee-line for the window.

The Bishop stood watching, wondering a little, when the object resolved itself first into a small boy, and then into Sandy Bethune.

"Why, Sandy!" he exclaimed, "how did you get here?"

"Is it the middle of the night?" asked Sandy in his usual cheerful way.

"Nearly. It's half-past eleven. Good gracious! What have you been doing?"

For, on approaching the light, Sandy was seen to be covered with mud and otherwise much disarrayed.

Sandy considered. He was in a deep fix—so deep a one as to threaten the upheaval and overthrow of some well-laid plans, just on the point of being carried out. The Bishop was an understanding man. Sandy had confided in him before, and knew his worth. If only Mrs. Lytchett did not live at the Palace, and spoil everything, Sandy would have been quite willing to share that residence with the Bishop. He had once told the Bishop so, artlessly asking when Mrs. Lytchett was going away to live elsewhere. The Bishop, on his side, found the children of his friend very charming, specially so irrepressible Sandy; and was ready to be lenient when their peccadilloes were in question. He now invited Sandy in, despite the muddy covering which encased him from head to foot. Sitting down, he began to question him gravely.

"What is it, Sandy? Why are you in such a mess?"

Sandy sat down on a little stool, as if glad to present his small person to the fire, and said, "It's the bovering funderstorm. We'd never thought of that. An' we got caught, an' had to take shelter, an' when we got back our way was bunged up—all squashy with mud. An' we hadn't got no spades nor fings out with us. So at last I said I would go and scout—you know—an' then I saw you."

"Who's 'we'?" asked the Bishop.

"Me an' David."

"And how did you get into my garden?"

"Oh, over the wall. "We're highwaymen, and we've got a way of our own."

"Indeed. And where's David now?"

"Oh, he's over there, all muddy, tryin' to clean himself. He's a deal worse than me," said Sandy cheerfully.

"He must indeed be bad, then. What do you propose to do?"

"That's it. We can't get back to the pantry window now our way's gone," said artless Sandy. "Not in at all, not wivout knockin' at the door. I did think p'raps"—persuasively—"you cud come and knock."

"I see. And then?"

"Then, when you was talkin' to father, we cud slip in. Don't fink father would see—not to notice."

"How long have you been highwaymen?" the Bishop asked.

"On'y about a week—and this is a sickener," said Sandy disgustedly "We was ghosts for a bit at first—till a woman screeched so we nearly got caught, stupid fing!"

And the Bishop, remembering certain reports that had been made to him, was pleased with his acumen in refusing to call in the police.

"If I were you, I should try a better line of business," he said. "Ghosts frighten silly women, and highwaymen are not very creditable, on the whole."

"Yes," agreed Sandy. "We're goin' to. Next we're goin' to be pioneers and settlers."

"Ah, I see. And where are you going to settle?"

Sandy's bright eyes were turned suspiciously to the kind ones looking down upon him. He fidgeted uneasily, and a smile came across the Bishop's face.

"I see," he said. "Perhaps you have not yet made up your minds."

Sandy looked uncomfortable. "Not 'zactly," he confessed. "Truth is, it depends—I don't fink Dave would like me to tell. It's such a grand plan," he went on enthusiastically, "it 'ud be such a pity——"

"To have it spoilt. Well, don't get into more mischief than you can help," the Bishop cautioned, "and don't do anything to make your mother uneasy."

"Mother? Oh, mother'll laugh—she always does. You see, the bother is," confided Sandy, "there ain't no places to pioneer—every bit's taken. An' we've on'y just thought on it, an' it's splendid. We want a girl badly, though. Margie? No, Margie's no good. Settlers has wives an' squaws," went on Sandy pensively, "and we've on'y got Barbe lately, an' she's aw'fly little. 'Sides, you have to take such care on her—she's the on'y one Mr. Pelham's got. There's a lot of us, but mother says she cudn't spare not the littlest bit of one. So much less him his one, an' such a little one. It's a 'sponsibility," sighed Sandy, "when you want to do fings."

Through the open window came the musical sound of the chimes from the cathedral. The Bishop, with a quick sigh, rose.

"There is a quarter to twelve. Your father will be going to bed. Fetch David quickly."

"Should fink he's cleaned by now," said Sandy hopefully. "He was rubbin' himself wiv the leaves off the trees—drippin' wet."

Mr. Bethune opened his front door in response to a low knocking, which at first he did not hear. His eyes had the unseeing,

far-away look in them of a man disturbed in a possessing line of thought. The red light in the hall shone on the face of the Bishop, who entered and stood on the door-mat for a minute, in such a position as to shield the entrance of the two muddy boys.

"Here is the *Guardian* for you," he said, "with a very appreciative notice of your paper." Then he went on, "And tell Marjorie to-morrow morning not to be too cross with the state of the boys' clothes. They've been in mischief, but it won't happen again—not the same sort."

The two men looked at one another and laughed, and the father pretended not to hear the scuffling of small feet upon the stairs. The Bishop went home with no weight on his conscience—only a little pathetic envy of the man he had just left. Somehow those stifled scufflings up the stairs had gone straight to the depths of his very tender and lonely heart.

"The Bishop knows all 'bout it," excused Sandy sturdily, when confronted by Marjorie the next morning.

"The Bishop knows that all your clothes are in the bath, with both taps running!"

"Well, he does," Sandy repeated, "proberly. He said we were the out-an'-outest dirtiest little grubs he'd ever seen."

"That you are—no one will contradict him. But he couldn't know that your clothes were in the bath."

"Yes, he would. If they were so dirty, where else could they be? It's all that 'gustin' funderstorm."

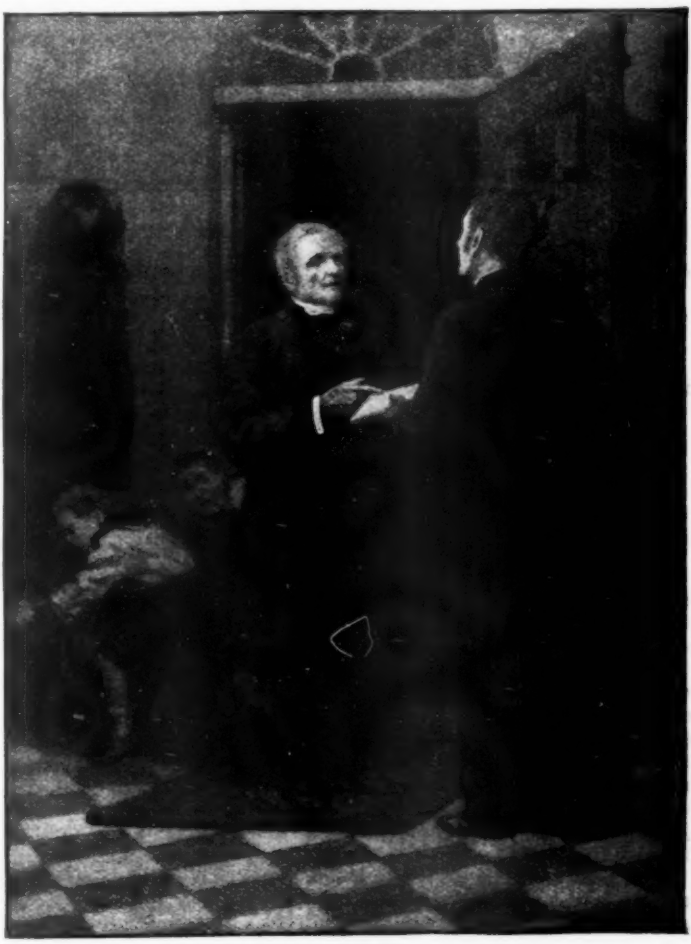
"Thunderstorm!" echoed Marjorie suspiciously. "That was at ten o'clock. What has that got to do with your clothes and the Bishop?"

"Tell you it has. You'd best ask him, if you don't b'lieve me," said Sandy, hurt at her unbelief. "Anyhow, he does know that they was dirty. An' just cos we want to save trouble an' wash 'em ourselves, you're cross an' spiteful. Girls are no good—'cept little uns. What's there to put on? Best be somefink old, cos there's a deal of diggin' to be done."

"I shall stop that digging if you make such a mess of yourselves."

"You'd best not," said David meaningly, from his bed in the further corner. "If you do, you'll be sorry," he said darkly.

END OF CHAPTER SIX.



The father pretended not to hear the scuffling of small feet.



By the Rev. Hugh Miller, M.A.

"Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—ST. LUKE ii. 13, 14.

THREE times are we told in Scripture that the angels sang. At the birth of the world, when the foundations of the earth were laid, the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. When Jesus was born into the world a multitude of the heavenly host praised God and said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And when anyone is born again there is joy among the angels in heaven over the sinner that repenteth. The subject of the song in each case is the same: the leading *motif* of them all is man.

Man, to begin with, was God's chief end in creation, and the angels sang not so much because a new world had been made, but rather because a new being akin to themselves was put into it, to whom they might minister and with whom they might co-operate in the doing of God's most holy will; and this season comes to remind us of our inherent dignity in God's sight, of the noble ideal He has formed for us, of the value He sets on those whom He sent His Son to seek and to save. As God made us and as He intends us to be, we are not a little higher only than the animals, we are rather only "a little lower than the angels." He has crowned us with glory and honour and set us over the work of His hands. He has put all things under our feet. The material universe was made for man, to be his home, to develop his powers, to be a test and discipline of his moral character. I refuse to be reduced to the same rank, or to be placed in the same order, as the beasts that perish. Remembering the angels' first song, I assert my supremacy.

And man is most of all supreme because God has given him the freedom to choose the objects of his life, and the means by which he can secure them. Sun, moon and stars are bound by laws which they cannot transgress. The movements of the

animals are guided by impulses and instincts over which they have no moral control. To man alone belongs the power of refusing to bow before God's greatness and of disobeying God's commands. Man only has this sovereignty; but his sovereignty led to his servitude, and the chains that bound him were forged by an angel who fell before man's fall.

If, then, all the angels worshipped and adored when man was made with the great gift of free choice, how must the holy ones that remained after the first and great apostasy have grieved when the fallen angels took man along with them in their fall! For because of man's disobedience God's idea in making man seemed to be thwarted and the peace and good will to which he was called appeared no longer possible. Instead of being the master of creation, he was now to a large extent its unhappy victim.

We know from hints thrown out here and there in Scripture with what absorbing interest the angels followed the plans of God to bring order once more out of the chaos caused by sin, and the effort He put forth to create a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. No wonder, then, that when the fulness of the time was come, and God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law to redeem man, the angels should have sung a second time, and anticipated for man at last a happy time of peace and good will.

The angels had a clear perception of the purpose of Christ's coming. One of the chief of them said to Joseph, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." And they all sang when He came, because they knew that God was now dealing in a special and most effective way with that dark thing which cast its shadow on heaven as well as on earth. And it becomes us to remember that it is the sin of man which in the mind of God and His holy angels is associated with the coming of Jesus Christ. To this end was He born, and for this cause came He into the world.

The sin of our first parents had passed on from generation to generation, and each one of the millions of mankind had to say, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me"; and each fulfilled in his own life all too truly the sad promise of his birth. How was the tradition to be broken, and yet broken by one who really belonged to the race? The instincts of man himself foreshadowed the truth. Stories of a virgin birth here and there discernible in paganism show the deep intuition which was realised in Jesus Christ. He came into the world to fight with sin, to redeem a race steeped in a terrible heritage of evil, and that He might redeem it He Himself was born, and yet was free from evil.

He fought sin and He conquered it. Why, then, has the angels' song not been fulfilled? Why does sin still cast its shadow on earth and heaven alike? Why does God's loving purpose in sending His Son seem still to suffer so wide defeat? Because in his recovery as in his fall, man's will must play its part. I can only be saved from sin when I *will* to be saved; I only become a partaker of the benefits which Christ brought from heaven to earth when, yielding to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, I turn with full accord to Jesus Christ as my Saviour. Marvel not, therefore, that we say to you with peculiar emphasis on the day in which Christ was born, "Ye must be born again." Otherwise, His birth is of no avail to you and me. We are not honouring Him, we are putting Him rather to an open shame, if we keep out of our thoughts at this time the supreme purpose of His coming, if we are not personally dealing with Him even now as to the burden and guilt of our sin.
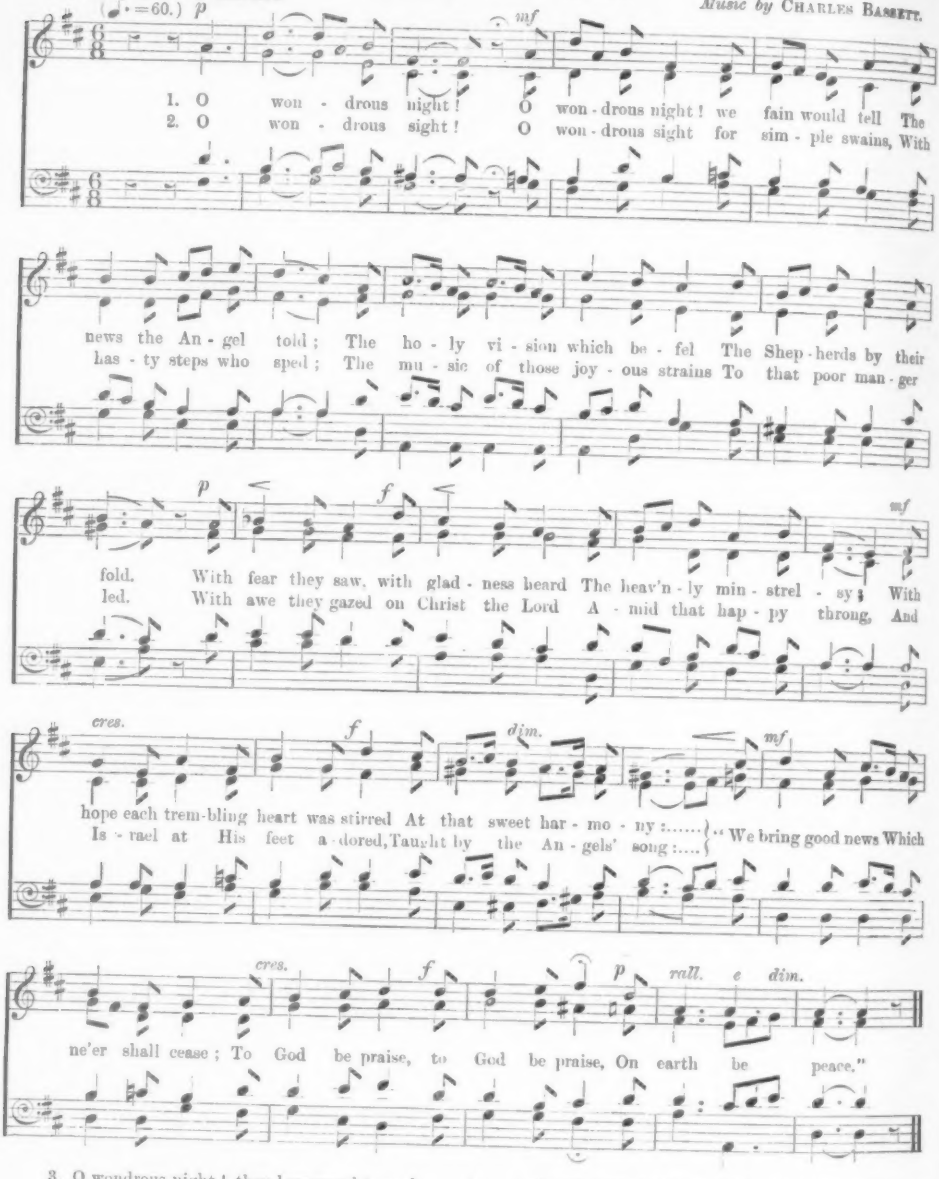
But we can set the angels a-singing in the sky, and the melody of their music can be felt in our own hearts, if we turn in lowly penitence to Him who came to save His people from their sins, and to quicken them to a new life of righteousness and peace and joy. Only when a man comes to himself in lowly penitence, and then goes to his Father with a lofty faith, does he enter into the full purpose of his manhood; and only then, also, is there not only joy among the angels in heaven over the sinner that thus repenteth, but there is music and dancing on the earth as well, and the old life ends in which sin reigned, and the new begins in which Christ reigns; and His reign means "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

O Wondrous Night!

A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by ARTHUR BRYANT. *Music by* CHARLES BASSETT.



3. O wondrous night! they homeward turned
To where their flocks did lay,
And sang the song they late had learned
To cheer them on their way.
The timid dawn began to peer
Across the dewy wold;
Their lips in accents loud and clear
The gladsome tidings told:
"We bring good news," &c.

4. O wondrous sight, that God should live
In robe of flesh for man!
O wondrous Love, Himself to give
When closed His mortal span!
Sing, O ye skies! be joyful, earth!
Ye winds, bear o'er the seas
The news of blessèd Jesu's birth,
And those sweet harmonies:
"We bring good news," &c.

THE HOUSE COMFORTABLE.

By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "The House Beautiful," Etc.

THE House Beautiful must needs be also the House Comfortable, if we take true loveliness to consist of perfect fitness for service. Thoroughness is the keynote of each. In order to strike it we must have entered heart and soul into Ruskin's translation of St. Ursula's Room. Carpaccio himself painted the useful in the beautiful in this famous picture. From the princess's book, set up at a slope fittest for reading, to the shelf which runs under the window, providing a place to put things on—from a silver lamp on the white wall to the little blue slippers beside her bed, each detail ensures comfort of the first quality.

Comfort is a thing quite apart from fashion. So it is easier to indicate the road which leads to the House Comfortable than it was to point out details in the House Beautiful. We most of us agree about the essentials required for real comfort: chairs upon which you can sit fearlessly; beds which rest and do not bruise; arms that support without cramping; pokers that bend not; strong tables and sharp knives, these are a sample of the things I mean. But true comfort depends on more than surface surroundings. It is indissolubly linked with attention to detail. The houses to which guests return time after time is the one in which soap is never absent from its tray, and where pillows are not only covered with frilled slips, but also stuffed with down and interlined with soft covering in place of waxed ticking.

I would say, first of all, that the House Comfortable must stand in a sunny situation. This ensures warmth and light, without which our bodies are ill-nourished and miserable. "Where the sun never comes the doctor does" is a much-to-be-quoted proverb. We cannot all live exactly where we like. Circumstances of business, and means, generally determine locality. But common-sense must guide us in the selection of our houses. If we would be really comfortable, we must live in light, dry, airy, and clean homes. Never take a house on the sole recommendation of its pretty appearance. To have a really beautiful house we must first see that it is essentially built for comfort. The really useful and good is generally ornamental, for it possesses the realistic beauty of *fitness*. A north and south aspect for the chief sitting rooms, with east and west windows, secures both sunshine and shade. We want afternoon coolness as well as morning light. If our apartment looks towards the sun rising, heavy curtains should be ready to draw when east wind rages. A stick to effect this noiselessly is a small boon much appreciated. If our casement faces the golden gates of the west, no such protection is called for. But all windows should have double blinds—white outside, to absorb heat, and dark inside, to veil the sun when necessary. The comfort of lying in bed, facing a dark green blind can only be estimated by those who have reluctantly been disturbed by the too early shafts of the god Phœbus.

There should be a triple water supply in the House Comfortable; ewers always filled from the soft-water pump. Every well and tank should be tested ere we take up residence. Pure water, and plenty of it, is essential to the health (and therefore comfort) of every household. It should be perfectly clear and bright, and free from taste or smell. Yet impurity may lurk even in the most sparkling water. Therefore science must decide as to its desirability. If only iron or lime water is procurable, jars of lump ammonia, or a bottle of cloudy liquid ammonia, a bag of oatmeal or a bundle

of bran should lie on every washstand. The hot-water boiler not only supplies unlimited baths, but may be devised to heat the house. In every Canadian home a stove in the cellar warms the rooms above by means of drums and fans. We might do much the same in England with our hot-water pipes. These should certainly run through the linen-press and clothes cupboards, and terminate in bath-room spirals. On these, towels and rough sheets could be dried and aired. A face cloth always warm is one of the luxuries in our House Comfortable.

After sanitation, ventilation takes its place in the home. How to secure a constant supply of fresh air is a question which demands most serious consideration. In ages past, houses were unintentionally ventilated by the ill-fitting doors and window-frames, wide chimneys, and open fire-places. But in our modern buildings comfort is secured by almost air-tight doors and windows. Ventilators at the top of such are delightful and necessary for real comfort, or a Queen Anne casement may have a swing in its upper frame. It is not always easy, however, to secure exemption from draught in our modern mansions. When the brick-and-mortar fiend has placed door, window, and fireplace exactly opposite each other, screens must be judiciously used. A brass rod from which hangs a curtain, screwed into the door jamb and suspended by a tiny chain from the ceiling, is a good thing, or an ordinary *portière* may be allowed. The former plan, however, enables us to keep the door open without feeling a wind.

Padded stair-carpets secure noiseless ascent in the House Comfortable. Cork mats by the big bath are welcome to bare feet. Many cupboards are a necessity. A place for everything and everything in its place is one of the initial rules for everyone's comfort. It is also Divine law. Hanging presses, medicine cupboards, butler's pantry, housemaid's closets, keep dresses from dust, poisons from the unwary, silver and glass intact, and brushes unworn.

The House Comfortable must not be over-servanted. Neither must it be undermanned. Of the two evils, the latter is preferable, as the mistress herself then looks after the minutiæ of her house. With all deference to Matthew Prior, comfort does not flow on a line with ignorance. It requires a cultivated intelligence to provide such in our homes.

Education has done much for us on this point. How not to do it in the House Comfortable is exemplified by the abodes of our forefathers. Going over Beaumaris Castle the other day, I noted the small apertures for exit; the high caverns of chimneys; the windows of horn; the crooked stairs. Nowadays we find stoves and slow combustion grates quite a necessity for comfort — whilst lofty ceilings, broad staircases, and wide windows can be quite as picturesque, and are far more to be desired.

The dictionary definition of the word "comfort" implies enlivenment and capability for dispensing bodily ease. For this, moral qualities are as necessary as well-planned, well-equipped houses.

Punctuality, for instance, is an ingredient required to secure a comfortable home.

When breakfast and dinner are movable feasts, served up at the whim of a lie-a-bed or a gad-about, they can only be make-believes, after all. Cold coffee is unpalatable even when partaken of in a sunny room. Whitey-brown sausages are unappetising unless piping from the pot. Yet this—like all other virtues—may be strained too far. Nothing is more uncomfortable than to feel no latitude is allowed to a weary guest, or to find one's host at marmalade three minutes after the time appointed for the disappearance of a savoury. Courtesy in this must be our rule. Neatness is another necessity. No house can be really comfortable that is littered with papers, or in which boots lie in the drawing-room—yet finickiness in arrangement makes the home unbearable. The most uncomfortable visit I ever paid was to the most scientifically correct house. Chairs were not allowed to touch the wall-paper; footstools never shifted. A towel for wiping down the varnish of the bath was provided, and—I was made miserable! By all means keep paint and paper in as much primitive purity as possible, but let unobtrusive service guard these points.

Much more could I discourse of the House Comfortable, but space forbids. Let me only remind you that the veriest cottage — plenished with wisdom and lovingly provided—may fulfil all its conditions just as well as the most luxurious castle.



DONKEY BOY TO THE QUEEN

A TRUE INCIDENT.

By Alfred T. Story.

PART II.

A WEEK passed before anything further was heard. Then a summons came for Tam to appear before her Majesty on the following afternoon. He was duly in attendance, and had not long to wait before a man in Highland costume came into the room where he was seated and said—

"Noo, my braw laddie, her Most Gracious Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort will come in through that door in twa seconds. When they enter all you hae to dy is ta stan' up an' mak' yer obeisance. An' when they ax ye a question jist ye say yes or nae, your Majesty, or your Royal Highness, as the case may be. An' if they ax ye naething—weel, jist ye say naething in return."

With these words the wise servitor withdrew. Barely had he gone out of one door ere the other opened, and the same lady he had seen before, leaning on the arm of the gentleman he likewise remembered, appeared before friend Tam. They were both dressed much more richly than when he had previously seen them, the lady having a brilliant star on her breast, and the gentleman wearing a silken sash over his shoulder.

For a moment the boy was confused, but he recovered himself sufficiently to recollect that he had to make an "obeisance." He had omitted to ask the Highland gentleman what that was, but he thought it must be something like the soldier's salute, and so he stood perfectly upright and saluted.

"So you have come, my lad, to see her Majesty about the position of donkey-boy?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir—your Royal Highness," replied Tam. Only when he had got out the word "sir" did it flash upon him that he was standing before the Queen and her Royal Consort.

"Well, her Majesty has caused inquiries to be made about you, and she finds that, although you are a little wayward and sometimes disobedient to your grandparents, you are not on the whole a bad boy."

"No, your Royal Highness," said Tam.

"Does that mean that you are not a bad boy, or that you do not sometimes disobey your grandparents?"

This question, though backed by a genial smile, somewhat disconcerted the would-be donkey-boy. He was silent for a moment, then he answered, looking first at one and then at the other, with that straight glance of his, "I hae sometimes been disobedient to my

grandparents, but I think I have learned better now."

"I am glad to hear that," said the Prince.

Then, speaking for the first time, the Queen said, "Well, Tam, if I make you my donkey-boy, will you promise to be obedient to all my slightest wishes and commands? Do not answer lightly. I am a severe mistress in that I expect the strictest obedience and attention to duty. But I, in return, am strict in doing my duty to those I employ."

"And if you prove a worthy and trustworthy servant," added the Prince, "your position is secure for life."

"Not, however, as a mere donkey-boy all your days," put in the Queen with a smile.

Said Tam with a faltering tongue: "If ye'll try me, your Majesty, I'll do my best, and," he added, as though struck with a sudden thought, "I'll no need to lick the donkeys, 'cos I ken hoo ta mek 'em run 'thout the stick."



Yetta threw up her hands in amaze.

"And how do you do that?" asked the Prince with a smile.

"I meks 'em carry a bunch o' thistles afore 'em."

"Well, we will see," replied her Majesty, smiling. "Now you may run home and tell your grandparents you are to be ready to begin duty this day week. But before you go you will see the gentleman who spoke to you a minute or two ago."

With these words and a kindly smile the Sovereign and her Royal Consort withdrew.

The one door closed, the other immediately opened, and again entered the Highland gentleman. "Sae ye hae been engagit ta look after ta cuddies, eh?" he questioned.

Tam said he had.

"Aweei, it's a verra guid step in life for a young callant to begin wi', an' if ye tek heed there's nae telling whereto it may lead—ablins even to the primiership, if ye ken what that is. For ye mun know, the gift o' the heaven-made Prime Minister is just to ken hoo ta manage a' th' human cuddies that are sent to Parliament to bother 'em. But mebbe a' that's a wee bit abune yer understanding as yet, and sae we'll just leave it an' speer aboot yer claes."

Needless to say how surprised Donal and Yetta were to hear Tam's story, how thankful to reflect that their boy was to have such a start in life. He reported to them what had been said, and the promise he had given, and they believed that, like the Jamison he was, he would be true to his word. All the same, they did not omit to pray for that guidance and support for him without which his own efforts would be vain.

The evening before Tam's week was up a parcel was delivered at Jamison's door, addressed to his grandson. It contained a complete new suit, as the Highland gentleman had said, "from the skin outwards." Never was seen such a brave outfit, to Tam's thinking. He turned it over and admired it, article by article, for at least a couple of hours, but would not try it on, or any part of it, until he had had a good wash. The tub was never a thing he was shy of, but on this occasion

it was used as though he intended to wash out his every fault, as well as all the merely superficial smuts and stains that had accumulated, so as to appear before his Queen a spotlessly clean cuddy-tender.

When the operation was completed, Tam indued himself in his new garments and went on parade, so to speak, before his grandmother. Yetta was busy stirring the matutinal porridge when he walked into the ben and said:

"How do I look, granny?"

Yetta, turning round, threw up her hands in amaze. She hardly knew him, so great was the transformation effected by the new clothes and the scrubbing he had given himself. Donal was no less surprised when he came in from his morning milking. Tam looked two inches taller and a lot sprucer.

"Ye mind me of yer puir father," said the old man as he sat down to breakfast.

That was a note of sad recollection which brought tears to Yetta's eyes: but a smile was soon gleaming through them when Tam, getting sight of Meg, who was eyeing him as it were askance, said drily, "Meg looks as if she hardly kenned what ta mek of her handiwark; for the beginning o't was a' her doing."

Just then the noise of wheels was heard on the road, and as the messenger who brought the clothes left word that one of the Queen's carriages would pick him up on the morrow, Tam thought surely this was the one. But it was not. Indeed, he ran to the door at least twenty times ere, towards eleven o'clock, his vehicle arrived. It was a quaint affair, half carriage, half wash-basket, drawn by two asses, creatures as beautiful of their kind as could be found. It was driven by her whom he knew, and by her side were several bright little faces, while the Highland gentleman, riding behind on one pony, as sturdy and Hielan' as himself, led another by the bridle.

Donal and Yetta came out and with bowed heads thanked the august though simple-hearted lady for the great kindness she had shown to their boy. She replied with a kindly smile:

"There appears to be the making of a good man in him, and, with God's help, we will do our best to make him one."

Little more was said, and, mounting the led pony, Tam rode off by the side of the faithful retainer, who never got further away from the carriage than the dust raised by its wheels.

* * * * *

Thus commenced Tam's career in life. Though he served the noblest lady in the land, he did not find his way one altogether of buttered parsnips and cream. The one thing abhorrent to his royal mistress was idleness and indifference. The motto of her establishment—of all her establishments—was "The diligent eye." In this principle she found not only the best interests of her own house, but the best interests also of those who served her.

Tam could not be called idle, nor could he be called exactly indifferent; but during the years of his tending of cattle and sheep on the brae-side he had got into the habit of liking to loll about, to saunter and dream, and then to make up, or try to make up, the leeway of work or duty by a spurt of energy. Another fault he had was to leave things about—for others to "side" or put in order. This arose, no doubt, from the narrow dimensions of his home, where there was hardly room for everything to have its particular place. It was, however, neither a very grievous nor a deeply rooted fault: and a little sharp drilling, not unfrequently at the hands of the Highland gentleman—a sort of major of the household, who possessed "the diligent eye" *par excellence*—soon corrected Tam's delinquency in this regard.

But the other fault was more deeply rooted and cost the young donkey-boy many a bad quarter of an hour. Indeed, on one occasion it nearly cost him his place. He had been given a task to do, and in place of doing it with all diligence he had been found with his feet growing to the ground, as it were. The consequence was an interview with the Highland gentleman, who told him, "Tam, ye have either ta pe punisht or to leave her Majesty's service: which shall it pe?"

"I'll tek the punishment, sir, if you please," he answered.

"Tam, ye are a wise poy, an' we'll mebby mek a man o' ye yet," said the major-domo.

Tam took his punishment, and was the better for it; but he still failed to come up to his royal mistress's ideal of a servant. Like his fellow-servitors, he had plenty of time for rest and recreation: hours of labour were by no means long.

So much time had he, indeed, for himself, that the Highland gentleman put suitable books before him, and counselled him to improve his mind by reading and study. He failed, however, to profit by the advice, and was presently made aware of his error by a violent thunder-clap.

He was in attendance on his royal mistress one day, when she and the children were out for a drive. A poor body was met, in apparent distress, by the wayside. Inquiry was made as to her condition, present help was extended, and a promise of future beneficence given if further investigation should warrant its bestowal. Hence the necessity arose for an address to be written down, and Tam, who was that day the only person in attendance, was requested to do it.

When Tam entered the royal service he could read a bit and write very imperfectly; but there had been time, had he followed the counsel given him, to have greatly improved himself in both those accomplishments. Not having done so, he fumbled egregiously over the task set him, and, in short, made such a hash of it that an eye of wrath was turned upon him.

Tam had seen that eye in all its moods—of laughter and smiles, of grief, of earnestness, of affection, even of solemnity and awe, but he had never as yet beheld it flash in indignant wrath. He felt as though the muscles of his knees had been cut away and the ground was sinking from under his feet. What would he not have given to be miles away! But he had to face the storm, and it came in this way:

"Were not books and paper and ink put before you? And were you not advised to improve your reading and writing?"

Tam falteringly admitted that such was the case.

"Why did you not attend to the advice?"

"I—I——" stammered the ease-loving Tam.

"Had you not the time?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you not do as you were wished?"

Tam hung his head in shame.

"Tam Jamison, listen to me. I will have those in my employ attend to my wishes, and attend to them with all their might. Do you wish to be ignorant all your life, when the time and the means for improvement are placed at your command? In three months' time I shall expect you to read and write in such a way that you will be able to fulfil in a creditable manner a simple duty like that you have to-day so grievously failed in. Now we 'll go on."

Tam Jamison wanted no more speaking to. He was now thoroughly awake; and he went to work with all his might to do the behest of his mistress and Sovereign, and, in truth, he made prodigious progress; so that when it happened one day—he being then in attendance on her Majesty in another part of the country—that she required the names of several rare plants to be written down for her future use, he did it so cleverly that he was rewarded with a pleased smile.

Tam felt that he had acquired wings that afternoon, and the strangest part of the affair was, that when he came to reckon up precisely, he discovered that it was three months to a day since his "royal earwigging," as the Highland gentleman called it.

To that worthy man Jamison communicated his delight. "Ah," said he, "ye thocht, like many anither, that ye were doing a great service to her gracious Majesty by your few hours of daily labour; but, guid faith, she does a mighty deal mair for ye than ye, or ony the likes o' ye, can do for her. Serve 'maist onybody else in the kintra, an' they 'll take yer service an' gie ye yer wage, an' there 's an end. But when her Majesty teks ye intil her household she teks ye to mek a man o' ye—if it 's in ye, ye ken. An' weel she knows hoo ta do it—nane better. Sae ye just go on as ye 've begun, Tam Jamison, an' ye 'll mebbe no bide a feckless cuddy-callant till ye 're auld an' blind."

Jamison did not need to be taught his lesson a second time. He made diligent use of his opportunities, and improved so much and so visibly that when he was fifteen he was raised to the position of page. A greater mark of appreciation could hardly be given to one in the royal employ; for her Majesty's pages are amongst the most trusted of her servants.

At first the humbler duties of a page fell to his lot; but as he improved in thoughtfulness and intelligence, and in

his knowledge of the manifold and delicate duties which fell to his care—in which he had the aid and instruction of one of her Majesty's oldest and most experienced pages, a man who had been in her service ever since she ascended the throne—he rose higher and higher in the royal service and the royal consideration, until at last his services were served her well, she never lost sight of them, or forgot them—no, not even when the grave took them into its transitional embrace.

Jamison had had abundant opportunities to note and set these things down in his heart, but he was never so much impressed by her Majesty's deep regard for those who served her faithfully and



Tam hung his head in shame.

rarely required except on State and exceptional occasions only.

Scarcely a week passed that he did not recall the words of him we have called the Highland gentleman, when he said that the Queen did more for those in her service than they could ever do for her, in that she not only made men and women of them, but treated them more as gentlemen and ladies than as mere domestics. There were no servants in her employ, no matter how humble their sphere, but she knew them by name and had their welfare at heart; and if they

well as when, one dripping autumn day, he was required to accompany her to the churchyard of a rural village, halfway betwixt London and Windsor—in which, a day or two before, the aged servant above referred to had been buried—in order that she might lay a wreath upon his grave. It bore the words, "In grateful remembrance of a devoted and faithful servant, V.R.," and as she bent down to place it with her own hand upon the grave a tear fell upon the flowers that outshone the brightest jewel of her crown.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

THE TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.



DR. J. J. RIDGE.

(Photo: J. Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

THE story of the Temperance Hospital in Hampstead Road forms one of the most interesting chapters in temperance history. When the experiment of treating accidents and disease without the administration of alcohol was first mooted, the idea was assailed with a storm of criticism in which the medical profession found a most active ally in the public Press. A quarter of a century has now elapsed since the first patient was received in the temporary premises in Gower Street, and although the medical staff have full permission, under certain regulations, to administer alcohol if deemed expedient, the last Report states that out of a total of 13,984 in-patients, alcohol has only been resorted to in twenty-five cases. The percentage of recoveries compares most favourably with the ordinary hospitals, and the cases include every variety of disease and accident. The present head of the medical staff is Dr. J. J. Ridge, who has been connected with the institution from the first. For many years it has been the custom of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union to organise a Christmas collection in aid of the Temperance Hospital. The amount thus realised has reached many thousand pounds, and it is hoped that this year's collection will prove the best of the series. The body of evidence in favour of total abstinence which the Temperance Hospital has accumulated certainly entitles the institution to the cordial support of the temperance public.

COMING EVENTS.

Among the fixtures worth noting may be named the New Year's Meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union on Saturday, January 7th; the Annual Meeting of the London United Temperance Council, to be addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on February 13th, in the Queen's Hall; a great Industrial Exhibition, promoted by the Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union, on April 10—13; Temperance Sunday for London Diocese April 23rd (St. George's Day, a grand opportunity for the clergy to strike a national note); and, as it is well to look ahead, a World's Temperance Convention to be held under the auspices of the National Temperance League in 1900.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

It may be news to some of our readers that Dr. James A. H. Murray, the editor-in-chief of the monumental literary work which has been in progress for so many years, is an earnest total abstainer and a Vice-President of the National Temperance League. Dictionary-



THE TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON.

(Photo supplied by the Press Studio.)

making and total abstinence seem to run together. In William Ball's "Slight Memorials of Hannah More" is this remark: "I dined last week at the Bishop of Chester's. Dr. Johnson was there. In the middle of dinner I urged Dr. Johnson to take a *little* wine. He replied: 'I can't drink a *little*, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.'" It is rather curious to note that it is only within recent years that our dictionaries have taken any cognisance of the meaning which temperance people give to the word "pledge." More than this, in the early dictionaries the word was almost exclusively given up to the other side of the drink question. For instance, in Bailey's Dictionary (1736) we have the following definition of the word "pledged":—"Having drank by the recommendation of another." . . . "The custom of pledging in drinking was occasioned by the Danes, who, while they had the superiority in England, used to stab the English or cut their throats while they were drinking; and thereupon they requested of some sitter-by to be their pledge and security while they drank; so that 'I will pledge you' signifies 'I will be your security that you shall drink in safety.'"



"DICTIONARY" MURRAY.

Contrast this with the definition given in the last edition of Webster's Dictionary:—

"A promise or agreement by which one binds one's self to do, or to refrain from doing something; especially a solemn promise in writing to refrain from using intoxicating liquors or other liquor; as to sign the pledge."



MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

(Photo: Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.)

No doubt, when Dr. Murray reaches the letter "P," we shall have a definition even still more illuminating. The New English Dictionary viewed from a temperance standpoint would make a delightful study. Take, for instance, volume one, in which "Alcohol" has more than a column to itself, while "Ale" has two columns, "Beer" two and a half columns, and "Abstain," "Abstainer," and "Abstaining" are treated with a wealth of illustration and meaning derived from such authorities as Wyclif in 1382 down to J. W. Bardsley (the present Bishop of Carlisle) in 1867, who is pressed into the service in this form:—

"Abstaining.—Practising abstinence (from alcoholic beverages) 1867. J. W. Bardsley in 'Clerical Testimony to Total Abstinence' 30: 'The bride was the daughter of an abstaining clergyman.'"

Now we will leave it to our fair readers to puzzle over until next month as to who the blushing bride was who is thus assured of immortality in the greatest Dictionary the world has ever seen.



MRS. MARY DAVIES.

(Photo: H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.)

"TWO QUEENS OF SONG."

"Example is better than precept," says the old adage, and there can be no doubt that the example of Madame Antoinette Sterling and Mrs. Mary Davies in the matter of total abstinence has been of the utmost value. It was at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sherlock at Hackney, in 1892, to the Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of London), that Madame Sterling, to the surprise of a delighted audience, volunteered "a few words." The gifted singer remarked that "she had been nearly all her life a total abstainer. When on long tours with members of her profession, it had been rather an aggravation to them to see, when they were pretty well prostrated, that she was almost or quite as fresh at the end of the journey as at the beginning. They also complained of the quality of the wine furnished to them, as well as of water. She took milk and cocoa, and also water, of which she did not complain, and scarcely missed one engagement in the seventeen years during which she had been before the public. She had never had a day's bad health, and had not suffered from those

aches and pains of which she had heard other people complaining continually." Like Madame Sterling, Mrs. Mary Davies has upon many occasions shown a deep and practical interest in philanthropic work.

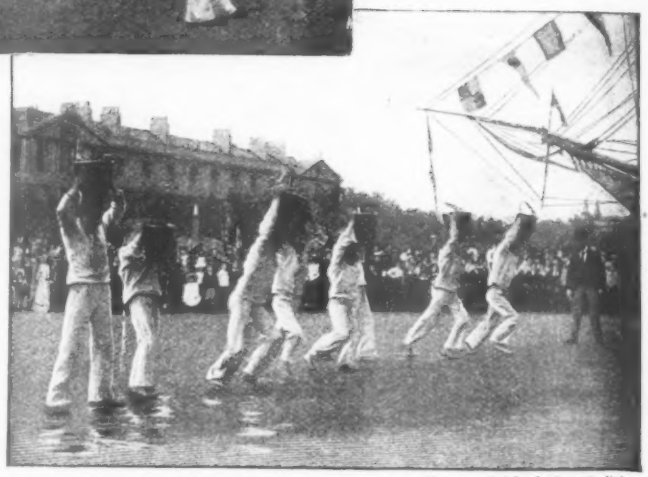


(Photo supplied by the Press Studio.)

MUSCULAR TRAINING AT THE NAVAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH.

A FAMOUS BAND OF HOPE.

Possibly the most unique Band of Hope in the world is that which is held in the Royal Naval School, Greenwich. It was founded so far back as 1871, by Samuel Sims, an honoured agent of the National Temperance League, and upon his death, in 1892, was taken over by Mr. W. S. Campbell, as the League's representative. No pressure at all is put upon the lads to induce them to join the Band of Hope, but, as a matter of fact, most of the lads in the school readily do so, and the present membership is fully a thousand strong. Regular weekly meetings are held, and the annual gathering, which is held in the great gymnasium, is a most inspiriting spectacle. A visit to the Royal Naval School, if it should happen to be in recreation time, cannot fail to afford considerable satisfaction to those who like to see Young England at play. Every type of healthy pastime is encouraged in its turn, and these young abstainers have frequently shown that they are well able to hold their own. It is encouraging to know that the principles of total abstinence are not discarded when the lads pass out into the Royal Navy or Mercantile Marine, for every year large numbers of them are drafted into Miss Weston's well-known temperance society.



(Photo supplied by the Press Studio.)

BUCKET-OF-WATER RACE AT THE NAVAL SCHOOL.

TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

The appointment of a special Sunday for the preaching of sermons on temperance originated with the Church of England Temperance Society many years ago. Owing to various circumstances, it is not possible for the Church of England clergy to take one Sunday simultaneously for the whole country, but each diocesan Bishop makes choice of a day and issues a pastoral letter to his clergy, so that at one period of the year or another the whole country is covered, so far as the Church of England is concerned. The Nonconformist bodies have, however, for some years past, fixed upon the last Sunday in November for Temperance Sunday, and as we go to press we learn that this year special reference will be made to the importance of Sunday Closing.

SCRIPTURE·LESSONS·FOR·SCHOOL·&·HOME
· INTERNATIONAL · SERIES ·

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

DECEMBER 18TH.—The Captivity of Judah.

To read—Jer. lii. 1—11. *Golden Text—Jer. xxix.* 13.

THIS chapter describes the fate of Judah. Later kings were all wicked. Warnings of Jeremiah and other prophets all been in vain. Time has come for judgment. Captivity in Babylon, long foretold, now about to commence. Came about in reign of Zedekiah. The eleven verses of this lesson almost identical with Jer. xxxix. 1—10.

I. **The King** (1—3). *His name.* Originally Mattaniah, was son of good King Josiah and uncle of late King Jehoiachin. Jeremiah had prophesied of a future king (Jer. xxiii. 5—7) as the "Lord our righteousness." The king assumed that name, and was called Zedekiah.

His acts. "Did evil," but had not always been altogether evil. Had made covenant with nobles and priests to abolish slavery (xxxiv. 8—10). But his great wrong was breaking his solemn oath of allegiance to king of Babylon (2 Chron. xxxvi. 13). This looked upon as his crowning vice (Ezek. xvii. 8), for which God's anger was upon him (ver. 3).

Lesson. When thou vowest a vow defer not to pay it.

II. **The Siege** (4—7). City besieged for last time. Jews never forgot day it began. Was January—tenth day of their tenth month. Great mounds or (earthworks) outside walls to shoot burning arrows, etc.; houses outside thrown down (Jer. xxxiii. 4). Famine and pestilence soon ravaged crowded population inside.

The assault. City, after eighteen months, taken by assault at northern gate (B.C. 587). King and his family and royal guard escaped by passage between two walls (Jer. xxxix. 4), by royal gardens, down steep descent towards Jericho. There he was overtaken and made prisoner. His broken oath caused his destruction (Ezek. xvii. 20).

Lesson. Evil shall hunt the wicked to overtake him.

III. **Babylon.** He was taken to Babylon. His sons killed in his sight, then his eyes put out, bound with chains, kept in prison till death. Feeble in will, faithless in promise, judgment came upon him.

Lesson. 1. The word of the Lord standeth sure.

Bargains.

He who buys the truth makes a good bargain. Zedekiah dealt in falsehood and lost his throne. Esau sold his birthright for a basin of soup. Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for the price of a slave. Take heed to the thing that is right, for that alone shall bring peace at the last.

DECEMBER 25TH.—A Christmas Lesson.

To read—Hebrews i. 1—9. *Golden Text—St. Luke* ii. 11.

THIS letter written to the Hebrews, *i.e.* Christians of Jewish birth who clung to the priesthood and services of the Temple as well as to Christianity. St. Paul shows how far the Christian system was superior to and superseded the Jewish. The types and ceremonies of the Law fulfilled in Christ, whose birthday is kept at Christmas.

I. **God's Revelation** (1—2). *Past.* God revealed or unveiled Himself of old. This revelation inferior in three ways, viz. (1) It was given gradually, in portions, a part at a time. (2) Given in divers manners, under many figures and types. (3) Given by prophets, only human.

Present. Final revelation of God's truth—once for all given to the saints (Jude 3). Given by His Son—the Word of God (St. John i. 1, 2); heir of all things—God's agent in creation of the universe.

II. **God's Son** (3—9). *Great in Himself.* Has Divine glory—the outshining of the Father's glory. He is God's image, the counterpart of the Father. To see Christ is to see God (St. John xiv. 9).

Great in His work. (1) *Upholder* of the universe as well as its Creator. (2) *Saviour.* Came not only as prophet to reveal God's will, but to purge man's sin. This He did by Himself with His own blood (ix. 12, 14).

Greater than angels. In His person, His work. His exaltation to glory; testified by Scripture, *e.g.* Psalm ii. 5 tells of Christ's eternal Sonship—also referred to by St. Paul as fulfilled in His resurrection (Acts xiii. 33).

King over all. Christ also a King. Rules in righteousness (Psalm xlv. 6, 7); received throne as victor over His enemies—sin, death, and the devil (xii. 2). Raised high above all.

Lesson. Christ is King—honour Him; He is Saviour—love Him; He is God—fear Him. Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and so ye perish. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.

Christ in the Old and New Testaments.

A weaver, who had made an elaborate piece of tapestry, hung it upon the tenterhooks in his yard. That night it was stolen. A piece of tapestry was found by the police, which seemed to answer the description; but, as the pattern was not unlike that of other pieces, they wanted more definite proof. It was brought to the weaver's yard, and there the perforations in the fabric were found to correspond exactly to the tenterhooks. This was proof positive. In like manner, if we place the life and character of Christ against all the prophecies of Him in Scripture, they will be found to correspond exactly.

1899.

New Series. The Gospel according to St. John.

JANUARY 1ST.—Christ the True Light.

To read—St. John i. 1—14. *Golden Text—Ver.* 4.

NEW YEAR—new course of lessons. This Gospel records the deeper spiritual truths of Christ's teaching, especially about His own Nature and Person. It sets Christ forth as God. St. John tells his object in writing a fourth Gospel in chap. xx. 31, which the class should read.

I. **The Nature of Christ** (1—3). *Eternal.* In the beginning, not of the world, but before all creation, from everlasting. *Divine Word.* Christ is the expression of the mind of God. Came to reveal God to man (xv. 15). *Living Person.* The Word not a mere attribute or power of God but a distinct Person. "With God" from everlasting. Not inferior to the Father, but very God Himself. *Creator.* As well as Saviour and Governor of the world (read Col. i. 16, 17; Heb. i. 2).

II. **The Office of Christ** (4—13). *Source of Life.* As very God He had life in Himself, which He poured forth on His creation (vv. 25, 26; xvii. 2). *Source of light.* The life from Son of God is cause of man's inward spiritual light by which he is saved. *Himself the light.* World was in spiritual darkness at Christ's coming. *Giver of light.* No man has light in himself, however great his natural powers. All true light is from Christ.

Rejected. By His own. The world He made knew not its Creator (1 Cor. i. 21). The nation He chose to be His own special people (Deut. vii. 6) received Him not.

Received. By a few—both Jews and Gentiles; such as Nicodemus the ruler (iii. 1, 2), the disciples from Galilee (ii. 11), and others. How did they receive Him? By believing in Him. This faith, itself the gift of God, rewarded by further privilege of becoming God's sons—born into God's family by a new and spiritual birth (iii. 3).

III. **The Glory of Christ** (14). Word was made flesh by taking to Himself man's human nature. He dwelt (*literally* "pitched His tent") with men, full of mercy to heal bodies and souls, full of God's truth to teach.

Lessons. 1. *Hold fast the Christian faith.* Jesus Christ one for ever with the Father. *God*—eternal, glorious, Creator, Giver of light and life to the soul—yet *Man*, like one of us.

2. *Live the Christian life.* Jesus is our example, that we should follow His steps.

Christians walking in the Light.

A little girl in a London slum won a prize at a flower-show. Her flower was grown in a broken teapot in a back attic. When asked how she managed to grow the beautiful flower, she said her success came from always keeping the plant in the only corner of the room ever favoured by a sunbeam. Only by walking in the light and sight of God can Christians truly grow and bear fruit.

JANUARY 8TH.—Christ's first Disciples.

To read—St. John i. 35—46. *Golden Text—Ver* 36.

CHRIST now thirty years old; has been baptised and received special outpouring of Holy Ghost (ver. 33), and also been tempted in the wilderness (St. Matt. iv. 1). Is now ready for His public work and ministry. Now begins to win disciples.

I. **The first two Disciples** (35—40). *Heard of Him.* Picture Christ walking near the Jordan. St. John, who had baptised Him, points Him out to his followers. Describes Him: this the Lamb of God to Whom all the sacrifices pointed; the innocent lamb slain told of the death of the spotless Son of God for man's sin. His words went home.

Followed Him. Who were they? Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, and probably St. John, writer of the Gospel, brother of James. Why did they follow? To learn more of Him. Had been baptised with baptism of repentance. Sense of sin led them to seek the Saviour. Christ knew their thoughts, encouraged them to learn more of Him (St. Matt. xi. 28, 29).

II. **The third Disciple** (41, 42). The two friends separate the next day, each in search of his brother. Andrew soon finds his—eagerly tells the news. They have found the long-expected Messiah, the Anointed of God. Brings Simon to Christ. No greater proof possible of having really found Christ than bringing another to Him. Christ looks with eager and searching eye at Simon—reads his very heart, sees his longing after truth; gives him a new name, Cephas (Hebrew) or Peter (Greek), meaning "a rock" or "stone." What did this signify? His bold and determined character, strong in the faith (St. Matt. xvi. 16), eager in defence of Christ (xviii. 10), and, after his fall and forgiveness, strong in love (xxi. 15).

III. **The fourth Disciple** (43, 44). Philip of Bethsaida. Must have heard his friends talking of Christ. Probably stirred in his heart. Christ found him, as He afterwards found Zacchæus St. (Luke xix. 5). His mission to seek as well as to save. Happy they who obey Christ's call and follow Him.

IV. **The fifth Disciple** (45, 46). Philip soon shows marks of discipleship. He finds Nathanael. Tells him how Christ fulfilled prophecies, such as of a "prophet" like unto Moses, a "king" whose name should be "the Lord our righteousness" (Jer. xxiii. 5, 6). Nathanael asks in honest doubt if it can be possible for the Messiah to come from despised Nazareth. Philip did not argue, but bade him "Come and see"—the best cure for all doubts.

Lessons. From the Baptist: The dying Saviour the greatest magnet for drawing souls.

From Andrew: Show religion first at home.

From Simon: Taste and see how gracious the Lord is.

From Philip: Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.

From Nathanael: Hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

"There's Another."

A traveller lost in the snow on the Alps was rescued by one of the famous dogs of St. Bernard. When restored to consciousness his first words were, "There 's another." The monks to whom the dogs belonged continued their search, and "the other" was found and saved. "Are you saved?" Is there not another whom you can rescue from sin and bring to the life of God?

Short Arrows

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

The Quiver Santa Claus.

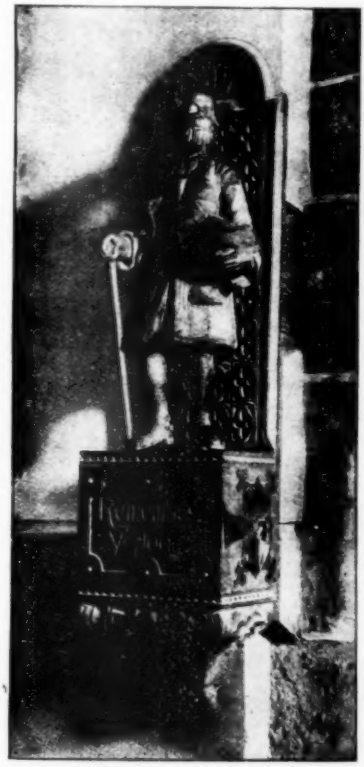
LAST month we published full particulars of our scheme to provide Christmas Stockings for the many poor and friendless little ones who are not on Santa Claus's visiting list, and we appeal to our readers for their hearty practical co-operation in this work. Each stocking will contain wholesome goodies, in the shape of cake and sweets, in addition to an unbreakable toy and a Christmas card. The Proprietors of THE QUIVER have headed the subscription list with a donation of £25, which is sufficient to provide the contents of

FIVE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS FOR POOR AND FRIENDLESS CHILDREN,

a sum of **one shilling** being sufficient to furnish a stocking and pay the postage. But, as we can profitably distribute *thousands* of such presents, we confidently look to all lovers of the children to lend their generous aid, in order that as many as possible of the destitute little mites may have their Christmas brightened by such a welcome gift. We shall also be glad to receive recommendations from our readers of suitable cases for the receipt of the stockings, and for this purpose the special application form to be found in our Extra Christmas Number ("Christmas Arrows") should be used. As the time is short, contributions for the Christmas Stocking Fund should be sent **at once** to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., and all amounts of one shilling and upwards will be thankfully acknowledged in our pages.

A Curious Alms-box.

IN the interesting parish church of Pinhoe, near Exeter, appears a very curious alms-box surmounted by the figure of a man who seems, from his costume and general character, to date from the period of James I. He holds two books in his hand—representing most probably Bible and Prayer Book—one of which bears the inscription, "Ye Poor Man of Pinhoo, 1700," but from information with which the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Frederick W. Pulling, has kindly supplied us, it appears that the books were added in 1879-80, when the church was restored. Previously the figure held a small flimsy box in front of him. He was, however, placed on the present handsome oak box bearing the inscription, "Remember



CURIOUS ALMS-BOX IN PINHOE CHURCH.

ye Poor," and the old flimsy box was removed. The present box was constructed from some very ancient timber from the roof of Salisbury Cathedral, when under repair. What the figure was originally intended to represent—whether a beadle, the dispenser of charities, or a relieving officer—is not known. Curiously enough, the parish records are quite silent as to the figure, and when, some time since, it was repaired it was sent to the eminent antiquary and ecclesiologist, the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott, who said he had seen only two such figures before. The wooden backing is of Jacobean style, and was designed by the architect in 1879 to strengthen the whole structure.

"God Bless the Kernel."

AFTER the marvellous achievements in his two Chinese campaigns, which were sufficient to have made the reputations of a dozen ordinary colonels, Gordon came back to England in 1865 as poor as when he left home. During the next six years, which he spent in Gravesend as an engineer, the future keeper of Khartoum devoted a large portion of his leisure to visiting the sick and to teaching and training many of the ragged and neglected boys of the rough neighbourhood. So truly did these poor lads love their colonel that it was not uncommon to see chalked up on the walls the singular inscription, "God bless the Kernel." Their gratitude was apparently stronger than their orthography. When Englishmen reflect how Gordon placed his Divine Master first in every enterprise of his life, they must feel that no institution intended to honour the dead hero at Khartoum can be a worthy memorial which is not grounded on the rock of Christianity.

Christmas Cards and Gift-Books.

CHRISTMAS is pre-eminently the season of universal good-will, and the custom of conveying seasonable greetings by means of the attractive Christmas card is every year becoming more general. Amongst the publishers of these mementoes Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons take front rank, and the specimen box of cards, calendars, story-books, and illustrated texts, recently received from them, affords ample proof that the variety and artistic excellence which have always characterised their productions are well maintained this year. Some of the cards are veritable works of art, and deserve more than the temporary appreciation usually accorded to such; but the palm for novelty, both in design and treatment, must be accorded to the calendars, many of which are most original in conception, and all are daintily and tastefully produced.—For years past we have been accustomed to look for a Christmas book from Mr. Andrew Lang, and this season he has edited an edition of "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," which Messrs. Longmans have published in a charming cover, and with a number of clever illustrations by Mr. H. J. Ford.—Another suitable gift-book for children is "His Big Opportunity" (Hodder and Stoughton), a brightly written story by Amy Le Feuvre; whilst for young people what more inspiriting and interesting work could be presented to them than the life-story of the pioneer missionary, "Mackay of Uganda," of whose biography a new illustrated edition has just been issued by the same publishers.—We have also received the current yearly volumes of our contemporaries, *Good Words* and *The Sunday Magazine* (Isbister & Co.). These would both form valuable additions to any Sunday-school library, and are also admirably adapted for use as prizes or presents.



(From a Photograph.)

THE LAUGHING GOD OF CHINA.

Compensation.

AN Irishman being bound over to keep the peace against all the Queen's subjects, said, "Then Heaven help the first foreigner I meet!" We are reminded of this when we see people civility itself to a good servant they are afraid of losing, or to the strongest-willed person in their home, and then relieving their pent-up feelings by being rude to the rest of the family.

Laughter and War.

"HAVE you any gods around here?" inquired an English traveller in rural China. "Oh, yes," replied a venerable Celestial; "the three Pure Ones, the God of the Fields, and the Goddess of Mercy." "My old friend, I am afraid your gods are not a few." "Foreign teacher," said the old man, "verily, verily, our gods are ten thousand and thousands of thousands." Some are of stone, others of wood,

clay, or bronze. One may be purchased for a farthing, another will cost £200. The Laughing God in our illustration is a representation in coarse pottery of Quantecong, supposed to be the first emperor. There are laughing Buddhas for sale, and some few images of beneficent mien; but the great horde are intended to inspire awe or terror. The second illustration is a well-executed terra-cotta figure of a deified warrior. The drawn sword and beard are similar to those of Kwante, the God of War, regarded as the head of the military department in China. In 1,600 state temples dedicated to him the mandarins worship once a month, and in thousands of smaller temples he is honoured with sacrifices of sheep and oxen. His worshippers believe that he was a general, who just about the time that the Prince of Peace came to this world in great humility made the enemies of China to tremble. The elevation or manufacture of gods is a simple affair. The keeper of an idol shop collects the heads, limbs, and trunk that he has moulded out of mud, unites them in one ill-proportioned figure, slips a frog, snake, lizard, or centipede into the hole in the back, and the idol is ready for dedication and worship! The calm, colossal Buddha at Peking is seventy feet high, but it can only witness to a blind feeling after God.

An Ancient Manuscript of St Matthew.

THE romance of New Testament manuscripts is again enlarged; this time by the discovery of a papyrus fragment containing a part of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. The precious sheet was found in the Libyan desert, about one hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo, by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, the discoverers of the *Logia*. It is thought that this fragment may be older by a hundred years than any other manuscript of the New Testament hitherto available. Its value, had it been a whole book instead of two leaves, would have been priceless. Even so, it is of singular interest. Its actual history, of course, is beyond discovery, but its appearance amongst the world of scholars reminds us of the strangely varied channels through which Greek manuscripts of the New Testament have come down to us. There is the romantic story of the discovery, in a monastery on Mount Sinai, of the priceless manuscript known as the *Codex Sinaiticus*. There is the scarcely less valuable *Codex Alexandrinus* which the British Museum now guards; that came to England as a gift to King Charles I. from a Patriarch of Constantinople. There is the great manuscript which is one of the glories of the Vatican Library at Rome, where it is believed to have been ever since that library was founded. There is the *Codex Ephraemi* at Paris, its ancient writing partly legible beneath a much later work written over it—a manuscript which once belonged to Catherine de Medicis. There is another palimpsest brought to England from a convent in the Nubian desert. There is the manuscript presented by Laud to the Bodleian, and supposed to have been used by the Venerable Bede. In truth, the history of these treasures is full of romance, and it is but fitting that new discoveries should furnish other examples of the strange ways in which the text of the Holy Scriptures in various parts and forms has been preserved for us.

Humours of Hymen.

WHILE nothing can be so distressing to a clergyman, whose duty it is to solemnise marriages, as irreverence or flippancy, he can hardly fail to be amused, if many of his people are poor and his area is wide, at the occasional results of a genuine ignorance, or a legitimate nervousness. A well-known church in Central London can furnish several singular and recent experiences. It is not often that either of the contracting parties comes furnished with a prayer-book, but on a certain occasion the bride, a rather strong-minded-looking lady, did so, and insisted on holding it sternly and steadily under the nose of her future spouse. In repeating the passage in which "cherish" occurs, a bridegroom, in a faltering voice, expressed his willingness "to love and to '*perish*.'" "Oh, sir, I do feel *that* nervous!" once pleaded another embarrassed swain in the middle of the service. A widower, who was extremely

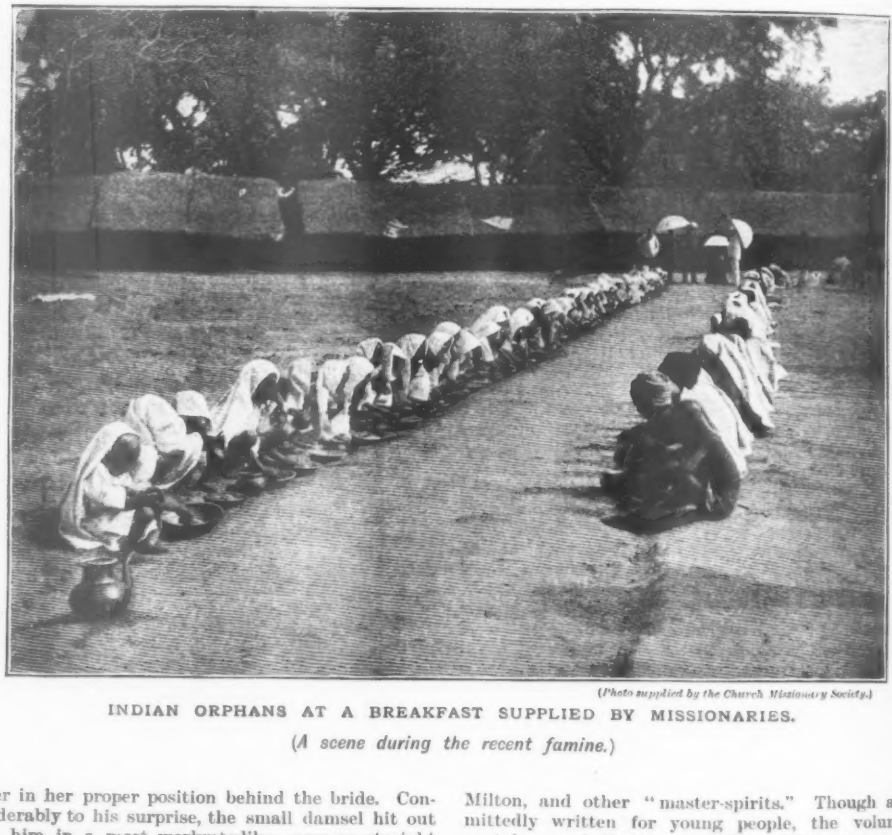


(*From a Photograph.*)

A GOD OF WAR.

awkward and stupid in making the responses after the minister, apologised by saying, "Really, sir, it is so long since I was married last that I forget"! Another bridegroom, though middle-aged, seemed somewhat diffident with regard to his responsibilities, and answered to the inquiry,

"Wilt thou love, comfort, honour, etc.?" "To the best of my abilities I will." A year or two ago, the roof of the particular church of which we are thinking was being renovated, and the interior was a maze of ladders. Under these a superstitious bride earnestly begged not to be compelled to go, so she was considerately conducted to the chancel by a circuitous route. There was a wedding last year at which a tiny bridesmaid made her appearance. As he had married her parents about six summers previously, the clergyman thought he might venture to take her by the arm and to place her in her proper position behind the bride. Considerably to his surprise, the small damsel hit out at him in a most workmanlike manner straight from the shoulder, and the edifice resounded with a terrific yell of defiance, "Me *won't!* Me WON'T!"



(*Photo supplied by the Church Missionary Society.*)

INDIAN ORPHANS AT A BREAKFAST SUPPLIED BY MISSIONARIES.

(*A scene during the recent famine.*)

Some New Books.

ONE of the most interesting biographies of the season is that of Bishop Walsham How, which has just been issued by Messrs. Isbister, prefaced by an excellent portrait of the late prelate. The Bishop was principally known by his work in the East of London, where he was greatly loved by clergy and parishioners alike, and many excellent stories are related *apropos* of his cheeriness and tolerant good nature in dealing with the mixed elements of his crowded diocese. The memoir seems full and complete, as, indeed, it should be, the biographer being Mr. Frederick How (a son of the late Bishop), who had access to all the private memoranda of his father, and was naturally acquainted with every incident of interest concerning him. From the same publishers comes an excellent work by our contributor, Dean Farrar, on "Great Books," in which he critically reviews the life and works of Bunyan, Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, and other "master-spirits." Though admittedly written for young people, the volume contains much that is valuable and interesting to older readers. Messrs. Isbister have also recently issued a volume of sermons by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, under the title "The Gospel of Joy." Whilst we do not endorse all the views expressed by the author, yet at the same time we are bound to confess that Mr. Brooke's eloquent addresses teem with happy and suggestive thoughts.—A daintily produced volume reaches us from the Scientific Press in the form of Mr. J. T. Woolrych Perowne's account of his recent journey in Russian Central Asia, published under the comprehensive title "Russian Hosts and English Guests in Central

Asia." In many respects the journey described was quite unique, and the interest is considerably increased by the number and variety of the excellent illustrations which are scattered throughout the book.—"Table-talk with Young Men" (Hodder and Stoughton) is the title which the Rev. W. J. Dawson gives to his recently published series of "pen-conversations" with young men. Mr. Dawson's practical, straightforward and cultured "talk" on such diverse subjects as "The Art of Living," "Christianity and Progress," "Civic Responsibility," etc., is not only brilliant but highly instructive, and the book is one which should find a place on every young man's bookshelf, for it will richly repay careful and constant perusal.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "Comfort and Counsel" (Hodder and Stoughton), containing quotations from the writings of Elizabeth Rundle Charles for every day in the year; "The Children's Year-Book of Prayer and Praise" (Longmans), compiled by C. M. Whishaw; a useful and informing little volume on "Diet and Food" (J. and A. Churchill), by Dr. Alexander Haig; "A Cluster of Camphire" (Passmore and Alabaster), containing short, sympathetic addresses by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon to those who are sick and sorrowful; and "The Daily Homily" (Morgan and Scott), a series of brief, pregnant discourses on the books of the Bible from 1 Samuel to Job, by the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

"Out of the Eater came forth Meat."

SAMSON'S riddle is an everlasting proverb. Out of the devouring famine that last year devastated India blessings have already come to many provinces. A conquered race find it hard to love and trust their rulers, but in their trouble dwellers in the famine districts saw the practical side of Christianity. In the midst of universal rejoicing England was moved with compassion, and provided food for the starving. Government, in many instances, entrusted missionaries with the distribution of grain. The Indian people are slow to act and strong to endure. Thousands perished because they could not or would not realise that relief was within reach. Parents gave their last morsels to their children, and then lay down to die. Orphanages overflowed, and new ones had to be erected. Where an open shed and light meals of milk, rice, and curry meet the ideas of home and housekeeping, this is easier than it sounds. After a famine the number of Christian adherents to missions is always multiplied, and the supply of pupils creates new demand for teachers. It must be acknowledged that the taunt of being "rice-Christians" is sometimes justified, though there is little doubt that genuine gratitude to God, who moved His servants to help them, has caused numbers to turn to Him.

Abraham's Vineyard.

THIS piece of land is close to the Holy City, and now belongs to the Society for the Relief of Persecuted Jews. When the necessary excavation for building was begun, Abraham's Vineyard revealed signs of former glory and prosperity. Tesselated pavement, vats, baths, and a columbarium hewn out of the rock, showed that it had once belonged to a householder with taste for luxury as well as an eye for exquisite scenery. The baths and vats have been converted into cisterns for rain-water, and the place has become the scene of industry. The earth, in past years again and again reddened by battles, now yields peaceful harvests of grain. All the Jewish refugees are not, however, cultivators. Soap-making from olive oil and alkali grown on the Jordan Plain, glue-making, stone-dressing, quarrying, are industries which offer many of them an honest living. The idea of the founders of this society was "to give relief and employment to the Jews, especially in Jerusalem, until they are able to found colonies on their own account." The experiment of Abraham's Vineyard has succeeded, and the Jews have carried the work farther, as the trade in Jaffa oranges and olive-wood ware testify.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

"CHRISTMAS ARROWS" (the Extra Christmas Number of THE QUIVER) is published simultaneously with this part, and contains a complete one-volume story by M. H. Cornwall Legh, entitled "**The Steep Ascent**," copiously illustrated by Frank Craig. In addition will be found a seasonable article by the Rev. Dr. Preston, on "**Christmas Chimes from Jerusalem**" (illustrated by Mark Zangwill); a contribution by the Rev. Canon McCormick entitled "**Christian Hospitality**"; and a long fairy-parable by E. H. Strain which bears the title "**The Star Ruby**," and is illustrated by H. R. Millar. "Christmas Arrows" also contains full particulars and conditions of our scheme for providing **Christmas Stockings** for poor and friendless children, as well as the **Voting Form** which any reader is at liberty to use to recommend suitable cases for the receipt of our Christmas gift.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** and **Presentation Bible** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Leicester** (for which applications were invited up to October 31st) have been gained by

MISS ANNE HARRISON,
42, Humberstone Gate,
Leicester.

who has distinguished herself by **fifty-eight** years' service in Harvey Lane Baptist Chapel, Leicester.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver Medal** is

SUSSEX,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before November 30th, 1898. We may add that **Wiltshire** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being December 31st, 1898. This county, in its turn, will be followed by **Durham**, for which the date will be one month later—viz. January 31st, 1899.

The names of members recently enrolled will be found in our advertisement pages.

NEW QUIVER WAIFS.

To be Selected by our Readers.

FOR many years past our readers have generously taken the responsibility of maintaining a waif at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and another at Miss Sharman's Orphanage in Southwark; but, as the present waifs are now growing up, and will soon be out in the world, the time has come for another selection. For this purpose, we have obtained particulars of eligible cases, which we submit to our readers, and, as we look to them for a continuance of their kindly help in supporting THE QUIVER Waifs, we feel that they would prefer to choose the new little ones who are to be so known. We would, therefore, request our readers to send a post-card (addressed to The Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.), stating for which waif in each of the two sets they desire to vote, and the children with the highest number of votes will be elected. The post-cards should reach the Editor not later than December 31st, 1898. It should be particularly understood that this course will imply no pecuniary obligation whatever on the part of the voters, as we shall rely solely upon the voluntary contributions of our readers to furnish the total requisite sum for the maintenance of the waifs, which amounts to £31 per year. All donations will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER month by month.

Particulars of Cases.

I. *For Dr. Barnardo's Homes* (one vote):—

ALBERT LE VASSEUR.—Eight years of age—mother left a widow with ten children—totally unable to support them all—when discovered there was no food or money in the house.

CHARLES SALT.—Seven years of age—mother a "drunken and disreputable tramp"—father little better—parents without a home and constantly ill-treating the child.

JOHN HARRISON.—Seven years of age—found in streets begging in ragged condition—father dead—mother disreputable. John somewhat lame in walk, owing to injury to the right knee in infancy.

II. *For Miss Sharman's Orphanage* (one vote):—

ROSE HEELIS.—Aged two years—was born shortly after her father's death—mother has died of consumption—promises to grow into a very nice child, and is full of life and spirits.

ETHEL ROBINSON.—Aged six years—father killed by an accident—mother in lunatic asylum—relatives too poor to help.

LILY PAVITT.—Aged ten years—mother dead—father deserted children—an aunt took the child, but was unable to support her.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from October 1st up to and including October 31st, 1898. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* A Glasgow Mother (101st donation), 1s.; J. J. E. (131st donation), 5s.; R. S., Crouch End (7th donation), 5s.; E. M. B., Jedburgh, 3s.; R. Dendy, Eastbourne, 3s.; Anon., Alford, 1s.

For "*The Quiver*" *Christmas Stocking Fund:* Jessie, Agnes, and Cyril, 2s. 6d.; M. T., 5s.

For *The Ragged School Union:* R. H. B., 2s. 6d.

For *The Indian Leper Mission Fund:* A Thank-Offering, 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* An Irish Girl, 13s. Also 7s. 6d. from Diomedes sent direct.

For *St. Giles' Christian Mission:* Thank-Offering, 1s.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

13. What was the great sin of which Zedekiah, king of Judah, was guilty and for which he was punished?

14. In what way was Zedekiah punished?

15. What prophecy was thereby fulfilled?

16. In what way does the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews contrast the revelation of God to mankind under the old dispensation with that of the new?

17. Quote a text which shows the relationship of the angels to the human race.

18. What is the special characteristic of the Gospel of St. John?

19. Quote texts in which St. John asserts the truth of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

20. What reference to St. John the Baptist was made by the last of the Old Testament prophets?

21. It is said of our Lord, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Quote passage from the Old Testament which shows that this passage refers to the Jewish people.

22. From what circumstance should we gather that Nathanael was a diligent student of the Old Testament?

23. In what words did our Lord show forth His divinity in speaking to Nathanael?

24. In what way did St. John the Baptist point out to his disciples that Jesus was the Messiah?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 96.

1. Manasseh defiled the Temple at Jerusalem by setting up an idol therein (2 Chron. xxxiii. 7).

2. 2 Chron. xxxiii. 14.

3. Manasseh, having been reinstated in his kingdom by the Assyrians, gave up his idolatry and did all he could to restore the worship of God in the land (2 Chron. xxxiii. 14–17).

4. Prov. iv. 14, 17.

5. Prov. iv. 18.

6. In the reign of Josiah the king sent to Huldah the prophetess to inquire as to God's will concerning the people (2 Kings xxii. 14–20).

7. The copy of the Law which Moses had written was found (2 Kings xxii. 8; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 14).

8. In the reign of Amon, king of Judah, we are told the people worshipped the "sun, moon, and stars, and all the host of heaven" (2 Kings xxiii. 5).

9. In the reign of Josiah, who burnt men's bones on the altar at Bethel (2 Kings xxiii. 15, 16; 1 Kings xiii. 2).

10. Jehoiakim threw on the fire the roll on which Jeremiah had written at God's command a warning to the king and his people (Jer. xxxvi. 23).

11. Jer. xxii. 13, 14; 2 Kings xxiv. 4.

12. Jehoiakim was bound in fetters to carry him to Babylon, but was slain at Jerusalem and his dead body cast outside the city (2 Chron. xxxvi. 6; Jer. xxii. 19).

XUM

UNIV OF MICH



THE HEIRLOOM.

From the Drawing by M. L. Gow, R.I.

THE QUEEN'S WISH



From the recollections of a former Maid-of-Honour

SOME years ago the venerable and beloved Sovereign of these realms was seated at a window of Osborne House overlooking Spithead. It was a beautiful day in the early autumn, and the sun was shedding a mellow, golden radiance over the scene which presented itself to her eyes—one of woodland and park, bounded by an expanse of sea, the like of which, for the glories and triumphs of maritime power that it has witnessed, cannot be matched the world over.

There was a south-westerly breeze blowing, and ships were coming up on the swelling tide "from all the airts," as the Lowland Scots have it. Ships there were of all sizes and of all nations, but chiefly of the nation whose name is the proud synonym for the sea. With full, bellying sails, or with no sails at all, they were making their way inwards and outwards, carrying men and merchandise to and from every sea, carrying, too, the spirit of that proud people everywhere.

Great leviathans were among them—ocean palaces, which ploughed their serene way through the blue and crested waves. From every land where the English tongue is heard they came: to every such land they were going. The greater part of them were bent on commercial affairs, exchanging the products and manufactures of the nations amongst each other. But others there were—strange and wonderful in build—whose business it was to guard and protect: they were the police of the sea.

Still others—a multitude in number—of smaller capacity, of varied build and powers, but beautiful and graceful as swans, moved about—they might almost be said to fly—with the ease and lightness of sea birds. These were for pleasure—the Viking race finding its chief delight in the whale's bath, as the Vikings of old were wont to name the sea.

It is ever a beautiful, a wondrous sight, that of Spithead full of ships—as full as a shallow tide-way of gulls. Few can look upon it without a thrill: what wonder, therefore, if she of whom it could be said, making a slight change in the poet's words,

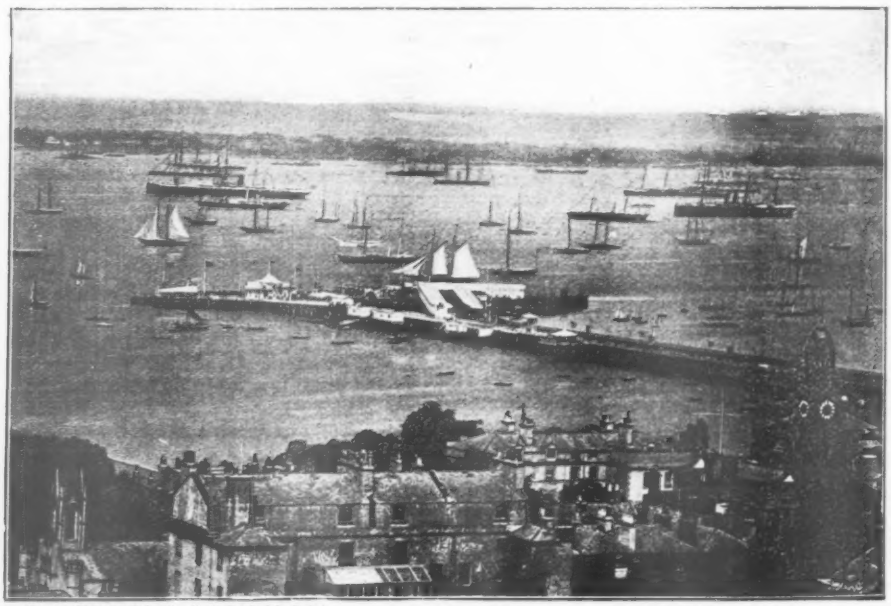
"And men and nations all were hers"

—what wonder if she were moved!

Sitting there as she had done for half

an hour alone, it seemed as though this endless procession of ships were a vision, a mystic pageant, a Divinely ordained show, designed to bring before her mind's eye the extent and wealth and power of the dominion over which her sway extended—to tell her what an enormous activity, what a stupendous building up of the Empire, was going on beneath the shades of the flag which, as the ships passed in vision before her, fluttered at the peak and then spread itself out to the breeze like a hand of welcome.

As her Majesty thus sat and mused, a mist, as it were, rose up before her eyes, and, as in a moving panorama, all that is called British passed before her eyes—men in mines and forges, men in wheatfields and among cattle, men in far-away vineyards and at sheep washings; the gold-miner, the pearl-fisher; men on lonely islets, taking and curing bêche-de-mer; cattle-ranchers, fur-hunters, dark-skinned people, half-nude, in cotton-fields; fishers in the deep stokeholds of ships, black, sweaty, shovelling coal upon the fires, with the water washing up about their feet; officers pacing the deck buttoned up to the chin, calm of eye, thoughtful, undaunted; men on the stony veldt driving long teams of oxen; emigrants, sturdy and vigorous, accompanied by calm-eyed women and rosy-faced children; negroes squatting in their kraals, happy and contented; men busy at ports of landing, piling up bales and lading them into tall-masted ships, or taking them out; others at work building or repairing vessels, or making piers and jetties; men at work on railways, some building them, others running trains through fruitful valleys, over broad rivers, up steep mountain sides, passing mines, forges, quarries, tanneries, farms—cattle farms, ostrich farms, wheat farms, dairy farms; men on tea and coffee plantations, among sugar canes, gathering the cocoanut, the banana, oranges, pineapples, fruits of every description, collecting palm



(*From a Photograph by Mr. F. S. Broderick, Ryde.*)

A VIEW OF SHIPPING IN THE SPITHEAD CHANNEL.

along the coasts and on far-off lonely seas; men lying on perilous spars taking in sail, others lashed to the helm with the salt billows throwing over them; still others oil, indiarubber, gutta-percha, gums of a hundred different kinds; men in lonely lighthouses, in lightships, patrolling at coastguard stations; soldiers pacing to

and fro on hot bastions, beneath the shadow-casting moon, on naked plains, by tents, soldiers marching—marching——

Then everywhere men and women,

Presently someone entered the room, and fancying her Majesty slept, was about to withdraw; but, a movement of the head showed her she was mistaken,



"I thought your Majesty slept."

bright-eyed, cheerful, going about in all lands, carrying no merchandise to market; carrying simply Good News. Often laughed at, not infrequently maltreated, scorned, neglected, turned away, defeated; but ever returning, and, by their persistency, and by the conquering might of the Divine message they carry, conquering at last.

All this and more passed before the Queen's eyes as she sat there, stirred by the mighty pageantry of her vision.

and being beckoned by a raised finger, she approached and said—

"I thought your Majesty slept."

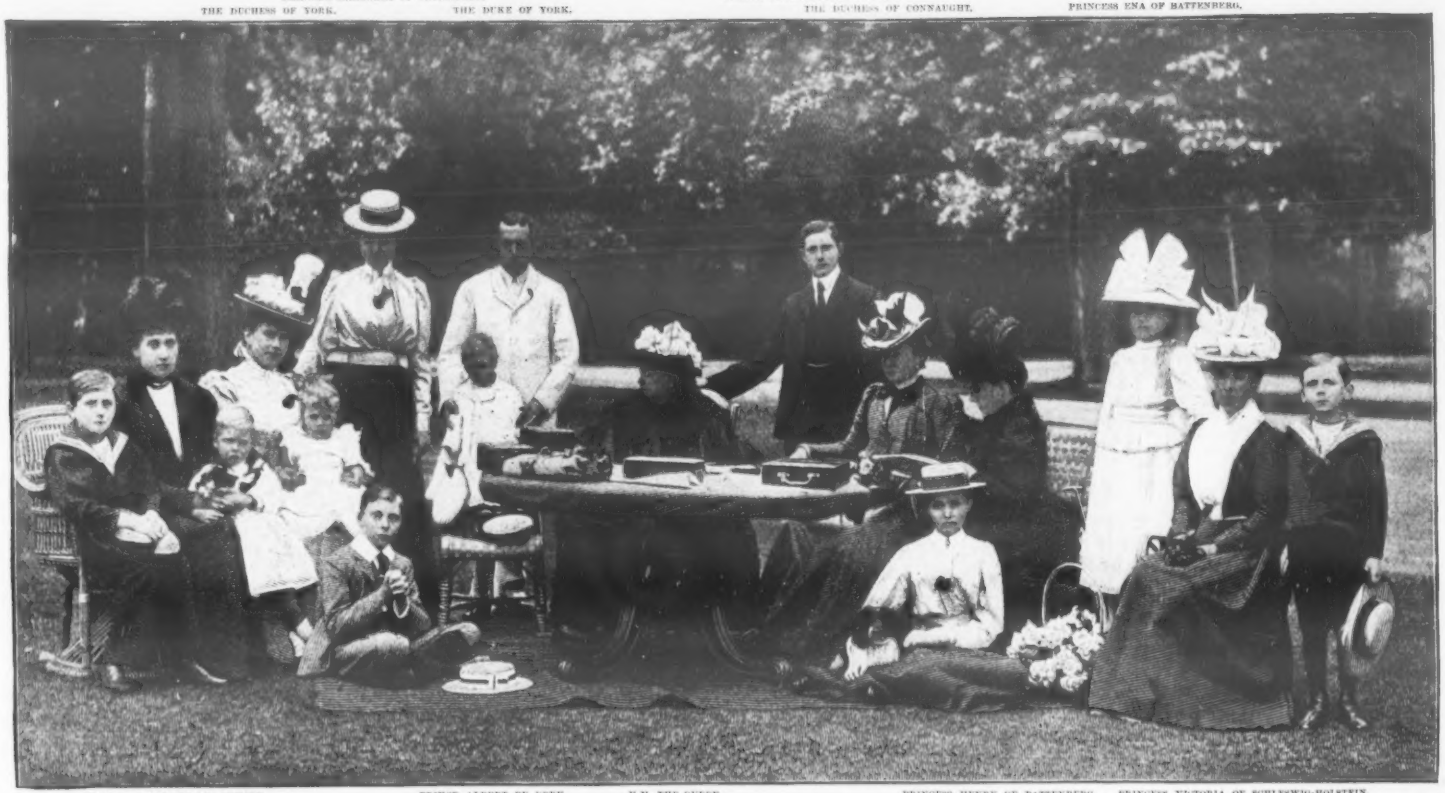
"No, I was in a muse. Sit down, my child, and look at that beautiful spectacle."

The Queen pointed to the window. The setting sun was now upon the ships, gilding them with an almost supernal beauty.

The young lady, who was a maid-of-honour, went nearer the window.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK. THE DUKE OF YORK. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT. PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG.



PRINCESS AKIBERT OF ANHALT. PRINCE ALBERT OF YORK. H.M. THE QUEEN. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN,

PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCESS VICTORIA OF YORK, PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT. PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG.

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BATTENBERG. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

A ROYAL GROUP AT OSBORNE.

(From a Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.)

"It is indeed very beautiful," she remarked.

"I have often been struck by the sight," replied her royal mistress: "but it never appeared, I think, so wonderful as to-day. Just now it seemed so astonishing to me as to be hardly real. I suppose I am getting an old woman; and as one nears the end of the chapter that closes this earthly pilgrimage the underlying spiritual fact is apt to strike one more than it formerly did, while the hard material shell, with its tendency to corrode and drop away, becomes less and less important."

"Your Majesty is in a melancholy mood."

"Not in the least. Sit down, child, and you shall hear how it strikes one who has been called by Providence to play the part I have played. Just now, when you came in, I was dreaming—day-dreaming. Seeing all those ships coming and going, my spirit seemed to be carried away, first by one and then by another. Now I was in Australia, now in India, Africa I saw, and Canada; then all the islands and their people; the rock of Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Aden, and the Seychelles passed before me. And at every port I saw ships entering and leaving, and men at desks receiving and transmitting messages. And it was everywhere, 'What are they doing—what are they thinking—in England?'



(*Photo: Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, I.W.*)

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM AT OSBORNE.

"When I was a child, my dear mother took me about a great deal, and I saw people at work in all kinds of ways and in every sort of industry. The things I saw made a deep impression upon me, and I have never ceased to think of them. Tens of thousands, nay, millions of people, are thus engaged year in and year out; it is their life; they know no other. And what is taking place in these islands is taking place wherever the English tongue is spoken. All these people ask is to be allowed to do their daily task in peace, to earn their daily bread, and to have a little fringe of play."

"It is very marvellous," said the maid-of-honour.

"To me," replied her Majesty quietly, as she continued to gaze on the procession of ships, "to me there is something heroic in it all."

Then after a pause she continued—

"When I first came to the throne, everything was very different from what it is now. There was great distress and destitution, consequent upon the long wars: there was much discontent, too, and at times the outlook was very dark. I don't know that I had much influence: I certainly loved my people, and I prayed sincerely for their happiness and welfare. But I am afraid at first I did not know much; little by little, however, I learned more; little by little I saw what a noble people they are at bottom—what strength they have, what courage, what energy! They love many things, but I think they love work best of all. To be left in peace to work, that is their desire. And see what they have done since I came to the throne by their thought and toil: they have made this Empire what it is."

After a pause her Majesty continued, "The work will continue after I am gone, but I sometimes wonder in what way. Sovereigns have their influence, and when they die it stops, or seems to. In only a few instances it is otherwise. King Alfred turned the national mind to learning, and perhaps the influence he exerted never wholly died. William I. set a hammer going that in the end turned a nation of iron into a nation of steel. The last Henry made the country Protestant. Elizabeth—the great Elizabeth—transformed it into a nation of heroes."

"Her influence surely has not died," observed the maid-of-honour.

"No; it would seem as if something of her spirit still inspires the people who speak the tongue she spoke—still sends them in those winged ships round the world. I can hardly hope to leave such an influence; and yet under my rule the people who were counted by hundreds have grown to thousands, the thousands to millions; and that has come about because, for the most part, my reign has been one of peace. There have been wars, but they have been to establish peace, to give people security in pursuing the arts of peace.

"Wars for that end are justifiable, but for no other. My influence has ever been for peace. Only under a *régime* of peace can a people grow in those graces and virtues which it is the aim of our religion to inculcate. There is no reason why a nation devoted to peace should become weak and effeminate. The labours of men in their peaceful callings—in mines and quarries, on the sea, in furnaces and ironworks, building railways and laying submarine and other cables, exploring and planting new colonies—all these labours are as arduous as those of the soldier, and they call out stronger and more enduring qualities.

"I would not have the English people study less and practise themselves less in the art of war: I would not have them show one wit less of that high spirit that has carried them so far; but, if it were in my power, I would have all those ships, when they meet in the ocean, and when they touch at a port—I would have them say to each other, "Friends, the watch-word is—Peace."

"I do not mean that quite literally, perhaps, but I am convinced that peace conquers more than the sword; for men, working together in peace, exchanging, bartering, dependent upon one another, cannot but grow more and more thoughtful for one another, more and more just.

"That is my belief. That, too, I believe is the destiny of the English-speaking people; and if, when I am dead, they honour me enough to think of what I would wish and what I would pray for on their behalf, I would have them always associate my name with peace and the amity that promotes the ends of justice and of right. There is something great in the people of these islands, and in those who have sprung from them, which makes them capable of great things—I think of the very greatest, humanly speaking. They are proud, suspicious, self-seeking, apt to fire at a straw; but at the same time they are capable of the highest sort of heroism, the loftiest kind of magnanimity, especially when under the impulse of a great inspiration—and what greater could there be than that of conquering the world by peace? That is what I meant when I said I would have them give 'The watchword is—Peace.'

"The English people have been exceptionally blessed by Providence, and great

things, I believe, are expected of them by the Almighty; and in what way could they please Him more than by promoting the ends which, during my reign, have been the means of causing so much general happiness, such widespread content? I have the confidence to believe that such is their destiny; and nothing that I know of would give me so much pleasure as to be assured that my spirit could in any way watch over and aid the accomplishment of that noble work.

"But I have babbled till it is almost dark. Shall we call for lights?"



THE LATEST PORTRAIT. *(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)*

Victoria R.I.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

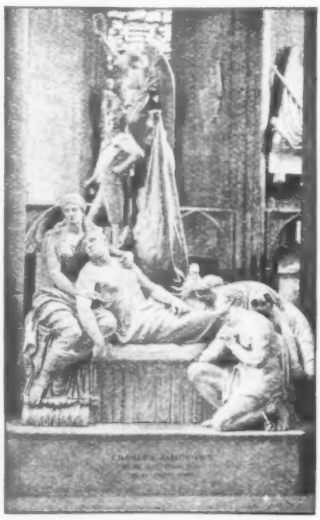
IN JANUARY.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



GENERAL GORDON.

THE month of January brings around one anniversary which, of late, has been much in the minds of the British people. On January 26th, 1885, General Gordon was slain at Khartoum. Born at Woolwich in 1833, he had seen an extraordinary variety of service when he was sent to withdraw the garrisons shut up in the Soudan. It is needless to recall the circumstances of his gallant resistance in Khartoum, and of the noble valour shown in the unsuccessful endeavour to relieve him. The annals of the Empire can present to us men whose careers have been no less varied than that of Gordon, and soldiers whose piety has been as deep. Yet few of them have ever touched the public imagination as did the man who faced his death at Khartoum fourteen years ago.



FOX'S MONUMENT IN THE ABBEY.

(Photo: York and Son, Notting Hill, W.)

The anniversaries of December brought together two rival statesmen of the first rank; so do the anniversaries of this present month. On January 24th, 1749, Charles James Fox was born. On January 23rd, 1806, his rival, William Pitt, died. They passed away within a few months of each other, and lie together in Westminster Abbey, hard by the scene of their many struggles.

To the month of January belongs Francis Bacon, who was born on the 22nd. Posterity finds it an unpleasant task to join in the same thoughts the man who deserted his friends in the hour of their need, and used the highest office for the base ends of personal and financial aggrandisement, and the man who wrote the "Advancement of Learning" and the "Novum Organum." But Francis Bacon is not the only person whose practice has not always squared with the principles he taught to others. He died at Highgate in 1626.



WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

To the same month belongs another philosopher, George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. Born in 1685, he is remembered mainly for the system of philosophy associated with his name, which treats the exterior material world as existing only in the mind. Few now think of him as one of the first to feel deeply interested in the spiritual necessities of the heathen. He was the originator of a project for converting the savages of America through the agency of a college to be established at Bermuda.

"The Bible only is the religion of Protestants." The author of this oft-quoted and often misinterpreted saying was William Chillingworth, who died on January 30th, 1644. The sentence comes from his chief work, "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation." Chillingworth, who was born in 1602, and educated at Oxford, fell under the influence of Fisher, Laud's great opponent in the controversy with Rome, and was received into the Roman Church. But his mind was soon unsettled again, and Laud, his godfather, brought him back once more to the Church of England. He returned to Oxford, and gave himself to the defence of Protestantism. Chillingworth was a devoted Royalist, and saw service on the King's side in the Civil War. He died at Chichester, and was buried in the cathedral.



SIR SIDNEY WATERLOW.

(Photo: Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.)

A contemporary of Chillingworth, born on January 25th, 1627, deserves also to be remembered in this place. Robert Boyle was the son of the great Earl of Cork, a conspicuous figure in the Stuart times. Educated at Eton, he settled down at Stalbridge in Dorsetshire to the study of natural philosophy. He found a place amongst the chief men of science of his day, and became one of the originators of the Royal Society. His foundation of the Boyle Lectures "for proving the Christian religion against Atheists, Deists, Pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans," was a witness, no doubt, to the mental struggles through which he himself had passed. He was, however, an active layman, full of good works, and one of the early friends of foreign missions. Boyle died in 1691, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

On the thirteenth of the month, in the year 1838, died Lord Chancellor Eldon. He was one of a family of sixteen, the son of a Newcastle coal-fitter. He also might have been a coal-fitter, but his elder brother was at Oxford, on the way to becoming Lord Stowell. To him John Scott was sent, and the younger son, like the elder, used his Oxford chances well. He made a runaway marriage, and at one time seemed likely to take holy orders; but, helped by their parents, the young couple came to London. John Scott, after some waiting, made his mark in the Court of Chancery, and then went steadily on to the Woolsack. In politics, an unbending Tory, he distrusted all reform. But he was a good lawyer, though harassed by a capacity for doubting and the love of an "if."



DR. JAMES WAKLEY.

(Photo: Barraud, Oxford Street, W.)

To the month of January belongs the establishment of the Hospital Sunday Fund. From the year 1869 to the year 1872 the late Dr. James Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, urged the establishment of such a fund; but it was not until January 16th, 1873, that the meeting which gave birth to the movement was held in the Mansion House. Sir Sidney Waterlow was Lord Mayor that year, and he became the first treasurer and president of the fund.

There are several anniversaries in the month of January which have a peculiar interest for the supporters of foreign missions. On January 16th, 1736, the Rev. John Wesley was appointed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a missionary for Georgia. On January 9th, 1752, the Rev. T. Thompson, the first missionary sent to West Africa, landed at Fort Gambia. On January 1st, 1861, the heroic Bishop C. F. Mackenzie was consecrated in the cathedral at Capetown, the first bishop for Central Africa. There is no more pathetic story in the history of foreign missions than the account of his short episcopate. He was the first bishop consecrated in the Colonies for a region outside the limits of the British Empire.



BISHOP MACKENZIE.

PLEDGED

By Katharine Tynan, Author of "A Daughter of Erin," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MOTHER AND SON.



"I HAVE bad news for you, Anthony," said Lady Jane Trevithick, when the butler had at last closed the door behind him, and mother and son were left together.

"Not very bad, I trust, mother?"

"It is about your poor Uncle Wilton. I did not bother you with it till you had had your dinner. He is ill."

"Ill? What's the matter with him?"

"A very serious collapse, I'm afraid. The last letter said he was unconscious. You'll have to go to him, Anthony, I suppose."

"His state is not dangerous? Surely not, or you would not have delayed about telling me?"

"There is no immediate fear," said Lady Jane coldly. "I have only known of his illness a few days. If you had not been coming, I should have wired to you, of course. But since you were coming, I didn't see the use of it. The doctor said that everything was being done."

"Poor old Uncle Wilton. He is alone and ill, then?"

"He is always alone, so I do not see that that fact adds anything to his being ill."

"Of course, I must go to him. I didn't want to, though. Not just now."

He looked up at his mother's handsome face, almost as though he longed to find some tenderness in it; but there was none. Lady Jane, a superb figure in her brocade and diamonds, was calmly waving her fan to and fro, as if no such things as illness or loneliness or death existed in the world.

"You won't rush away, headlong? You can spare a day or two to me—and to Kitty?" She smiled frostily. "Kitty has been looking forward to your coming, Anthony."

"It is very good of Lady Kitty," he said, contracting his eyebrows in a frown. "She is still with you, then?"

"She is good enough to brighten up my loneliness, dear child. I don't know what I should do without Kitty."

"You seem to get on well together."

Again his fingers drummed impatiently.

"She is a dear child to me," said Lady Jane, her face becoming almost warm. "I wish she had been my daughter, really."

"You would rather have her than your son, mother?"

"You have never given me any trouble, Anthony, but you are more your father's child than mine."

"Some women would have loved me all the more," said the boy, again frowning heavily.

He took a cigar and lit it. Then he said, with apparent carelessness—

"It was good of Lady Kitty to go out tonight. I suppose she thought we would have things to talk about after nearly six months of absence."

"Oh, dear, no," said the mother. "It was an old engagement, that was all. Kitty knows I'm not sentimental."

"Except where she is concerned."

"I shall think you are jealous, Anthony," and as she spoke the half-softened expression momentarily lit her face.

"Of whom, mother?"

"Not of your mother, Anthony."

The young man again made an impatient movement.

"You are not interested in my six months of absence."

"Among savages, my poor Anthony."

"They are not the least bit in the world savages, mother. They are very charming people."

"I daresay, but who are *they?*"

"Mr. Graydon—and his family."

"Oh, I didn't know he had a family. Of course, he was married before he sold out. He married beneath him. It was something rather disgraceful, I think. Afterwards—he went under."

"I am sure he did nothing disgraceful, mother. He would be no more capable of it than—my father. Besides, I have seen Mrs. Graydon's picture; it hangs over his study mantelpiece. She was a lovely young woman, and very distinctly a lady."

Lady Jane yawned.

"Indeed! I am not interested in Mr. Graydon's family affairs. I know he married beneath him."

"Mother, why do you detest Graydon so much?"

At the point-blank question a dark flush rose to Lady Jane's cheek.

"I am not aware that I detest him. You are like your father, always making absurd friendships, and jumping to absurd conclusions."

"I am glad to be like my father."

She said nothing, and he went on, "Yes, of course, I must go to uncle at once. If I go to Liverpool to-morrow night, I should get a boat on Thursday. Yet I did not want to go now."

His mother glanced over her shoulder at him. There was an expectancy in her face which brightened and softened it.

"No, surely. Why, you haven't yet even seen Kitty. She will be vexed that she was out."

"I wasn't thinking of Lady Kitty."

"Oh!" and her face stiffened again. "I don't profess to understand the young men of the present generation."

"Mother," said the young man—and he blushed like a girl—"tell me plainly: how much truth is there in what you are always suggesting, that Lady Kitty's affections are involved where I am concerned?"

"What do you mean, Anthony? It is a question you should ask Kitty yourself. You are not afraid of the answer, surely?"

"I hope she cares nothing for me."

"You *hope!*" cried Lady Jane incredulously.

"Yes," said her son doggedly. "It is a disgustingly foppish thing for a man to have to say; but I hope it——"

"Are you mad, Anthony?"

"Not that I know, mother. You have always suggested a marriage between us, and have behaved as if there were some such understanding, but it has been entirely your doing. I was a young idiot not to have put my foot on it long ago, but worse than that I have not been."

"You will not dare to play with Kitty."

His mother had stood up and faced him, and her eyes blazed at him.

"I play with no lady," said her son, meeting her glance steadily. "I have fetched and carried for Kitty, because she was always here, and a woman—and young and pretty perhaps; I have never said a word of love to her."

"You have allowed it to be understood; and if you play her false now, you will kill her. You know how delicate she is. She is dearer to me than you are, ten thousand times over."

The young man bowed stiffly.

"I daresay, but that is no reason why you should persuade me that your will is, or has been, or ever will be, mine."

"Kitty's money would make you very rich."

"That would be the last reason, mother."

"If you brought me Kitty for a daughter, I should love you."

"I have grown used to doing without your love."

Her eyes blazed at him again.

"There is someone else, I suppose?"

"There is someone else," he repeated after her.

"Not someone you have met over there?"

"Yes."

"I thought ill would come of it; but you cared no more for my wishes than your father before you. Who is it?"

"I am sorry you are so bitter, mother. It is Mr. Graydon's daughter."

"Archibald Graydon's daughter!"

She put her hand to her throat with an hysterical gesture which he had never before observed in her. Her face was livid with anger, and for a moment its expression shocked him.

"You are going to jilt my Kitty for that man's daughter!" she cried, when she had recovered her power of speech.

"There is no question of jilting Lady Kitty," he answered steadily. "But I am certainly going to marry Mr. Graydon's daughter, Pamela."

"Some wild savage."

"A beautiful and gentle girl."

"You will be beggars together."

"Not necessarily. We shall not be very rich, but that is another thing."

Lady Jane turned from him, and gazed

at the fire. For several minutes there was silence between them. Then she spoke again without looking at him.

"You will go your own way, I suppose —only give me time to soften the blow it will be to Kitty."

He would have spoken, but she lifted her hand with an imperious gesture, and went on—

"Kitty loves you. Why she should I do not know, but, most unfortunately, it is true. I shall never speak of it again after this. Give me time, I beg you."

There was something imploring in her gesture.

"You can have plenty of time," he said. "But even yet I cannot believe she loves me. A woman's love is not given on such slight grounds. Why, I have never pressed her hand even."

"You know nothing about it. Would it have made any difference to you if you had believed she loved you?"

"None. I love once and for ever."

"If I believed that to be true, I should be sorry for you."

"It is true, mother."

She waved him off contemptuously.

"It is true of a few people in this world, but you are not one of them."

"Mere assertion is nothing."

"Are you engaged to this — this young woman?" She brought the words out with a jerk.

"In honour, yes; formally, no."

"Ah, then you will go away, and I shall have my own time for telling Kitty."

"Yes, if you wish for it."

"You will not engage yourself to the girl till Kitty knows?"

"You are exacting, mother. I have to think of Miss Graydon too."

"You can think of her all your life. It is my Kitty that is to be deserted and betrayed. You don't know what you are doing."

"Mother, it is some mania of yours. Desertion and betrayal are strong words."

"Let them pass. Technically, I suppose you are free from reproach."

He made a weary gesture, and let her speech pass without answer.

Suddenly the silence of the room was broken by the *frou-frou* of a silk dress in the corridor outside.

"Ah, here is my Kitty," said Lady Jane. "Are you cold, my darling? and was your party pleasant? Come to the fire."

A young lady, slight and brilliantly fair, had entered the room languidly.

"So you have come, Anthony," she said, extending a white hand to him. "I hope you had a pleasant journey."

He helped her to take off her cloak, and she seated herself, as if by right, in the most comfortable chair in the room. The fire leaped and sparkled in the grate and brought millions of rays from the diamonds in her hair and on her neck.

"How cosy you are here!" she said. "It was a horrid party—so dull! That is why I came home early."

"You would like some tea?" said Lady Jane.



"You will not dare to play with Kitty."—*p.* 203.

"Yes, please. Oh, thank you," as Anthony rang the bell. "It is pleasant to see you home again."

"He is leaving us very soon," said Lady Jane, and her tones were again cold and measured. "He feels it his duty to go to nurse his Uncle Wilton."

"By the way, I sat beside such a pleasant old man at dinner, Sir Rodney Durant. He asked me about you, and I told him of your exile. I ought to apologise for calling your hosts savages, by the way, for he told me a most interesting story about your tutor—Graydon, isn't it? It seems old Lord Downside cut him off with an angry penny because he married some friendless little beauty. Scandal said the old lord himself had pretensions. And then, to spite his heir, he married his cook or someone, and has a wretchedly delicate little boy of thirteen or thereabouts. Why didn't you tell me, Auntie Janie, or did you not know?"



Lady Jane stooped and kissed her tenderly.—*p.* 206.

"Why?" said the young woman, lifting her eyebrows. "Is there no one at Washington to look after him? Or is the lot of a diplomat so friendless?"

Anthony frowned at her tone.

"He is very ill, and he is my father's only brother. My place is with him."

"You are a self-sacrificing young man. First, you bury yourself among Irish savages; now, at a moment's notice, you are off to nurse the sick. I should think a valet would do quite as well."

"Here is your tea, Lady Kitty," the young man said coldly.

"I never take notice of gossip, Kitty."

"But is it gossip? You ought to know, for your husband and this man were friends. To hear Sir Rodney, the man Graydon was a sort of hero of romance."

"An old man's stories, my dear."

But Sir Anthony's face had brightened.

"Graydon is a splendid fellow," he said. "I am sure he is all Sir Rodney said." And his smile at Lady Kitty was now full of friendliness.

"Well, I'm sure it's nice to hear of such people nowadays," said Lady Kitty, yawning. "I thought they only existed in books. But such an interesting story, Auntie Janie! If you knew of it, why didn't you tell me, instead of treating the man as a kind of bucolic savage?"

Lady Jane stooped and kissed her tenderly.

"Go to bed, my darling," she said; "and don't sit up romancing. You must have your beauty-sleep, you know."

"Bother my beauty-sleep!" said the young lady irreverently.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT EVENT.

THE Vandaleur function was over, and for a long time to come the young women of that part must feel a certain flatness in their days, as one does when an event eagerly expected is over and done with.

For the sisters the function had been a series of triumphs, to all appearance. They had been, as Miss Spencer put it, "dressed as befitted their position." They had not had, after all, to call in Mrs. Cullen's Nancy, for on the Christmas Eve a delightful box had come for each of the *débutantes*, with Miss Spencer's love.

Pamela's contained a rather short-waisted frock of lilac silk, with a fichu of chiffon tied softly round the shoulders.

Sylvia's gown, made somewhat similarly, was of white satin, and her innocent face and golden head rose out of it a vision of loveliness.

It would be hard indeed to say which was the most beautiful girl that night; but Sylvia held her little court, or rather augmented it during the evening, while Pamela's, somehow, seemed to melt and fall away.

Miss Spencer found a comfortable seat for herself in one of the long galleries after dinner, and remained there, while one or another of her old cronies and admirers came up to talk with her.

She was almost as great a success in her way as Sylvia, of whom she caught glimpses now and again, waving her immense fan where she stood in the centre of the gallery, and playing with the conversation about her much as one plays at battledore and shuttlecock.

"The child will do," said Miss Spencer to herself, when Sir John Beaumont, an old admirer of hers, had gone to fetch her some refreshment. "Wonderful how she makes all those men look so delighted with her and themselves! It reminds me of a girl who could do that. Who was it? And what happened afterwards? . . . Ah! Pamela," she said, speaking aloud, "so you have come to see what I am doing."

"To stay with you awhile, Miss Spencer," said Pamela, creeping into the shadowy corner beside her.

"And where are all the beaux, my dear? It is not as if your heart was elsewhere."

Pamela smiled a wan little smile.

"I'm tired, Miss Spencer. I can't keep it up like Sylvia."

"Hoity-toity, *tired!* No, you can't be tired. It will be years before there is another event like this. Let me call Mr. Wandesforde over there to take you to hear this Dublin singer, Madame Squallini, or whatever the woman's name is. All the people have gone trooping off to the music-room to hear her."

"Please don't, dear Miss Spencer, I would so much rather sit here by you. I have heard a great many fine singers already."

"Why, what's come to you, Pam? You used to be as full of fun as Sylvia. Now you are like a girl whose lover has gone away—I know how such a one would feel—and has never come back to her."

Sir John Beaumont returned at this moment.

"I don't know whether your father or your sister is in the greatest demand, Miss Graydon," he said. "I heard peals of laughter as I passed the sitting-room, and, looking in, I saw your father delighting them. He's a charming fellow, upon my word. He's wasted on rusticity."

"Indeed, Sir John, I suppose the rustics ought all to be plain and stupid," said Miss Spencer.

"Ah, my dear lady," murmured the old gentleman, "that would be to do without you."

"Oh, I daresay; you always had a pretty speech ready. And what about Pam here?"

"Miss Pamela belongs to the country, as lilies and roses do."

"She likes to bloom in the shade," said Miss Spencer, a bit irritably. "What do you think of a girl who prefers to sit in the corner rather than hold a court as her younger sister is doing?"

"It's cruel to the young fellows, Miss Pamela—that's what it is."

"It isn't as if she were an engaged girl."

"Ah! that would be rough on the young fellows, before they had more than a chance of seeing her."

Pamela listened to this brisk interchange between her elders with a faint smile. She

certainly looked tired, and as the evening went on she held her quiet place by Miss Spencer, who was very animated, and talked enough to cover her silence.

Once she had realised that Pamela was really tired and wanted to sit still, her kindness of heart was aroused. She even waved off the swains who came at intervals to coax Pamela out of her corner.

At last the evening, which Pamela had felt endless, was really drawing to an end.

"You poor dears," said Sylvia, standing over them, and still waving her great fan, "I'm afraid I've been keeping you out of your beds an unconscionable time."

"Hear her!" cried Miss Spencer. "You'd think we were her grandmothers."

"Only Pam," said Sylvia. "I've been watching you. You didn't seem to find it dull."

Miss Spencer laughed, well pleased.

"I'm afraid we're much of a muchness," she said; "but your sister here, I'm disappointed in her. I think she has a headache, poor child. It isn't as if she had a lover now."

Pamela did not answer, but walked meekly by Miss Spencer's side, with Sir John Beaumont murmuring his old-world compliments in her ear.

Sylvia went on before, surrounded by a phalanx of black coats, which escorted her to Miss Spencer's carriage.

Pam listened to all the gay good-nights with a throbbing head and an extreme flatness and dulness of spirit.

"Graydon'll be up all night," said Miss Spencer as they rolled away. "He enjoyed himself immensely and added to the enjoyment of others. Your father's well-fitted to shine in society, girls. 'Tis a pity, as Beaumont says, he should be shut up here."

"Didn't he propose Mr. Vandaleur's health beautifully after dinner?" said Sylvia. "I sat where I could see him, and all the time he had a twinkle in his eye."

"He ought to be in Parliament himself," said Miss Spencer emphatically. "Vandaleur isn't worth a rush."

"But what was the matter with Pam?" asked Sylvia. "Why, Pam's asleep!"



Her kindness of heart was aroused.

"Never mind your sister, minx, but tell me about your conquests. Which of them did you like best?"

"Let me see," said Sylvia. "There was Captain Vavasour—from the barracks. He asked leave to call."

"Did he, indeed, and what did you say?"

"I told him yes, if he'd chance finding me unemployed. I'd so much to do feeding the fowls, and washing the dogs, and keeping the pony clean, let alone my household duties."

"Why, you've none, except eating the jam—and that's a pleasure. What did he say?"

"He said he 'd be enchanted to help me at any of these occupations."

"That was nice of him. What about the other lad from the barracks?"

"Mr. Baker? Oh, I like him. He 's game for anything. He 's coming ratting with Pat one day. He has an English terrier, but I told him he wouldn't be a patch on Pat."

"You talked of ratting in that frock?"

"Yes, he was delighted. He confessed it was a passion with him."

"I saw you talking to the Master. He 's a fine-looking fellow, but not a patch on Tom Charteris."

"He asked me why I didn't hunt. I said I often thought of doing it on Neddy, only he was a buck-jumper. He said that wouldn't matter, except that all the world would be riding to hounds on donkeys presently and taking the ditches backward. He, too, is coming to call. They 're all coming to call.



"Wake up, sleepy-head!"

I should like to see Bridget's face when she 's expected to provide afternoon tea. If they keep ringing at the door, she won't pretend not to hear them; she has the excuse that the bell 's broken. Then they 'll have to go away in tears. I told that young St. Quintin, the Eton boy, so. He said, after he 'd done crying, he 'd come in by the window. I really believe he would. He 's so cheeky."

"But you don't tell me which you liked best. I daresay they all thought you no end of a minx."

"Let me see," said Sylvia, with a dispassionate air. "Why, Lord Glengall, of course."

"Glengall! with his hatchet face and his forty odd years!"

"I think he has a dear face; his eyes are just like Pat's."

"I wouldn't think of Glengall—that is, if I were free."

"Ah, you see, I don't care seriously for boys. I like them well enough to talk to; but Glengall one can take seriously."

"He didn't join your court, though."

"No, he wouldn't. I actually went up to have a little chat with him, and he said, as if I were four years old: 'Now you must go and talk to the boys, Miss Sylvia. I don't want a dozen duels on my hands.'"

"I daresay he thought you a forward minx."

"I don't think he would. Only he would take some persuading to believe that I really preferred talking to him. He stood in a corner then, and watched Pam out of his nice, kind, faithful eyes."

"He wouldn't have any nonsense in his head about Pam? You don't mean that?"

"Oh, I don't think he 's in love with Pam. He 'd look just the same at me if he thought I was tired or melancholy. I think I 'll try it."

"Let him alone, minx. But here we are," as the carriage stopped. "Wake up, sleepy-head!"—to Pam—"you can get to bed as fast as you like now."

But even when Pam was in bed, Sylvia still paced up and down, waving her big fan.

"I 'm too excited to sleep, you old dunderhead," she said. "I wish it was all to come over again."

"You will be tired in the morning, Sylvia."

"No, I shan't; I shall be as fresh as possible. I shall dream it all over again. There, wait till I 've brushed my hair, and I 'll let you go to sleep. Not that I can understand your wanting to sleep; you were just as keen about this as I was."

"Yes," said Pam, languidly.

"I'm downright disappointed in you. Don't you know I'd have enjoyed it all twice as much if you were enjoying it too? I'm glad papa was there; the glances of enjoyment he sent me from the high table were exhilarating. Wasn't it nice the way all those little round tables were set out? And didn't Vandaleur junior do his duty well as a host? By the way, wasn't it low of Trevithick not to come back after all?"

"I daresay there was some good reason."

"Then he ought to have said there was. It is very uncivil to papa, too, not to return on the date arranged, and not to write."

"He couldn't mean to be uncivil," said Pamela, faintly.

"I'll tell you what. If I hadn't eaten those old sweets he sent me at Christmas I'd fire them back at his head: wouldn't you his old violets if they weren't dead and gone?"

Pamela touched in her dark corner a little basket of withered violets, which, for reasons best known to herself, she had taken to bed with her.

"You are too impulsive, Sylvia," she said, stung out of her silence. "Why should Sir Anthony be uncivil or unkind? I know he meant to return to-night."

"So I heard him say," said Sylvia, cynically; "but I never mind those boys, Pam; they've no ballast."

"Oh, Sylvia! I'm sure Sir Anthony has plenty of ballast. There must be some explanation, and when we have heard it you'll be ashamed of your rash judgment."

"Not I, for if it isn't true of him, it's true of most youths of his age. Do you think his mother's at the bottom of it, Pam?"

"How should I know, Sylvia? What makes you think of her?"

"Well, from something he let fall one day, I guessed that she didn't want him to come here. Then he showed me her photograph in his album. She looked chock-full of pride and insolence. I believe a woman who looked like that would do anything."

"I should think Sir Anthony would know his own mind in the matter."

"I daresay, but she may have been up to some mischief. And talking of mothers makes me think of Glengall."

"Why should it, Sylvia?"

"Well, there was that old mother of his. Think of his hard years, poor dear! No prosperity would wipe out the traces. He is as anxious-looking as Pat, and Pat is the very image of Micky Morrissy, who is always six months in arrear with his rent, and expects a notice of eviction any day. I say, Pam"—suddenly—"would you marry Glengall?"

"Sylvia!"

"Would you? I know he's nearly as old as dad, and all that—but would you?"

"No, Sylvia."

"Well, then, I would. But he likes you better than me."

"He likes us both as his friend's little girls."

"I know; he'd never think of us in any other light. Still, if he liked me best, I'd make him think."

"How, Sylvia?"

"Why, I'd just ask him to marry me."

"He'd think you wanted the gold."

"That he wouldn't. It shows how little you know of him."

"Well, then, other people would."

"We shouldn't care about that."

"We? Who?"

"Glengall and I."

"Sylvia, you're talking as if you were really in earnest."

"So I am, but he likes you better than me. You ought to marry him, Pam."

But, to Sylvia's dismay, Pamela suddenly burst into tears.

"I shall never marry anyone," she cried amid her sobs.

"You poor dear old duffer, I was advising you for your good. But you're tired out. There, go asleep. I shan't take you to any more functions."

And Sylvia blew out the candle and jumped into bed. But Pamela, with the withered violets close to her, cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE WORLD IS SO CRUEL."

"THERE'S a horse-fair at Kilmacredden on Saturday," said Lord Glengall. "I was thinking you might find time to come along with me and see what's to be picked up."

"It isn't time I'd be wanting," said Mr. Graydon, "and you know it isn't inclination."

"Very well, then, you'll come. We'll have to make an early start and give the mare her time over the mountain. Will four o'clock do?"

"For me, yes. Will you get up on Saturday morning and see that there's a cup of tea ready for me by four o'clock?"

This to Sylvia, who was demurely making tea at a side-table.

"You know I will. Next to being up all night I like to get up before daybreak."

Lord Glengall broke into a slow smile as he turned to look at the speaker. He sat astride a small chair, with his chin resting on the back. He still wore the frieze coat which he had on when he entered; and

with his clean-shaven, melancholy face and deep-set eyes, he looked like nothing so much as a hard-pressed mountain farmer, just as Sylvia had described him. Yet the smile was one of great sweetness, and the mingled simplicity and shrewdness of the face were far from being unattractive.

"'Tis well for you, Graydon," he said, "to have little girls to do the like for you."

"You must marry, Glengall, and be properly taken care of," said Mr. Graydon.

"I'm past marrying," said Lord Glengall; "I leave that to the girls and boys."

"They'd make foolish marriages," said Sylvia, "if they were left to themselves."

Lord Glengall smiled more broadly.

"'Tis a prudent little woman you're owning, Graydon," he said. "You should turn match-maker, Miss Sylvia."

"For you, Lord Glengall?"

"I'll go bail you'd find no one to have me, Miss Sylvia."

"If I do will you entertain the proposal, Lord Glengall?"

"Provided she's not too old and will marry me for myself."

"I think I can find her for you, Lord Glengall."

"Come, Sylvia, give Glengall his tea, and don't be talking nonsense," said Mr. Graydon, laughing.

"Here it is for you, Lord Glengall, just as you like it—hot, strong and sweet."



Lady Jane looked a little flurried.

"Thank you, Miss Sylvia; it's as good as ever I made for myself in the Bush."

The two men fell to talking of business matters, while Sylvia manipulated the teacups. Now and again she looked towards the door. Mary was finishing her letter to Mick in the chilly room upstairs, and Pamela had taken the dogs for a walk.

"If they don't come soon," muttered Sylvia over her teacup, "this tea won't be fit to drink, and Bridget's in no humour to make more."

A rat-tat at the hall-door knocker interrupted her meditations.

"Some of those young fellows from the barracks, Sylvia," suggested her father.

"It can't be," said Sylvia. "Mr. Baker

was here yesterday, and Mr. De Quincy on Tuesday, and Captain Vavasour's coming to-morrow."

"Lady Jane Trevithick," announced Bridget, flinging the door open.

"Oh, dear!" muttered Sylvia; "and it's one of Bridget's bad days when she won't wear an apron. Now, where has the woman dropped from?"

Lady Jane swept across the room magnificent in purple and sables.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Graydon, going to meet her. "This *is* a pleasure. My daughter, Lady Jane. My friend, Glengall. No, don't sit there. There's a dog in that chair."

For a self-possessed woman Lady Jane looked a little flurried. Without meeting her host's gaze, she took the chair he handed her, and turned it so that she sat with her back to the light. She bowed in answer to his introductions, and, having seated herself, spoke in a voice which she tried hard to keep under control.

"I find myself unexpectedly almost a neighbour of yours, Mr. Graydon, and I did myself the pleasure of calling."

"You are very good, Lady Jane."

He looked at her with kindly scrutiny. Perhaps he was trying to find in the middle-aged face the features of the proud and stately girl who had married his dearest friend years ago. If so, the darkness in which she sat baffled him.

"I am staying with Mr. Verschoyle," she went on; "I suppose you count him a neighbour?"

"Yes, as country neighbours go. I have met him sometimes on the Bench. I was not aware you knew him."

Lady Jane did not say that she had disinterred an old and almost forgotten invitation in order to lead up to this visit.

"I knew him years ago," she said. "But, by the way, have you heard from my boy?"

"Not directly—nothing since your Ladyship's letter."

"That is careless of Anthony! But he is nursing his uncle, you know, and I daresay is finding time for a little mild amusement as well."

"Trevithick is no better?"

"No, I am sorry to say. There is no saying when he will be better, or if he will ever be really better. My son thinks he ought to stay with him, however."

"I am sure he is right," said Mr. Graydon, heartily.

"And this is—Pamela, I suppose?" said Lady Jane, turning her head with forced graciousness to Sylvia, who was bringing her her tea.

"No; Pam will be here presently. This is Sylvia, my youngest girl."

"I am very much indebted to you all, Mr. Graydon, for making my son so happy: He was grieved not to return to you, I know."

Still her eyes never met those of her host.

Seeing that he was practically ignored in the conversation, Lord Glengall got up awkwardly, and with a bow to the visitor, and an affectionate nod to Sylvia, took himself off.

"Ugh!" said Lady Jane to herself; "he smells of the stables! And to think of Archie Graydon coming down to associate with such bucolics!"

Mary came in a little later and was introduced. Then came Pam. The February air had blown a fitful flame into her cheeks, and when she entered the drawing-room, not knowing there was a visitor, Lady Jane's name blew the flame higher, and then extinguished it altogether.

Her father watched her curiously, as she stood looking gravely down into Lady Jane's face. The lady, who could be gracious when she liked, held Pamela's hand a minute, and there was a caress in her voice as she spoke to her.

"I can't feel," she said to Mr. Graydon, "that your girls are strangers to me. I have heard such charming things about them from my son."

"Well, indeed," said Mr. Graydon, to whom belief in the goodwill of all the world came easily, "I should hope that we need not be strangers to a Trevithick. I have never forgotten my love for Gerald, Lady Jane."

"He was devoted to you," said the widow.

No one could have supposed from Lady Jane's manner that the visit was a painful and difficult ordeal to her. Yet, when she was seated in her carriage again, and had driven out of sight of Mr. Graydon, bowing bare-headed on the doorstep, she drew a sigh of actual physical relief.

Mr. Graydon returned to the drawing-room, rubbing his hands together.

"What a charming woman!" he said, coming up to the fire.

"I call her a cat!" said Sylvia, concisely.

"Oh, Sylvia!" cried Mary Graydon and her father simultaneously; but Pamela said nothing. Lady Jane, for all her *empressement*, had not made Pamela believe in her; indeed, Lady Jane was not sufficiently an actress to deceive any but the most simple people. It was new to her to play a part—to pretend fondness and friendship where she felt arrogant dislike; and, to give her her due, she had played it badly.

The day after Mr. Graydon had gone to the horse-fair with Lord Glengall, he came out of the study as Pamela was going languidly upstairs, and called her in. He put her in a comfortable chair by the fire, and then stood leaning on the dusty mantelpiece, and regarding her with a wistful and tender gaze.

"Not well, Pam?" he said at last.

"A little out-of-sorts," she answered, dropping her eyes before his gaze.

"When did it begin, Pam—this being out-of-sorts? Up to Christmas I thought you were blooming like a wild rose."

Pamela made a movement as if to escape.

"One is not always just the same," she said; "and you fancy things, dad."

"Glengall noticed it, too. Don't go, child—we haven't finished our conversation."

"Lord Glengall is as fatherly to us as you are. He is always watching us like a mother-hen over a brood of ducklings."

Pamela spoke with an attempt at her old sparkle, but her face retained the cold dulness which had fallen upon it of late, and which made the father's heart ache to see it.

"Glengall is a good fellow, Pam," he said, wistfully.

"He's a dear," said Pam, in her listless way.

"A girl might do worse than marry Glengall."

"That's what Sylvia says."

"Sylvia's a wise child. And what do you think, Pam?"

"I?—I haven't thought about it."

"Could you think of it, Pam?"

Pamela looked at him incredulously.

"Poor Glengall would like to marry you, Pam. He's troubled about you, poor fellow. He'd like to take you away, and show you all the beautiful world, and lavish his wealth upon you. Could you do it, Pam?"

To his consternation, Pam put down her head on the study-table, and burst into tears.

"There, Pam, there! I didn't mean to distress you, and I know Glengall wouldn't for the world. I only told you because I thought you ought to know. He has no hope at all himself—and would never ask you, I am sure. Only he is so good. I should know a little girl of mine was safe with him."

Pam still sobbed, with her face buried in the dusty papers.

"There, there, child!" said her father, "don't think about it any more. Poor Glengall! Of course, I know he's too old, and you are only a child; and he'd be the first to say the young should marry the young."

"I don't want to marry anyone," sobbed Pam. "Why can't I join a sisterhood and be at peace?"

Mr. Graydon passed his hand fondly over the rumpled curls.

"You'd hate it, Pam, that's what you would. You'd come back again in a week."

"I hate the world!" cried Pam. "The world is so cruel."

"Poor little girl!" said her father wistfully, though he smiled at the same time.

"Pam," he said suddenly, "is there—is there anyone else?"

"There isn't," sobbed Pam, "and if there was, I wouldn't tell you."

"I only asked, Pam, because I thought I might be able to help you."

"No one can help me," cried Pam, "except by letting me alone."

"Very well, then," said her father patiently. "I'll let you alone. Only dry your eyes, and be comforted. I'm afraid you'll have to wash your face, Pam. You've been flooding my old tattered Euripides with your tears, and you've carried off half the dust from him. There, child, be comforted. I won't say another word about Glengall. He's just like myself, poor fellow, only anxious to take care of you. Sure, I know you're a child, and ought to have your freedom for years yet."

"I wish her mother were here now," said Mr. Graydon, as he closed the door behind his daughter.

He looked up at the pure and innocent face of his wife's portrait.

"I wish I had your wisdom, darling," he muttered. "It is so hard for a man to deal with little girls. And, ah! what they lost when you went to heaven!"

He sat before his study-fire deep in thought. Then he got up and paced the room to and fro, with his brows knitted and his hands behind his back.

"I'll do it," he said, half-aloud, at last. "I expect money difficulties would really stand in the way. I know Trevithick died poor, and Lady Jane had little of her own. The lad *must* love her if she loves him. And it will smooth the way. At worst I shall only suffer a rebuff. I can bear it for the sake of Mary's children. And poor Molly too! Why need she spend her girlhood fretting for her lover when a little money would make things straight?"

He sat down and his face cleared. Again he looked up at the benignant eyes of the portrait.

"I am doing the best I can for them, Mary," he said, speaking aloud as if to a living person.

That evening he announced his intention of taking a run to London during the following week. Such an unusual thing in their quiet life provoked an outcry of surprise from his daughters.

"I may be an old fossil," he said, "but I'm not a limpet attached to a rock. Perhaps I'm tired of you all. Perhaps I'm starved for a walk down Piccadilly, or a visit to a good concert hall. Perhaps—perhaps."

But he gave them no explanation after all of his reason for going.

One event crowded upon another. The next

morning, at breakfast, Mr. Graydon drew out a large, boldly addressed envelope from the post-bag.

"Now, who can this be from?" he said, putting it down and looking at it curiously. "'London, W.' Now, who 'd be writing to me?"

"Better open it and see," said Sylvia, daintily chipping the top off her egg.

Mr. Graydon broke the seal and read it.

"It 's from Lady Jane Trevithick," he said soberly; "a very civil letter. She 's sorry she wasn't able to call again; and—and—she wants to know if one of you girls—she mentions Pam, I see—will go over and stay with her. It is very kind of Lady Jane."

He pushed the letter towards Pam, who took it unsteadily, and held it before her face as she read.

"I 'd rather not go," said Pam, putting down the letter. "I can't go—I 've no frocks."

"I should like you to go, Pam," said her father, wistfully. "The invitation is kindly meant, and Lady Jane moves in very good society, and is influential. Why should my girls be buried here? As for the frocks—I can spare ten pounds—I really can manage that. How much can be done with ten pounds, Mary?"

"A good deal. Oh! I hope Nancy Cullen is still at home! We 'll go round after breakfast and see."

"Must I go?" said Pamela.

"I think you ought to go, Pam," said her father; "and we will travel together. I shall wait for you till you can be ready."

In his heart Mr. Graydon thought that the invitation was a sort of guarantee for his daughter's happiness. If Lady Jane had not known or suspected that her son was in love with Pamela, and had not been prepared to accept her, why should she have asked her on this visit?

"I used to think her a proud and cold girl in the old days," he said to himself; "but, of course, the girl of my dreams was so different! After all, I daresay Gerald made no such mistake as I used to fear."

"You will go then, Pam?" he said aloud. "The change will do you good; and you will enjoy yourself."

"Very well," said Pamela, listlessly; "I would rather be here, but if you wish I will go."

END OF CHAPTER NINE.



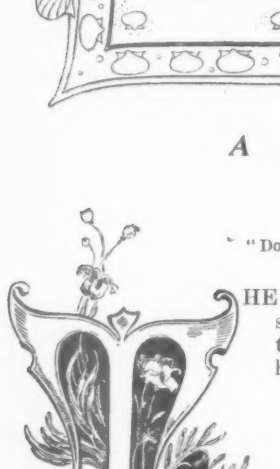
"Poor little girl!" said her father wistfully.

Knowledge Of The Future.

A NEW YEAR ADDRESS.

By the Lord Bishop of Ripon.

"Do not interpretations belong to God?"—GENESIS xl. 8.



THE words were spoken by one of those men who have moulded the history of the world. When he spoke them he was a prisoner, forgotten in his misfortune and blameless of offence. He was passing through a time of trial. Later he was destined to emerge into a position of much power and usefulness.

Joseph had shown from the first a character and qualities which distinguished him from his brethren. They were men with little or no thought beyond their daily work. In the open fields, watching their flocks and enjoying, after their day's task, physical repose, they found enough to satisfy them. He possessed a soul which went out beyond such a level of life; he reached out to something higher. Like the great French preacher, he could not leave his soul amid mere earthly things. In his brethren's eyes he was a dreamer. They were practical, and they had no sympathy with his dreams. He, meanwhile, was full of a wistful wonder, longing to find out the meaning of the strange visions which filled his soul. Life to him must be something more than eating, drinking, and tending sheep. No doubt a touch of egotism and personal ambition mingled with his dreams; this belonged to his youth; this, in time, would pass away. Life, with its stern and remorseless reality, would come to test him and his visions, proving what manner of man he was. Meanwhile, he was better with his dreams of the larger purpose and scope of life than his brethren, who were content with somewhat material gratification.

Time showed that he was no mere dreamer. The day came when the Prince of his people let him go free. The opportunity of large and noble service came to him; and he showed force, readiness of resource, sagacity, and practical vigour. His genius it was which mitigated misfortune and averted disaster. He foresaw and provided for the days of scarceness; he piloted Egypt through the bitter seven years of famine. His dreams were not the idle dreams of an empty mind; they were the visions of an energetic and finely tempered spirit. His gifts stood the strain of practical duty.

They had previously endured the

harder test of adversity, neglect, and inaction. There are powers which lose their bloom under the pressure of prosaic duties; there are powers which wither under the shadow of misfortune and obscurity. The trial which comes from neglect is, perhaps, the severer, since it is hard for men to believe in themselves when there is seemingly none else to believe in them. But in the darkness of those neglected days the genius of Joseph remained bright. His insight, his power of vision, was not dimmed in the prison. He entered into the sorrows of other men; he showed a sympathy with their difficulties; he strove to read for them and with them the meaning of their lives.

And the sustaining source of his powers breaks out into view in the words of our text: "Do not interpretations belong to God?"

We can realise the pathos of the question and the tried, yet unbroken, faith which it reveals. Joseph is trying to read the meaning of the dreams of his fellow-prisoners. Life, and the experiences of life, he assures them, are not meaningless. He will not forego his faith in the significance of life. We may not be able to explain all; but there is, nevertheless, a meaning in all. It is as though he said, "I too have known my visions—beautiful visions of life's triumphs and life's joys. They faded with my growing years; and instead of the achievements which I saw in my dreams, there came false accusation, imprisonment, and neglect; but though the golden light of those visions is gone, they were not meaningless. I wait still for the unfolding of their significance. Still I rely upon Him who will make all things plain—for do not interpretations belong unto Him?"

As we listen to the words, we feel how aptly they fit into our own lives.

We, like Joseph, have had our visions. We dreamed of the bright things, the noble achievements, the splendid triumphs which life would bring; but as life unfolded her stern sequences of reality, the golden lines of our dreams vanished, the splendid tints of the morning melted into the light of common day.

Or perhaps our dreams have not gathered round ourselves, but round others—Love, which sets her objects in such golden lights, that she sees visions for them brighter than ambitions can dream for itself.

It may be only the little child, whose prattle half-pleases, half-worries you; but you are delighted to be so worried to win such pleasure. The dear innocence of its winsome ways, its simpleness and quaint airs of sagacity, are perpetual fascinations. In their lives we live; and for them we see visions and dream dreams.

> "Thou wert a vision of delight
> To bless us given;
> Beauty embodied to our sight,
> A glimpse of heaven."

But the vision of delight fades. The promise which the vision gave seems to be denied its fulfilment.

It may be the young man, standing on the threshold of life, bearing himself with quietness of manner, but full of a happy gentleness and thoughtfulness towards others, and gifted with a sweet and rare conscientiousness in little things.

Or, again, it may be the man of maturer years, full of high and chivalrous impulses, ready like a knight of old to gird on his sword, and yearning to fill his life with worthy deeds, and yet blending, with all noble martial ardour, tender and generous thoughts for those who are dear, dearer than life, to his heart.

At this season—teeming with tender and sorrowful memories—visions such as these rush back upon our thoughts. The deep pathos and the sad tragedy of life speak to us out of such memories; for what golden dreams gathered round the heads of those who were so dear; and what sorrow is ours, when with the revolutions of the sun, the visions melt away; and all the hope, the promise, the expectation of achievement are exchanged for sorrow and solitude of heart. Then we too, like Joseph, find that our dreams can fade; we too encounter the gloomy days which succeed the bright morning of our hopes. We are imprisoned with sorrow; the iron enters into our soul; the bars of stern adversity shut out the cheerful sunlight of other days.

In such hours, when life, which seemed at one time so full of glorious meanings, droops into darkness and seems to grow cold and insignificant, our stay must be that of Joseph. Our trust must be in the living God. The vision seems to have lost its meaning. Life has become,

to our sorrow-stricken hearts, flat, stale profitless, and meaningless; but it is not so. There is One who can fulfil our best dreams and give back to us their lost meanings. "Do not interpretations belong to God?"

Our trust must be in Him, and in none else. True, there is often to be met with in life the easy chatterer who will take upon himself to explain everything for us. All things are easy to the man who has never faced mental anguish or heart-sorrow. He will not hesitate to interpret our dreams for us, but his pretensions are vain. The dream and the meaning of the dream are for us alone. Men may soothe us in our grief. Their kindness and their attempted sympathy may be welcome to us, as the faded bunch of flowers from a child's hot hand may be sweet and acceptable; but to read the meaning of the vision, and to explain it aright, to disclose its fulfilment, showing to us that nothing is vain and no vision wholly meaningless—to do all this belongs to God: for do not interpretations belong to Him? He alone can sustain our trust in the trials of life. He alone can give us back the visions which so soon vanished from our sight.

The power to realise this constitutes the difference between the secular and the spiritual disposition. In the view of one poet, man is but a compound of dust and tears. Life is but sorrow mingled with earthliness; but better and higher than Swinburne's thought is Wordsworth's teaching. The older poet has the nobler view. He will not let life sink down to a mere secular meaning; it is more than grief and earth. There is that in us which transcends the earth and can triumph over tears:

> "Oh! joy that in our embers
> Is something that doth live."

Into the world we came, but not as mere dust, to be mingled with tears. There was a breath of the Almighty which breathed upon us:

> "With trailing clouds of glory did we come
> From God, who is our home!"

The divine spark is ours. It kindles a light and a fire. It calls forth visions past all imagining. Our young men, by a Divine Spirit's help, may see visions, and our old men dream dreams. And these visions are not mere idle fancies, creations of our folly or of our ambition. True, there are foolish visions and empty dreams; but all visions are not foolish, nor are all dreams empty. Far more empty is the soul that has no visions, to whom no bright and noble outlook upon life's possibilities can ever come. This is what Shakespeare recognises. Theseus is the man of action. He has dealt with the hard prosaic work-a-day world. To him the visions of the poet or dramatist are alike empty imaginings. The grandest and the most foolish are alike only beautiful bubbles which will vanish with all their rich colourings into empty air. The work of the poor players, who labour in their foolish fashion to give him pleasure, is no worse and no better than that of the most finished actors. To him all ideas or visions are unpractical and unreal. He is a man of action, loving deeds and despising dreams.

There is a sort of virtue in this; but how secular it all is, how low and insignificant life becomes, if no noble ideas and no heavenly visions environ it! How vain its achievements, if there be no promised land and no divine fire to give light in the night season! And so Shakespeare lets us see that, while idle dreams are vain enough, yet that for a man to be wholly without them, and to be destitute of ideas and visions, is to be poor indeed.

The true idea of life lifts us above the secular plane and places us where the heavenly vision is possible, and where the Shekinah light of God's presence is ever visible—though seen now as cloud, and now as flame.

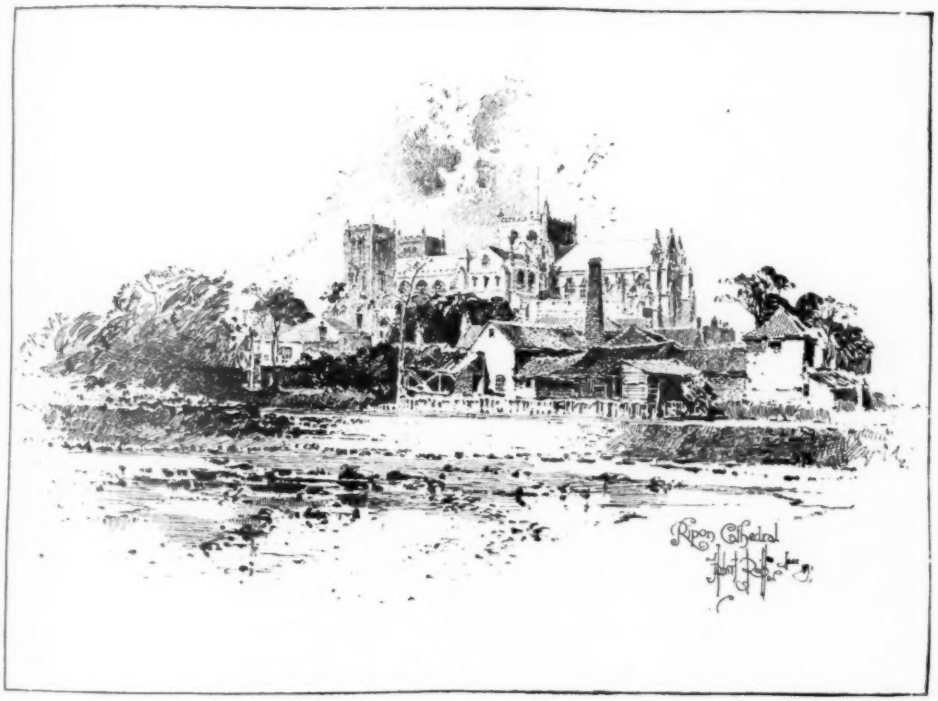
But for the full meaning of all the visions and experiences of life, we must wait. The vision is from God; the experience is from God; from Him will come the explanation. "Do not interpretations belong to God?" The vision was given us yesterday—we must wait for its interpretation; the meaning comes to-morrow.

It is in the spirit of this principle that our Lord spoke, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." So at another time He spoke: "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons." There is a sweet interpreting "afterwards" of life's

bitter experience. "No chastening seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Our faith carries us forward to that interpreting hereafter, when once we realise that interpretations belong to God.

Herein we are not different from Christ our Master. He had the vision of the world conquered, but the vision faded; and in its place came Gethsemane and Calvary, the loneliness and the cross. And yet afterwards came the interpretation. The vision, though it faded for a time, did not die out unfulfilled. The kingdoms of the world are becoming the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ.

So it is the order of life that first should come the glory of the vision; then the fading of its colours, the grey day and the postponed realisation; and then afterwards the glorious interpretation. Not *now* is the interpretation. Now is the sadness, now the sense of disappointment, now the temptation to think that all brightness is gone, and all hope lost; but hereafter the love which gave the vision and the love which took it away will make all plain—no whit of the beauty and the beatitude which the vision promised will be lost. The vision is for an appointed time. Till then, rest in the Lord: wait patiently for Him. The gem hidden in the earth will yet sparkle in heaven's light. The meaning of all will be made plain, hereafter, in God's own light and in God's own way; for interpretations belong to God.



A VIEW OF RIPON CATHEDRAL.

(From the Drawing by Herbert Railton.)



CIRCUMVENTED.

A Complete Story. By the Author of "Lady Jane's Companion."

"I TELL you he does not *dream* of Dolly. How can you imagine anything so absurd?"

That was how the family tyrant addressed her mother, and poor Mrs. Rhodes was, as ever, annihilated. It was a vain thing to try and brave Georgiana. There she stood in the window, majestic, the eldest daughter, her straight hair stiffly ridged with hot irons, her face pale, and her lips determined, altogether handsome, but very hard. Behind her one had a glimpse of a forlorn little figure wandering in the grass. The sight of that lonely figure, and a dim idea of its unhappiness, made the poor lady pluck up spirit to murmur still—

"I—I—I thought that Freddy——"

"Impossible!" said Georgiana; her voice vibrated with a little more than disdain. "Why, what could he see in a stupid little goose like that? It would be cheaper to buy a sixpenny doll and set it up in his house; then at least he could always change it. But if he wants a wife——"

In the garden Dolly was walking rather sadly among the trees, and her white skirts brushed against the grass like a sigh. She was a little slip of a thing with Irish eyes, great and grey, always brimming with either a laugh or tears; and she had the dearest eager face in the world. It was a troubled face now, for she could not understand why life had been made bitter to her just lately. Perhaps it was because of some unwitting sin, perhaps because the family tyrant felt, like her, the approaching parting with their old playfellow. Georgiana had a peculiar way of showing when she was vexed.

The Rev. Frederick Cockburn had not always been six feet high and a parson. And for the greater part of their lives they had only been parted by a garden wall. Even when he was at college he was continually running down, and they had never made a plan without him; he belonged to the girls like a brother. Later he had had to admonish them as a curate, but he had

been their old comrade still. Of course, he was lucky to get a living offered to him so young, and it was only right that he should accept it, but still it was a blow.

Freddy had run in so often to talk it over (the girls knew all about his house and his parish, down to the woman who played the harmonium and dragged the chants) that they had forgotten it was so far away. Now they had suddenly to remember.

Dolly was under the weeping ash, where she and Freddy had hidden when they were little. Georgiana had had the biggest bite of the apple, and then she had deserted and said, "I'll tell!" How she would miss him! Always he had been her champion, defending her when Georgiana was angry and pulled her hair. And although these days were past she wanted him more than ever. It had hurt her lately that he should have been monopolised by Georgiana and that she had been thrust back and made a third. He was a young housekeeper, and the eldest daughter could talk of carpets and curtains and butcher's bills. To Dolly life was a weary nightmare of Freddy serious in a chair, and Georgiana giving him good advice. Vainly she tried to keep her lip steady, leaning her head in among the leaves.

Half a mile away a black object was sitting on a fence whistling impatiently, inwardly furious with Georgiana.

"If she would only come out of the gate!" he said, hitting wildly at all the buttercups in his reach. "If she'd only give me a chance. But she's just pinned to Dolly, and I never can get a minute."

His whistle grew more lugubrious.

"And I'm off to-morrow!"

Never in the ancient days, when he used to stand in front of his younger playmate and defy Georgiana, had he felt her to be such a tyrant. He longed to stand up to her and shake his fist at her as of old. An instant he stood on the highest rail of the fence to reconnoitre beyond the trees, and then sat down again in despair.

"I know she thinks I'm not good enough for Dolly," he said; "we always were enemies, but she might let me ask her. It's Dolly's business."

Then he jumped down in a hurry that would have been undignified in any vicar less young and eager. Among the trees he had caught sight of the unaccompanied white flutter of Dolly's dress.

At the familiar whistle she started, reddening and glancing fearfully towards the house.

The tyrant's ears were sharp, but for once it appeared that she had not heard it, and Dolly rushed down the tree-hidden path to the gate. Her head was just under the green branches and they caught at her hair as she hurried, the prettiest picture in all the garden, with a quaint little forward stagger.

"Oh, Freddy!" she said.

He was leaning over the gate, which was fastened with a complicated arrangement of twisted string, meant to hold it together and keep it shut. There was something earnest and business-like in his manner; he hardly smiled at her greeting, and it hurt her. His face was so desperately solemn.

"Do you want Georgiana?" she said, bravely, "to—to talk about—furniture?"

He looked at her reproachfully across the gate.

"Dolly," he said, "how can you be so unkind? I've been haunting the place for hours, watching to catch you alone. I've no chance if I go to the house, and—and I can't *stand* housekeeping and chairs and tables——"

At the emphatic climax they had to laugh. He was struggling mechanically with the string, and Dolly was making believe to help him.

"You used always to jump it," she said. Their hands touched as they fumbled at it, and she felt a new and disturbing thrill. "Hadn't you better do that, if you have not become too grand?"

"Don't," said Freddy. Ah, their fingers had been too near; he caught hers and held them tight. "They are all chaffing me about being a Vicar and having a house and all that. Asking if I've got anybody to put into it. But what's the good if you can't get the girl you want?"

"Oh!" said Dolly, looking startled and shrinking as far as the imprisoned hand would allow. He held it fast.

"Dolly," he said, "we've always been chums, you and I. Let me tell you, and then you must tell me honestly if you think—if I've got any chance——"

He was interrupted.

"Is that you, Freddy? What a

blessing! I wanted to tell you what you must do about the study."

It was with a kind of terror that he saw Georgiana charging down upon them remorselessly through the trees. Dolly had wrung her hand away and vanished with a little sound like a gasp, and he, on the wrong side of the gate, was almost speechless with wrath and temper.

"If a man can't furnish his own study as he likes——" he stammered darkly, turning on his heel. Georgiana was like a fate.

"What was Freddy saying?"

A rather sad little face was visible among the leaves of the weeping ash.

sister with a gleam of suspicion, but Dolly had spoken in all good faith. And, indeed, in the dim past Freddy had once or twice been smitten and had confided his troubles to the kind ears of Dolly. They had been slight affairs and, although unhappy, always less tragic than laughable.

"He did not say who it was?"

"No," answered Dolly, "because you interrupted. I—I—I'm trying to guess."

Georgiana turned her back on the wistful grey Irish eyes.

"Can't you?" she said, and walked away, utterly hard-hearted.

* * * * *

That evening there was a formidable



He saw Georgiana charging down upon them.

"I—I don't know, Georgiana. He was just beginning—I think he has fallen in love again."

The elder girl glanced at her young

leave-taking. To Freddy Cockburn it was a nightmare.

As he sat in the drawing-room being talked to by Georgiana and Mrs. Rhodes

(Dolly was very silent) he grew desperate. The last precious minutes were ticking loudly, now and then marked by a warning whirr, as the grandfather's clock reproached him.

He listened to them, but all the while he was wandering backwards hand in hand with Dolly — Dolly who now sat so distantly in the window.

With a start his mind came back impatiently to the present.

"Good-bye, my dear boy. We shall hear how you get on. Your mother will write and tell us——"

"You must let me know how you manage about the stairs," said Georgiana.

They accompanied him to the door, lingering affectionately to watch him go, and behind them the great brown clock was ticking the last, last minutes reproachfully. He shook hands and waited, desperately bold.

"Will you come to the gate with me, Dolly?"

There was a slight pause at that abrupt invitation. He saw Dolly involuntarily start forward and then hesitate, with a faint red wonderment in her cheek. He waited, gazing back eagerly at his fate in the balance.

"Yes, Dolly — come along!" said Georgiana.



The old lady looked up keenly.—*p.* 222.

II.

THE Vicar of Little Easter was in his study. He had not been writing sermons, but pens were lying about the table, and there were other signs of an intellectual struggle.

"I can't do it," he said at last, crumpling up many fragments of blotted paper, each the unlucky beginning of a letter. Then he thrust his hands through his hair, giving it a despairing rumple.

"It's no good," he said. "I can't put it in a letter, and it does look a cowardly way of—asking. Like chalking up a thing and running round the corner. If I were a girl and a fellow wrote to me instead of coming and standing to his guns, I should call it—cheek."

"Dear Dolly——"

He tore the last attempt furiously across.

"She would think it was a joke and show it all round the family for them to laugh at it too," he lamented: "if Georgiana did not kidnap it first. I don't think she would stick at that, and I'm afraid she regularly hates me. Queer!"

He stared forlornly at the heap of papers, and then all at once an idea struck him and he jumped up.

"Hurrah!"

With sudden energy he flung out of his study and crossed the hall. His mother was sitting in her room—the only place that was quite in order—stitching rings on curtains. She was going to stay and put him to rights before returning home and leaving him in his glory.

"What is the matter, Freddy?" she said.

"I was thinking," said the Vicar soberly, "that you've a lot to do. Couldn't you ask one of the girls over while you are here to help?"

"If you think the place is ready for visitors," said Mrs. Cockburn, smiling. The girls were, of course, Freddy's old companions.

"Well, you might ask Dolly; I'm sure she wouldn't mind."

The old lady looked up keenly, but his manner was very careless.

"Why not Georgiana?" she inquired. "Eldest first."

"I don't think she could be spared just now," said the Vicar, hiding his alarm, "and—and I'd like the place to be tidy before she came."

So Mrs. Cockburn wrote and invited Dolly.

The answer came very quickly: Dolly could not leave home just now.

While his mother was reading out the many sufficient reasons, Freddy stared hopelessly across at the fatal letter. His face expressed utter dejection until about halfway through. At the last clause it lighted up with an inspiration. He leaned over the table.

"Then, mother, of course, you'll ask Georgiana?"

His mother glanced at him oddly.

"Do you want her?"

"Want her?" cried the Vicar. "Rather!"

There was no mistaking the eagerness in his voice. It betrayed itself in the very stammer with which he proceeded.

"I didn't know she would come, but if Dolly's to manage the school treat this year, and if Dolly's to take the club, they won't want Georgiana. Tell her we can't possibly get the house put to rights without her. Say whatever you think will bring her. Only make her come."

He got up and fetched his writing things from the study. Mrs. Cockburn had to write the invitation then and there, almost to his dictation.

"Tell her she *must* come!" he cried impetuously, rushing away to look for a stamp, and then riding in with the letter himself to catch the early post. Mrs. Cockburn looked after him amused, but just a little bit disappointed.

"It's Georgiana then, after all," she said.

* * * * *

Three days later Georgiana was installed at Little Easter.

She arrived with rather too many clothes for a person who was to help in getting a house in order, but that did not prevent her from buckling to. Mrs. Cockburn, a kind old lady with a twinkle of humour to comfort her in her trials, was taken aback by her visitor's authoritative grasp at the reins: but Freddy, having suffered more nearly from her tyrannical ways, thought he had never known her so gracious. In fact, he repented himself of the hard things he had been thinking—of all but a certain determination.

"I don't believe she hates me really," he thought. "It was only that she didn't want me to marry Dolly."

He made that reflection whilst shaving with care the morning after her arrival. On coming down to breakfast he found her at her post. She had already whisked away half the litter that was hampering the breakfast-room, and was making the tea. As he came in she nodded.

"Good morning, Freddy. Your mother is breakfasting in her room. What a wilderness your house is at present! The first thing after breakfast will be to have a man in and put down the carpets."

"But they *are* down," stammered the Vicar, who had laboured hard all the past week.

"All crooked," said Georgiana.

She poured out his tea and sat down opposite, with an air of calm superiority and possession (which the Vicar was too

agitated to remark). Having long since made up her mind as to what she wanted, she was not unduly elated at the present turn of affairs. Freddy was always fickle, and it had taken very little pains to keep him apart from Dolly while that fancy lasted. It was not her part to consider Dolly—Dolly, years younger, and pretty, and always liked.

Something like exultation glittered in Georgiana's eyes. She had a glimpse of Dolly at home and smiled; her triumph was pitiless.

"Oh, by-the-bye," she said. "Your idea of furnishing the drawing-room is too ridiculous. It ought to be smart and shiny—a company room. You don't want old pictures and comfortable chairs!"

"Don't I?" said the Vicar with a half-smile, thinking whose whims he had tried to suit in the furnishing.

"No," said Georgiana Her tone was lordly. "I'll tell you what I will do. You shall drive me into the town, and I will help you to choose what you really want."

"Do——," began the Vicar, and then stopped hastily, reddening. She looked at him witheringly, unaware that the word suppressed had been simply "Dolly."

"In the meantime——" she vouchsafed after a crushing pause. He looked up suddenly from his letters.

"I'm afraid you'll be dull, Georgiana," he said, rising. "It's awfully good of you to come, and perhaps you can find some amusement. You can do what you like, you know—so long as you don't touch my study, or trick it up like a heathen place in Japan. The fact is, I find I must leave you and mother for a day or two. Is that the dogcart? My train is at half-past ten."

Georgiana looked out of the window. There was the dogcart, and a beast of a brown horse pawing and snorting, to take him away to the country station. She turned round angrily, like a person who had been cheated.

"Why?" she asked.

Freddy had left the breakfast table,



"Dolly!" he cried in a voice of triumph.—*p.* 224.

and was stacking his letters behind the clock. He answered her with a kind of chuckle—

"Important business."

Three minutes later, he was running down the stairs, got up for a journey. Mrs. Cockburn was just saying good-morning to the rather blank-looking visitor, and he kissed her hurriedly.

"I must go off at once," he said. "Georgiana will explain. And I say, mother"—in a tone of anxious hospitality—"don't let her go home, or anything, till I come back. I must catch the early train."

III.

DOLLY was all alone.

There was no dragon guarding her, and she might wander unwatched about the garden, unvexed by the family tyrant's whim. However, she sat forlornly under the willow tree.

She was disappointed at not being allowed to go and visit Mrs. Cockburn, but, queerly enough, it had hurt her more to find her refusal met by that urgent invitation to Georgiana. It was a much warmer letter. Mrs. Cockburn had been told in inviting Georgiana to say whatever would bring her, and she had according written—"Freddy says she *must* come," twice.

They were ringing in Dolly's ears, these impetuously written words; but she had not any right to be angry—and hardly any right to be sad. Only, if that message had been in *her* letters, she would have defied them all.

The sun burnt down over all the garden, except under the sad green shade of the willow tree. Afterwards, it sank lower and lower behind the beeches until it was almost dusk. It was then that Dolly heard a familiar whistle.

She started up from the grass, and her wistful face was scarlet. It must be imagination.

Almost before she knew it she was hurrying up the path.

"Oh!" she gasped, finding herself at the gate, and ready to turn and fly as the strange whistler came in sight. Her heart beat too fast for her to hear any step. As if it could be him!

"Dolly!" he cried, in a voice of triumph.

"How did you get here?" she panted.

He vaulted the gate this time, and was immediately by her side.

"By train," he said coolly. "As soon as I'd got Georgiana safe I bolted."

Dolly paled slightly. Had he come to make an announcement?

"Will you come in to mother?" she said faintly; but Freddy barred the way.

"No," he said. "I won't."

She was almost frightened. He was so white and eager, and so emphatic.

"Dolly," he said, "I've got my chance at last Georgiana thinks I'm not half good enough for you, and I'm sure it's true, but I don't care, she'd no right to fight as she did for her lofty plans. It's your business. And Dolly—Dolly—I love you so!"

* * * * *

"I like the house," said Georgiana.

She spoke in a slightly patronising tone, and poor Mrs. Cockburn sighed.

"It is rather big," she said. "But if Freddy should marry and settle down—"

"It will not be too big," declared Georgiana. "I have been drawing up my ideas about the rooms. And I have toiled all the morning in the study." Mrs. Cockburn looked alarmed. Even in a possible daughter-in-law this was rather drastic.

"He will not like you to touch his study."

"I know. He charged me to let it alone," said Georgiana calmly; "but it is no good giving in to a man's absurd notions, and he had crammed it with such extraordinary things. I have made it look like another place."

Again Freddy's mother sighed. It was the familiar tone of the family tyrant. She sighed for Freddy.

The sigh was interrupted by his return. Unexpectedly as he had disappeared yesterday, he came back. They heard him cross the hall with a long, quick, eager step, and then he burst in upon them, a boy again.

"Well, where have you been?" asked his mother, smiling. He was so tired and dusty, and so excited.

The Vicar looked at her like a schoolboy, half-proud, half-shy.

"I've been to the old place," he said. "to ask Dolly if she would have me. And she says 'Yes.'"

R. RAMSAY.

THE END OF THE SONG.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

I read to you one golden morn
among the leaves of June,
The flowers were sweet around
our feet, the river sang its tune,
I know not what the story was
that stole upon your ears,
I only saw your listening eyes
were full of tender tears.

I sang to you when twilight fell,
and all the world had flown,
A song that rose from out my
heart and was for you alone,
I cannot tell what words I sang,
—of gladness or of pain,
I only knew I felt your heart
give back the sweet refrain.

And when the night in silence rose,
and all the song was o'er,
The world was full of happiness
I ne'er had known before,
I know not what I told you then
or what you said to me,
I only knew your heart was
mine for all the years to be.

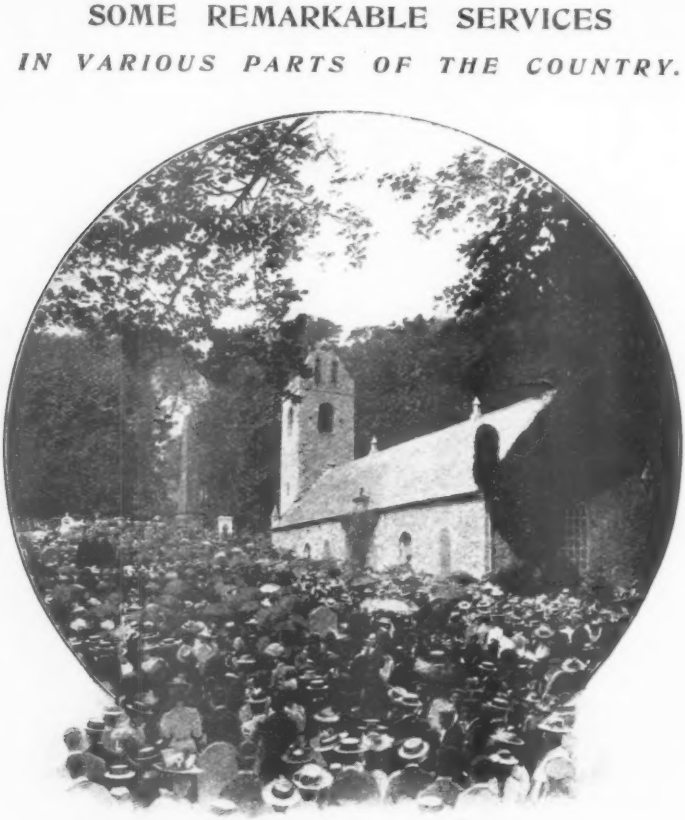


(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

F. V. Poole fecit

SOME REMARKABLE SERVICES

IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.



(Photo: E. J. Harrison and Co., Kewaigue, Isle of Man.)

SUNDAY AT KIRK BRADDAN.

UP and down the country there are several religious services held which are remarkable, not so much on account of the character of the service as in consequence of the strange places in which they take place. Of course, there are strange services—a few of which are detailed later—but, nevertheless, the majority obtain their notoriety by reason of their unusual place of assembly.

For instance, who has not heard of the famous open-air service at Kirk Braddan churchyard in the Isle of Man?—a service which on an August Bank Holiday Sunday has attracted a congregation of twelve thousand people. Indeed, so great has been the crush on occasions that it has been impossible for the collection plate to reach all those gathered within sound of the preacher's voice—a truly lamentable fact from the churchwardens' point of view.

If the weather is fine, these open-air services begin, as a rule, on Whit Sunday and continue to the end of September, or, virtually during the whole of the holiday season. They were instituted in a somewhat remarkable way by a former vicar, "Parson Drury," as he was familiarly called, when it was decided to build Kirk Braddan New Church in consequence of the old church falling out of repair and being altogether inadequate as far

as size was concerned for the worshippers who attended. Accordingly, while the new church was in process of erection, Mr. Drury conceived the happy idea of using the spacious churchyard, and so popular was the innovation that it has been kept up in the summer ever since.

Now the services are conducted by the present vicar—the Rev. Canon Moore—and, fittingly enough, his pulpit is the immense limestone slab erected to the memory of the founder of the churchyard services, "Parson Drury." It was felt, when the good man died, that no better memorial could be raised than a stone which might be utilised as a pulpit in the "Nature's church" where he had delivered so many powerful sermons.

The hymn-papers are distributed as the people pour into the churchyard on Sunday morning. The hymns are most heartily sung by the congregation. They are well known, and the tunes are also such as all can join in, and the effect of eight or ten thousand voices singing the simple strains is wonderful.

During the summer the aggregate number of worshippers amounts to sixty or seventy thousand, from all parts of the United Kingdom, but principally Lancashire and Yorkshire. Many people join in the service which is going on at the same time in Braddan new church close at hand, but the great majority prefer the open air under the shadow of the old trees and the venerable church.

It is rather remarkable that the Isle of Man should also possess what is believed by many to be the largest open-air service in the world. There are some folk who think that the Sunday service in Hyde Park answers to this description, though it is certain, in point of size, there is not a great deal of difference between that and the one held on Douglas Head.

There is, in reality, apart from the size, nothing very special to say about this service on Douglas Head. It is an ordinary service of an exceedingly simple character. Every attempt, however, is made to get a first-rate preacher, and two or three bishops have taken the service. Archdeacon Sinclair, who is a frequent visitor to Manxland, has officiated on several occasions. As at Kirk Braddan, the congregational singing is the great feature of the service. The Bishop of Sodor and Man is naturally the most



A VIEW IN ST. JOHN'S, STREATHAM.

(Showing the eggs presented for the Egg Service.)

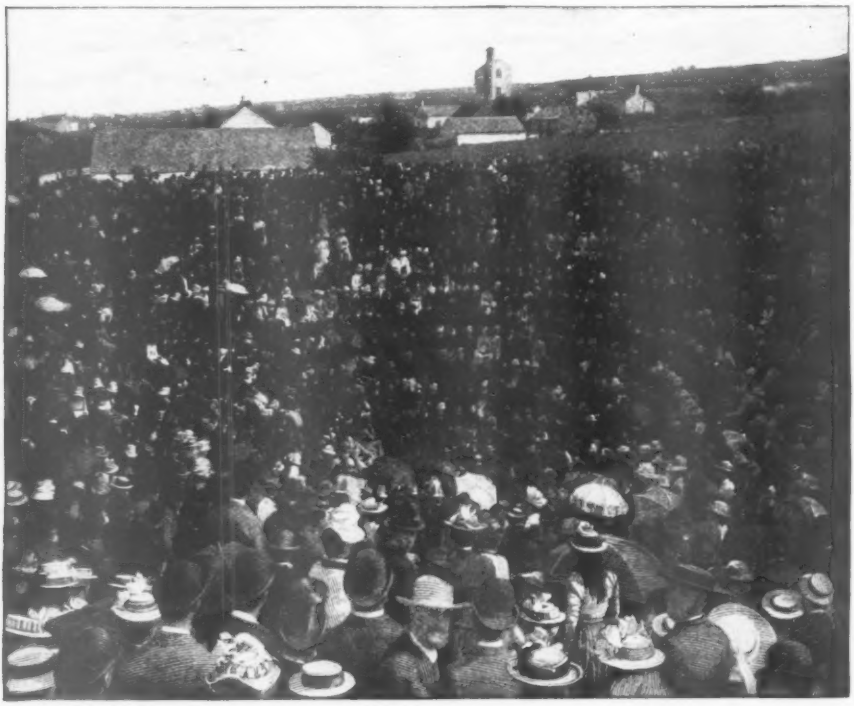
popular of all the prelates who figure prominently at these services.

After these monster services, it is a delightful change to come to the "Egg Service," which was instituted in 1894 by the Rev. S. Alfred Johnston of St. John's, Streatham. It was thought that one of the most beautiful ways of observing Hospital Sunday would be to send a consignment of eggs to some of the patients in the great London hospitals, and accordingly the congregation were requested to make their offerings of eggs on the day when the various churches unite in rendering financial aid to the institutions in question.

The "Egg Service," like most other things, had a small beginning, for only 220 eggs were contributed the first year. In 1895 the number of eggs rose to 446, while the year following no less than 1,618 eggs were given. It was felt, however, that in Jubilee year a special effort ought to be made in view of the general assistance then being afforded to the hospitals by the scheme of the Prince of Wales, and so a "Jubilee" offering was arranged.

The service succeeded beyond all anticipations. Over five thousand eggs were to be seen in St. John's Church on Hospital Sunday, and the arrival of the various members of the congregation, carrying baskets of new-laid eggs, excited a great deal of local interest. By some means Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York heard of the service that year, and sent a sovereign to be spent on eggs. For this sum two hundred were obtained, the difficulties of transit alone preventing the Duchess from personally sending the eggs. It is only right to add that the giving of the delicacies referred to in no way interferes with the financial offertory at the service, which is forwarded to the Hospital Sunday Fund.

There is some prospect of these "Egg Services" becoming an institution in other parts. This year the Essex town of Maldon has followed the good example



(Photo: J. Chenhalls, Redruth.)

A REMARKABLE SERVICE IN THE GWENNAP PIT.

set at Streatham. Carey Church, Reading, also made an initial effort of the same kind this year.

These "Egg Services," inasmuch as they help the needy, call to mind the "Doll Service" that is held at St. Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap, the church of the Rev. W. Carlile, the founder of the Church Army. On the Sunday before Christmas the congregation are requested to bring dolls, which are laid on a table near the altar. The gentlemen as well as the ladies are expected to provide a doll in some way or other, and consequently a goodly number of these ever-popular playthings are dispensed on Christmas Eve to the poorest of children in the East End of London. Mr. Carlile's service is now a fixed institution.

The followers of John Wesley are numerically very strong in Cornwall, and it is not surprising therefore that the strangest service held by that denomination takes place in that part of the country. A service in an old quarry is a decided novelty, and the fame of the "Gwennap Pit" service is justly popular with its lusty-voiced congregation of Cornishmen. Every Whit Monday the gathering takes place, so the Methodists within a radius of twenty miles are able to make it a day of pleasure as well as profit. The pit is situated not far from the quaint little town of Redruth.



(Photo: Taunt and Co., Oxford.)

THE TOWER SERVICE AT OXFORD.

The quarry forms a natural amphitheatre. Circular in form, and possessing row after row of steps, it is able to seat a good congregation, most of the members of which arrive by brakes. In the centre a sort of rostrum is erected for the various speakers, for addresses (and not a sermon) are the order of the day.

In days gone by John Wesley preached in this disused quarry to crowded congregations. Cornish folk always welcomed heartily the founder of Methodism, and they hold this monster service in memory of the time when Wesley frequently used the pit, first of all because it was the only place big enough, and secondly on account of the fact that it was the only one he was allowed to use. As a rule, great preachers are not invited, as the congregation prefer to hear the leading "local preachers." It is the boast of many a man that he first attended with his grandfather, who had already spent a good many Whit Mondays at Gwennap Pit.

The Oxford "May Morning" service is well known throughout the country, chiefly because it is the oldest of such gatherings, one by one the members begin to make their way to the top of the tower, which very soon presents an animated



(Photo: Taunt and Co., Oxford.)

WATCHING THE SERVICE ON ST. MARY MAGDALEN'S TOWER, OXFORD.

(A crowd which gathered at four o'clock a.m.)

and—what is more—by far the best attended. It is held, as everybody knows, upon St. Mary Magdalen's tower at five o'clock in the morning, and is attended by the President and Fellows of the college as well as the members of the choir. A few strangers, however, are admitted, and, all told, the number of people on the tower amounts to about two hundred. The crowd in the street below, however, runs into thousands, instead of hundreds, as the illustration of the people on the bridge which crosses the River Cherwell fully bears out.

No matter what event takes place, the service is held on May Day. The crowd begins to assemble soon after four o'clock in the morning, when the bells begin to ring, warning the citizens that the time of service is approaching. At half-past four the choir begins to assemble, and appearance on account of the limited space to be obtained. When at last the hour of five arrives, and the clocks of the city begin to denote the time of day, the choir bursts forth into song ere the clocks have ceased striking.

The holding of the service confers upon the college the right of presentation to the living of Slimbridge in Gloucestershire, upon the income of which there is said to be an annual charge of ten pounds for the music on the top of the college tower. Similar services were at one time held at St. Paul's Cathedral, and at Abingdon, but after a time the custom died out. There is, however, no likelihood of that happening at Oxford, the service now having too great a hold upon the favour of the public.

Every July a most remarkable service

is held at Folkestone. Like the majority of seaside resorts, Folkestone owns a big fishing industry, and it was felt that a service of thanksgiving for the harvest of the sea was just as desirable as the ordinary harvest festival. So every year the clergy and choir of the parish church march through the streets, singing hymns, and when the harbour is reached the fisher-folk join in the service of praise to God for the blessings vouchsafed in the past, and pray to be kept safe from harm in following their dangerous avocation, and also for "heavy catches" in the year to come.

Kirk Braddan churchyard service is not the only one of its kind in the country, though it is the biggest. For years a similar service has been held in the spacious churchyard of St. Tudno, situated on the Great Orme's Head at Llandudno.

The services are held both in the morning and evening, and although



AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE ON THE GREAT ORME'S HEAD, LLANDUDNO.

(Photo: Photochrome Co., Cheapside.)

the Llandudno churches have special preachers during the season, none of them is so well attended as St. Tudno's. The service is simple and hearty, the singing is good—for Welsh people can sing—and the voices of the visitors blend harmoniously with the rich native element. All the tunes are well known, and the same can also be said of the hymns, which are printed on hymn-sheets to avoid the necessity of bringing books.

The congregation is a varied one. Men are there dressed in cycling costume, while caps and straw hats, with other holiday attire, are adopted by the great majority. The ladies are allowed to put up their sunshades, if they wish, and everybody is permitted to do as he or she desires. The graves form the seats. Some of the more adventurous perch themselves on the headstones, while others lay full length on the grass mounds, many of which are unadorned with names of any kind. The rector, the Rev. J. Morgan, has a loyal band of workers, who distribute the hymn-sheets, and also hand out cushions to the many ladies present. The congregation, which often numbers a couple of thousand, forms the choir.

One of the most pleasing parts of the service is the taking up of the offertory. This is chiefly done by boys, many of them being the children of visitors, and the youngsters are only too delighted to take part in this novel duty.

When the congregation disperses comes the prettiest scene of all, as the people

wend their way down the hill—a long, unbroken line, which seems to reach as far as the eye can distinguish.

How many people are there, aware of the fact that the railway town of Derby has a series of services at the breakfast hour for the men engaged in the engineering works? These are attended by two thousand men every morning, and owe their origin entirely to the idea of one man of very humble circumstances in life. Yet this quiet, unassuming man initiated one of the grandest services in the country, held not occasionally but upon every working day in the year.

Thirty years ago very few men were employed at the works of the Midland Railway, compared with the number who work there to-day. Many of the men, whose homes were too far distant to admit of their returning for breakfast, were obliged to bring this meal with them. George Wilkins, the founder of these mess-room services, was in charge of an engine-room, and in the winter, as it was a nice warm spot, some of the men asked Wilkins if they might have their meal by his fire. The engineer gladly consented, and, being a Christian man, he took the opportunity of reading the Bible to them.

This fact got noised abroad, and other men joined in. The reading was first of all supplemented by prayer and then by singing. The fame of the little service continued to grow, until at last Wilkins's engine-room was not nearly big enough, and the place of service had to be moved to an open shed outside. For



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE RAILWAY MEN'S BREAKFAST SERVICE AT DERBY.



A RIVER BAPTISM AT BOTTISHAM.

(Photo: H. R. de Solis, Uxbridge.)

some time this shed answered the purpose; but as the railway works grew, and more men were employed, the attendance at the service increased, until at last it was absolutely necessary to erect rooms especially for the service.

First of all, grace is sung, and then the men set to work to eat their breakfast. Plates rattle and knives and forks jingle as the speaker for the day reads the Bible and gives a forcible address. But every word is heard, for the men are very attentive while eating their food. This is not surprising, for the services are taken by well-known laymen and clerics, and if a notable preacher is in the neighbourhood or about to pass through Derby, he is requested to break his journey and say a few words to the railway men at their breakfast. Many gladly do this if their engagements permit.

George Wilkins, the founder of these services, is dead, but a visit to Derby cemetery reveals the fact that his work has not been forgotten by those who now enjoy the fruits of his labour. Over his grave a fitting memorial has been placed, and upon it is inscribed the following: "In loving memory of George Wilkins, who died November 19th, 1872, aged fifty-three years. He was a faithful servant of the Midland Railway Company, and under God's guidance the beginner of a work for Christ which lives on still, though he is gone. Out of love for his character and gratitude for his work, his friends and fellow-workmen have erected this stone. His constant song was 'God is Love.'"

One does not hear very much nowadays of the open-air baptismal services which fifty years ago were so popular with the Baptist churches in the country districts. In Cambridgeshire, however, they still take place in many of the villages, and our illustration shows the service at Bottisham Sluice, which is situated near Waterbeach, the scene of the late Mr. Spurgeon's earliest labours. The minister stands in the river, and the candidate for church membership wades in to him and is immersed in the waters. A house near by is utilised for dressing purposes.

George Winsor.



A Complete Story. By J. F. Rowbotham, Author of "Solomon Built Him an House," Etc.

IT was twenty years since I left Hambleton as the curate, and on the identical day I returned as vicar. I sat meditating in the little village inn, while a gig was being harnessed to draw me to the vicarage. I wondered how the place would look. I wondered whom I should see and recognise. Twenty years produce innumerable changes. Those whom I had known as boys would have grown to men, and men and women would have become silver-haired and wrinkled, and perhaps past the power of recognition, until a familiar voice in dubious accents should say, "I am such a one. Do you not know me?" To such a query I felt I should have to reply, "I knew you twenty years ago, and if you assure me you are the very same person, I know you now. But the identification must come from yourself."

"The gig's ready, sir," cried the man at the hotel parlour door, and in obedience to this admonition I shut up my tablets and took my seat in the vehicle. Off went the horse. I whizzed past all the familiar places *en route*, and at last was landed safe and sound at the vicarage, but somewhat dazed and bewildered by the sudden panorama of a vanished past presented to me during the ride.

My experiences of the next few days proved to be exactly as I predicted. I saw innumerable people who turned out to be old acquaintances, though it was on the strength of their telling that I found them to be so. I should never have known them again in a crowd, nor would they, I imagine, despite their assertions, have known me. I saw old Haynes once again, Smart the gardener, England the bell-ringer who was so fond of frequenting "The Rose," Higgs, Nutcher, and many more.

Localities had not altered so much as people. I noticed that the old apple-tree in the vicarage garden bent down with the identical curve in its trunk, and seemed to have the exact number of apples upon it which it had when I left it. The vicarage had much altered, though, and so had its surroundings — several new cottages being built which quite shut out the pretty prospect from the study window which once was.

I found the circumstances of many of the inhabitants, like the "extension" of the vicarage, to have altered likewise. I found several people poor and reduced in circumstances whom I left fairly well-to-do. I met some people now in comparative opulence whom I remembered so poor that they were glad of doles from the curate. All this is a striking instance of a very great truth in English life, which is that circumstances, as generations pass, are on a sliding scale. If you look for the descendants of the nobility of some centuries ago, you will find them in the humblest cottagers of to-day. And if you search for the descendants of the former cottagers of our land, you will find them in its present nobility. Life fluctuates so in great cycles of time; and in the little cycle during which I had been absent from Hambleton, thus had existence fluctuated and changed.

XUM

Two visits in particular I intended to pay, namely, to the squire, and to Farmer Brownlow; and before many days elapsed I contrived to pay them. I saw the squire and the farmer, and I must confess I was very much struck by the change that had come over them both, but particularly Mr. Brownlow, whom I remember tall, erect, and jovial. I concluded there must have been more dissensions in his family since I last knew them, and that trouble was impending. I made such domestic inquiries as I could without receiving much satisfaction; but I took care to observe the greatest reticence about his son Arthur.

I must mention, in explanation of my last sentence, that when I was curate here Arthur Brownlow was a boy of about twelve or fourteen, and one of the brightest and most ingenuous lads it has ever been my lot to know. He was also blessed with a beautiful voice, and sang in the choir of the church all the solos in the anthems. Shall I ever forget the melodious tones that floated from that boy's lips? Neither I nor any who heard him can cease to remember them.

The popularity which the boy gained, the favour which he received from everybody and anybody, was so marked and so universal that it ultimately excited the envy and hostility of his elder brothers, who were young men of twenty and over, and who were, moreover, prompted to their animosity by the suspicion that their father intended to bequeath the farm (which was his freehold) and all his money to his favourite son, and leave them unprovided for.

Arthur's mother was Mr. Brownlow's second wife, who had been very dear to him, but had only lived about three years, and then had passed away, leaving as a legacy to her husband the little baby boy scarce two years old. The child became the farmer's idol, and was more and more worshipped as he grew to boyhood.

The elder sons being in the main clownish, stupid fellows, it was a common speech, half in joke, half in earnest, with the farmer:—

"You lads are strong of build and dull of wit. Why don't you exert your strength in other spheres than this, and leave the farm to little Arthur when he grows up? You, Hugh, might, for instance, go to America. William, you might take a piece of land of your own—you are old enough to manage it and strong enough to work it. You, Robert, should apply for the post of farm bailiff with Mr. Weatherstone or somewhere else; and you, Thomas, should go in for sheep farming in the colonies. There is your life mapped out for you all. It will be many years before I am laid on the shelf; and you are all getting too old to be anything but drags on me; while by the time I am about settling down in my chimney corner, to take my ease henceforth, Arthur will be just of an age to take the farm off my hands and commence the management of it. This will, moreover, keep the land in one piece, instead of chopping it up into five."

These words, I say, were often used by Mr. Brownlow in jest to his sons, who were a lazy lot, and who ought, moreover, to have been on their own hands by now. He possibly meant little more than jest, for he was not the sort of man to cut any of his family adrift at that time; but his sons chose to take the remarks in thorough earnest, and they one and all wreaked their bitterest spite on poor Arthur in consequence, till his life became almost intolerable to him.

He would often come to me in those days, and say:

"Mr. Calthorpe, I don't think I can stand it any longer, sir—at least, without telling father; and then, if I do that, I don't know what might be the consequences. He would certainly be so angry that he would send all my brothers away, which I should never wish to be done. Or, if he did not, they would persecute me still worse than they are doing. So between the two things I don't know what to do."

I strove as hard as I could to exhort the boy to patience, giving him what comfort I could, and I even offered to intercede between him and his brothers; but this proposal he would not listen to, and finally he decided that he would bear all in silence and would not tell his father. So that matters were at a deadlock, and remained so, until a new development began in the persecution of Arthur Brownlow by his brothers—which consisted in the deliberate attempt on their part to poison his father's mind against him by all sorts of stories and fabrications, and so get rid of him.

The diabolical attempt was made with greater and more elaborate cunning than I should have imagined such stupid young men as the Brownlows to be capable of. They not only carried on the plot themselves but got their neighbours—the young Spencers of Bray—to assist them, and from all sides Farmer Brownlow kept continually hearing of the precocious vices and bad manners of his darling son, which were at first discredited by him, but afterwards believed, and then greedily sought after.

"It is all this incense that comes to the boy along of his singing that is spoiling him," he said to me one day. "And you, Mr. Calthorpe, are partly to blame for encouraging it. What good can all that howling and caterwauling do the lad? Not a bit, that I can see, except that it takes him into company from which he would be better away. It stuffs the boy's head with nonsense, sir, and it will never bring him to any good."

It was in vain that I pointed out that there was practically no foundation for any of these charges against his son, who was one

of the model boys of the parish. The farmer regarded me as a biased witness, and kept his own opinion of the matter, which was more and more inimical to poor Arthur every day. Do what I could in the way of mediation, it was all no good. The ball once set rolling, continued to roll in the same direction, until one day I heard, to my unspeakable concern, that Arthur Brownlow had broken into his father's bureau and extracted five pounds from it, that the money had been found in his possession, and that he was now in the custody of the police.

I remember what a sensation the trial made at the assizes in the neighbouring town of C——. I appeared as a witness in the boy's behalf, and spoke up for him right gallantly; but all intercession and testimony were of no avail—the evidence was held to be quite conclusive. Although the father did not appear against him, the brothers did, and their testimony was sufficient to convict the boy, who was found guilty and sent to a reformatory for two years.

I saw him before he went, and he said to me—

"Tell father, sir, that I am unjustly condemned. Tell him it was a plot of my brothers, and that I would scorn to do such an action. But tell him, moreover, that after this disgrace I could never bear to show my face in the village again, and when I come out of this place I shall go beyond the seas or somewhere, but certainly shall never come to Hambleton, nor shall he be troubled by seeing my face again."

I wondered what effect this message would have on the old farmer, but to my surprise he received it with the greatest nonchalance.

"Aye, aye, sir," he said in reply, as with black face and lowering brow he sat in his parlour with his sons around him. "The lad has brought disgrace on the family. I disown him, sir. I knew what all this singing and caterwauling would lead to: I said so from the first, and my words have come true. He need never seek to see my face again until he has redeemed his character. Then I'll see him, but not till then. Meantime, as you are going to the reformatory occasionally to visit him, tell the lad—for, although a thief, he is a son of mine—that I will provide him with what money is necessary, when he leaves that home of thieves and vagabonds, to set up in something or to go away to some colony, or anything he likes; and then, as I say, when he has redeemed his character, he can come and see me—but



"I disown him, sir."

not till then. Tell him he shall have the money, sir, when he wants it; but tell him that till he has redeemed his character I disown him."

The money, however, was never applied for by Arthur Brownlow. I saw him several times at the reformatory, and, indeed, tried to get him released on the ground of insufficient evidence, but in vain. When the end of his time came, he obtained some employment—I know not how—went to London, and then I lost sight of him; for a month or two afterwards I left my curacy in Wiltshire and took another in Northumberland.

I saw the Brownlows now for the first time since that event of twenty years ago. I was informed incidentally that they had never heard anything more of Arthur. "I suppose," said one of them, "he's gone to the bad long ago."

The old man in the chimney corner now white-haired and bowed down with age, suffered a wistful look to pass over his face occasionally, but that was all. No more was said, and no more did I say. In a short time I had forgotten the story of twenty years ago as completely as they had and as the village had; but there was one remark alone of that afternoon's conversation which dwelt in my mind: "I suppose he's gone to the bad."

"Gone to the bad!" Why, there was one thing plain. *All the Brownlows seemed to have gone to the bad*—not Arthur alone—for a more besotted, lazy-looking set of men it had never been my lot to see.

It is the experience of every clergyman, when he comes to a new parish, that he can soon find by a sort of intuition where the troublesome spot in that parish is likely to be; and I very soon knew by instinct that the troublesome people in my parish would be the Brownlows—as was amply proved immediately after my arrival. Scarcely a day passed but one or other of them was at the vicarage. Now it was Robert—now it was Hugh—now it was Thomas. One came requesting me to go to see their father, who was "in dreadful low spirits." Another told me they had a horse for sale, and asked me if I would like to buy it. The third, Thomas Brownlow, wanted to borrow a little money of me; and this was the first actual hint I got of the hazardous state of their affairs.

"No, Thomas," I said, "I cannot lend you that money; for, in the first place, it is your father, not you, who ought to have asked for it, if the object is to make repairs on your farm; and, in the second place, I think I am considerably poorer than you. A well-to-do farmer has considerably more cash than a poor parson, and so for the second reason I must absolutely decline."

But this rebuff produced no diminution in the importunity of the Brownlows, which at last culminated in the appearance of the eldest brother and the father one day at the vicarage, when they told me, with much display of emotion, that the farm was heavily mortgaged, and, indeed, had been so for some time, and that the mortgagee, to whom no payments had been made for some time past, threatened to foreclose. Could I therefore either lend them the money, or get it from a friend, or ask the squire to oblige them, or, in fact, help them in any way whatever?

At the moment I could think of no way in which I might be of service to them in the manner indicated; but as, despite their importunity, I was sincerely sorry for them, I said I would turn the matter over in my mind, make inquiries, and let them know by the morrow if I could do aught for them.

The same afternoon my old college friend, Vincent Harrowby, who was vicar of a neighbouring parish, drove over to see me, and dine with me. It was the first time we had met for twenty years or more, and it was to celebrate our meeting that I had given orders to my housekeeper to prepare a somewhat elaborate repast in his honour and for our mutual delectation. As we sat over dessert, Harrowby talked of a score of subjects to which I paid a vague and partial attention; but at last, as his "inextinguishable tongue," as we used to call it at college, kept up its eternal stream of talk, I found myself listening with rapt attention to what he was saying, which sounded incredible to my ears.

"You remember that young choir boy of yours, Arthur Brownlow?" Harrowby was remarking. "Well, I saw him some years ago—about ten years, I think—and he had developed then into a man of means. He had plenty of money, I was told, and was in every respect a fine fellow. I often wondered what it was in his private history which you used to allude to in such a guarded manner——"

But before my friend had been able to finish his sentence I, to his great surprise, brought down my fist upon the table with the remark—

"The very man that is wanted! Where does he live, Harrowby, and what is his address?"

"As to that," replied my friend, with a look of amused surprise, "I cannot tell you to a street now. But I suppose he will be somewhere in the neighbourhood where I knew him, and that was in such and such a street, Bloomsbury" (naming it), "where he was practising as a solicitor. Doubtless he may have changed his residence, but Bedford Row ought to know him."

I then briefly explained to my friend the

circumstances which would make Arthur Brownlow's appearance at the present juncture a godsend for the distressed family; for I must add that one or two of the sons possession of the farm by the last day of May.

I recommended the brothers to make a last appeal personally before the end of May



"The very man that is wanted!"

were married and had families, on which innocents, even more than on the men, the blow would fall.

"We must apply to him at all costs for the money," I remarked. "He will never refuse to help his father, even if his brothers were traitors. One of them must go to London to-morrow and search out Arthur and obtain the funds needed."

And so it was agreed, and the agreement was acted on; but our best efforts, the personal search of Thomas Brownlow, the most diligent inquiries of myself and my friend Harrowby, during the short time at our disposal, were unable to discover any trace of the missing Arthur, who was gone, like the wind, without a vestige to mark his flight. No one seemed to know or remember much about him. Those who affected to, said some one thing, some another, and in the Law List his name was not to be found.

The condition of the Brownlows had meanwhile become worse. The little ready money which they had, had been expended in the journey to London and the prosecution of the inquiries after Arthur. They looked hungry and dejected, and I was informed that the mortgagee, incensed at their inattention to his applications for money, had definitely decided to put someone in arrived, and see if by their united rhetoric they could soften the inflexible heart of Mr. Saumarez. This with rustic reluctance they ultimately consented to do.

The four brothers, Hugh, William, Robert, and Thomas, proceeded to Ashcroft. I believed they walked there, as their last horse had been sold some months ago, and they had not a sixpence left to pay railway fare. They arrived at the mansion of the inexorable mortgagee, and were summarily refused admission by the servant, as I had been. But with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause the four men hung about the place hour after hour, with the intention of securing a parley with Mr. Saumarez, with whom they were quite unacquainted, having hitherto conducted their negotiations through his agent.

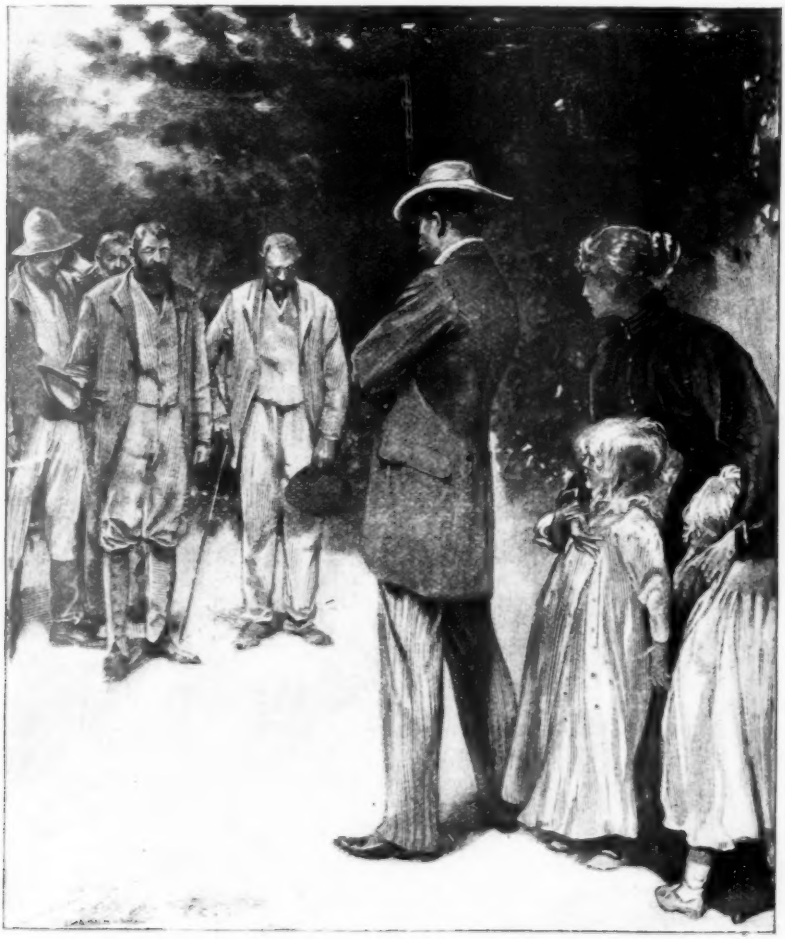
Towards the evening, as they prowled about the coppice surrounding the house, they saw the owner of the manor, accompanied by his wife and their young children, come on to the lawn, and no sooner was the opportunity presented than the four men burst through the bushes and approached him.

Mrs. Saumarez turned deadly pale, and threw her arms round her children at the sight of these four ill-clad and travel-stained loafers, for so they looked, so suddenly appearing on

the lawn of the house, while Mr. Saumarez stood in front of his wife and children and angrily demanded what they wanted.

"It is just this, sir," said Hugh, rubbing his mouth with his sleeve preparatory to making a speech, "we are the Brownlows, sir, and we have travelled fifty miles to see you, sir. You're going to evict us from our little farm that we have had in our family for years and years without number. Give us some delay, sir—forego your intention for this year—till after the harvest, at least, until we see what sort of crops we may have, and out of the profit of them we can pay you your demands."

"These speeches are all idle," responded Mr. Saumarez testily. "I made up my mind long ago. I know you to be good-for-nothing men, through whose laziness your old father's farm has got into its present condition. You deserve no pity, and you deserve no delay. For the present state of affairs you have only yourselves to blame. You must take the consequences of your conduct."



Mr. Saumarez angrily demanded what they wanted.

"Oh, sir," began Hugh, who was the spokesman of the rest, "think of our circumstances. We have children, as you have; they will all be thrown on the world——"

"Into this," replied Mr. Saumarez, "I can-

not go. When the mortgage came into my hands—which it did along with some adjoining property about a year ago, on my return from abroad—I made a particular point of asking my agent what sort of men conducted the farm. And hearing from him that they were four brothers, all men of questionable character, named Brownlow, who owed their present degradation to their own laziness and folly, I said I wished to hear no more, and that the farm, which stood conveniently adjacent to a manor which is also mine, must be appropriated with no more delay than the usual legal routine permitted of. That is what I said to my agent. I presume—in fact, I know—he has acted on my orders. I have nothing more to say about it, so I wish you a good evening."

"We have children—two of us are married men," exclaimed Hugh, appealing to Mrs. Saumarez.

"We have had sickness in the family for months past," added Robert.

"It is not our fault—the harvests have been bad year after year."

But they were speaking to deaf ears. Mr. Saumarez, motioning to his wife and children, was turning away to enter the house.

"I don't know," said Thomas, who had not hitherto spoken, "what will become of our old father——"

"What?" inquired Mr. Saumarez sharply, turning round, "Is your old father still alive?"

"Yes, he is," they all replied at once, staring at him with most unfeigned surprise.

"I understood from my agent," replied Mr. Saumarez, his voice getting thick as he spoke, "that there were only you four brothers—men who deserved—men whom I knew to be—— Look here, you Brownlows. You tell me your old father is still living. Is he well? Is he in fair health? Does his memory remain good? And how—how do you treat him in his old age?"

"How do we treat him, sir?" inquired Hugh Browniow and the rest, speaking slowly and gazing at Mr. Saumarez as if they had seen a ghost. "Why, as to that——"

"As to that," I said, appearing from the drawing-room with old Mr. Brownlow on my arm—for in deference to his expressed wish, after the departure of his sons, I had travelled with him by train to Ashcroft in order that he too might plead, and we had just arrived—"as to that, Mr. Saumarez, the father can best answer for himself. See if he is not still an honoured and reverend sire. Look at him yourself, sir; for before heaven I believe you are Arthur Brownlow."

"Yes," exclaimed the old man on my arm, his eyes streaming with tears, "it is my son, my own son Arthur, at last! My former ruin is nothing to my present joy, for I see the boy whom I have wronged, whose reproaching image has been present with me for years—I see him at last before me; I hold him in my arms; I ask pardon of him, profoundest pardon, for all the injustice I have done him; and I rejoice to think that at last my lifelong sorrow is at an end."

Arthur was weeping on his father's neck. The brothers stood around petrified with astonishment.

"It is true," said Arthur Brownlow in a voice choked with emotion; "it is true that, had my brothers been the only parties concerned, I might perhaps—nay, I am sure I should—without compunction have retaliated as the world retaliates. But I never knew—I never suspected—that you, my father, were among them. I have wept for you as dead, for such tidings reached me some time ago. I have mourned for the unjust opinion you held of me, mourned since my boyhood, and even as a man I mourned. But now I hold you in my arms—alive, God be thanked! and forgiving, Christ be praised! And greater happiness can I not know, save if one of my own children should bring me the same experience, and then my felicity might be as great."

The mystery of the lost identity of Arthur Brownlow was easily explained. He had prospered in the world as Arthur Brownlow, when my friend Harrowby knew him; but shortly after that date he had married a Miss Saumarez, who held large estates in Jamaica, and whose name he was compelled to take for the sake of securing the entail of her property to the children. He had lived in Jamaica for nearly ten years, and had recently come back, to find some property near Hambleton added to his possessions, and with it the mortgage over Brownlow's farm. His agent only knew that Brownlow's farm was managed by the young Brownlows, since the old father had long retired from active participation in it; and with this account of the place Arthur Brownlow was naturally satisfied, since he believed his father had died some years ago. He intended to punish his brothers for their treachery and cruelty, but it is questionable whether his intention would ever have gone beyond reading them a severe, salutary lesson and then reinstating them in their freehold. At any rate, as circumstances happened, it had no chance of doing so, for the sight of his father so overwhelmed poor Arthur with joy, that all was forgotten, all was forgiven, in that happy moment; and now in the whole of my parish there is not a happier or better conducted place than Brownlow's farm.

Our Roll of Heroic Deeds



TWO MANCHESTER HEROES.

ONE of the many notable acts of bravery which are constantly being performed by the members of fire brigades all over the kingdom is here depicted. The lower floors of a house situated in Portland Street, Manchester, were in flames, and in an upper window a man suddenly appeared and cried for help. A ladder was immediately procured, but, to the dismay of the onlookers, it was too short by several feet, and seemed absolutely useless. However, Fireman Lawrence swarmed up the ladder, closely followed by Clayton, and when they reached the top, the latter so placed his arms that Lawrence could stand upon them and thus reach the narrow gutter above, on to which he clambered. The breathless crowd beneath then watched Lawrence balance himself on the ledge, and, with great difficulty and at terrible peril to his life, pass the imprisoned man to his companion. When Lawrence, by the help of Clayton, gained the ladder in safety again, thundering roars on roars of applause worthily greeted the plucky men in recognition of their magnificent bravery.

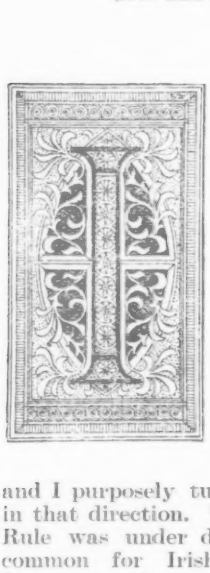


EX-SPEAKER PEEL.
(Photo: Russell and Sons.)

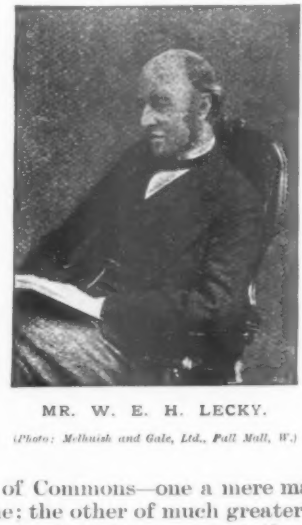
By F. W. Farrar, D.D.,
Dean of Canterbury.

MR. SPEAKER GULLY.
(Photo: Bassano, Ltd.)

PART II.



ONCE had the honour of meeting Mr. Gladstone at a very small dinner-party of some eight or ten persons; and after dinner I found myself sitting beside him and one of our most distinguished men of letters—Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. It happened to be a time when party feeling was running very high in Parliament, and I purposely turned the conversation in that direction. The question of Home Rule was under discussion, and it was common for Irish members—especially for some who were of very excitable temperament—to be called to order. Strong language was frequently used, such as quite passed the ordinary limits of Parliamentary conventions. I mentally recalled the current anecdote—I do not know whether it be true or not—that Daniel O'Connell, in one of his fierce disputes with Mr. Disraeli, had said that he must be descended from the unrepentant thief; and I asked the great statesman whether, during his half-century of experience in the House of Commons, there had been any change in the license of vituperation, which happened at that moment to be specially prevalent. "No," he said; "in that respect there has been no change. At all the crises which my memory recalls there have been outbursts of violent expression quite as strong as any which have been heard of late." As the conversation continued, he mentioned two changes which had occurred in the

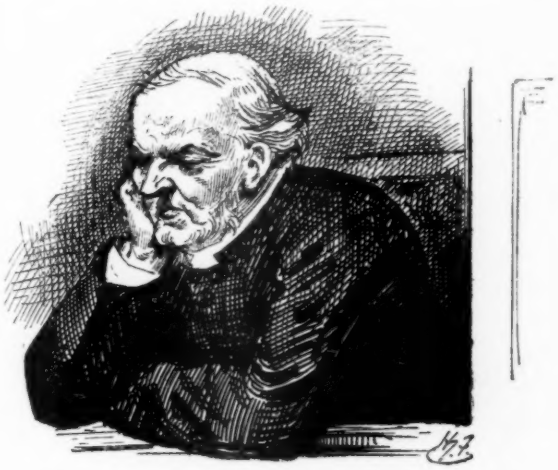


MR. W. E. H. LECKY.
(Photo: Melhuish and Gale, Ltd., Pall Mall, W.)

House of Commons—one a mere matter of costume; the other of much greater significance. An American guest at the dinner-table had observed that he could not

remember any other party since he had been in England at which he was the only person present who wore a moustache. Mr. Gladstone said that, when he first entered Parliament, there were actually more members who still wore pigtails than those who wore the beard or moustache. At that time no one, as a rule, indulged in those appendages except officers in the army. There was one exception, the late Mr. Muntz, who was for many years member for Birmingham; and so noticeable was this exception, that in the House he was popularly known as "the man with the beard."

The other change was this: "In old days," said Mr. Gladstone, "the House used to have an absolute control of bores." Few of the members took frequent part in the debates. Discussion seemed, by common consent, to be left mainly to a score or two of leaders. There were gentlemen who had been for long years representatives of important cities, who were never known to have opened their lips. I myself in my boyhood knew one highly respected member who, if I remember rightly, had sat for a county town for nearly fifty years, and whose sole contribution to the debates in Parliament, for all that period, had been the single sentence, "I second the motion!" It is widely different now. I suppose that now any member who has sat for a number of years, and never even made his maiden speech, is a rare exception. Although the gift of utterance is supposed to be very much less rare than once it was, yet the few only are able to speak really well. This, however, does not prevent members from the free expression of their opinions, because in print one speech does not look very much unlike another. In many cases in these days members are speaking with far less reference to the House than to the Press gallery. Their constituents expect them to speak, and like to see their names and remarks in the daily papers, however ruthlessly they may be abbreviated by the reporters. In former days a bore was never tolerated. After a very few sentences the House gave such unconcealed expression to its impatience, and the orator was interrupted by such a continuous roar of "Divide, divide!... 'vide!... 'vide!... 'vide!" that the stoutest-hearted, after a short effort, gave way, and the House was not afflicted with a wearying tide of commonplace, "in one weak, washy, everlasting flood." At present it is not always so. It is indeed but seldom that a member feels perfectly willing to bestow on his fatigued fellow-senators the whole amount of his tediousness; but I have, not infrequently, seen a member listen with the blandest smile of indifference to the torrent of interruptions which marred his oratory—and tire his audience into partial silence by leaving on their minds the conviction that he *intended* to say out what he had meant to say, so that the shortest way to get rid of him would be to let him maunder on to the end!



DEAN FARRAR IN HIS OLD CORNER IN THE GALLERY.

Reverting to the subject of strong language in the House, and again speaking of O'Connell, I asked Mr. Gladstone whether he had been present when the great demagogue had convulsed the House with laughter by his parody on Dryden's epigram on the three great poets, Homer, Virgil, and Milton. "Oh, yes," he answered. "I see him now before my mind's eye, as, with a broad gleam of amusement over his face, he kept looking up at Colonel Sibthorpe,

the somewhat eccentric member for Lincoln, and then jotting down something in his notes. Colonel Sibthorpe, having been an officer in the army, was exempt from the then current convention of being close-shaven, and he was bearded like a pard. I cannot recall the exact



(Photo: Lawrence, Dublin.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

(*From the Painting by David Wilkie.*)

epigram, but I remember the incident perfectly."

I had never seen O'Connell's epigram in print, but I quoted it as I had, years ago, heard it quoted to me—and quite incorrectly. "Oh, these colonels!" said O'Connell, "they remind me of the celebrated lines of the poet"—

> "Three colonels in three distant counties born,
> Armagh and Clare, and Lincoln did adorn;
> The first in lengthiness of beard surpassed,
> The next in bushiness, in both the last:
> The force of nature could no further go—
> To *beard* the third she *shaved* the other two!"

That was the form in which I had heard it quoted, but Mr. Lecky at once suggested that the third and fourth lines were purely imaginary, and I have since found that they really were something to this effect—

> "The first in direst bigotry surpassed,
> The next in impudence—in both the last."

Delivered as the supposed "celebrated lines of the poet" were in O'Connell's rich brogue, and with his indescribable sense of humour, it may well be imagined that it was long before the laugh of the members died away!

In old days I was not infrequently present in the House during the gladiatorial combats, which were then of incessant occurrence, between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. The House was always crowded, and the scenes were marked by an interest and vivacity which are now of far rarer occurrence. I well remember a long and brilliant speech of Mr. Disraeli's, which occupied perhaps two hours or more, late at night. During the speech—as is very common—he had to refresh his voice repeatedly by drinking some composition or other. Water is the safest refreshment for speakers under these circumstances, but I suppose that the friend who had been thus ministering to the speaker's necessities had brought sherry, or something of that kind. The consequence was that, without any fault on his part and quite unconsciously, Mr. Disraeli—who was, I believe, an habitually temperate man—was speaking at last with far less point and lucidity than was his wont. At the close of his speech Mr. Gladstone rose to answer, and began by the remark, "I shall not notice any of the concluding observations of the right honourable gentleman, because I am sure that the House will agree with me in thinking that they were due to"—and then he added with marked emphasis—"a somewhat *heated* imagination."

It was unfortunate in those years of political antagonism that the two eminent leaders were men of temperaments absolutely antipathetic. It would have been difficult to find two men who, remarkable as were their gifts, differed from each other more widely in almost every characteristic of their minds. Mr. Disraeli was a man of essentially kind heart, and one whom I have good reason to regard with respect and gratitude. Much of his apparent acerbity, many of his strong attacks, were really only on the surface. I feel quite sure that for Mr. Gladstone—in spite of the many interchanges of criticism which sometimes sounded a little acrimonious—he felt not only a profound respect and admiration, but even no small personal regard. On one occasion he spoke of his great rival as "my right honourable *friend*, if he will allow me to call him so." The characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's mind was an

intense moral sincerity, and he could not return the compliment. One cannot but regret that he felt himself unable cordially to reciprocate the kindly expression. Had he felt able to do so—had these two political opponents been able from that time to speak of each other as "my right honourable friend"—many acerbities of debate might have been materially softened. But in his reply, Mr. Gladstone, while he spoke with kind appreciation, could not, or would not, use the phrase which Mr. Disraeli had on that single occasion adopted. Perhaps he attached to it a meaning far deeper than its conventional significance. At any rate, the fact remains that, while in his response he spoke with dignified recognition of his opponent's gifts, and was evidently gratified by the expression he had used, he could not get himself to call Mr. Disraeli by the sacred name of "friend," and that word was, I believe, never again exchanged between them. But I only mention this little incident because in different ways it seems to me to have been touchingly to the credit of the best qualities of both. And in spite of so many years of gladiatorial combat in the arena of the House, when Lord Beaconsfield died Mr. Gladstone pronounced a eulogy upon him, generous yet strictly accurate in every particular.

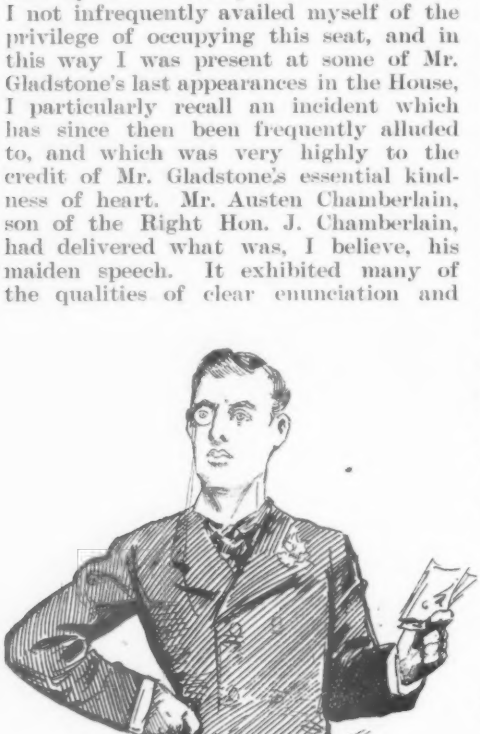
On another occasion Mr. Gladstone—*more suo* in his earlier days—had almost leapt to his feet to make a controversial speech, which he had poured forth with all that intensity of conviction which held the House in rapt attention even while many of its members were being convinced against their will. Mr. Disraeli began his reply by the remark that "Really the right honourable gentleman sprang up with such vehemence, and spoke with such energy, that he was often glad that there was between them"—and here he laid his hands on the large table at which the clerks sit and at which members take the oath, which occupies the greater part of the space between the Government bench and the leading members of the Opposition—"that there was between them a good solid substantial piece of furniture." The House laughed good-humouredly at the little harmless sarcasm and at the notion of Disraeli requiring a barrier of personal protection against such vehement assaults! I was told by one who heard the remark—and it is a pleasant little incident—that, on the evening after this speech, Mr. Gladstone had met Lady Beaconsfield at some social gathering, and, so far from resenting the little hit at himself, had cordially complimented her on the excellent speech which her husband had made on the previous evening. There is, however, no doubt that Mr. Gladstone sometimes winced under the subtle swordplay of his antagonist,



DISRAELI'S FAVOURITE ATTITUDE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

just as Mr. Disraeli must have felt the force of the rolling tide of his opponent's oratory. But while Mr. Gladstone sat listening with every emotion reflected on his expressive and mobile countenance, Mr. Disraeli sat motionless, with features as unchanging as if he wore a mask.

The Chaplain of the House has an excellent seat in the gallery—one of the best seats for seeing and hearing—assigned to him by the courtesy of the members. I not infrequently availed myself of the privilege of occupying this seat, and in this way I was present at some of Mr. Gladstone's last appearances in the House, I particularly recall an incident which has since then been frequently alluded to, and which was very highly to the credit of Mr. Gladstone's essential kindness of heart. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, son of the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, had delivered what was, I believe, his maiden speech. It exhibited many of the qualities of clear enunciation and



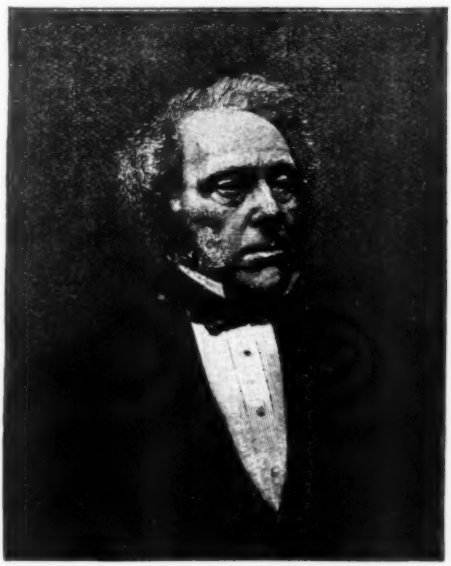
MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

(When making his maiden speech.)

forcible statement which make his father one of the best speakers in the present Parliament. Mr. Gladstone and (I suppose) the Liberal party in general had felt much hurt by the separation of Mr. Chamberlain from their councils, and by his partial alliance with their political opponents; and this feeling could not but be shared by Mr. Gladstone, who carried into politics an ardour of conviction of deeper intensity than is felt by ordinary minds. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech had, of course, been delivered in favour of views which Mr. Gladstone impugned, and nothing would have been easier to him than to bring down on the head of the young member the sledge-hammer force of his experience, eloquence, and intellectual supremacy. So far from this, Mr. Gladstone not only pronounced a warm eulogy on the speech, but went out of his way to say—turning to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and entirely overlooking any momentary exacerbation of political opposition—that it was a speech which, in the ability and the modest force with which it had been delivered, "could not but be very delightful to a father's heart." Simple and spontaneous as the expression was, it caused visible pleasure to all who heard it. Such genuine amenities do much to soften the occasional exasperations of political struggle.

I have heard many fine and telling speeches in the House from its foremost debaters, from the days of Lord Palmerston to our own; but certainly I have heard no orators who impressed me at all so deeply as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. It is, however, generally acknowledged that most of Mr. Bright's finest and most memorable speeches were not delivered in the House of Commons, but to vaster and more sympathetic audiences of the people from the midst of whom he had sprung. If I were asked what was the most eloquent speech to which I ever listened, I should at once answer, The speech which I heard Mr. Bright deliver at St. James's Hall at the time of the Second Reform Bill. The meeting was a mass meeting, and a ticket had been given me for the platform by an old friend and schoolfellow. I was seated between him and Mr. Frederic Harrison, just behind the orator of the evening. In the front row with Mr. Bright were the Rt. Hon. J. Ayrton, who had been First Commissioner of

Works, and Mr. W. A. Cremer and Mr. Odger, who were prominent working-men leaders of the time. Among the audience, in the middle of the hall, sat Mr. John Stuart Mill, then one of the most celebrated thinkers of the day; and, throughout the meeting, he applauded with vehemence, freely bestowing his claps even on the obvious crudities of some of the working-men who subsequently spoke. As I was close behind Mr. Bright I could almost read the notes which lay before him on his broad-brimmed hat. They showed his method, which was carefully to write out his speech, to learn it by heart, and to refresh his memory by having before him some sheets of paper, on which in a large legible hand he had put down the leading substantives of every sentence. Besides the magic of his strong, manly, sympathetic voice, and the force of his Saxon English, and the purity of a style formed on the best models—especially, I believe, on John Milton and John Bunyan—he owed much of his power as an orator to the extreme deliberation of his delivery. Owing to this, an audience was able to see the point which he was intending to bring out, long before he actually expressed it. They were gradually wound up into a pitch of ever-increasing excitement and sympathy until the actual climax, so that it almost seemed as if the speaker was merely expressing in his single voice the common sentiment of thousands. Now, at the time of which I speak, Mr. Bright had been passing—as all the best and greatest men have to pass in their time—through what he called "hurricanes of abuse, and tornadoes of depreciation." He was commonly spoken of, in many of the daily papers, not only as a Radical, but as a revolutionary Jacobin, a political firebrand, and a pernicious demagogue. The point which he wanted to impress on his deeply sympathising hearers was that it was monstrous so to characterise him, when all that he had done was to point out the actual existence of perils which he had neither created nor intensified, but about which he had only uttered those timely warnings which sometimes enable a patriot to avert the terrible consequences that it might otherwise be too late to remedy. He spoke as follows, and the audience, which crowded the hall to its utmost capacity, followed him from clause to clause with breathless stillness. I cannot quote his exact words, but they were to this general effect:—



(Photo: Fradelle and Young.)

LORD PALMERSTON.

"I have," he said, "been called an incendiary, a firebrand, a dangerous agitator. Now, supposing that I were to go to the inhabitants of a village or hamlet on the side of a mountain, and were to say to them, 'Do you see that thin blue smoke which is issuing from the rifts of the mountain summit above your heads?' and were to warn them that it was a menace of peril. Suppose that they were heedless of my warning, and denounced me for awaking unnecessary alarm: and suppose that soon afterwards the mountain became a huge bellowing volcano, filling the heavens with red-hot ashes, and pouring huge streams of burning lava down its sides. Would it have been *I* who created that volcano? Would it have been my hand which stored it with combustible materials? Should I have been a dangerous agitator because I had

warned the dwellers in that mountain hamlet to avert or escape from the perils by which they were 'menaced'?"

Such is my recollection of the passage which I heard so many years ago, and which I have doubtless spoiled in attempting to reproduce. But when the great orator, speaking with weighty deliberation, had reached the *dénouement* of



(Photo: Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.)



his striking metaphor, so powerfully had he wrought on the feelings of his hearers that an effect followed such as I have never seen on any other occasion. The whole vast audience, as though swayed by one common impulse, sprang to its feet—not gradually and at the initiative of one or two *claqueurs* and partisans, but with an absolutely electric sympathy, and they remained on their feet cheering the speaker for five minutes. It was by far the most decisive triumph of the magic and mastery of eloquence that I have ever witnessed in my life.

Another remarkable incident occurred at the same meeting. Mr. Ayrton, in moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, had alluded to a huge procession—part of a demonstration of the working-classes in favour of the Reform Bill—which had taken place in London a few days previously. Lady Burdett-Coutts had witnessed the procession from a balcony in the window of her house as it passed down the length of Piccadilly and Oxford Street. She had been recognised, and, knowing her generous beneficence, the working-men had cheered her. Mr. Ayrton alluded to this, and had the very dubious taste to express a strong regret that the Queen, who was at Buckingham Palace, had not done the same. The allusion was singularly misplaced, and Mr. Ayrton, as one who had been a member of the Government, ought to have known that under no circumstances could her Majesty thus recognise a demonstration in favour of a Bill which excited great differences of opinion, and was still under discussion by the House of Commons. The speech was still more *mal à propos* because it seemed, whether intentionally or not, to attribute to her Majesty a lack of that sympathy with the aspirations of the people which, on the contrary, the Queen has invariably shown, so that her kindness of heart has won a more unbounded affection than has ever been lavished on any previous Sovereign. Mr. Bright felt how unfortunate was this *gaucherie*, into which the speaker had perhaps unintentionally been led. He saw also how injurious it might be to the effect which the meeting would otherwise produce. When he rose to acknowledge the vote of thanks to himself, he not only defended her Majesty from the blame which Mr. Ayrton had implied, but, alluding with touching simplicity to the long and uninterrupted devotion which the Royal Lady had shown for so many years of widowhood to the memory of her great and princely consort, he showed the unfairness of the insinuation which might seem to have been implied.

The great voices of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright are silent. They have passed from the heated arena of politics, "to where beyond these voices there is peace"; and they have not left their equals behind them. We seem to be passing through one of those interspaces in national life which are not illuminated by minds so bright with genius as those which have ceased to shine. The soil of the next generation may perhaps produce a harvest as rich, or richer. Meanwhile we may at least rejoice that

> "Great men have been among us; hands that penned
> And tongues that uttered wisdom:—better none."



By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "Our Home Rulers," Etc.

"DOMESTIC economy consists in spending a penny to save a pound. Political economy consists in spending a pound to save a penny."

Such is an aphorism left us by one of the wisest of men. It exactly defines the principle on which I shall deal with the subject of this paper. Real economy means good management, and is quite apart from penuriousness. It implies proper regulation of a household, and careful disposition or arrangement of work. We can be thrifty of our talents, time, and money without being niggardly, for frugality need never descend into parsimony if we are watchful. There are more precious things than £ s. d., after all, and looking after those other things makes us sympathetic and original.

For instance, the real House Economical suggests sunshine and purity. Without these, smallness of rent will be more than counterbalanced by increase in doctors' fees. Of necessity, it must be liberally and variously supplied, or satiety follows. It is true that red herrings offer a larger amount of nutriment for a given sum of money than any other kind of animal food. Yet it would not be really economical to feed our households continually on halfpenny herrings. A farthing dip is the cheapest light obtainable—but eyes would be ruined if we provided nothing but single candles in our establishments. Spices and condiments are rather adjuncts of food than necessities, yet they are medicinal in their properties and of extreme value in rendering food more palatable and stimulating a jaded appetite. So far for food—for it is with food we generally find a tendency to save begins.

True economy consists in maintaining the standard of health in a family at its highest. Expenditure towards this end can never be extravagant, even if it ranges from thick curtains over our doors to silk mufflers in windy weather. Not to provide our children with warm underclothing on the score of expense is the height of extravagance; to be content without sanitary surroundings and labour-saving appliances the depth of foolishness.

The House Economical may first of all be beautiful. A horizon that is bounded by a need for thrift more often than not tends to greyness and gloom. This should not be. Lovely surroundings are of economic value in keeping spirits up to a certain point. Digestion is promoted by eating in a bright, airy dining-room. A well-arranged bedroom may be productive of sleep.

Comfortable homes are economical ones, in the best sense of the word, saving time, fatigue, and temper. One hour's opportune rest on a Chesterfield may save hours of malaise and headache. The House Economical will have rules sufficiently elastic to allow of such occasional pauses in work—"come-apart-and-rest-for-awhile" possibilities—if called for.

One great principle in the House Economical is never to spend money on unwanted things because they happen to be seen. Another is, when wanted, to get the best procurable. "Cheap and nasty" is a very true union of

words. Yet we must remember that some inexpensive substitutes are quite as good as costly things. A copper kettle, for instance, looks just as well and wears longer than a silver one. Al plate lasts a lifetime if taken care of. Serge is more useful than satin, and just as suitable in its way.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household" was said of the virtuous woman of old. In the House Economical we must most closely follow her example in its ingle-nooks. Our average cook thinks it good to use only lumps of orrell in the range, ignoring the possibilities of saving in any form. Now all housekeepers know that pokers should be absent from the hearth if we would limit coal bills; that cinders, sifted and washed, are most useful fuel for frying and laundry work; that a judicious admixture of wet slack with wood or "nuts" is advisable. There are two economical ways of building and maintaining good fires in our parlours. One is to ignite at the top and suffer to burn *downwards*. The other is to lay and light after the usual fashion and "backen" with a bucket of damp coal dust. Either procedure gives a fire that will burn for hours without attention, if not "raked" by Mary Jane. We need not, like the ghost in Hamlet, "be condemned to fast in fires" even in the House Economical, if we see that every hearth burns its own cinders—that the kitchen stove consumes every bit of table refuse—and that the coal man delivers eight bags of slack with every ton of coal.

In the House Economical some laundry work must be done—by all means send out starched things. But Jaeger underclothing, and all flannels, last longer when washed at home. It has been said that servants, nowadays, are like monkey soap—and "will not wash clothes." But insertion of a clause in our hiring lease would show them what is required in this line. To keep woollies soft and unshrunken, they must be soaked in a bath containing two parts cold to one of hot water. In this, a handful of boiled soap jelly is stirred (to a lather) and to it one tablespoonful of ammonia (liquid) added. This volatile spirit loosens all dirt, and our clothing requires no rubbing, only a thorough rinsing. After shaking well, the garments must be hung out in a shady, sunless place to dry, and finished with a warm smoother. No "cast-iron back with a hinge in it" is required for scientific washing, and a few minutes' weekly supervision will enable the mistress of the House Economical to clothe her household in double garments without fear.

In the House Economical we shall rigidly exclude everything fusty and dusty. Therefore carpets will be conspicuous by their absence from the sleeping-rooms, especially those threadbare old lengths and squares usually relegated to our bedrooms. Floors will be disinfected and stained, at the cost of a few pence, by the use of permanganate of potash, and polished with beeswax and turpentine. A cleanly smell, exemption from germs and spores and microbes, and knowledge of the perfectly sanitary condition of our sleeping chambers will result.

"A stitch in time saves nine" is the motto writ large on the lintel of the House Economical. A supply of carpenterial tools, then, will always be at hand to prevent recourse to that most expensive luxury—the British workman. We shall oil locks and link chains, keep our window cords mended and its sash running free. We shall learn how to hammer and plane and file and screw. A bit and brace will be no wonderful instrument to us but a much-used friend. A handy man about the place is a well-known boon. Who can value at her right worth the handy woman?

It is a well-known fact that "many hands make light work," but we must remember that limbs imply mouths, and that mouths must be filled. Hence, in the House Economical, each child will have its own vineyard to keep. Helpful, willing little fingers will be trained to usefulness. Our young folk find as much pleasure in *resultful* effort as in objectless employment—making beds can be as much "play" as arranging a doll's house—and Tommy can be taught to mend as well as to break.

Perhaps, in the House Economical, we are inclined rather to forget that there is a time to spend as well as a time to keep (Eccles. iii.). The very fact of an economic course in general ought to help us to a liberal one at proper seasons. Cheese-paring and skinning a flint are occupations at all times to be avoided, more especially so when festivals or hospitality call for an open hand. The royal road to prosperity is bordered by scattered wealth and watered with generosity. The wisest of men said so, and I believe him.

What can I say further of the many other avenues leading up to and from the House Economical? Of the soap to be bought by the stone and the soda in sacks? Of the plaice for luncheon instead of halibut? Of rhubarb mixed with cherries, and such like? In treating of such details in the House Economical, we are treading on less flowery meads than when considering its twin sisters—the Palace Beautiful and the House Comfortable. Yet, perhaps, it needs more real wisdom to run a family coach on economically pleasant lines than it does to be either artistic or cosy. "Common tasks require all the force of a trained intellect to bear upon them." So it needs a cultivated brain, sanctified common sense, and skilful hands, to brighten the everyday minutiæ of life in the House essentially Economical.

THE MINOR CANON'S DAUGATER

THE STORY OF A CATHEDRAL TOWN.

By E. S. Curry, Author of "One of the Greatest," "Closely Veiled," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"BIP? BIP?"

MRS. LYTCHETT was paying a homiletic visit to Mrs. Bethune. She often did. She had great ideas of the duty of a Bishop's wife in keeping the wives of all the other clergy up to theirs; and there was much in the Bethune household that, in her opinion, required exceptional looking after. She liked Mrs. Bethune very much, and pitied her not a little. Just now, she must require help in managing Marjorie. A girl fresh from school—and not at all the school Mrs. Lytchett had advised for her—was almost always tiresome at first, till she had been settled into her place. Mrs. Lytchett meant to settle Marjorie.

"Oh, I am glad to see you up, and looking well," she said, coming in briskly on the early afternoon's calm.

Mr. Bethune put a chair for her beside his wife's sofa, and then sat down again to the littered table. He had long ago attuned himself to a placidity and aloofness in the midst of chatter which nothing ordinary could disturb.

"How dreadfully busy Mr. Bethune looks! Is it another book?" Mrs. Lytchett said.

With a murmured, "I had better go and look after the boys," Marjorie obeyed a glance from her mother's merry eyes, and went away through the window. She was apt to fret and rebel at Mrs. Lytchett's interferences, and was specially resentful at any implied criticism of her mother.

"What a big girl Marjorie grows! She is quite startling sometimes. One forgets she isn't a child."

"She has grown up early—to fill my place," with a little sigh.

"Oh, I hope not," was the cheery response. "She could not do that, you know—at any rate, not so successfully. By the way, I came partly to ask about her. Is she engaged to Mr. Warde?"

"Engaged? No. She is scarcely eighteen."

"But he evidently admires her—there is no mistaking that—he takes complete possession of her. Now, what do you wish about it?"

"It isn't what I wish," gently. "You are very kind—but Marjorie is a girl who will settle such a matter for herself."

"Oh, but that is nonsense! Those things can always be managed with proper care."

"But I should be sorry to have her managed. Nothing forced upon Marjorie will make her happy. She must be left to herself."

"How mistaken! You would not leave her to herself if a bad man were in question."

"I should take care not to put her in the way of a bad man," with dignity.

"You would prevent her meeting him? Exactly; then why act differently when it is someone you like? However, there is time for that. There is another matter. Do you know anything of Mr. Pelham's household?"

"No, nothing."

"The Bishop likes him, thinks him a great acquisition, and he visits at Oldstead. I had him to dinner, and he and Charity sang nicely. I'm not sure," looking wise, "that there isn't something between—— However, he sent his baby to see me this morning—a most wilful, spoilt little thing. That nurse will not do at all."

"You share Sandy's opinion."

"Ah! I heard your boys had taken to the baby. Perhaps that was what made her so tiresome this morning. I warned Mr. Pelham what mischiefs they were," candidly. "But the nurse is insufferable. Dressed in a sort of dove-coloured dress and a hat, and all her hair waved—kid gloves, and an embroidered skirt under her dress. I asked her if Mr. Pelham had given her leave to dress like that."

"A man does not notice," said Mrs. Bethune, glad that Marjorie was not by to comment.

"I told her that I should speak to him, as she did not seem to realise her own duty, and also about the child's dress. It was ridiculous."

"A man could not know," suggested Mrs. Bethune.

"She was very impertinent, and then we found that the baby had run away. We could not find her anywhere, and she had got to the Bishop's room through the window. It seems that your boys had shown her the way. It seems rather hard that the Bishop of the diocese shouldn't be free from intrusion in his own palace. And he was very busy—just going off."

At mention of her boys a little tender smile crept into Mrs. Bethune's eyes. "He is always good to the boys," she said to the implied reproach.

"Good, yes—but that should prevent advantage being taken. And the baby has a temper," pursued Mrs. Lytchett. "She fought and screamed when I took her from his knee. She is evidently being brought up very badly indeed. I am going to see about it now. Do you think he will be back? I hear," in accents of disgust, "that he rides backwards and forwards on one of those horrid bicycles."

Mrs. Lytchett paused to wonder a little at the sudden flush suffusing Mrs. Bethune's face, but went on: "I hope he won't introduce these things into the Precincts, now we have kept them away so long. I should have thought they might very well be left to Blackton and such places."

"Even the Duchess rides," Mrs. Bethune said softly. She felt guiltily conscious that Marjorie and Charity, under Mr. Pelham's instructions, had been riding for some days past—not only in the Deanery garden as at first, but far away into the country.

"The Duchess is the Duchess," sharply. "She does and tolerates many things that seem to me a great pity."

Mr. Pelham had ridden home early that day, with the idea in his mind of taking his baby down to the Canons' Court, and himself consulting Mrs. Bethune about her. Marjorie had said, "Mother will know"; Charity had said, "Ask Mrs. Bethune, she is the nicest woman to consult"; and his own drawing in the direction where Marjorie might be found made him jump at the advice.

But he had found a tearful nurse and a belligerent baby; and he was just emerging from a lively interview in the study, where he had been told that, "if she couldn't dress as seemed fitting in such a house, as the attendant of Miss Pelham, not just like a common nurse, she would like to give a month's notice," when he met Mrs. Lytchett crossing the hall to the drawing-room.

"This is very kind of you," he began, conscious of an audible sniff and the angry rustle of skirts behind him; and before him, Mrs. Lytchett's tilted nose and stony eyes fixed in the same direction. He had a man's horror of a scene, and he glanced apprehensively at the turned-down corners of Mrs. Lytchett's mouth.

"Bring Miss Barbara, nurse," he said hastily, and ushered his visitor into the drawing-room.

"What a remarkable apartment!" Mrs. Lytchett said in her deep voice, looking round. "What alterations you have made!"

"I hope you like it," he said courteously.

"I daresay I shall, when I get used to it. I'm not one that approves of changes," she responded. Then turning from frivolities, she sat down and began seriously upon her business.

"Your little girl came to see me this morning. I am afraid that nurse of yours is very unfit for her position, and is doing her great harm. She is spoilt and very wilful."

"My little Barbara!" murmured Mr. Pelham, a pang filling his heart at such words in connection with his baby, followed immediately by a feeling that he should like to do some harm to his visitor. Just then the door was opened widely, and the baby stood within the doorway.

To eyes not jaundiced, she was a perfect

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picture in a fitting frame. The sun shone in, through old stained glass, on the brown panelling of the hall behind her. A ray, through a side window of the drawing-room, fell upon her, lighting up her vivacious, dark beauty. Nurse, on seeing the visitor, had hastily given vent to her temper, and arrayed her in the latest Regent Street confection—a dainty short-waisted, long-skirted white satin frock trimmed with costly lace, under which the bare pink toes just peeped, for Barbara had scouted the accompanying shoes.

With her face dimpling into smiles at sight of her father, she caught up her skirt with one hand and hurried towards him.

"Noo f'ock," she called out.

Then she recognised the visitor, and paused, remembering the morning's conflict, putting her finger into her mouth and considering. A little to her father's dismay she tilted her nose, and said interrogatively, "Bip? Bip?" much as if she were questioning a terrier. Then she slowly sidled to his knee, eyeing Mrs. Lytchett the while in evident doubt of her intentions.

"Bip? Bip?" she queried again insistently, pointing her finger at the visitor.

"What is it, Barbie?" her father asked gently.

"She means the Bishop," explained the Bishop's wife in disgusted tones. "That is what she was screaming all through the hall this morning, when I brought her from his study. It is a dreadful name. You must say 'Bishop,' little one," she commanded in deep tones, bending towards the baby.

Barbara was not easily frightened, but the atmosphere was stormy, and her dressing had been hurried. She glanced up into the stony eyes above her, and perhaps gauged the lack of sympathy. With a quiver of her rosy mouth she said faintly, "Barbedie say Bip," and having thus asserted herself, threw herself against her father's knees, her face buried. He afterwards related that he heard murmurs of the obnoxious monosyllable; but fortunately the situation was relieved by a piercing whistle that now sounded through the windows.

As she heard it, a delighted smile came over Barbara's lifted face—a kind of record of past delight and future hope. She raised her hand, and pointed vaguely at the outside world.

"Boy," she said ecstatically, wriggling hurriedly from her father's knee. It was Sandy's summons to his comrade, and she hastened to answer it.

"I think it is the Bethune boys on their way home from school," Mr. Pelham said apologetically.

"It certainly sounds like them—no one else could make such a dreadful noise," Mrs. Lytchett answered. "Are you going to let that child go out like that, with no shoes on, and in that dress? Ah, there!"

She had risen and approached the window, with the view of intercepting Barbara's exit. But the baby was too quick. Hastily wriggling down the steps, in a manner peculiarly her own, she was seized upon on either hand by David and Sandy—apt at quick evasions, as well as in seeing cause for them—and



"What a remarkable apartment!"



His keen eyes took in all the details of the scene.

was striding with huge strides across the lawn. Point lace and satin were of no account with the Bethune boys, any more than were bare toes and a hatless head. The girl-baby, all smiles to them, they found delightful, no matter in what she might happen to be cased.

"That dress will be ruined," Mrs. Lytchett said tragically; and she proceeded with energy to convey her opinions as to the dressing of little children, as well as of their nurses. When she at last withdrew to pay a visit on the Green, Mr. Pelham closed the big gate behind her with a sigh of relief.

"I daresay she is right," he thought. "But what unpleasant 'right.' I will ask Mrs. Bethune."

He felt always irresistibly drawn by the dark beauty of Mrs. Bethune's eyes. No one could see the appeal in them without a pang. Even amidst her merriment, their wistful beauty somewhat belied it. Mr. Pelham found her helplessness and patience very pathetic. She looked so young to be a prisoner—so young, too, to be the mother of all those boys—whose noise was, however, curbed somewhat near her sofa.

When she had heard his errand, she said, "I thought you had come for your little girl. She came down half an hour ago with my boys, in a dress fit for a princess. I feared they had stolen her away. We have ventured to take it off, and put her into one of the boy's blouses. I really couldn't let her go and dig in such clothes. Yes," in response to his look, "they are all in the garden. Go and see if you like her in it, and then you shall have a pattern."

Mr. Pelham, on emerging through the window into the garden, saw that the "all" included also Mr. Warde. That gentleman had shown himself disinclined to follow the Bishop's lead in being civil to the newcomer. He had not yet called on him — though when they met they were friendly in discussing mutual tastes.

Mr. Warde was sitting with Marjorie under the beech tree on the lawn, and Mr. Pelham was struck by the look of intimacy, long-established, that the books and work scattered on the table seemed to prove between them. He could not know that Mr. Warde had joined Marjorie, after she had gone out to overlook the boys. He only saw that they were sitting together in the summer shade, talking in low voices—the man with a look on his face, and a possession in his attitude, which could not be mistaken—the girl with a wistful appeal shining in her dark eyes, which might well be a response.

A cold doubt fell on the beholder as he walked slowly towards them, and his keen eyes took in all the details of the scene. He had heard rumours — Charity had half-revealed the understanding between them—but his heart had refused belief.

Could it be that, after all, they were engaged? If so, he knew that life—which, with its new possibilities, had lately become strangely sweet—would again be a dark and careful problem.

CHAPTER VIII.

BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.

BARBARA had been exercising all her fascinations in beguiling Mr. Warde. She was attired in one of Orme's blue smocks, in which her small body was somewhat lost, but in which she was equally pretty as when attired in her own daintinesses. Her nurse had fostered in her a taste for dress, which so far prompted a desire for her father's approval; but the male tuition she was now under promised soon to qualify this taste.

She had informed Mr. Warde of her importance in Orme's dress, and received his sympathy, with pretty little pattings down of the blue linen, until recalled to business by Sandy's whistle.

"Bardedie go dig," she announced, showing all her white teeth in an alluring smile, and trotting off to the cave side.

Down below, the boys were strenuously repairing the ravages of the thunderstorm, and all hands—and baskets—were in requisition. The *rôle* of highwayman, like that of ghost, having palled, they were eager to begin the more important one of settler. David had arranged the start for the next day, and they were excitedly making preparations and collecting necessary stores.

These included numerous and unlikely things.

"Settlers have spades; we shan't want any, as ours isn't diggin' ground," objected David to Sandy's list.

"It's ridic'lus to go settling wivout spades," said Sandy.

"Less to carry, and there'll be enough, and it isn't like straight, even ground."

"We must have a blanket. That can come off a bed. It's a mountain, Dave, 'member—the top of a mountain. An' our fambly to get up an' all. It'll be awfly hard," said Sandy, stopping for a moment in his burrowings to mop his heated face. Just then Barbara danced in, planting her feet in great delight in the damp mud Sandy had excavated.

"Me," she demanded, "me too. Barbedie dig"; and, seizing a basket, she began to fill it, in keen emulation of Orme's business-like

labour. Orme was a most useful coadjutor in anything. When once set to work, he always went on stolidly till he was told to stop, or till material failed him. Nothing in the way of temptation, no delight or allurement, could turn him aside.

Marjorie's tools, like his, were her two little fat hands, and these were soon, to her delight, plastered with mud.

"How shall we get her?" inquired David, pausing and looking at the baby, working so ardently. "Must she come too?"

"'Course she must," said Sandy. "We ain't got no other girl. 'Sides, it ud be a shame to leave her out just when the fun begins. She 'll have to be fetched. We 'll get her to tea."

The boys' heads got together over schemes which grew more and more ambitious, and by the time the passage was cleared of the *débris* and mud, and the little ones shunted back from discovery of its exit, all details had been planned.

Sandy, hearing voices, reconnoitred, with only his eyes above ground, to find out whether friend or foe were with Marjorie. He was delighted to see Barbara's father. Here was his opportunity.

It was probably the dirtiest little boy in England who came persuasively to Mr. Pelham's side, holding the transformed Barbara —now almost equally dirty—by the hand.

"Your baby likes our house," he said. "May she come to-morrow, and stop to tea?"

Barbara, gazing with delight at her unrecognisable hands, held them up to her father's view; sufficient plea, she held these hands for a repetition of delight. And when Ross and Orme ambled up alongside, regarding him solemnly with their round blue eyes, awaiting his verdict, he said "Yes."



Marjorie lifted her head to meet his gaze.

Sandy's remnant of conscience prompted him to say, "We'll bring her back some time—honour bright. Don't want that nasty nurse prancing 'bout."

"Hush, Sandy!" said Marjorie.

"Don't," reiterated Sandy sturdily; "her skirts scrape an' scratch—an' she screams if you do things sudden."

"I hope it is quite safe," Marjorie said a little anxiously, as Barbara was marched off to the nursery by all her swains, to be cleaned, and reinstated in her satin gown. "Sandy doesn't quite realise what a baby she is."

"No harm could happen on the way down,"

Mr. Pelham said thoughtfully, "and it is but a step from my gate to the Court. I have watched how careful they are with her."

Marjorie's solicitude for his baby prompted him to inquire, rising unwillingly when that small person reappeared, "Are you dining at the Deanery to-morrow?"

"Yes," answered Marjorie. "Charity has some musical people coming down from London —and you——"

She paused, recollecting Charity's pretty air of possession when mentioning Mr. Pelham and his singing. She had said, "Mr. Pelham and I have been practising together a good deal—he sent for some new songs from town. Our voices suit perfectly—there are very few evenings, when we are disengaged, that he doesn't find his way down the hill."

She did not mention the warm and recurrent invitation of the Dean. Nor could Marjorie realise the allurement of the pretty drawing-room with its charming hostess to the lonely man. Possibly, neither would she have believed that sometimes a visionary hope that he might find her with her friend had been his lure.

Marjorie's was a home to which he did not often like to venture unasked. One evening, he had volunteered to be Charity's messenger; and he had been struck by the aloofness and quiet of the little scene into which he had been announced.

The lamp, on the minor canon's table, shining white on the scattered papers, lit up his scholarly face, as, busy with his writing and the thoughts it brought, he turned a far-away gaze on the visitor.

Another lamp, by Mrs. Bethune's sofa, shone on Marjorie's burnished head, and lighted the fragile beauty of her mother. Both were busy with needlework—the pretty smocks of the little boys. Mrs. Bethune's slender hands rested whilst she welcomed and talked to Mr. Pelham; but Marjorie's went on with their occupation. He noticed, too, the open book which lay upon the table; the quiet homeliness of this little scene, which yet Marjorie's rapidly moving fingers made part of a more strenuous life than the one he had just left; the work-a-day room in which were no luxuries, except the little table of hothouse flowers, always kept fresh and fragrant by Mrs. Bethune's many friends; and the bent, aloof figure of the student—all gave the room a totally different atmosphere from the luxurious apartment whence he had come. Its calm, and peace, and withdrawal, struck Mr. Pelham with a sense of chill. He had no part in it. Mother and child were enough for each other. Marjorie had none of Charity's pretty restlessnesses and fusses for her visitor's entertainment. As the conversation went on, she scarcely raised her eyes. He talked to Mrs. Bethune, prolonging the conversation that he might enjoy the quiet pose of Marjorie's slim figure, the pretty curves of cheek and ear, and the moving swiftness of her fingers.

Only now and then Marjorie lifted her head to meet his gaze, with the wistful look now becoming habitual. For Mr. Warde's steady wooing, although, according to his promise, unvoiced, was sufficiently assiduous; and Marjorie was unconsciously making up her mind to a future which she realised would be a great delight to her parents. She was quite matter-of-fact about it. It did not occur to her that she was of sufficient importance to revolt at such a future. She did not once say to her mother, "It is my own life I have to live. Why should I marry Mr. Warde if I don't love him?" She put aside the fancies of a far different lover which, in moments of unrest, or rare idleness, filled her day-dreams.

"Life isn't a fairy tale," she settled with a sigh, at the remembrance of an arresting look she could not banish. "He cares for Charity. Everybody says so. How can I be so silly? And yet—and yet——"

"Could you not come up and see my house some day?" Mr. Pelham had asked that evening, as he was leaving. "Oh!" as a sudden thought struck him, "I have a carriage—scarcely ever used. I believe it could be made as comfortable as your chair. Would it shake you too much? And then," turning eagerly to Marjorie, "your mother could drive every day it was fine. It would be a kindness to use it!" he pleaded.

Marjorie's face lit in response. "Mother does drive sometimes. Mr. Warde——" and with angry dismay, the looker-on beheld the mounting flush. "Oh, everybody is very kind in that way," she finished hurriedly.

"But come and see my house and pictures," he persisted, turning to Mrs. Bethune. "Come to-morrow, and I will be at home to show you them, and see that you are not tired."

The visit had been duly paid and enjoyed, and plans for others made, till it soon happened that, thanks also to the boys and Barbara, scarcely a day passed without communication between the Canons' Court and The Ridges.

And so love, unconsciously fed and fostered, had grown apace.

There was a silence under the beech tree after Mr. Pelham's departure, during which both Marjorie and Mr. Warde were busy with their own thoughts. It was broken by Mr. Warde.

"When is that engagement to be announced? Is it settled yet?"

"What engagement?"

"Pelham and your friend, Charity. I never drop in of an evening but I find him there."

"Perhaps he says the same about you," said Marjorie, a flash of mischief in her eyes.

Mr. Warde's speech had broken in upon a dreamy wonder, which was making a song of joy in her heart, as to the meaning of Mr. Pelham's lingering look as he had said good-bye. With a start of recollection, and a pulling of herself together, Marjorie remembered that she had known this man, on whose looks she was dwelling, just six weeks. Six weeks! And this other man, sitting so near, with an air of possession at which her whole heart rebelled—though she quelled the expression she was longing to give way to—she had known all her life! All her life he had been intimate—one of them—as near almost as her father. And how good he had been to her, to them all! How the household would miss the constant care—first for one, then for another—which in so many ways he had evinced. Marjorie's conscience smote her when she recalled his many kindnesses, accepted as a matter of course, as between lifelong friends; kindnesses, as she quickly remembered, entirely on one side.

The recollection of her mother's pleading for him drew Marjorie's eyes in mute questioning to his face. Would he feel very much if she could not bring herself to care for him? He looked so comfortable, and healthy, and prosperous. Surely it could not matter to him what a girl might do? And then—he turned, and looked at her suddenly, to meet the questioning in her eyes. A queer, rigid expression hardened his mouth. For a moment he waited, as though preparing for a blow. Then he stood up and looked down at her, shielding her by his action from any lookers-on from the windows.

"Well, Marjorie, you have something to say to me?" and she heard him catch his breath, and pause to recover, before he added: "Say it quickly, dear. Have you changed? Have you reconsidered?"

"Mother——" stammered Marjorie, taken by surprise; "no, I haven't changed, but——"

"Yes," he encouraged; and he vaguely wondered that she was not stunned by the loud beating of his heart. It had come at last, what he longed for. It overmastered him.

"Mother said—it is love." Her head was bent, and her voice was a whisper, scarcely audible in the soft summer air; but the man heard.

"And you—and you?" he breathed.

Marjorie lifted her eyes, startled. This—what was it?—this transforming emotion, shining in the eyes, usually so quiet? She shrank back.

"No, do not," she implored. "I do not know—I do not feel like that."

She made as though to rise, and pushed him gently away. What had she said? What had she done to cause such feeling?

"Nay, Marjorie," he said, and he grew rigid again in self-control; "tell me what was in your mind. I will not vex you—I will claim nothing; only tell me—tell me," he entreated.

Marjorie, looking into her memory, searched in vain for something that would meet this demand. A vague memory of her mother's words about marriage and Mr. Warde, mingled with the Duchess's conversation at the Deanery; a recollection of the constant coupling of Charity's name with that of Mr. Pelham; a tired feeling that she had been worsted in a struggle, and could no longer fight; a yearning for comfort in some undefined sorrow, to which she could give no name—a sense of irrevocableness, of emptiness, of ineffable longing. This is what Marjorie felt, and from which she turned, as human nature will turn from a hurt to which experience can give no cure.

"I do not think—I do not know whether it is love," she said at last. The man winced unconsciously at the icy aloofness of the girlish voice. "But—if—you—care——" The words fell sighingly from her lips.

"If I care?" he repeated slowly, and his voice was as cold as hers in the effort at repression; "if I care? Marjorie, I care so much that to make you happy, to win your love, I would give my life. My darling"—he paused—"how dear—how dear—I cannot make you understand. You shall never regret—never!"

He looked down for a second at the bowed white face, so unlike the face of a happy girl hearing her lover tell that she is beloved, and said softly:

"You will like to be alone; I will go. Do not think of me in any other way than as just your old friend, until—until you give it me willingly. I will claim nothing more."

CHAPTER IX.

MISSING!

"WHAT'S he been doin', Margie?"

Ages had passed, so it seemed to Marjorie, since the departure of Mr. Warde, when Sandy's question reached her ear. All the boys were standing round, looking at her with inquisitive concern. Marjorie, a limp heap, inattentive, unready to listen to them, was a new experience. Ross and Orme had tender hearts, not yet hardened by contact with an unsympathetic world. The

latter had dug his elbows into his sister's knees, and was looking up pitifully into the far-away eyes that did not even yet see him. Conscious of the blankness, Orme felt moved to whimper; Ross thumped with sturdy fists the limp knees which, hitherto, for baby weaknesses had provided firm support.

"What 's he been doin', Margie?"

As the question reached her far-away consciousness, Marjorie came back to reality with a sudden start. Mr. Warde had forgotten that the boys were still in the garden, so occupied was he and so quiet were they. But as the tea-hour approached, first one, then another, finally all four pairs of eyes had been cautiously lifted above ground to survey the situation.

Something, perhaps, in Mr. Warde's appearance, some intuition of unwonted agitation in Margie," said David now. "Has he been scolding?"

"Not exactly," faltered Marjorie; she could not meet the inquiring glances bent on her from all sides. She felt sore and shaken; and the familiar faces brought back to her recollection the full meaning of the interview through which she had just passed. What had she done? what had she said? With a shock she realised that she had agreed to become Mr. Warde's wife. Her whole soul shrank.

"Ain't we goin' to have any tea?" Sandy inquired, his mind bent on an opportunity for the acquisition of stores.

"Is it tea-time?"

"Bell went ever so long ago."

"Didn't you hear it, Margie?" Ross inquired, much impressed at such absent-mindedness.

"No, Ross. Go in, all of you, and get clean," Marjorie ordered, glancing from one to another, feeling less like a victim under



"Seems you 're struck all of a heap, Margie!"

the interview going on under their eyes, had warned David against intrusion, and he had held Sandy back until the visitor was gone.

"Seems you 're all struck of a heap, the eyes of her judges now that they too were in a position to be criticised.

"'Stead of eatin' much," Sandy had exhorted beforehand, "you 've got to save."

If Marjorie had not been so occupied with her own perplexities, she must have noticed, first, the ravenous appetite of the four; next, the rapidity with which the bread-and-butter and cake disappeared. All the pockets were bulging when Ross was deputed to say grace, but the little boy's face looked very disconsolate indeed. Regardless of Sandy's frowns, after struggling through the formula, in accents of lingering unwillingness, he added—

"Ain't had a good tea—me hungry as hungry."

"Me, too," said Orme hopefully.

Marjorie glanced suspiciously round on the faces of her brothers, and then at the empty board. Even so preoccupied as she was, she could not but suspect that some means, other than natural ones, must have been used to banish all that food. And when the same thing happened the next afternoon also, when a more than usually varied abundance graced the table in honour of Barbara's visit, she spoke.

"I can't think," she was beginning to protest, when, to Sandy's delighted relief, Mrs. Lytchett was announced as being in the drawing-room, and asking specially for her.

'Oh, dear!" sighed Marjorie, her mind travelling back to all her misdemeanours. "What can it be? I hope not the cycling."

But it was. There was an amused flash in her mother's eyes, while Mrs. Lytchett's lips looked as though they were carved in stone, so very determined was her aspect.

"I hope it isn't true, Marjorie, what I hear?" she said in aggrieved tones.

"What is that?" asked Marjorie.

"Three of those horrid bicycles passed me this afternoon close, whirling by at a furious pace. I had been to the Deanery, to tell Charity how sorry the Bishop was to miss her music. She wasn't in; and passing the garden entrance—the garden entrance—ah, I see it is true!"

For Marjorie's aspect was unmistakable. It was one of guilt. She did nothing, but sat down in a somewhat limp manner in the chair near which she stood, and looked blankly at her inquisitor.

"So I asked; I could scarcely believe my eyes. That young footman was lounging near; I suppose he was waiting for the bicycles, wasting his time. And he said you have all been riding a long time."

"Not so very long," Marjorie answered in excusing accents. "Only about a month."

Mrs. Bethune laughed, though she looked at Marjorie anxiously. When they were not too bitter, she enjoyed the humour of the encounters between Mrs. Lytchett and Marjorie. Generally the latter showed fight; but all that day she had been unusually quiet.

"I thought you knew how much the Bishop and I hated the horrid things."

The tones were deeply reproachful.

"I thought—he—had changed," Marjorie stammered.

"No; he will never change, neither shall I"—in accents of certainty. "The Bishop thinks them most unbecoming. How did you learn? I hope that young footman——" She paused, unable to put into words the suspicion she had conjured up.

"We learnt—Mr. Pelham showed us—in the Deanery garden. It isn't difficult."

"I am sorry you didn't think more of your position in Norham before setting such an example. And they cost so much!"

"Mine was a present," murmured Marjorie, unwontedly gentle.

"A present! From Mr. Pelham?"

"It came with Charity's."

"From the Dean. Oh! that is different."

Marjorie's memory went back to the sunshiny afternoon under the chestnuts at the Deanery, when the two new glittering machines—just arrived from the maker—had been brought out to Charity's tea-table.

"One for me!" she had exclaimed, reading the label in delight. "How kind of the Dean!"

But when she thanked the Dean, in pretty gratitude, a little later, he had disclaimed the gift.

"Who sent for it for me? Can it really be for me? Not Mr. Pelham, surely?" (for it was he who, at the Dean's request, had ordered Charity's). He, too, disowned being the giver.

"But you know?" Marjorie asked.

"Yes, I know. The giver is one who has every right to give you pleasure."

Something in his manner put her on the track, and she remembered that the Bishop had been in the garden when the purchase had been talked about. When she saw him next, he did not disavow her thanks.

"I like to see you enjoying yourself, my dear," he answered in his kind tones. "I thought how bright and happy you both looked the other day. Only don't have any accidents."

"I don't think it was the Dean," Marjorie's truthful nature prompted her to answer now. "It was—the Bishop."

"And I asked him not! I begged him not to carry out his intention. Poor Norham!" with a sigh, "it has given in at last, and now you and Charity have started, every girl in the place will follow. I blame the Duchess."

When the visitor had gone, Marjorie stood for a moment at the window, anxiously watching Sandy speeding up the garden as fast as his legs could carry him.

"The boys have got some scheme on, I believe, mother," she said. "Dave and Sandy have been full of mystery all day, and Ross is pompous. I wish we weren't going to leave you alone to-night," she said tenderly.

"I like you to go with your father, dear—he will not stay for the music, so I shall not be alone long. And now—I must expect to lose you gradually, dear."

"Oh, not yet." With passion Marjorie pushed the thought away.

Many little hindrances occurred whilst she was dressing. One knock preceded the entrance of Sandy, an unwonted visitor at such a time. He looked eager and excited; but he stood fidgeting by Marjorie's dressing-table, watching the arrangement of her hair, and did not appear in any hurry to explain what he needed.

"Is all girl's hair done like that? What a bover it must be," he remarked after a little time. "I *should* like that tiny, squinchy, soft brush, Margie."

"What for?"

"To brush Barbie's hair. It's in a awfle mess."

"Well, take it," said Marjorie kindly. "And it's time you took her home. She goes to bed at seven, and you promised."

"Yes, but"—objected Sandy eagerly—"not to-day. Mr. Pelham said she might stay a bit longer. Is your bed or mine biggest, Margie?"

"Mine. What a funny boy you are, Sandy."

"Could I have a blanket off your bed, Margie? Nurse 'll fuss ever so, if I take ours—an' I can't poss'bly do wivout one."

Marjorie's thoughts had passed away from her little brother and his needs; and the absent assent she gave was enough for Sandy. He dragged the blanket from the bed, and ran off, hugging it in his arms. He found always that directness was his best aid. Not often did Sandy beat about the bush.

Marjorie went down, cloak and gloves in hand, a dainty, graceful figure in her soft white dress. Her father was waiting for her, sitting in unwonted idleness by her mother's sofa.

Marjorie looked at them curiously as she crossed the floor, noting, as she would not have noted another time, that her mother's hand was clasped in her father's. Love, the love she had pledged herself to, was theirs. They loved each other well, it was easy to see; though, to Marjorie, it seemed impossible that her dignified father could ever have told his love behind a door.

Her aspect was stern, like that of a young judge, as she looked down upon them now. Somehow, to her, love's outward features were no longer fair.

"You look very nice, Margie," her mother said softly, looking at the tall, slim form, crowned by its cold pure face. "That dress is a success. Look, father."

Mr. Bethune turned his eyes upon his daughter, and smiled.

"Yes," he said; "she looks sweet and clean. She is like you, Alysson," his voice lingering and breaking, "in the old days."



Anxiously watching Sandy speeding up the garden.

Marjorie heard, wondering. Alysson! How sweet the name sounded with that caressing accent on its second syllable. This was the first time she had ever heard her father call her mother thus.

She walked beside him through the evening sunset, down the Canons' Court, to the music of the cathedral chimes; her cloak cast round her emphasising the youthful slenderness, which made her seem so tall. Mr. Warde, from the Deanery steps, watched them approach, his heart bounding with

delight at her fairness. Only when they reached the door, a thought occurred to Marjorie, and she turned to her father in a little concern.

"I saw nothing of the children. I quite forgot them. Did you see them?"

"Mother said"—it was work-a-day "mother" now, not the tenderly breathed "Alysson"—"that they had gone off, she thought, with Pelham's baby."

"Oh! I hope so," said Marjorie, with a little cold thrill of prophetic fear. "How careless of me not to see! However, mother will see that it is all right."

Charity's London friends had been late in arriving, and dinner had been put back a little to give them time to dress. It was about half-finished, and the timepiece on the mantelshelf was chiming half-past nine, when Marjorie saw a footman speaking to her father at the other end of the table.

Mr. Bethune asked a quick question or two, and then rose and slipped away.

Marjorie wondered for a moment, and then again grew interested in her neighbour's talk. When Charity's signal drew the ladies into the hall, she was detained a second by the enveloping skirt of one of the ladies.

A colloquy was going on at the hall door. The soft night air streamed in, feeling cool and grateful to Marjorie's heated cheek. As she lingered, she caught the hurried words in a familiar voice—

"Tell Mr. Pelham, please, immediate! Mr. Bethune is gone to the police—but he is to go, and Miss Bethune, at once to Mrs. Bethune. Poor lady, she is——"

With a little cry, Marjorie was at the door.

"What is it, nurse?" she asked breathlessly. "Barbara?"

Almost with a note of triumph at the importance of her news, the woman said, "Neither Miss Barbara nor any of the young gentlemen can be found anywhere, miss. They have all clean disappeared. Oh, sir," in accents of direful import, as Mr. Pelham reached Marjorie's side, "Miss Barbara is lost!"

Down the steps, waiting for no wrap, sped Marjorie; and the twilight, now descending on the Canons' Court, closed her in. For a second, through the dimness, Mr. Pelham saw the hasty, flying figure in its soft white robe, and caught a glimpse of her face. It was a vision that burnt itself on his memory.

Mr. Warde leapt with him down the wide steps.

"We shall soon find her, never fear," he said kindly—he had only heard the end of nurse's message. "I will call my servants, and be with you directly."

[END OF CHAPTER NINE.]

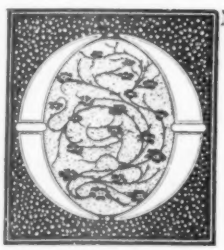


The hasty, flying figure.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

By the Rev. George Matheson, M.A., D,D., F.R.S.E., St. Bernard's, Edinburgh.

"But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy."—EZRA iii. 12.



ONE of the finest and most poetic touches of human nature occurs in the most prosaic book of the Bible—the Book of Ezra. It is like a single well-spring in a dry, parched land, like one lingering leaf of autumn in the heart of winter. It is found at that scene where the foundation of the new Temple is laid. The passage thus records the mingled feelings of the spectators: "But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy."

The passage is suggestive for all time. We see it repeated at the opening of every January. Nay, it is not limited to inauguration days; it recurs wherever youth and age are found side by side. At the presentation of every new thing there are two attitudes among the crowd—the young shout and the old weep. They are looking through two different glasses—hope and memory. Neither of them is worshipping in the building in which they stand. Youth sees the house gilded by the rays of to-morrow; age beholds it overshadowed by the light of yesterday. Youth claps its hands over its coming possibilities; age says, "It is nothing to what used to be in the old days." Youth disparages the first temple, and says the new is better; age exclaims with the Scottish poetess:—

> "There ne'er shall be a new house
> Can seem so fair to me."

You will observe that in neither of these cases is the attitude pessimistic. Both see roses; both are agreed that a happy time is somewhere; but they differ as to where the roses lie. Youth sees them at the end; age beholds them at the beginning. The one has placed its Garden of Eden in the future; the other has planted it in the past. Both are optimists; but they seek their goal by opposite ways. Youth is for advance; it cries with a loud voice, "Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward." Age is for retreat, for regress toward a former day; it would say with the ancient poet, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

Which is right? Neither. Both are one-sided; each ignores something in the other. Let us begin with youth—the tendency to disparage the past, to set hope against memory. It forgets something—that hope is itself an inheritance of the past. Why does youth clap its hands previous to experience? It is because the young man has got in his blood the experience of past generations, and the result has been on the side of happiness rather than of misery. If the result had been on the side of misery, youth would not have hoped; it would have despaired. Instinct is the fruit of past habit; instinctive hope must come from long prosperity. Christianity itself has propagated from sire to son an inheritance of hope; Christ in us becomes the hope of glory. Paul declares that the highest ground for hope is to be found in the past: "He that spared not His own Son, shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" He means that nothing in the future need be too much to expect after this exhibition of love in the past. The handing down of such a thought is alone sufficient to create sunshine. It causes the average child in a Christian population to be born an optimist—to come into the world with an expectation of blue sky, and to dream of a good for which he has no warrant in personal experience.

But if youth is one-sided in disparaging the past, age is also so in disparaging the

future, in dwelling on the past exclusively. The old man tends to say that the former days were better than these. If he could get back to these former days, he would make a discovery. He would find that, in point of fact, there was not one of them which was not lit by to-morrow's sky. Take the boy's game. To one looking back through the years, it seems to have been a pure enjoyment of the hour; in truth, it was never so. What the boy saw was more than the game of play; it was the game of life. To him the game was an allegory: it represented something beyond itself—the chances of the world. That which made him glad in his success, that which made him sad in his defeat, was not mainly the fact but the omen. The game was to him rather a sign of the future than an event of the hour. Or take the girl's doll. Was that purely a pleasure of the hour? Nay; the hour had very little to do with it. She was living in a world of imagination—a world to come. The doll to her represented motherhood. She had already in fancy a house of her own. She reigned; she administered; she managed; she had put away childish things. There are no moments so speculative as our real moments; no sphere is so full of to-morrow as what we call the events of the hour.

But, although each view separately is one-sided, there is an extreme beauty in their union. It is one of the finest laws of Providence that youth should see the end at the beginning, and that age should see the beginning at the end. Let us glance at each in turn. Let us begin with youth. And let us remember what is the problem before youth: it is, how to advance. Now, I have no hesitation in saying that nothing causes us to advance but a vision of the future. Paradoxical as it may sound, if there is to be progress, the end must get behind the beginning and push it on. No other vision will impel us forward. The past will not. I do not think the effect even of *bright* memories is stimulating; they tend rather to make us fold the hands. The present will not. How short is the effect of any actual joy! If a windfall comes to you, you contemplate it perhaps for a few moments exclusively; presently you say, "What will my friend think when he hears of it?" The thing itself is not sufficient. It cannot bear the weight even of five minutes. It is incapable of self-sustenance. It would die at its birth if it were not supported by to-morrow.

Therefore it is that God leads on the youth of individuals and communities, not by a sight of their environment, but by a vision of the end. He shows them the end without perspective—without the years between. He knows that by nature the child ignores all between—that in the presence of any coming joy he cries, "Not to-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow, but the next day." And so our Father has always begun by showing us the next day. He came to Abraham and said, "Get thee out of thy country, and I will make of thee a great nation." He did not tell him that Egypt and the desert and the Jordan lay between. If He had, his steps would have been paralysed on the threshold. Did you ever ask yourself what is the earliest revealed doctrine of the New Testament? Is it justification, sanctification, effectual calling, the perseverance of the saints? No, it is none of these: it is the second coming of Christ—the completed glory of redeeming love. When Paul sat down to write his first epistle to the Thessalonians—the earliest book of the New Testament—he began at the end. He let the world hear the final bells ringing across the snow. He concealed the snow; he veiled the intervening years; he said, "To-morrow." He did not tell that a Red Sea of trouble and a desert of visionless waiting lay between. And he was right. Men heard only the bells, and the bells lured them on. They helped them to tread the snow; they nerved them to cross the sea. They sustained them to meet the desert. They sounded nearer than they were; they rang ever the one refrain, "Christ is coming"; and the persistent strain of to-morrow hid the jarring of the passing day.

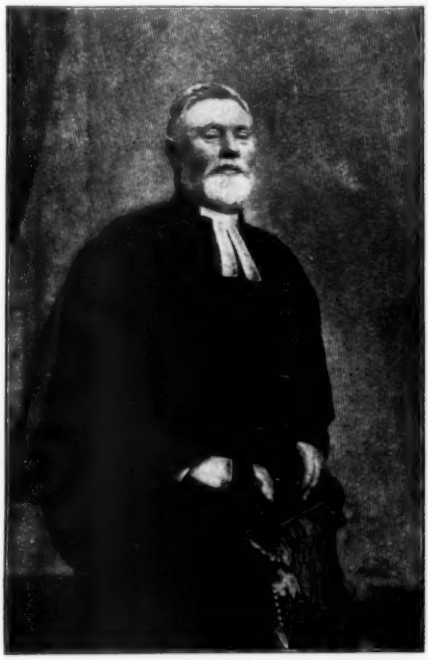
But if it is benevolent that youth should see the end at the beginning, it is no less a bounteous provision that age should see the beginning at the end. "Say not that the former days were better than these" is a counsel wise and true. But it is none the less wise and true that to the eye of the old man the past ought to be *glorified*. It ought to be glorified because it *needs* to be glorified. The past never got

justice while it was passing. Childhood ignored it; youth disparaged it. The hour laid gems at our feet which we did not see, or which, seeing, we despised. We kept asking when Elias would come; and Elias had come already. To us, as to Moses, the hand of God was laid over the face while God was passing by; we did not discern the actual blessings of the day. Are we never to discern them here below? Must we go hence without seeing the world in which we dwell? Shall we be sent forth to gaze on things unseen before we have looked at the objects which have been actually in our hands? God says "No." He says the past must be righted, righted on the earth, righted *by* the earth. He has appointed a day even here in which each man shall judge the world in which he has dwelt—in which he shall reverse his former judgment. The crooked shall be seen straight, the rough places shall appear plain, the glory of the Lord, which was veiled in passing, shall be recognised in retrospect; and the end will pronounce the beginning to have been indeed very good.

Therefore it is that the eyes of the aged men rest more on the old house than on the new. The old is to them really a new house. They have seen it for the first time. They did not see it when they were living in it; their eyes were then on the *coming* temple, and the voice of the present God spoke to them unheard. Therefore, on the quiet road to Emmaus—the road of life's silent afternoon — God shows them the disappearing form of yesterday; and, like Jacob, they exclaim in deep surprise, "Surely the Lord was in this place, and we knew it not; this was none other than the house of God."

And this explains something which otherwise I could not understand. In the Book of Revelation the host of the redeemed in heaven are represented as singing two songs—the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb. Why two? The song of Moses I can readily understand; it is the triumph of the *future* —the shout over the coming emancipation. But why sing the song of the Lamb? Why chant a pæan over the sacrifices of yesterday? Why allow the dark memories of the past to dim the glory of the approaching day? Is there not something which jars upon the ear in the union of two anthems such as these?

No; there would be something jarring without it. All other heavens but that of the Bible sing the song of Moses alone; they ask nothing more than to be free



(Photo: J. Horsburgh and Son, Edinburgh.)

THE REV. DR. MATHESON.

from the pain of yesterday. The heaven of Christ would be content with no such aspiration. It deems it not enough to promise the joys of to-morrow—the golden streets, and the pearly gates, and the luscious fruits of an unfading summer's bloom. It seeks to connect the future with the past, to show that in some sense the glory had its birth in the gloom. It would reveal to us that the golden streets have arisen from our desert, that the pearly gates have opened from our brick walls, that the luscious fruits have sprung from the very ground which we used to deem barren. It would tell us that the crown has been made from the materials of our cross, that the day has come out of our dusk, and that we have climbed the

heights of Olivet by ascending the steps of Calvary.

And is not the heaven of Christ true in this to human nature? What you and I are seeking is not merely nor even mainly emancipation. That would be something, but not all; I want a justification of my past bonds. It is not enough to be able to say "I am all right *now*." Have I not wasted time? Are there not years which the locusts have eaten? Might not this emancipation have come sooner? Why should I not always have been free? Is it any vindication of God's dealings with Job that at the end he gets back houses and brethren and lands? No; that is a mere appendage to the story. The patriarch wants to learn, and *we* want to learn, why he was afflicted at all. We are not satisfied merely because the grey is followed by the gold. We wish to know that the grey has *made* the gold. The song of Moses may tell how the peace came *after* the storm; but the song of the Lamb alone can say, "God answered Job out *out of* whirlwind."

Our future, then, like our present, must be a blending of memory and hope. The stones of the heavenly temple must be stones that have been hewn in the quarry of time; otherwise they will *not* sparkle in the sun. The marriage supper of the Lamb is a union of to-morrow and yesterday; no other bells will ring Christ in for me. Grace is not enough; it must be justifying grace—grace that vindicates my past. In vain shall I walk by the crystal river, in vain shall I stand upon the glassy sea, if the light upon each be only the sun of to-morrow. My sea must be "glass mingled with *fire*"—calm that has been evolved by tempest, rest that has grown out of struggle, beauty that has shaped itself through seeming anarchy, joy that has been born of tears. To-morrow morning and yesterday evening must form together one day—a day in which the imperfections of the old house will explain the symmetry of the new, and in which the symmetry of the new will compensate for the short-comings of the old. So shall the first and second temple receive a common glory, and memory and hope shall be joined for evermore.



"NOT TOO LATE."

By the late Rev. Gordon Calthrop, M.A.

THE cords were knotted round me fast,
I writhed and plucked them as I lay;
But Sin too well her net had cast—
I could not tear myself away.
Then hissed a voice, "Give up the strife;
Too late thou seek'st to change thy life."
Another spake—"Make God thy Friend,
And then 't is not too late to mend."

But I had scorned the proffered love,
And bidden Heav'n's angels from me flee;
How could I think that Heaven would move
To stretch a helping hand to me?
So hissed the voice, "Give up thy hope:
Some paths to hell *must* downward slope."
The other said, "God is thy Friend;
Why should it be too late to mend?"

The time was bitter. Ah! how oft
I almost dashed aside the cup!
But Hope her banner waved aloft,
And God's great Son still held me up.
And if the voice hissed, "Thou art long
In conqu'ring foes so old and strong,"
The other cried, "With God thy Friend
It cannot be too late to mend."

And when the bitter day was done,
And forth the demons howling fled,
I went to strengthen many a one
Whom, like me, Sin had captive led:
I told them, though a voice of fear
Might speak of ruin in their ear,
Another said, "God is thy Friend,
It cannot be too late to mend."

AN AMERICAN BOY-EDITOR

AND HIS "BAREFOOT MISSION."

By Elizabeth L. Banks.



(Photo: Eastman, New York.)

TELLO J. D'APERY AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

"*THE SUNNY HOUR*—A Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls. Published and Edited by Tello d'Apery, a Boy twelve years old."

This was the inscription which appeared on the title-page of a new periodical which made its appearance in New York a few years ago. Editors of important daily and weekly newspapers, finding the pretty brown-covered magazine on their desks along with more ambitious-looking first numbers of other periodicals, stopped in the midst of their work to glance over the result of a twelve-year-old editor's work. Accustomed as they were to reading and hearing of prodigies in America, the land of prodigies, they were yet surprised at the enterprise, not to say the audacity, of the young boy who essayed to put himself before the public as the editor and proprietor of a magazine.

"The commercial instincts of the American nation show themselves in its very infants!" they reflected amusedly. "A few years hence that twelve-year-old, grown to be a man, is likely to make Wall Street hum."

Commercial instincts! Well, yes, perhaps, but of an order more likely to bring about results in the neighbourhood of Baxter Street and the other poverty-stricken haunts of the lowly East Side than among the brown-stone business palaces of Wall Street.

Turning to the first "leader" written by the young editor on his editorial page, the literary critics were told in childish language why so small a specimen of humanity had dared to venture into the world of letters.

"I am twelve years old," ran the leading article, "so I hope all the public will excuse any mistakes I make in my paper. I am publishing it to earn money to buy new boots and shoes and get old ones mended for poor boys and girls in New York who have to go barefooted. That's what I'm going to do with all the profits. I want to make enough money to rent a house where I can have my offices and lots of room for a Barefoot Mission, where the boys and girls in New York can come and get boots for nothing. I hope the public will buy my paper, which is a dollar a year and ten cents for single copies."

So it happened that when the important editors of New York and other large cities read the leading article in the first copy of *The Sunny Hour*, there was a kindness and gentleness in their tones as they threw the little periodical over to the "exchange editors," saying, "Here, this little thing isn't a bad idea at all! Be sure you notice it in your reviews."

How to Manage Fathers and Mothers.

BY THE EDITOR.

I have had a father and mother twelve years, and I am said to manage them pretty well, and I am going to tell all boys and girls just how I do it, and it would do no harm for them to try the same plan and see how it works in their cases.

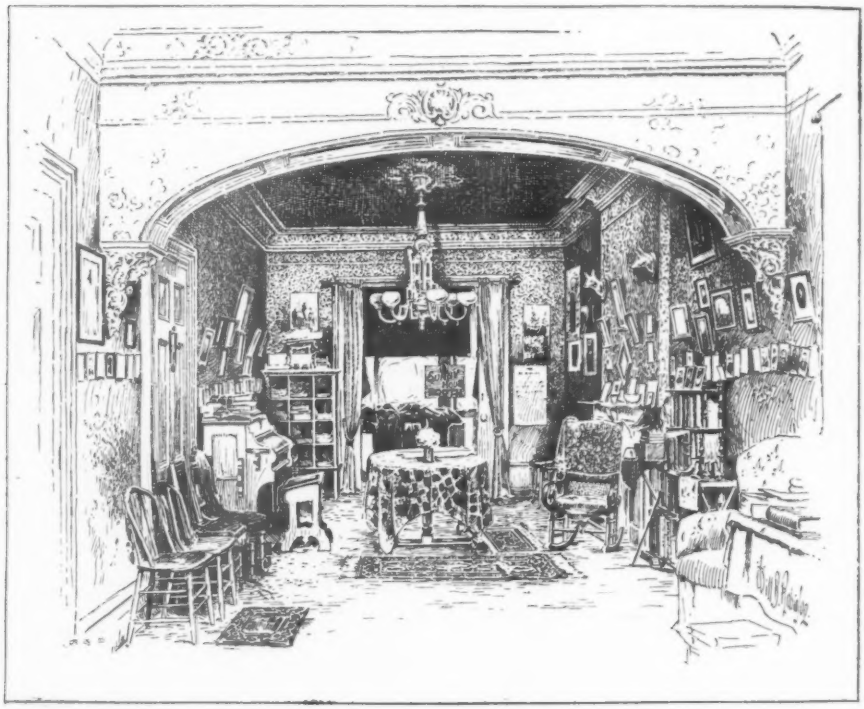
FACSIMILE OF AN EXTRACT FROM NO. 1 OF "THE SUNNY HOUR."

I doubt if any other new paper ever published received from its contemporaries such kind and encouraging "press notices" as did *The Sunny Hour*, and when it

appeared upon the stalls for sale the newsdealers sold a great many copies.

When the first number of his magazine was off his hands, little Tello began to think of ways and means for insuring its success and getting as much money as he could for his Barefoot Mission. He decided that he must have patrons, and so with his own hands he folded up and addressed copies of his paper to many great people of whom he had heard. One of the papers went to the Queen of England, and along with it was posted a letter to her Majesty telling her all about his paper and his mission and asking her to let her name go first on his list of patrons. What mattered it to the Queen that she was simply addressed as "Dear Queen" by the little American boy who wanted her for his patron! In the reply which she sent through Sir Henry Ponsonby, she told him of her interest in his noble work and gladly became his first patron.

Letters and papers were also sent to the Empress of Russia, the Queen-Regent of Spain, Queen Olga of Greece, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, the Khedive, and numerous other royalties, all of whom wrote to him and became his patrons and subscribers. The great Church dignitaries of America, Europe, and Asia, wrote charming letters to the boy-editor, subscribing for his paper and saying that they would like to be considered patrons of *The Sunny Hour* Mission.



OFFICE OF "THE SUNNY HOUR."

After the first number of the magazine appeared, the list of contributors became a very notable one indeed. The Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) wrote several autograph poems for it, and sent an autographed photograph for publication. The Prince of Montenegro, Prince Albert of Monaco, Prince Roland Bonaparte, Osman Pasha (Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Sultan), Pierre Loti, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Sully-Prudhomme, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Marion Harland, and many

other literary celebrities, had articles, stories, and poems in *The Sunny Hour*, for which they asked no reward, except the knowledge that they were helping to sell the paper and thus putting shoes on little bare feet.

With the money that came in from the subscriptions and advertisements for the paper, a building on Twenty-fourth Street was rented as an editorial and mission house. It was fitted up in the most practical way possible, with a play-room for the very little "Barefoots," a library for the older ones, a reception-room for "Barefoots," a storeroom for boots and shoes, and the editorial and publishing offices of *The Sunny Hour*. Though the help of grown-up people was always gladly received, only little folks were employed about the headquarters of the boy-editor and missionary. His assistant editor was a boy of his own age, Jack Bristol, whose happy face and manner gained for him the title of "Jolly Jack." Three small boys, friends of the editor, were the type-setters and printers. They had a small steam press on which they printed the magazine. Florencia Lewis, a young girl, acted as secretary and general manager.

I must not forget to mention another very important employee of the mission, who acted as carrier and distributer of boots and shoes to the little "Barefoots." He also was of very tender years—or rather I should say months, for Prince Roland Bonaparte, the St. Bernard puppy, though very much larger than many of the children who took the shoes he carried to them in his mouth, was only a few months old when the mission was started. "Prince," as he was called for short, was (and is) one of the most indefatigable and enthusiastic supporters of the Barefoot Mission in New York. As a puppy he always had a place of honour in the reception-room where the barefooted children went to make their requests. By the time he was four months old "Prince" learned to tell a "Barefoot" on sight, so that, as soon as a poor little shivering tot made its appearance, the puppy would wag his tail and gravely trot into the storeroom, procure a pair of boots, and, returning, lay them at the bare feet of the applicant. It must



WAITING OUTSIDE THE MISSION-HOUSE.

be confessed that "Prince's" sagacity, great though it was, did not always enable him to select just the right-sized boot for the would-be wearer. There were also a few occasions, during his initiation into his new duties, when he disgraced himself by chewing up one shoe while the "Barefoot" was putting on the other, but he has outgrown these puppyish proclivities. He now weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and is one of the finest and most useful St. Bernards in New York. When out walking with his young master, he always stops in front of any shops where boots and shoes are displayed in the windows, and with a worldly-wise look in his eyes and numerous wags of his huge tail seems to be trying to calculate in his mind just how many applicants at the Barefoot Mission could have their feet shod if the shopkeepers did their duty. It takes all Tello's powers of coaxing and persuasion to keep him from entering the shop and carrying off by force (in his mouth) some of the wares displayed for sale.

Not all, perhaps only a very few, new enterprises in the literary world are able to meet all their expenses and show a profit during the first year of their existence, but the twelve-year-old boy's enterprise was able to do this. Beside meeting all his expenses, he had at the end of the first year been able to distribute 700 pairs of shoes to the poor children of New York. Not all of these were new. Some were old ones mended by Tello's special shoemaker in such a way as to make them almost as good as new in the matter of usefulness, if not in appearance. Then people began to send in stockings (some new, some old), dresses, boys' suits, underwear, old playthings, etc., until the Barefoot Mission became indeed a blessed place to the poor of New York. When Christmas came, the boy-editor provided a great Christmas tree and festival, where not only boots and shoes and clothing were distributed to the needy, but turkeys and ham, and cakes and "candies," were given out, to the great delight of the 700 children who attended it. Here is one of the many pathetic little letters the young editor received just before one of the Christmas festivals. It was published at the time in *The Sunny Hour*:—



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE FOR SEVEN HUNDRED CHILDREN.

"DEAR MR. TELLO,—Me and my little sister and the baby can't have no crismus this year 'cause our father is dying and

granma is sick with perelisis and our little bruther died two weeks ago and the city had to bury him. Mother is not working 'cause the baby is too little—there's ten of us all counted. So if you have any crismus won't you let us come, for we all haven't got clothes to keep us warm nor shoes, and no coal except what my big brother picks up—nothing to eat hardly. Yours respecfully."

Childish letters of appeal similar to the above have been coming in ever since the mission was started, and they have acted as a continual spur to the young missionary. The distributions increased until one day 3,032 pairs of shoes and stockings were given out, and about 2,000 flannel garments as well.

Meanwhile *The Sunny Hour* magazine increased in interest and circulation. The list of eminent contributors and patrons became larger every month. Very busy men and women, for the product of whose pens the editors of the best periodicals were willing to pay liberally, sent in gratis to *The Sunny Hour* stories and poems to be edited by a little boy.

When the mission and the magazine had been running for about three years Tello d'Apery's health broke down from overwork, and through the kindness of a friend he made a trip round the world, leaving his paper and mission in the care of "Jolly Jack," the assistant editor. The boy carried copies of his little paper along with him, his object being to interest everyone he met in his work, and this object was attained to such an extent that on his return he numbered among his subscribers nearly every Oriental potentate. He was received in audience by the Sultan and the Khedive. The latter was especially kind to him, delegating one of his sons to show him about Cairo, and became so interested in the Barefoot Mission that he contributed one hundred dollars towards it. It was during his visit to Egypt that Tello d'Apery became distinguished as the only American boy who has ever been decorated by a foreign potentate. The Khedive conferred upon him the Order of the Medjidieh, which carried with it the title of Bey. Other orders, medals, and titles have been showered upon the young American. He is a Chevalier of the Order of Bolivar, conferred upon him by the President of Colombia. The Order of Umberto was also conferred upon him in Italy. He is also a Chevalier of the Order of St. Katherine, and another order gives him the title of "Don." He has received in all eighteen decorations and medals, and it is by special request that he has had his portrait taken with a



(Photo: D. Garber, New York.)

TELLO J. D'APERY AT PRESENT TIME.

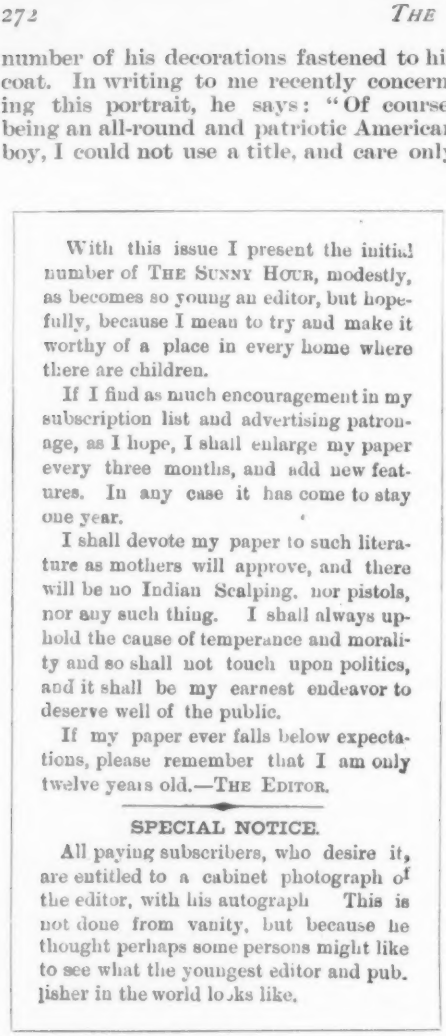
(Showing the Medals and Orders presented to him by European and Asiatic Sovereigns.)



GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE BOY-EDITOR BY THE PATRIARCH OF ALEXANDRIA.

(Of which there are only five in existence.)

number of his decorations fastened to his coat. In writing to me recently concerning this portrait, he says: "Of course, being an all-round and patriotic American boy, I could not use a title, and care only for my decorations because of the good friends who gave them to me and the interest that they show has been taken in my work by great people abroad."



With this issue I present the initial number of THE SUNNY HOUR, modestly, as becomes so young an editor, but hopefully, because I mean to try and make it worthy of a place in every home where there are children.

If I find as much encouragement in my subscription list and advertising patronage, as I hope, I shall enlarge my paper every three months, and add new features. In any case it has come to stay one year.

I shall devote my paper to such literature as mothers will approve, and there will be no Indian Scalping, nor pistols, nor any such thing. I shall always uphold the cause of temperance and morality and so shall not touch upon politics, and it shall be my earnest endeavor to deserve well of the public.

If my paper ever falls below expectations, please remember that I am only twelve years old.—THE EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All paying subscribers, who desire it, are entitled to a cabinet photograph of the editor, with his autograph This is not done from vanity, but because he thought perhaps some persons might like to see what the youngest editor and publisher in the world looks like.

FROM NO. 1 OF "THE SUNNY HOUR."

When Tello returned from his travels, much improved in health, his boy friends took a notion to call him "Chevalier d'Apery," but on pain of his sore displeasure the title was dropped, he declaring that it was not for publication but only as an evidence of good faith on the part of his decorators. A medal that he very highly prizes is a gold one given him by the venerable Patriarch of Alexandria, Sophronius, who had it struck when he had been fifty years in office. There are only four others like Tello's in the world. The Patriarch presented one to Tello, one to the Queen of Greece, one to the late Queen of Denmark, and one to the Empress Dowager of Russia. Sophronius is now one hundred and six years old, and is one of Tello's most devoted friends, writing frequent letters to him in Apostolic Greek.

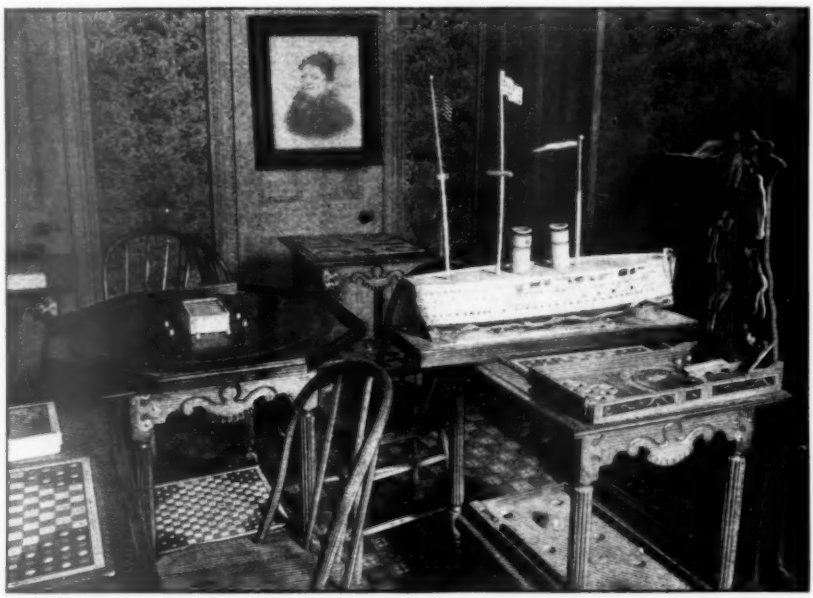
Many also are the presents Tello d'Apery has received from noted people. Don Carlos of Spain, the Queen of Greece, and many other royalties, have sent him tokens of their interest and esteem, so that, besides his medals and decorations, he has a number of interesting and valuable scarf-pins, rings, etc. While in Athens the Queen of Greece entertained him at the palace, and begged him to make her a member of *The Sunny Hour* Mission Club, which he did by himself pinning at her throat the pretty little badge of the Order of *The Sunny Hour*, the Queen repeating after him the promise made by all those who join the Club: "I promise to give one hour each week to some good action. I will be kind to my parents, to my brothers and sisters, to the poor and the unfortunate, and to animals."

These *Sunny Hour* Mission Clubs are auxiliaries of *The Sunny Hour* and Barefoot Mission, and have been formed in different parts of the world. There is one in Paris, which has been very prosperous, and there has also been one in London. There are a number of little persons belonging to royal families who wear the badge of *The Sunny Hour*. Among them are the little Lady Alexandra Duff, and the tiny Prince Boris of Bulgaria.

After his return from abroad Tello d'Apery published an account of his experiences in a book called "Europe Seen through a Boy's Eyes," all the profits of which went to buy shoes for the barefooted children of New York. He also, in order to get more money for his work, started a little book and stationery shop, spending a part of his time there behind the counter and a part of it behind his editorial desk. Recently his health has again failed, and he has been obliged to lessen some of his arduous labours. He is now trying to establish a mammoth boot- and shoe-mending shop

of his own, where old foot-gear may be repaired at less expense than it is now. When this object is accomplished, some of the "Barefoots" themselves will learn the cobbler's trade and work in the establishment, thus helping others while helping themselves.

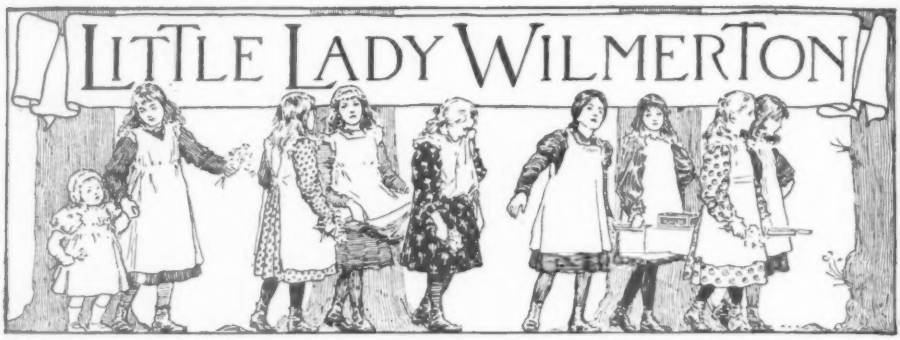
The idea is to rent a building, or at least a part of a building, for the purpose, and issue circulars to the residents of New York and vicinity, asking them to send their old boots and shoes to the building, or, better still, to have a horse and cart go about from house to house to collect them. Then two or three expert cobblers will be hired for a few months to mend them and to take a certain number of apprentices from among the "Barefoots" and teach them the trade of cobbling. Only such boys as show a liking and aptitude for the work will, of course, be chosen as apprentices. They will spend the whole day or only a few hours a day at the work, as their other duties permit. Not only will they be taught to mend boots —they will also be taught to make them. When they have learned their trade they will receive the same wages as other workmen are paid. Of course, when *The Sunny Hour* "Barefoots" (or, rather, those who have been "Barefoots" in times gone by) become expert shoemakers, there is no reason why they should confine their efforts to making and mending boots for the New York poor alone. Tello d'Apery hopes that many orders for men's and women's and children's footgear will be received from well-to-do New Yorkers, so that not only will the expenses of the establishment be met, but an extra amount of money taken in for the mission. It is a magnificent scheme, and we can but hope that this noble American boy may be able to carry it out.



THE PLAYROOM IN "THE SUNNY HOUR" MISSION BUILDING.

Told in Sunshine Room.]

LITTLE LADY WILMERTON



By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., Author of "The Oiled Feather," Etc.

HARD by the village of Hopedale, away from railways and their whistles, and indeed pretty nearly from the world in general, was a very beautiful castle, surrounded by pleasure grounds, and gardens for both fruit and flowers.

The place had been well kept up, because old Lord Wilmerton, the grandfather of the little lady of whom I am going to tell you, was a proud man; and he would not have it said that any of his properties were allowed to go to ruin, or even to run wild. But the old Lord himself never went there nor did his son, the father of the present little Lady Wilmerton. The place was too dull for them; they liked the gaieties of London and the Continent, and the country had no charms for them.

Little Lady Wilmerton's father and grandfather were now both dead. Her father died first, and her grandfather soon followed him to the grave. And now our little lady was a Countess, for in her family the title did not die out with the males, but, when there were no sons, passed on to the daughters, if there were any. And as with the title went most of the estates, the little Countess, who was only twelve years old, became the mistress of Hopedale Castle, and the village and, indeed, the country for, I might almost say, many miles round.

The last thing that anyone in Hopedale would have ever thought of was her little ladyship's coming to live at the Castle. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of everyone when they heard that she was to live there for a large part of the year—and, moreover, that she was coming almost at once.

At first the report was treated as an idle rumour, but when a carriage arrived one day at the Castle with an elderly gentleman and a much younger man, and a second carriage with a lady and her maid, there could be no doubt that something was about to take place. Moreover, the agent had been summoned to meet this old gentleman, and he and the new arrivals were known to have gone all over the Castle. This gentleman was the little Countess's guardian, and the younger man was his solicitor; and the lady was a distant relative of the little Countess, and was to be her caretaker—for her mother had been dead now three years.

Such a possibility as the Castle being inhabited could not take place without causing much talk in the village. Old and young had their say about it—some of the old, I am sorry to say, at the "Green Dragon," the village ale-house; and some at their cottage doors, or when they met in the street.

The children too had their ideas and speculations—very different, of course,

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from the older people's, but very decided, nevertheless.

As to the folk at the "Green Dragon," some were for the lady's coming and some were not, and each party were positive.

"I tell you," said old Joe Crupper, the saddler, "there ain't no good a-comin' out of this. We've got on very well hereabouts for many a year, without having anyone to worrit us from that place. Why can't they let it be as it has been so long? It don't want anyone to live in it to keep it warm. Why, I'm told that they've burnt thirty ton of coal in a winter to keep the place aired. We don't want no great people down here in these parts; we can get on well enough by ourselves. I didn't never know any good come of the haristockracy," said the saddler, giving the table a thump.

"But I'm told," chimed in a meek little man, who frequented the "Green Dragon" more for gossip than for drink, "that the new 'lord' is a little lady, and is only twelve years old."

"Joseph Simmons," said the saddler, looking witheringly into the little man's face, "you are a man of edication, and ought to know better. As to the little 'lord' being a lady, I ask you and all the company"—here the saddler looked round—"what difference does that make? Isn't a goose a goose, whether it's a goose or a gander? Would you say, when 't is roasted, 'Who 'll take a bit of gander?' No, goose or gander, 't is a goose. In like manner, it don't matter whether 't is a boy or girl, a man or a woman"—and here the saddler paused, evidently seeking for a further variety in sex, which he could not find—"excuse me," said he, looking deprecatingly round, "if I stop for a moment, for the argument is deep, and one 's liable to get tangled a bit—a man or a woman. Yes, the argument is plain, and I defy you, Joseph Simmons, to beat it. A haristocrat is a haristocrat, whether it be man or woman, boy or girl."

"I humbly beg pardon if I've given any offence," said the meek little man. "You were once in London for a day, and you ought to know more than I do."

"Ah, you 're now coming to your senses," said the saddler. "I always knew that you were a sensible man; the best of us forget ourselves at times, as you did just now. You just mind what I say: no good will come of this haristocrat."



"All the haristockracy wear gold crowns," said Dolly.—*p.* 276.

And as the saddler led most of the company by the nose, they all went away with a terrible prejudice against the little Countess.

The children, too, had their ideas and their talks. They had heard that the new "lord" was a lady, and that she was only twelve years old.

This was a puzzle to them, and no effort of their mental powers enabled them to understand it; but they could—each according to their own cast of mind—have their ideas on the subject, and talk of and debate about them amongst themselves.

And so it came to pass that they, as well as their elders at the Green "Dragon," had their argument about the new-comer.

We often form our ideas of people out of our own fancies; and we are very often wrong, and I would recommend all young people not to be in too great a hurry in forming their opinion about others, until they have something to go on.

In the present instance Dolly Strap, who hated lessons, and whose one desire was to run wild, said she "was sure that the little haristocrat that was coming" (for the saddler's word had got all over the village) "was a girl who never learned any lessons, who never did and never would be obliged to; who was allowed to jump over hedges and ditches, and never got whacked for tearing her frock. Look here!" said Dolly, exhibiting a long rent in her frock; "that means smackers to-night, girls, at eight o'clock: and as like as not there will be smackers to-morrow night too. And haristocrats jump over hedges and ditches, and tear their frocks to pieces every day, and they only gets new ones for their pains, and never a smack get they; and if the day was wet, and they couldn't get out of doors to tear them, then you may be sure they does it somehow indoors, leaping over chairs, or somehow. You know," said Dolly, with a leer in her eye, "when you want to do a thing, you can always do it—somehow."

"I don't know about dress," said Martha Furblow; "but you may be sure she's dressed very grand—lots of feathers and flowers in her hat, and plenty of lace and beads all over her."

"And she has dozens of dolls, you may be sure," said Mary Mater. "I've heard say that there are dolls that say 'Papa' and 'Mamma,' and that open their eyes and shuts 'em too, and winks when they wants to look knowin'. She'll have some that asks you how you are, and says, 'Very well, thank ye, and how are you?'"

"Ah," said Jenny Giblet, "and her sweets—do you think of them? Hard-bake every morning for breakfast, and ginger-pop, and bottles of peardrops, and boxes of peppermints—she don't go in for pennorths, not she."

"And a gold crown—only not quite so grand as the Queen's," said Dolly. "All the haristockracy wear gold crowns when they go to see the Queen, and on Sundays when they go to church."

Thus the village children settled amongst themselves all about the little Countess, and the outcome of it all was that, as she was so much better off than they, she was to be disliked, and when she came into the village—if, indeed, she ever did—they were to turn up their noses at her, just as they made sure she would turn up her nose at them.

There was one, however, amongst the group who ventured to put in a word for the poor little Countess—this was Patience Filbert—whom, in spite of themselves, everyone liked, for Patience was good to all. The child was a little younger than the Countess. She had long fair hair, and round grey eyes which seemed to open wide when she talked to you and looked you, as she often did, so honestly, so wonderingly, so lovingly in the face.

Patience ventured to say that, perhaps the little Countess might be very nice, and if she was born a countess that was not her fault; but poor Patience was told that she was a silly little thing.

"Yes, yes," said Dolly Strap; "you was hatched out a little goose, and you'll be a little goose until you die. Now you go and give your Bullie his dinner; you sat up with him half the night, and I hope he won't die."

"Yes," they all said, "we hope he won't die," for they all liked Patience—as, indeed, who could help doing?—and they knew that her bullfinch was her great pleasure in life.

Poor Bullie! he was indeed ill, drawing near his end. He no longer sang when Patience sang, nor hopped from his cage

to eat out of her mouth. He had fulfilled his mission in life, by making the delicate child happy in what would have been many lonely hours, for she could seldom play with other girls; and now in his death Bullie was about to play a greater part than he had ever done in his life.

Bullie lingered two or three days, during which time he had three warm baths and apoplectic fits, to the last of which he succumbed, and, turning himself on his back and throwing his legs up into the air, he departed this life. As Bullie had nothing to leave—at least, so far as he knew—he died without a will, though in reality he left a good deal, which was divided amongst all the inhabitants of Hopedale, making them ever so much richer than they had been before.

And it all came about in this way.

When Bullie died, it was determined amongst the children that he should have a public funeral. Patience Filbert would have liked to bury him just by herself; but two considerations induced her to let her little neighbours have their way. There was first the kindly feeling shown to herself, and then there was the honour done to Bullie. And so Bullie was carried to his burial; his body was wrapped in a clean pocket-handkerchief, and his coffin was an old cigar box with wadding and sweet herbs inside. There was a long avenue of trees leading up to the Castle gate, beneath a particular one of which it was decided the body should be buried. Here it was interred.

There was one more at the funeral than was expected. The little Countess was there. She had seen the small procession as she was out for her morning walk, and followed respectfully at a little distance all the way. Moreover, she was at the ceremony of interment, only standing a little way behind the rest.

The child was dressed in a simple holland frock, with a black ribbon round her waist, and another round her plain straw hat. Her servant was so far behind that she seemed to be quite by herself.



She put her arm round Patience's neck.

The funeral over, the little Countess came forward, and the tears came into her eyes when she saw how the chief mourner cried, for poor Patience Filbert was very sad; and although she was a countess, she put her arm round Patience's neck, and wiped away her tears.

Who was she?

"Lady," said Dolly Strap, who was rather rude, "what's your name?"

"They call me 'the Countess,'" said the child, "but my name is Mary. Should you all like to come up to the garden? There is plenty of fruit."

And they went, wondering that a countess could be so plainly dressed, and so feeling, and so kind.
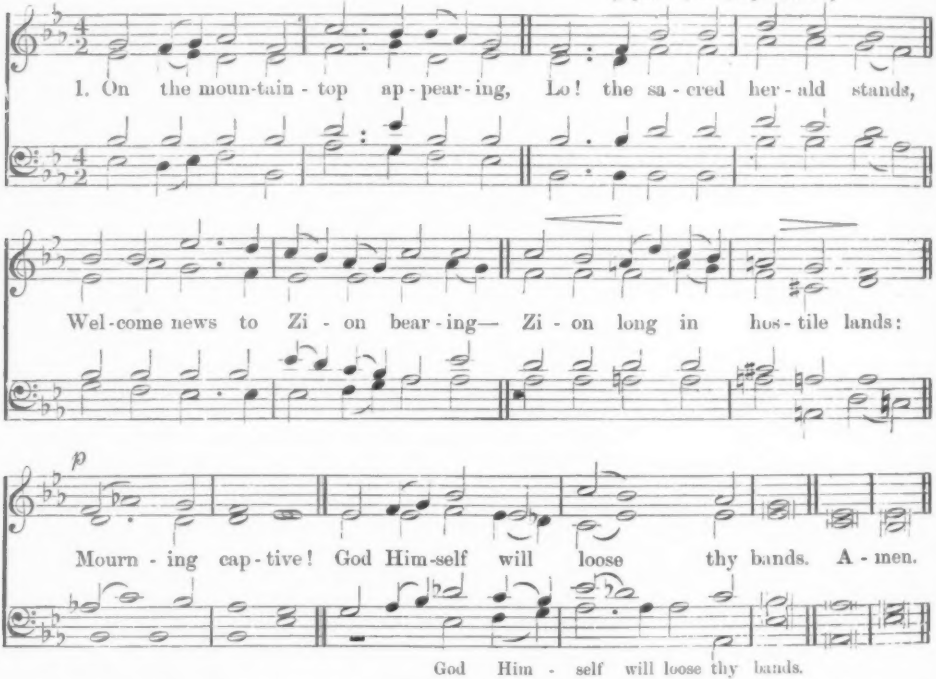
Our feelings in this life are very

mingled—joy and sorrow, sorrow and joy. So was it in this case. For the funeral party (now replenished with gooseberries) returned with a new Bullie in a gilt cage; it was the little Countess's own pet which she gave Patience to make up her loss.

The little Countess's treatment of Patience—her sympathy, the tears which came into her eyes when she saw another's distress—knocked the bottom out of all the saddler's arguments against the "haristockracy," and the little man cock-a-doodle-doo'd over him tremendously at the "Green Dragon." And every door in Hopedale was open at once to the little Countess, and every child in the place was ready to put his hand to his hat or curtsey to her. One kind act of real sympathy had opened all hearts to her; and who knows how much prejudice against us will be done away with, and how many hearts will be opened to us, even by one act of sympathy and love?

Heavenly Cheer.

Words by THOMAS KELLY, 1806. *Music by* H. WALFORD DAVIES, Mus.D. (*Organist of the Temple Church.*)



2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well-beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee:
God Himself appears thy Friend!
All thy foes shall flee before thee—
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



DR. MacDOWELL COSGRAVE.
(President of the Dublin T.A.S.)

THE good old wish which we offer to all our readers points its own moral. There was great practical sagacity in Joseph Livesey's method of arranging to send a temperance tract to every family in Preston on New Year's Day. Christian men and women, who are in sympathy with the efforts of those who are fighting against our national vice, would give a great lift to the work by starting the New Year as total abstainers themselves. As New Year's Day falls on a Sunday, we trust the clergy and ministers will "remember not to forget" to drop a word for temperance in their Watch Night and New Year's Day sermons.

A DISTINGUISHED RECORD.

For upwards of sixty-two years the Dublin Total Abstinence Society has perseveringly held on its way, a record not surpassed by any temperance association in the sister country. When one remembers the "storm and stress" through which Ireland has passed during this eventful period, the fact that this ancient society still survives is a tribute to the enthusiastic labours of its executive officers of which they may well be proud. The old-fashioned method of "signing the pledge" is still kept in the forefront at all the meetings of the society. It rejoices in a coffee palace with a commodious public hall, in the very heart of the city of Dublin, and from year's end to year's end there is one attractive round of lectures, entertainments, clubs, and popular festivities, variously adapted to meet the requirements of the young and old alike. It was at a meeting under the auspices of this association that the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., made the memorable deliverance: "The sale of drink is the sale of disease; the sale of drink is the sale of poverty; the sale of drink is the sale



(Photo: Glover, Dublin.)
MR. T. WILLSON FAIR.



THE DUBLIN COFFEE PALACE.
(With large public hall in rear.)

of insanity; the sale of drink is the sale of crime; the sale of drink is the sale of death." The president of the society is a well-known Dublin physician, Dr. E. MacDowell Cosgrave, and the hon. secretary is Mr. Thomas Willson Fair, whose devotion to the cause has made his name a household word in Irish temperance circles.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE CHILDREN'S FOUNTAIN, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

THE "DICTIONARY" BRIDE.

It will be remembered that last month we mentioned that under the word "abstaining" in the new dictionary, Dr. Murray quoted from the "Clerical Testimony to Total Abstinence," published in 1867, in which the present Bishop of Carlisle stated that a certain "bride was the daughter of an abstaining clergyman." Who was she? Well, first of all, let us clear the way by saying that Dr. Bardsley, in his testimony, cited the case of his own family. He said he was the eldest of seven sons, who were brought up as total abstainers by total abstaining parents. He then added, "To some readers who, upon occasions of family festivities, have been perplexed by their abstaining principles, it may not be uninteresting to learn that when, recently, one of the seven entered the happy estate of matrimony, the bride was the daughter of an abstaining clergyman. Here, then, was a difficulty. Should the wedding-day be regarded as an exception, and a little laxity allowed? The question was decided in the negative, and, notwithstanding the little protests as to 'such a thing never having been heard of before,' and the fear as to what that mythical personage Mrs. Grundy would say, the wedding was conducted on total abstinence principles. Amongst the good things of God provided, the spirits of evil were *wanting—but not wanted*, for the general remark was 'How little they are missed!'" We ask again, "Who was the bride?" In view of Dr. Bardsley's reference to the *mythical* Mrs. Grundy, our reply looks just a trifle piquant, for the bride was a Miss Grundy, the daughter of the Rev. George Docker Grundy, M.A., then (and still) Vicar of Hey, near Oldham. We tender our hearty congratulations to this grand old churchman, who graduated in honours at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1828, was ordained in 1830, and entered upon his present benefice more than sixty years ago!

THE CHILDREN'S FOUNTAIN.

In the Temple Gardens, on the Victoria Embankment, there is a beautiful drinking-fountain, the work of Mr. George E. Wade. It is an exact facsimile of one executed by the same artist for the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union and erected in a prominent position in the city of Chicago. The funds for the purchase of the London fountain were mainly collected by children of the Loyal Temperance Legions, in response to an appeal from Lady Henry Somerset. At the unveiling ceremony, which took place in May, 1897, her Ladyship presented the fountain to the London County Council, and Miss Hilda Muff, who, of all the children, had collected the largest sum, had the honourable privilege of declaring the fountain free to all.

COMING EVENTS.

The friends in Norwich are organising a Sunday Closing Demonstration, to be held in the historic St. Andrew's Hall, on January 24th. The annual business meeting of the London Temperance Council will take place on January 27th. Temperance Sunday for the diocese of Liverpool has been fixed for January 29th, and Bishop Ryle has issued a letter to all his clergy urging the due observance of the day. The annual New Year's Soirée of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union has been fixed for January 30th, and the annual meetings of the same institution will be held in Exeter Hall on May 10th. The seventh International Congress against the Abuse of Spirituous Drinks will be held in Paris from April 4th to 9th

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

INTERNATIONAL SERIES

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References

JANUARY 15TH.—**Christ's First Miracle.**

To read—St. John ii. 1—11. *Golden Text—Ver.* 2.

LAST lesson told of disciples coming to Christ one by one. John the Baptist pointed to Him as Lamb of God—the sin-bearer. Andrew and John, hearing this, followed Christ. Andrew brought his brother Simon. Christ bade Philip follow Him, and he brought his friend Nathanael. Now Christ works miracle which confirms faith of all.

I. **The Need** (1—5). Third day after call of Nathanael. Cana, his home, near Nazareth, sixty miles from Bethabara (i. 28). A wedding party. Mary, mother of Jesus, evidently a family friend. Christ and His five new disciples among the guests. Supplies ran short, perhaps from poverty or from larger number of guests than expected. Painful position of bridegroom, giver of feast. Mary notices, tells Christ, receives answer, "What is that to Me and thee?" He is best judge of right time for help. She knows His loving heart, is sure He will do something; therefore bids servants obey Christ's orders.

II. **The Supply** (6—11). Waterpots ready, but empty. Been used for washing before meals (St. Mark vii. 3). Christ orders them to be filled—twenty gallons each. Governor of feast tastes first. Finds it excellent wine—such as usually put on table at beginning of feast—commends bridegroom for it. What was the result?

Satisfaction to Mary, who knew her Divine Son.

Faith strengthened in the new disciples of Christ.

Glory to Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God.

III. **Lessons.** 1. *About wine.* God's gift (Ps. civ. 15), to be used sparingly—a little (1 Tim. v. 23).

2. *About Christ.* How was His glory manifested? By sympathy—sharing home-life—its joys and sorrows. Relieving wants of His people.

3. *About ourselves.* The benefit of such a Friend (Ps. cxliv. 15). Difference between this world's blessings and those of Christ. This world's come first—health, riches, fame, etc. Christ's come last—glory, honour, immortality. Which are best? Then seek those things which are above (Col. iii. 1).

God's Bounty.

On a cold winter's day a poor woman stood at the window of a King's greenhouse looking at a cluster of grapes which she longed to have for her sick child. She went home to her spinning-wheel, earned half a crown, and offered it to the gardener for the grapes. He ordered her away. She returned home, took the blanket from her bed, sold it for five shillings, and offered this sum to the gardener. He repelled her with anger. The Princess, overhearing the conversation and seeing the woman's tears, said to her, "You have made a mistake, my good woman. My father is a king; he does not sell, but gives." So saying she plucked a bunch of the best grapes and placed them in the happy woman's hands.

JANUARY 22ND.—**Christ and Nicodemus.**

To read—St. John iii. 1—17. *Golden Text—Ver.* 16.

CHRIST now in Jerusalem. Probably in retirement because Jews hostile. Picture Him with His new disciples in house in a back street on a windy night (ver. 8). A knock at the door. A Rabbi, member of the Sanhedrim (vii. 50), enters cautiously; he seeks to know more of this new teaching.

I. **Regeneration of Man** (1—8). *The inquiry.* Nicodemus, a searcher after truth, comes to Christ the new Teacher, whom he acknowledges as sent from God, as testified by His miracles. What must he do?

The answer. He must have a new birth, *i.e.* be changed into a spiritual state—be concerned with inner things of God. This change only wrought by work of Holy Spirit on soul, of which washing by water, as in baptism, is outward sign. How does the Spirit work? *Invisibly*—seen in effects, as wind on water. *Irresistibly*, its power being divine—as at Pentecost 3,000 converted (Acts ii. 41). But man's will must co-operate.

II. **Lifting up of Christ** (9—15). *Effects of new birth.* The regenerate see the truth revealed desired long (St. Luke x. 24), and bear witness to others—as new converts after Stephen's death (Acts viii. 4).

Subject of the new teaching. Christ Himself, His Person, Son of Man—the Perfect Man. His dwelling-place, heaven; not by ascending there, but as being His own eternal home.

Christ's lifting up. On a cross—a sacrifice for sin, giving eternal life to those who believe, of which brazen serpent was a type (Num. xxi. 9).

III. **Love of the Father** (16, 17). How shown? He gave, sent, spared not His Son (Rom. viii. 32). Why shown? That man may not die, but live eternally.

Lesson. 1. The new birth. Am I changed?

2. Christ lifted up for me. Am I saved?

3. God's love. What am I giving in return?

A Great Change.

Queen Victoria once paid a visit to a paper-mill. Among other things she saw men picking out rags from the refuse of the city, and was told that these rags would make the finest white paper. After a few days her Majesty received a packet of the most delicate white paper, having the Queen's likeness for the water-mark.

with the intimation that it was made from the dirty rags she had noticed. So our lives, renewed by God's Spirit, can be transformed and bear His likeness.

JANUARY 29TH.—**Christ at Jacob's Well.**

To read—St. John iv. 5—15. *Golden Text—Ver.* 14.

CHRIST leaves Jerusalem, travels north with His disciples, passes through Samaria, reaches Sychar, near Shechem. Rests at Jacob's well while disciples buy food in neighbouring town.

I. **The Story** (5—9). *Time.* Noon by Hebrew reckoning, or 6 p.m. by Roman time.

Place. Jacob's well. Bought by him (Gen. xxxiii. 19), burial-place of Joseph (Josh. xxiv. 32).

Persons. Jesus and the woman. He wearied, but, ever ready to do His Father's work, opens conversation. Uses the water, thirst, spring, as illustrations of spiritual truths. He asks her for water. She is surprised, because of national hostility.

II. **The Water of Life** (10—15). Christ tells of His power to give living water. She thinks He means deep spring water, and asks how it is to be obtained. He then explains His meaning: water—commonest and simplest of all liquids—emblem of gifts and graces of Holy Spirit.

Its source. Gift of God alone. Offered freely to all (Isa. lv. 1).

Its necessity. If any have not God's Spirit, they are not His (Rom. viii. 9).

Its nature. Pure—from God's throne (Rev. xxii. 1). Refreshing—joy of salvation (Ps. li. 12). Healing (Rev. xxii. 2). Satisfying (Isa. lxi. 1). Unfailing—wells of salvation (Isa. xii. 3).

Its results. Everlasting life.

III. **Lesson.** Drink of this living water which Christ offers to-day.

Living Water.

The fountain of living waters is God Himself. It is not a mere cistern to hold a little water; it is a running, living stream, and a fountain that springs up perpetually. Now a fountain is produced by the pressure of water coming down from a height, and never rises higher than its source. Our spiritual life has its source in heaven. It came from God, and to God it will return.

FEBRUARY 5TH.—**The Nobleman's Son Healed.**

To read—St. John iv. 43—54. *Golden Text—Ver.* 53.

CHRIST has passed through Samaria, returned to Cana. Now works first miracle of healing.

I. **Faith Beginning** (43—47). *The father.* A courtier of Herod Antipas, King of Galilee. In trouble because of son's sickness. Hears of Jesus and His wonderful doings—will see if He can help him. Leaves his home to go and meet Jesus. Urgently entreats Him to come from Cana down to Capernaum on the Lake of Galilee to visit and relieve his dying son.

II. **Faith Increasing** (48—50). Christ seems to hesitate—makes a difficulty. He wants strong faith. He sees father desires external signs, personal visit. Christ must have implicit faith. What does Christ do? Does not comply with the request nor refuse, but calmly tells him his son lives. The man believes, and returns home.

III. **Faith Perfected** (51—54). Met by his servants on way back. They had noted the change for the better in the boy, hastened to meet the father and tell the good news. What does he ask? The time exactly agreed. So the father knew that Christ was more than man—that He was Lord of life and death—the true Son of God. No more doubts.

Lessons. 1. Trouble leads to prayer and prayer to blessings.

2. Belief in Christ brings peace and happiness.

3. He is the same Lord to all them that believe.

Freemen of the Gospel.

An old man once said that it took him forty years to learn three simple things. The first was that he could not do anything to save himself; the second was that God did not expect him to; and the third was that Christ had done it all, and all he had to do was to believe and be saved.

FEBRUARY 12TH.—**Christ's Divine Authority.**

To read—St. John v. 17—27. *Golden Text—John iv.* 42.

CHRIST has returned to Jerusalem to keep one of appointed feasts (ver. 1). There He healed a cripple at the Pool of Bethesda on the Sabbath, which caused the Jews to persecute Him for "breaking" or relaxing the Sabbath day. Christ answers them.

I. **The Father's Work** (17, 18). God is Creator of world and Father of all. The Sabbath not a time for inaction. Does everything stop? Earth continues to revolve, winds blow, vegetation grows. Sabbath a rest for man from work by which livelihood gained, but also a day to be spent in works of mercy. Thus Christ works on with the Father. His claim to be equal with God angers the Jews.

II. **The Son's Work** (19—23). Same as the Father's—does nothing by Himself. He shares the Father's counsels—loving bond of sympathy between them. Shares Father's work—giving life to dead (i. 4). Christ already done this when raised Jairus's little daughter (St. Matt. ix. 25). Also raised dead souls by forgiving sins and leading to new life. Example—sick of the palsy (St. Matt. ix. 2) and the woman who had sinned (St. Luke vii. 37, 47).

Christ also appointed as the Judge (Acts xvii. 31). Therefore equally with Father claims honour from men. To dishonour Him is to dishonour God.

III. **Man's Relation to Christ** (24—27). How can he obtain this new life? Must hear and accept Son's word, must believe the Father, Who speaks through the Son (xvii. 3; Heb i. 2). Then he passes from death in sin (Eph. ii. 1) to life in Christ (Col. iii. 3). This a present change. Old things passed—all become new. New faith, hope, love. New life for soul now, for body hereafter.

Lessons. 1. It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath.

2. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.

Full Salvation.

Those who trust Christ do not trust Him to save only for a year or two, but for ever. In going a long journey it is best to take a ticket all the way through. Take your ticket for the New Jerusalem, and not for a half-way house. The train will never break down, and the track never be torn up. Trust Jesus Christ to carry you through to glory, and He will do it.—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Short Arrows
Notes of Christian Life & Work.

"The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple."



IN response to the request of many of our readers, we give the following account of this great picture, a special reproduction of which (in colours and suitable for framing) was presented with our November number. With the idea of the picture in his mind, Mr. Holman Hunt went, in 1854, to Jerusalem to obtain local colour and models for the work. "Truth to Nature" being the principle of his art, he desired to get as near as possible to the probable aspect of the scene he was attempting to depict. The Temple he had to construct for himself, and this he did after studying Eastern, and especially ancient Jewish, architecture, the only part painted from an actual fact being the marble pavement. This he copied from the floor of the Mosque of Omar, which, according to tradition, is the only remaining portion of Herod's Temple. He experienced great difficulty in getting models for his figures, owing to the suspicion having arisen that he was a Christian missionary in disguise. By the end of eighteen months, however, he had painted in all the adult figures from actual models, and, returning to England, he managed, by the help of Mr. Mocatta, to get a boy from the Jewish community in the East-End of London to sit for the figure of Christ. Every detail of the picture has a symbolic interest. The rabbi on the left, clasping in his arms the *Torah* or sacred roll of the Law, is blind and decrepit, and the other rabbis, with their phylacteries and scrolls, are all characteristic of the proud, self-righteous, sects to which they belonged. Joseph carries his own and Mary's shoes over his shoulders—even in their haste they had remembered the injunction to remove them when entering the house of the Lord—and Mary is clad in robes of grey and white, with a girdle fringed with orange-red, the colours of purity and sorrow. Christ wears a *kaftan*, striped with purple and blue, the colours of the royal house of David. He is pulling the buckle of the belt tighter—"girding up His loins"—and in spite of the "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" has one foot advanced in readiness to go with His earthly parents. Through the doorway the builders are still at work: they are hoisting into position the block which is to be "the chief corner-stone of the building."

Blind Peter and his Bride.

IN spite of his blindness, Peter was a very happy man. A young girl, brought up in the American Presbyterian School in Pekin, emphatically declared that he was the best, the cleverest, and the best-looking of six candidates for her hand. She enjoyed the unheard-of privilege of choosing her husband, and, as her relations approved the selection, settlements were at once arranged. Her hair was cut in a fringe, which



(*Photo: T. F. McFarlane, Crieff.*)

BLIND PETER AND HIS BRIDE.


St. Paul's Bennett St. Sunday School, Manchester
Quiver Medallists
March 1st 1898.
Managers and Teachers who received Quiver Medals for service in Bennett St. Sunday School of 20 years or upwards.
* Mr. Samuel Goodwin with 58 years service gained the Silver Medal and presentation Bible for longest Sunday School service in the County of Lancaster.
The figures after each name denote the number of years of service.

in China marks an engaged maiden; the contract was drawn up on a sheet of lucky scarlet paper, and Peter undertook to make a regular allowance to his mother-in-law. Neither the bride nor Peter's relations ever had occasion to regret their decision. He was one of the earliest pupils in the School for the Blind established in Pekin in 1879. As a boy of twelve years old, he was led to the door by his brother aged fourteen. They were orphans, and on their first begging tour, and the elder said that he could support himself by work, but could not gain sufficent food for two without begging. The blind boy was admitted, and he quickly gained a high character. Within two years he was the ablest and best teacher of the blind in Pekin, and he had knowledge and influence which might be the means of bringing light and understanding to untold numbers groping in darkness of mind and body. It is calculated that the blind in China number at least 500,000, and they have the character of being amongst the most depraved of beggars. Miss Gordon-Cumming tells the story of blind Peter in her new book, "The Inventor of the Numeral Type for China." The Chinese Dictionary contains from 30,000 to 40,000 characters. It is true that to read a book so sublimely simple as the Bible it is sufficient to learn 4,000; but the length of this task deters the majority of people from the attempt. Mr. W. H. Murray found it possible to reduce the distinct tones of Mandarin Chinese (used in four-fifths of the Empire) to 408, and to represent them in numerals, embossed in dots according to Braille's system. Miss Gordon-Cumming devotes several pages to explaining the invention and the means by which it has been carried into good effect. The result is that blind men and women have not only been raised from demoralised beggary, but have become teachers of others afflicted like themselves, and in some cases of the sighted illiterate or deaf and dumb.

A Notable Group.

In the course of our last volume we had occasion to refer several times to the remarkable Sunday-school in Manchester which contains no less than forty-five teachers, all of whom have served for over twenty years as active officers of the school. This discovery was made in connection with our Roll of Honour for Sunday-school Workers, and each of the forty-five was awarded The Quiver medal. These teachers have since associated themselves in a photographic group, the result of which we reproduce on the opposite page. It forms an interesting and unique memento of an interesting and unique school.

A Quiver Hero.

The latest addition to the Roll of Quiver Heroes and Heroines is Captain James Hood, of the London tug *Simla*, who, on October 17th last, was by his self-sacrificing courage and presence of mind instrumental in saving twelve members of the crew of the *Blengfell* off Margate. The circumstances attending the conspicuous act of Captain Hood are probably still fresh in the minds of all our readers, and it is only necessary to recall that on the day in question his tug was in attendance on the naphtha ship *Blengfell*, when the latter vessel was suddenly rent in two by a terrific explosion, which resulted in the sudden death of the captain of the doomed ship, his wife and child, and six other persons. Hood immediately saw that the only way to save



(*Photo: W. Bartlett, Poplar, E.*)

CAPTAIN HOOD.

(*The latest Quiver Hero.*)

the men left on the wreck and those struggling in the sea was to steam right alongside the burning ship, there being no time to lower boats. This he courageously did in the face of several minor explosions, and knowing full well that at any moment the remaining barrels of naphtha might ignite and blow his vessel to pieces. Fortunately he was successful in rescuing the survivors, and was able to steam away in safety from the burning ship. Our readers will undoubtedly endorse our opinion that Captain Hood has nobly earned the Silver Medal of The Quiver Heroes Fund, which it has been our pleasure to hand to him.

Unusual Diffidence.

An able public man known to the writer was asked the other day to speak at a conference upon one of the subjects to be debated. He replied that he could not do so, as he did not know much about the question and had not time to study it in all its bearings. How much shorter and more profitable would speeches and sermons be if those who deliver them were as conscientious as our friend! But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and speak loud and long out of the abundance of their ignorance. When a man has only one idea, has seen only one side of a thing, knows only a limited number of words, and is in possession of good lungs, there is no reason why he should ever stop speaking.

Distributing Mansion House Money.

FOUR great famines in India have marked the reign of Queen Victoria — each more widespread than the last, but each successively occasioning less loss of life. It was in the famine of 1868-69 that Lord Lawrence initiated, as a working principle for the Administration, a sense of personal responsibility for every life lost. In the last, that of 1896-97, the scarcity extended from the Punjab to Cape Comorin, but the skill in checking starvation was greater than in the preceding one of 1877, and the number of sufferers relieved exceeded three millions. Whilst many of India's sons gazed up at the cloudless sky with the calm desperation of fatalists, the Government and missionaries fought side by side to repel hunger and death. England subscribed £550,000 through the Mansion House Relief Fund alone. The scourge fell most heavily on the Central Provinces, and the paternal Government had not only to deal with present necessity, but to provide for the future. Our illustration is copied from a photograph of a scene in Central India. An English Government servant sits at a table covered with money from the Mansion House Fund, and he is granting fifteen rupees to a cultivator for seed rice. A crowd of applicants for similar relief surround him.



(Photo: Rev. A. Logadail.)

DISTRIBUTING MANSION HOUSE MONEY IN INDIA.

For Old and Young.

BY a curious coincidence two of the various works which call for notice this month are by present contributors to our own pages, and two are by future contributors. It is unnecessary to deal with the former at length—even if space permitted—and it is sufficient to state that Dr. Joseph Parker's second volume of his series of "Studies in Texts" (Horace Marshall and Son) is as full of pregnant and forceful thoughts as its predecessor; whilst in "Love to the Uttermost" (Morgan and Scott) our old friend, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, has tenderly and reverently expounded the principal incidents and texts contained in the latter portion of the Gospel of the disciple "whom Jesus loved." — From Mr. Elliott Stock comes a small volume of "Addresses to all Sorts and Conditions of Men," which have been delivered at various times and in various places by Archdeacon Madden, who is well known as an earnest and gifted preacher to young men, and we can but hope that these outspoken truths may, in their more permanent form, be the means of much lasting good. We hope shortly to introduce Archdeacon Madden more directly to our readers by means of our own pages, and also Dr. R. F. Horton, who is responsible for "The Commandments of Jesus," which has just reached us from Messrs. Isbister. It should be emphasised at once that the book does not deal with the commandments given to Moses, but with the commandments delivered by our Lord whilst on earth. Dr. Horton claims that a careful study of these will prove that they form "a sufficient, authoritative, and exact rule of life" at the present day, and he has ably upheld and explained what he so happily terms "the eternal

code of Jesus."—To turn from theological to lighter works, we are pleased to draw attention to Mr. S. H. Hamer's "Whys and Other Whys" (Cassell and Co.), which would form an admirable present for little people. The author tells a number of humorous stories of "Curious Creatures and their Tales," which will amuse and delight the children, whilst the many quaint and clever illustrations by Mr. Neilson combine to make this one of the best gift-books of the season.—For the little ones and also to "children of a larger growth" we can heartily commend Mrs. Orman Cooper's life of "John Bunyan, the Glorious Dreamer" (Sunday School Union), which is written from an extensive knowledge of the subject (gained principally from many years' residence in Bedford), and is also copiously illustrated. —We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "Rabbi Sanderson" (Hodder and Stoughton) by Ian Maclaren, which forms a companion to his former short story, "A Doctor of the Old School," though we feel it is not so brilliant as the latter; of "Neil Macleod" (same publishers), an interesting and well-written story of literary life in London; and also of "Silver Tongues" (Morgan and Scott), which consists of a series of talks to the young by the Rev. John Mitchell, based on simple objects of common knowledge, such as a leaf, a thimble, flowers, etc., and enriched by many appropriate lessons.

Four Anchors from the Stern.

THESE anchors, our Revised Version tells us, the sailors "let go" on St. Paul's disastrous voyage towards Rome, "fearing lest haply we should be cast ashore on rocky ground." There is many a reef of rocks which threatens a young man or woman's barque, as it is pushed off across the waters of life's ocean; and, at the close of this century, one such reef is certainly the neglect and desecration of the Sabbath. It is difficult, perhaps undesirable, to lay down minute rules upon a subject concerning the details of which good folks conscientiously differ; but, in days when the social trend is distinctly towards laxity, there are four main principles which must be binding on all who acknowledge the New Testament as the supreme law of life. Little, comparatively, is said there about the observance of the first day of the week, but that little is very helpful and suggestive. (1) Sunday should be a day of joy. It was "with great joy" that the holy women returned from the sepulchre after the resurrection. Let us try and make Sunday bright and happy, especially to children and to the poor. (2) Sunday must be a day of worship. The disciples were wont to meet together to break bread in remembrance of their Master, and (Acts xx. 7) to hear a sermon. (3) Sunday must be a day of generosity and kindness. The apostle specially enjoins that each one should "lay by him in store, as he may prosper." The spirit of this command must forbid selfish entertainments and recreations, which impose extra toil on hard-worked servants. (4) Sunday should be a day of rest, and (to some extent, at least), of holy contemplation. St. John the Divine at Patmos was "in the spirit on the Lord's Day," when he saw the vision of the New Jerusalem. Sundays upon earth are a preparation for "the Sabbaths of Eternity." Neglect and desecration are "rocks ahead." Young men and maidens who fare forth into the world, and are apt to be driven rockward by the powerful and dangerous currents of public opinion, will find that these four stout scriptural anchors will hold their craft secure and fast.

Crowns of Thorns and Crowns of Righteousness.

A man called upon President Lincoln, introduced himself as one of his best friends, and asked for a Government post, then vacant, on the ground that it was solely through the applicant's exertions that he was elected to the Presidency. "Oh, indeed," said Lincoln; "then I now look upon the man who, of all men, has crowned my existence with a crown of thorns. No post for you in my gift, I assure you. I wish you good-morning." Thus it is that, when we obtain them, we care nothing about things that once were objects of our ambition. It will not be so with the never-fading crowns of righteousness that are the rewards of another and happier world.

The Leicester Silver Medallist.

MANY of our readers will be pleased to see the accompanying portrait of Miss Anne Harrison, the



(Photo: A. Pickering, Leicester.)

MISS HARRISON.

(The veteran Leicester Sunday-school teacher.)

veteran Sunday-school teacher of Leicestershire, who was recently awarded the Silver Medal and Presentation Bible for the longest known period of service in that county. Fifty-eight years ago Miss Harrison commenced work in the Sunday-school attached to the Baptist Chapel in Harvey Lane, Leicester, and is still to be found at her post Sunday after Sunday, devoting all her energies to the cause which is so near her heart, and which she has so faithfully served for over half a century.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** and **Presentation Bible** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Sussex** (for which applications were invited up to November 30th) have been gained by

MR. CHARLES WATTS,
14, Western Road, Hove,

who has distinguished himself by **fifty-one** years' service in the county, forty-nine of which were spent in Christ Church Sunday School, Montpelier Road, Brighton.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

WILTSHIRE,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before December 31st, 1898. We may add that **Durham** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being January 31st, 1899. This county, in its turn, will be followed by **Devonshire**, for which the date will be one month later—viz. February 31st, 1899.

Erratum.—Susan Hammond, the Essex County Medallist, was inadvertently described in our November number as Miss Hammond instead of Mrs. Hammond.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from November 1st up to and including November 30th, 1898. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "**The Quiver**" **Christmas Stocking Fund**: Jessie B., Clerkenwell, 2s. 6d.; A School Girl, Stockport, 3s.; A. Newport, Dorchester, 1s.; L. Holland, Crouch End, 2s.; C. D., Bradford-on-Avon, 2s.; A Sunday Scholar, 1s.; M. T., 3s.; E. E., Newmarket, 3s.; B. Burston, Moreland Court, 1s.; A Few Friends at Hazelwood, 5s.; F. S. T., 1s.; R. S., Crouch End, 5s.; E. M. Ellis, Derby, 1s.; Mrs. S., Newport, 5s.; Mrs. J. Cunningham, West Kensington, 5s.; E. Baylis, Woldingham, 10s.; Violet, 2s.; H. D., 10s.; G. S. Andrews, 3s.; A Reader, 2s.; E. R. Boys, Warlingham, 3s.; M. A., Kilburn, 1s.; Sympathy, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Anderson, 1s.; Anon., Croydon, 2s. 2d.; M., Horsham, 5s.; S. L. G., Camberwell, 5s.; Anon., East Grinstead, 10s.; Anon., Dublin, 1s.; W. Dellar, 1s.; Little Florrie, Brighton, 2s.

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund*: J. J. E. (132nd donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (102nd donation), 1s.; S. A., Newport, 10s.; A Swansea Mother, 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: An Irish Girl, 6s. 6d.; E. E., Newmarket, 2s.

The Editor is always pleased to receive and forward to the institutions concerned the donations of any of his readers who wish to help the movements referred to in the pages of THE QUIVER. All contributions of one shilling and upwards will be acknowledged.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

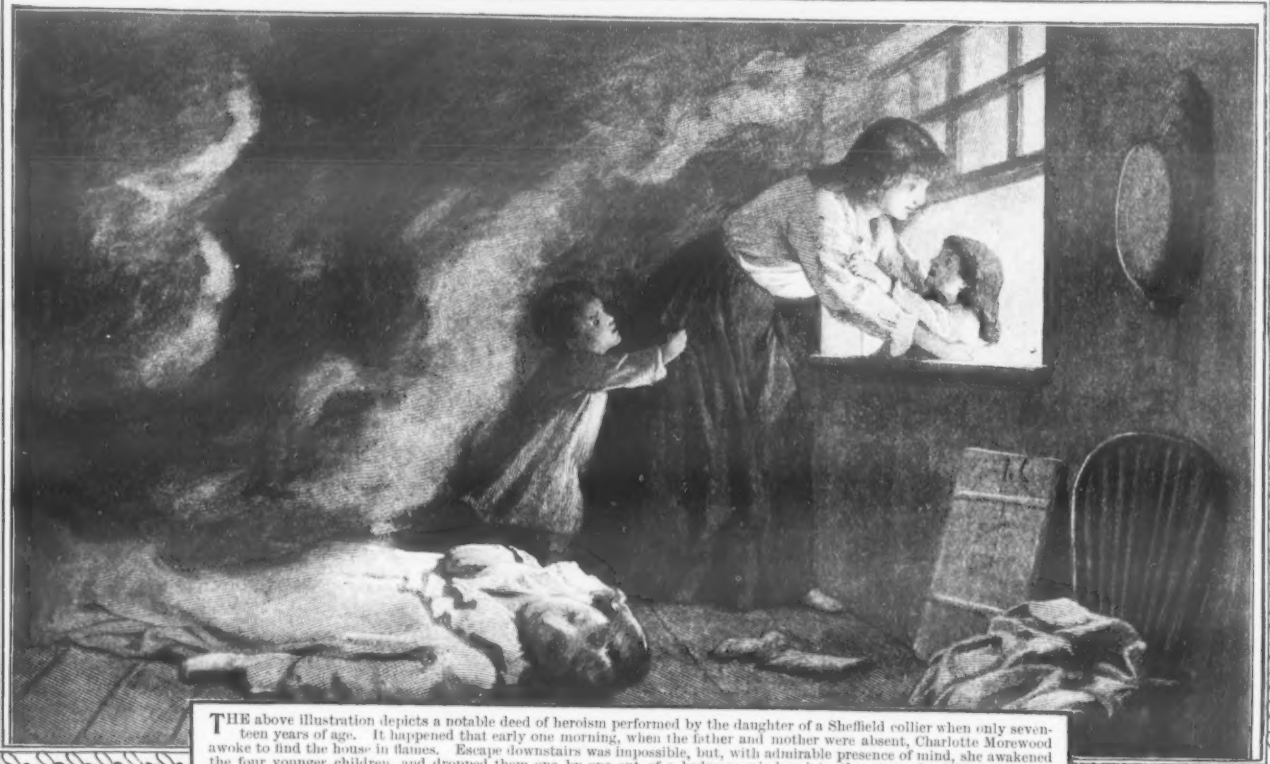
25. Why was the place where our Lord performed His first miracle called Cana of Galilee?
26. Why was such a large quantity of water provided at Jewish feasts?
27. How many disciples were with Jesus at the marriage in Cana of Galilee?
28. What proof have we that Nicodemus was a member of the Sanhedrim or great council of the Jews?
29. In what words does our Lord refer to His crucifixion while speaking to Nicodemus?
30. What was the piece of land which Jacob gave to his son Joseph?
31. In what way could the woman of Samaria speak of Jacob as "our father"?
32. How did the Samaritans show their belief in Jesus as the Redeemer of all mankind?
33. In what way did our Lord manifest His Divine power to the nobleman of Capernaum?
34. At what celebrated place in Jerusalem did our Lord heal a man who had been ill for thirty-eight years?
35. Quote words in which Jesus speaks of Himself as the Judge of the quick and dead.
36. Why was it that when our Lord said to the Jews "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," they sought to kill Him?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 192.

13. He broke the most solemn oath which he had made to the King of Babylon (2 Chron. xxxvi. 13).
14. His eyes were burned out, and he was taken prisoner to Babylon (Jer. lii. 11).
15. The prophecy of Ezekiel, who foretold that Zedekiah should die at Babylon, but should not see it (Ezek. xii. 13).
16. He says the revelation of the Old Testament was given at various times, and in many different ways, but the Gospel was revealed to mankind by the Son of God Himself (Heb. i. 1, 2).
17. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" (Heb. i. 14).
18. It declares the divinity of Christ and records the deeper spiritual truths of His teaching (St. John i. 1-14, and xx. 31).
19. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us" (St. John i. 14).
20. "Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me" (Malachi iii. 1, and iv. 5).
21. "For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God; the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself" (Deut. vii. 6; St. John i. 11).
22. When his brother, St. Philip, tried to bring him to see Jesus, he said, "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write" (St. John i. 45).
23. Jesus said unto him, "Before that Phillip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee" (St. John i. 48).
24. As Jesus passed by St. John said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" (St. John i. 36).

XUM

Our Roll of Heroic Deeds

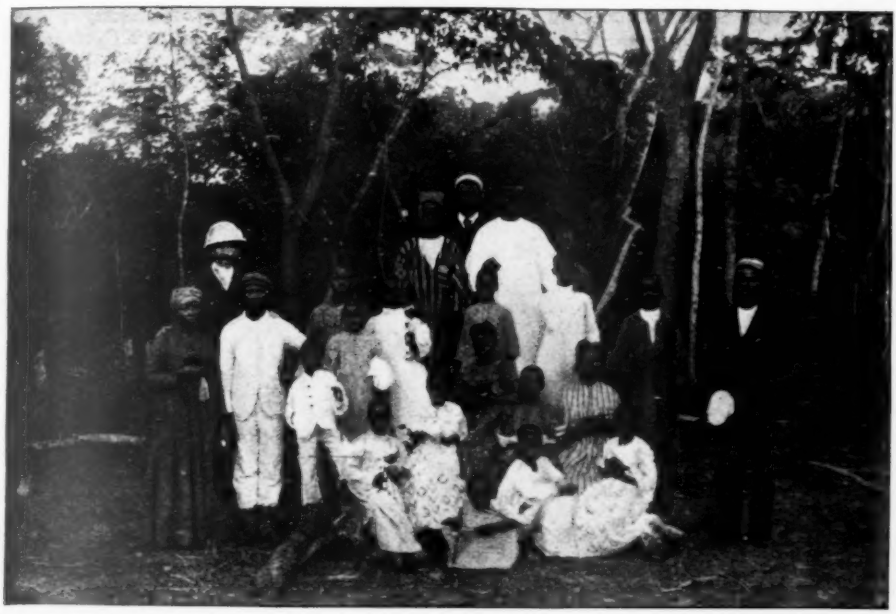


THE above illustration depicts a notable deed of heroism performed by the daughter of a Sheffield collier when only seventeen years of age. It happened that early one morning, when the father and mother were absent, Charlotte Morewood awoke to find the house in flames. Escape downstairs was impossible, but, with admirable presence of mind, she awakened the four younger children, and dropped them one by one out of a bedroom window into the arms of neighbours below. Next, by a great effort, she lifted her eldest sister, who had fainted with the shock, and saved her in the same manner. She then endeavoured to rescue some of the furniture and clothes in the attic, but the fire had meanwhile spread so rapidly that she only saved herself by a hurried jump. By the pluck and coolness of this brave, devoted girl, the lives of the six inmates of the burning house were thus saved.

FACING DEATH FOR CHRIST.

BASED ON AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. C. H. GOODMAN.

By Our Special Commissioner.



MR. GOODMAN WITH TEACHERS AND CHILDREN OF DAY SCHOOL, TIKONKO.

(Photo: The Rev. W. Vivian, F.R.G.S.)



THE REV. C. H. GOODMAN.

(Photo: Mr. Stephens, Harrogate.)

A TERRIBLE adventure befell the Rev. C. H. Goodman, missionary in the Mendi country, West Africa, in the summer of 1898. It is really surprising that he is alive to tell the tale, and, indeed, the marks of great suffering were still visible on his face when, a few months afterwards, he kindly told me the story.

The peril came on him with startling suddenness. No bolt from the blue could dash from the heavens more unexpectedly. He was stationed at Tikonko, about two hundred miles inland from Freetown, Sierra Leone, and had been in charge of the United Methodist Free Church Mission there for about six years. Suddenly, one morning, he heard by chance that his life and the lives of his Mission-workers had been demanded by a neighbouring tribe.

"Is it really true," he asked his friends, the Tikonko Mendis, "that the Bompeh people wish me to be killed?"

"Yes, it is true."

"And you can give me no protection?"

"We fear not any."

"Then I must go back to the coast—to the English?"

"Yes."

"Can you give me carriers to accompany me and my helpers, and to take food for the journey?"

"Yes, we promise that."

But Mr. Goodman could not get the promise fulfilled—whether from insincerity

or inability on the part of the Mendis to keep it he could not discover.

What was to be done? He was the only white man there: some coloured people, chiefly from Free Town, and associated with the Mission, were with him: but the tribes all round were in a state of terrible unrest and were ripe for war, while, indeed, hostilities had actually commenced in some districts.

Mr. Goodman had hoped that the strange men loitering about the farm in a suspicious manner. It was evident a crisis was impending, and he steeled himself to prepare for the worst.

Suddenly, in the afternoon, he heard a great noise. Rushing out, he found that a lad, named Johnson, who was carrying a box belonging to some of the Mission people, was surrounded by strange men, who were seizing the box and ill-treating the boy.

Johnson and his wife hurried to the rescue, but they were set upon by the



MR. ROBERTS' RESIDENCE.

(Mr. Goodman's house is to be seen in the distance.)

(Photo: The Rev. W. Vivian, F.R.G.S.)

SITE OF MURDER OF MR. ROBERTS, MR. PRATT, AND OTHERS.

(The mark **X** *indicates the well into which their bodies were thrown.)*

Tikonkos would have been strong enough to keep out of the war, but he was disappointed; and it was now clear to him that he could not rely upon their protection, or upon any assistance to reach the coast. The children and several of the workers had left the Mission and had taken refuge in Tikonko town, which consists of a collection of mud-huts surrounded by a fence, while he remained quietly at the Mission premises and watched.

On Monday, May 2nd, he saw many "war-boys" and beaten; their clothes were torn off their backs, and Mr. Johnson received such a frightful gash across the face that his nose was nearly severed from his body and fell off next day.

Seizing his gun and calling to others, Mr. Goodman hurried out of the house, and with a yell the "war-boys" rushed to the Mission. Mr. Goodman's little party were hopelessly outnumbered; and Mr. Campbell, the native school teacher and Mr. Goodman, seeing that discretion

was the better part of valour, turned to the bush and escaped in different directions.

Mr. Goodman did not proceed very far. Hurrying along, he was soon able to hide in the dense bush, his object being to work his way to the town and enter by the Bompeh road. If he could reach the town, he thought the nominal chief, Sandy, might secretly prove his friend.

Gradually, therefore, he made his way to the road, and then hurried to the gate, but it was shut in his face.

Back, then, to the friendly shelter of the bush he turned, and now even the elements seemed against him, for a terrible tornado burst, and in a minute he was drenched to the skin.

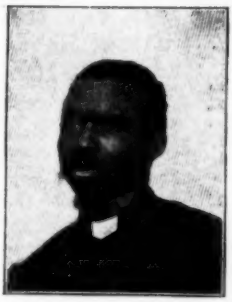
Alone, wet, weary, and foodless, with savage enemies around him seeking to kill him, his position might well have appalled the stoutest heart. But an Englishman, whether missionary or soldier, must never know when he is beaten: and so at night he made his way again to the town, and entered it through a hole in the fence and hurried up to the king's compound.

Now the old chief of Tikonko had died shortly before, and the "cry for the dead"—that is, the time of mourning—was not yet over, consequently the new chief or king—whom the missionary called Sandy—had not been fully invested with his new powers.

"Oh, you have escaped," he cried, when Mr. Goodman came to him. "I am glad indeed. Yes, I will help you, but it is not safe for you to remain in the town.



THEO. ROBERTS.
(Industrial Trainer.)



THE REV. J. C. JOHNSON.
(Mission Worker.)

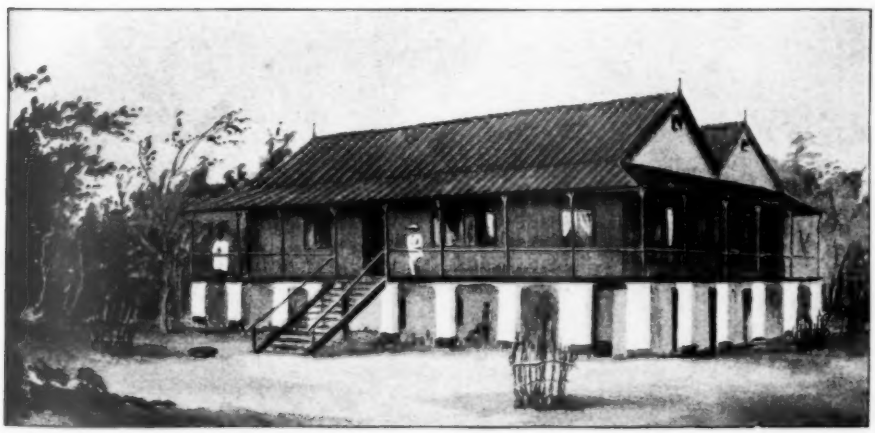


T. T. CAMPBELL.
(School Teacher.)



ISHMAEL PRATT.
(Carpenter.)

FOUR OF THE MARTYRS.
(From Photographs by the Rev. W. Vivian, F.R.G.S.)



THE MISSION HOUSE BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.
(From a Drawing by Mrs. Vivian.)

The 'war-boys' are eager to kill you. Where will you go? Ah! you shall appear as one of my wives."

Thus the palaver was short but decisive. Disguised as a woman—an expedient forced on him by urgent necessity—the missionary was conveyed that night out of the town to a hut in the bush belonging to Sandy. Silently through the darksome night the little party crept along, and the missionary was left there alone. He was supposed to be one of the chief's wives, who was ill. In the morning the imaginary wife sought once more the friendly protection of the dense bush, and at night he returned again to the hut.

Stealthily, one of his friendly boys brought him now and again a little food. The lad had secured one of the Mission boxes and procured from it a tin of cocoa, and this cocoa he brought to the missionary, with rice, and occasionally a little fish and meat.

Hiding thus, while the yells of the "war-boys" sounded far and near, the missionary lived through those terrible days. Tuesday came and went, also the Wednesday and the Thursday. But Friday morning heralded a change. A message was brought to him that Sandy desired to see him, and to this day Mr. Goodman does not know whether the message was treacherous or not. But, trusting to its honesty, he left the hut to visit the chief, and then, before he had gone far, he suddenly found himself surrounded by the yelling Bompeh "war-boys."

They caught him and shouted round him, but did not then hurt him. Resistance was useless, and with war-whoops and yells of triumph they led him forward as though to Tikonko. But when near the fence they altered their cry: "To Bompeh" they shouted, and to Bompeh he was turned.

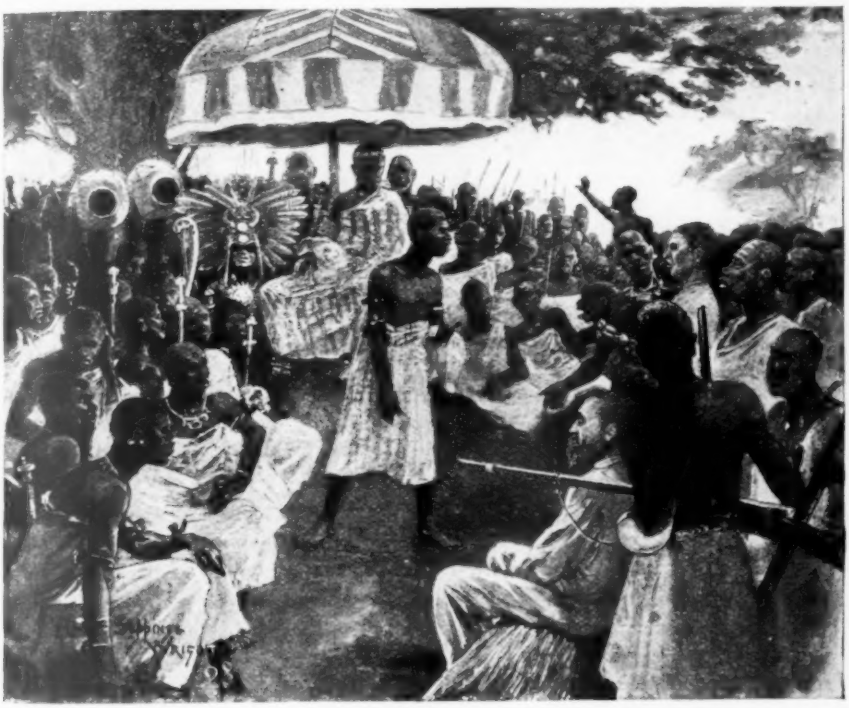
For three and a half weary hours the missionary marched on in the blazing sun, and without his white helmet. He was fully surrounded by the yelling savages, and the leader of the party marched beside him with drawn sword. The shouts and excitement of his captors gradually calmed down as they walked along; but, presently, as they neared Bompeh town, his clothes were pulled off his back, and clad only in pants and vest, and without even shoes or stockings, he crept along the burning path with naked and bleeding feet.



MR. GOODMAN AND HIS MENDI "BOYS."

(Photo: The Rev. W. Vivian, F.R.G.S.)

But at length the weary march was over. Bompeh town was reached, and then the war-horns were blown, and amid much excitement Mr. Goodman was taken



THE TRIAL.

to an open space before the king's hut, where also the people assembled.

The trial was to be held at once; the white man's fate was to be decided.

The chief, whose name was Gruburu, sat on a rude kind of chair in the middle of the people, his prime minister near, and men and women and "war-boys" grouped all round, chiefly according to families. Mr. Goodman, tired with his long journey, sat himself down on a log.

First, one of his captors spoke. The man came out from the group, and as he talked he walked up and down in the open space before the king. An account was being given of the missionary's capture. "And," said Mr. Goodman, "while this was going on, I prayed that God would bring about a division in their counsels."

When the man had finished, up rose an old man, and by his gestures and the anxiety he displayed, Mr. Goodman saw with pleasure that he was pleading for him.

This gleam of friendliness — the first that day, and met with in the stronghold of his enemies—fell like genial warmth upon his spirits and encouraged him to hope.

Then a woman arose. She was a relative of the king, and, advancing before him, she bent before him and took his foot in her hand as a sign of submission. "Do not let this man die," she said. "My son at Tikonko has sent me a message pleading for his life. 'Do not let the white man die,' says my son; 'he is a good man.'"

Indeed, many messages had come to the king in the missionary's favour. "When we were sick," said the messages, "he has mended us; he has done us good; we like the way he has walked"—*i.e.* they liked his manner of life.

It was the old story — conduct and character had impressed the natives

after all, and they were not wholly ungrateful.

But, see! The king is about to give his judgment. The final decision is to be made. Is it to be death or life?

he became so weak that he could scarcely stand.

His bed was a sort of raised platform of beaten mud, about six inches above the floor, with a mat upon it.



(From a Water-Colour Drawing by Mrs. Vivian.)

THE DEVIL HOUSE AT TIKONKO.

(Where the town fetish or devil is consulted and propitiated.)

The king said: "This white man is our friend. He has come to do us good, and to give our picken (children) sense. He has nothing to do with the Government. He shall not die in my town."

Bravo, King of Bompeh! Thou hast more common-sense and right feeling beneath thy sable skin than some people would have supposed.

"I was surprised," said Mr. Goodman modestly, "to find how the influence of the Mission had spread."

At once his clothes were returned to him—all save his waistcoat, which was given to the leader of his captors: he was sheltered in a hut and allowed a measure of freedom—more freedom, indeed, than some of the natives who were prisoners. But, alas! he had escaped one great danger only to fall into another. The hardships he had undergone, and the malaria from which he had suffered, induced severe illness. Dysentery and black-water fever seized him: they shook him in their fell grasp until, from their power and poor food, Sometimes he slept in his clothes. But he became so sore from lying so long on such a hard resting-place that wounds were formed which troubled him for long afterwards. Such requisites as soap and towel were wholly wanting. The prospect, indeed, became very dark, and it seemed as though he had only escaped the savages to fall a victim to fever.

At first a boy waited on him, then an English-speaking Mendi: but unfortunately the king wanted this man, and his place was taken by another.

The news of Mr. Goodman's illness and imprisonment travelled abroad. It came to Tikonko, and his Mission boy Boyma sent him some quinine, which proved very beneficial. Then one day, though he knew it not, a friendly chief looked in upon him as he lay there so ill, and sent word to the English that one of their countrymen was a captive up there at Bompeh town, and Colonel Cunninghame promptly sent a demand that he should be given

up alive. A great force, said the Colonel, was coming, with plenty of guns, to rescue him. Curiously enough, a native declared that he had dreamed the same thing; he had seen in his dream a great English army with "plenty guns" coming for the captive Englishman. Let him, therefore, be sent to his countrymen.

But another cause was working in his favour. While Mr. Goodman had been ill a battle had been fought, and the Mendis had been disastrously beaten by those terrible English with their "plenty guns." The "war-boys" were sick of the war. "Send the white man down," they also said to the king, "to plead that the fighting may cease."

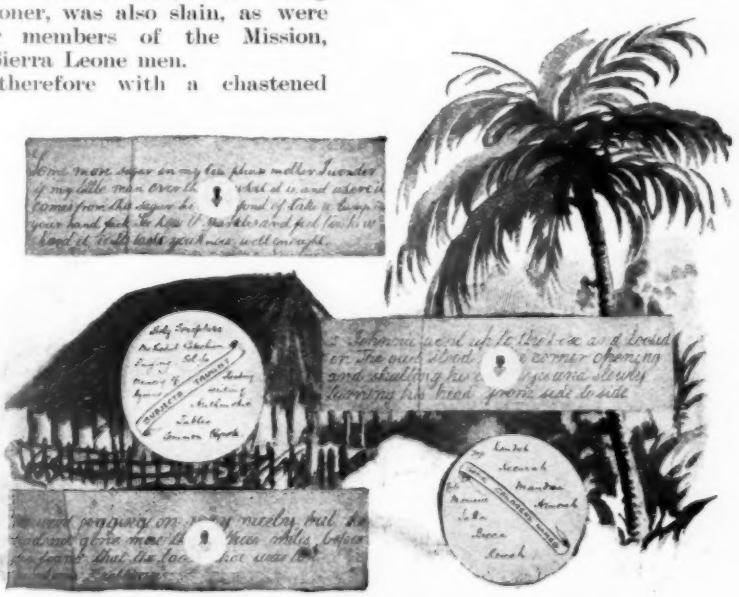
So it was decided that he should be sent. He was given boys to assist him in his journey, and by their help he made his way, though he could scarcely walk, down to the English camp. He arrived there on June 26th, eight weeks from that fateful day when he had seen the strange men loitering so suspiciously about his Mission farm.

Alas! he found that the Mission premises had been totally destroyed, and, worse still, that Mr. Campbell had been killed. Mr. Johnson, after being kept a prisoner, was also slain, as were some other members of the Mission, who were Sierra Leone men.

It was therefore with a chastened joy, and gratitude for his own escape, that Mr. Goodman slowly made his way to the coast. He remained at the camp but a short time, and was then sent on to Bonthe, Sherbro', where he recovered a measure of strength under the care of Commandant Alldridge. Finally, he reached Freetown on July 21st, and presently took ship for England.

When he returned home some of his friends scarcely knew him. His beard was marked with grey, his cheeks were hollow, and his bodily weakness very great. He looked like an old man. He has recovered wonderfully since then, and appears more like his natural age: but when I saw him he was still far from well. He suffered from the effects of malaria even yet, and from the evil results of the poison in his system. Four times in his nine years of missionary life has he suffered from the fell "black-water" scourge.

But since his return he has been manfully doing his duty in speaking to many audiences of his mission work; and, if the Committee should so decide, he is fully prepared to return to Africa and reinstate the Methodist Free Churches Mission in the heart of Mendiland.



SAMPLES OF WRITING BY TIKONKO SCHOOL CHILDREN.

(Arranged by Mrs. Vivian.)

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN FEBRUARY.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

(Photo: J. Phillips, Belfast.)

IN this democratic age the birthday of Sir Edward Coke (February 1st, 1551-2) can hardly be passed over. We remember him, not so much as the rival of Bacon and the prosecutor of Raleigh, as for his share in drawing up the Petition of Rights. Of his works, one part of his "Institutes of the Laws of England," long known as "Coke upon Littleton," has a place amongst the few classical law books which are familiar by name to the general public. Coke married for his second wife a daughter of Lord Burghley and grand-daughter of the great Cecil, who, in this same month, was raised to the peerage by Elizabeth on the suppression of the northern rebellion. His descendant, the present Marquis of Salisbury, belongs also to this month, for he was born on February 3rd, 1830. This is not the place in which to discuss a living statesman: let us pass to other names.

"Bob, you dog, if you're not Prime Minister, I'll disinherit you." That, we are told, was the way in which the father of Sir Robert Peel stimulated the political ambitions of his son. He became Prime Minister, and is not likely soon to be forgotten. His Corn Importation Bill is one of the pieces of legislation which mark an epoch. In London, too, he will be remembered for his creation of the present police system. Possibly there are many now who, hearing a police constable called a "peeler," forget that the name carries us back to the remodelling of the London police by Mr. Peel in the year 1829.



SIR ROBERT PEEL.

(After the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)



BISHOP HOOPER'S MONUMENT.

(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

The same month may speak to us of a statesman who helped to bring the nation through a crisis of another kind. On the last day of February, 1856, Lord Canning disembarked at Calcutta, and within five minutes after touching land proceeded to take the customary oaths as Governor-General of India. It fell upon him to deal with so appalling a crisis as the Indian Mutiny; he met it, as one of his biographers reminds us,

in a way that "places him high on the list of those great officers of State whose services to their country entitle them to the esteem and gratitude of every loyal Englishman."



BISHOP PATTESON.
(From the Portrait in the British Museum.)

February is not a great month in ecclesiastical anniversaries. But it was on February 9th, 1555, that John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, was burnt just outside his cathedral, where a monument to his memory now stands. It was in this month that Robert Leighton, sometime Archbishop of Glasgow, died in London in the year 1684. His commentary on the Epistles of St. Peter is still numbered amongst standard homiletical and expository works.

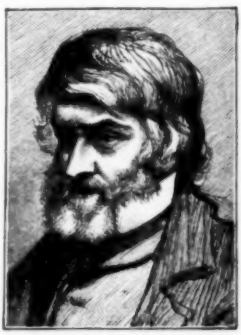


ALEXANDER MACKAY.
(The Pioneer Missionary of Uganda.)

February has some pathetic associations with the foreign missionary work of the English Church. It was on February 24th, 1861, that J. C. Patteson was consecrated at Auckland first Bishop for Melanesia. The story of his martyrdom is one of the most moving incidents in the history of modern missions. His successor, J. R. Selwyn, was consecrated in the same month in 1877.

On February 8th, 1890, there died at Usambiro, at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, Alexander Mackay, the simple layman whose work and early death did so much to rivet attention, not only on the Uganda Mission, but also on missionary enterprise in general. No modern example seems to have been more fruitful; but he saw nothing of the wonderful development of Uganda. The pioneer often does not live to look on the results of his own enterprise.

There are some who tell us that people do not read Dickens now. More is the pity! Yet the flat stone over the grave of Dickens in Westminster Abbey so often has a flower upon it, while others of no less famous men are bare, that the man must still be remembered as well as his books. He was born in this month in the year 1812, and died in June, 1870. Much of his character might be summed up in the benediction he put into the mouth of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one." In the same month of February, in the year 1881, there died an author and philosopher of another type—Thomas Carlyle, one of the most striking figures in English literature, and one of those whose reputation was world-wide. "When the devil's advocate has said his worst against Carlyle, he leaves a figure still of unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose, and inflexible resolution to do the right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye, and with his thoughts fixed on the account which he would have to render of his talents."



THOMAS CARLYLE.
(From a Pencil Drawing by George Howard, Esq., M.P.)

On February 23rd, 1807, Wilberforce's Bill for the abolition of the foreign slave trade was carried by a majority of 283 to 16. Sir Samuel Romilly contrasted the feelings of Napoleon with that of the man who would that night "lay his head upon his pillow and remember that the slave trade was no more." There was still, however, much to do; but Wilberforce lived to hear the news that the nation was willing to pay twenty millions for the abolition of slavery.



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.
(After the Portrait by Joseph Slater.)



THE STORY OF A CATHEDRAL TOWN.

By E. S. Curry, Author of "One of the Greatest," "Closely Veiled," Etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEARCH.

IT was Mr. Warde who, before the police arrived, organised and dispatched search parties. The visitors and servants from the Deanery, with his own and the Palace household, were scattered through the immediate neighbourhood, in less than half an hour from the first summons.

Marjorie was with her mother. Mr. Pelham—after a distracted visit to his own house, hoping against hope that he might still find the toddling child safe and rosy, sleeping in her cot—had brought servants back with him, whom he put under Mr. Warde's instructions. For Mr. Warde knew every inch of ground about, every possible danger into which the little feet might have strayed.

In the precincts of the cathedral, in the gardens throughout the neighbourhood, in every nook and secluded place, lights were soon flashing and voices calling.

All that anybody knew was little enough. Soon after eight—the hour at which Mr. Bethune and Marjorie had gone to the Deanery—nurse had gone to the garden to call the children in. She found it empty, and, pursuing her search into the cave, found reason to be alarmed. But she did not then alarm Mrs. Bethune. Returning to the house, which was strangely still, she had looked into the drawing-room.

"They have taken Barbara home," Mrs. Bethune explained. "They will soon be back, nurse. But it is getting late for the little ones."

She looked so quiet and calm on her sofa, resting, with the sense of her husband's love folding her round, that the nurse forbore to disturb her with her own sudden forebodings. But she put on her bonnet, and ran up to The Ridges, to satisfy herself against her fears. No Barbara was there; neither she nor the boys had been seen since the afternoon. Barbara's nurse—forgetting for a time her airs—accompanied her to the Canons' Court. Together they again searched the garden; the cathedral yard, where the darkness was settling down over the numerous graves and tombs; the shady Canons' Walk—calling anxiously the names of their respective charges. No signs were to be found of the children. Then nurse, without troubling her mistress, went to the Deanery, and asked for Mr. Bethune; and from him, when he reached his wife's side, had come the summons to Mr. Pelham and Marjorie.

A thorough examination of the cave, at nurse's suggestion, revealed the passage and its exit into the Palace grounds; resulting in Mr. Warde's systematic search throughout the parks and neighbourhood.

Marjorie recollected Sandy's visit to her room: and the discovery of the abstraction of the blanket from her bed seemed to prove that some larger scheme than merely running away must have been in the boys' heads.

Then a new fear was started. A visit to the little station at the bottom of the Green had seemed for a time to furnish a clue. The station-master reported that within the last week the two boys had been inquiring the price of tickets to Baskerton for a party of

five. He had been struck with the answer to his question — "All under twelve." But the children had not travelled by the only train that evening. The Dean, who had made this inquiry, thereupon went home, and ordered his carriage, and had himself driven over to Baskerton. It was five miles away, famous for its picturesque scenery and fishing, and was the scene of all the picnic parties about. Across the parks and by-lanes, filled with roses and honeysuckle, it was only about three miles off. David and Sandy, he knew, were well acquainted with its delights: they had often been included in his own parties there.

The route of the little brook for several miles was explored by a party of men from the Palace and The Ridges. The boys were known to frequent it, and a day or two before Sandy had been seen up to his waist in the water, trying to entice a lively water-rat.

It was wonderful how many people helped in the search. To all, the boys were well known, and, now that trouble had come upon them, well beloved. Their fearlessness and *bonhomie* were remembered, and their mischief only with indulgent excuses. And Mr. Pelham was taken to all hearts that sorrowful night, for the sake of the pretty baby who was lost.

No one was more energetic and suggestive than Mrs. Lytchett, no one kinder, no one more tearful. It was she who headed a search party through the cathedral, recalling to mind how Marjorie had once got herself locked up there nearly all night through a fit of obstinacy. But no children were discovered.

"If only the Bishop were here—he would know what to do," she sighed frequently, as news kept coming in that nothing had been found of the missing ones. They seemed to have vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. No one had seen them — nothing had been heard of them after Sandy's visit to his sister's room.

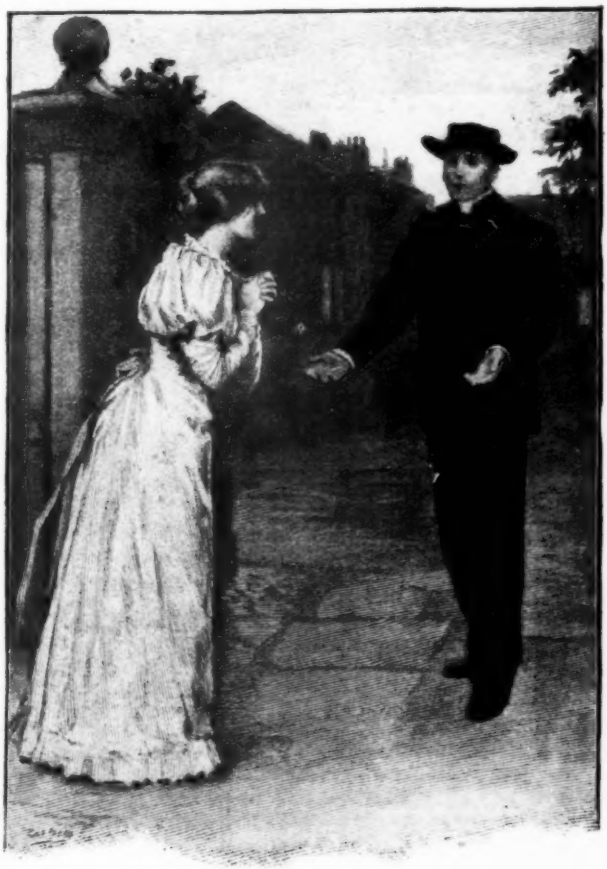
"But what could he want the blanket for?"

Mr. Warde, after two or three fruitless journeys, had again come back to the Court for news, hoping that somebody else might have been more fortunate. It was just on the edge of dawn, in that stillness when the first faint twitter of the birds is just beginning.

As he came down the broad pavement to the Court gate, the eastern sky was growing clear above the chimney stacks of the Deanery. Lights were still shining in the windows round, and, as he neared the gate, Marjorie came forward quickly.

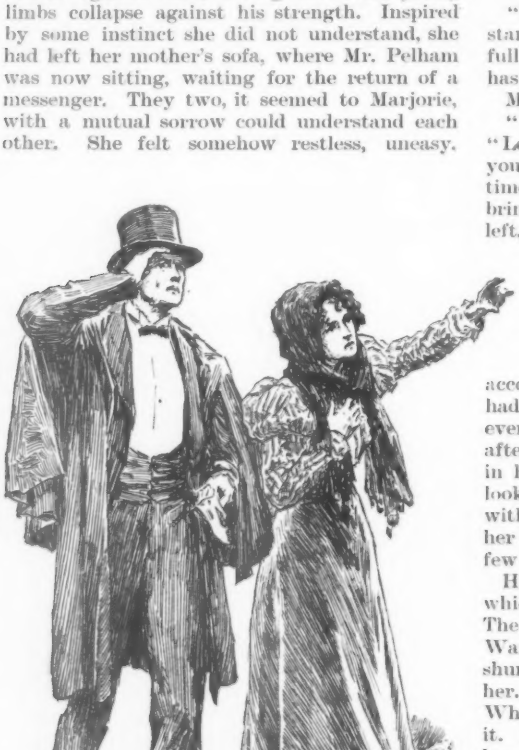
The sight of her wan face was a shock to him: she was still in the pretty evening dress, above which, in the twilight of the dawn, her neck and throat shone white. She had the air of some broken lily—desolate, woeful.

Mr. Warde's heart went out to her with a great compassion. His eyes grew dim as her wistful glance met his.



The sight of her wan face was a shock to him.

"No, dear, I can hear nothing," he said softly, putting his arm round her. Marjorie rested against him, letting her tired young limbs collapse against his strength. Inspired by some instinct she did not understand, she had left her mother's sofa, where Mr. Pelham was now sitting, waiting for the return of a messenger. They two, it seemed to Marjorie, with a mutual sorrow could understand each other. She felt somehow restless, uneasy.



"See! on that little tower on the chapel"

unworthy, as she coldly responded to Mr. Pelham's sympathy and care. At his suggestion she had come away to prepare some tea for her mother, and in passing through the hall had been lured to the open door by the sound of Mr. Warde's footsteps on the flagstones. The quick, firm tread encouraged hope. She could rest on him. The very sight of his kind, familiar face seemed to renew her strength and courage.

After a minute's silence, during which his hand had caressed the soft waves of her hair, he asked, "What could Sandy want the blanket for? I have been trying to think."

"So have we—mother and I. Poor mother!" Marjorie sighed.

"Is she alone?" he asked.

"No. Mr. Pelham is with her; he understands, he is tender and careful; and she is full of hope now—she comforts him. Father has gone to the river."

Marjorie gave a little shudder.

"You are cold," Mr. Warde said briskly. "Let me advise you, dear. Go and change your dress; put on something warm. By that time I shall have got some food and shall bring it in. I expect you have no servants left."

"No. They are all—somewhere."

She allowed herself to be led back to the house, and as he stood watching her ascend the stairs, the man's heart gave a bound of rejoicing. She had come to him willingly, of her own accord. What though it were sorrow that had brought her? She was his now for ever, of her own free will. He stood looking after her, with face upraised, a thanksgiving in his heart. And thus for the last time he looked on Marjorie, rejoicing. Never again without pain was he to hear the soft swish of her dress, the soft fall of her foot. But in those few seconds he lived through an æon of joy.

He could not guess the force of the feeling which had driven her from Mr. Pelham's side. The same sorrow that had sent her to Mr. Warde had also taught her that she must shun the man who could now be nothing to her. Marjorie's was a very simple nature. When she realised a fact, she did not play with it. Matter-of-fact duty was a real power with her. So she had responded to the strong training which the calm approval or disapproval shining in her father's quiet eyes had sufficiently imposed.

As the different search parties came back, all with the same "no news," Mr. Warde had a table of provisions brought out into the Court. He was too busy caring for the needs of the many weary volunteers to go again into Mr. Bethune's house; but nurse had by this time returned, and was tearfully waiting on her mistress.

"Nothing could have happened to them all," the Dean said briskly, "or we must have found some trace. It is the most mysterious thing I ever knew in my life. They are all together in some safe place, I feel convinced."

"My mistress thinks now that they are kept," nurse, overhearing, said; "she is sure the boys would understand that she would be anxious, and they are always careful about Miss Barbie. But if only we could know!" and nurse departed sobbing.

The dawn had broadened into morning, the tips of the cathedral spires were red in the

sunlight, and many of the unavailing searchers were at last going slowly to their homes. Nothing more could be done than had been done. Mr. Warde's servants were clearing away the *débris* of the meal; whilst he himself was again hurrying along the flagged path to the cathedral, with the intention of again thoroughly searching its many nooks and crannies in the daylight. He feared he knew not what, recollecting Sandy's adventurous spirit.

Mr. Bethune was sitting beside his wife, her hand in his, as once before that night, looking out upon the still garden. Marjorie, seeing them thus, noting the far-away look in her father's eyes (as though visions were being vouchsafed to the weary man, unseen by other eyes), noting, too, that his calmness was bringing a look of peace and trust to the wan face of her mother—turned involuntarily to the other bereaved and, as she remembered, so desperately lonely man.

"Come into the garden," she said, her eyes full of pity. "Now that it is light we have a better chance; we may find something."

He followed her across the dewy lawn, as she led the way quickly to the untidy corner so eloquent of the little workers. Spades and baskets lay scattered about; a cap of Sandy's hung on a currant-bush, where it had been put to dry after the washing in the bath; a large fragment of bread and butter, dropped in the hasty departure, lay in the path. The tears at last welled into Marjorie's eyes, as she saw Mr. Pelham stoop and pick up a little shoe.

"It is my baby's," he said softly. "God keep her!"

They paused together on the garden path, and Marjorie's eyes turned to the rose-tinged pinnacles of the beautiful cathedral. To all the dwellers in its precincts it was almost like a living presence, dominating all their lives and thoughts.

The length of the choir, terminating in the big central tower, was before them, whilst in the distance rose the twin spires. The morning mist was fleeing before the sun, now lighting each finial. Shadows still lay under the flying buttresses, and along the lower plane of the south aisle roof and chapel.

Mr. Pelham, after a moment's look at the girl's rapt face, turned also to gaze at the scene on which her eyes were resting.

Suddenly Marjorie gave a little cry, instantly suppressed.

"What is that?" she said rapidly. "See! on that little tower on the chapel?"

"I see," he answered, "something fluttering, you mean—something blue."

Both pairs of eyes were concentrated in a fixed and painful gaze.

"It is a ribbon," Marjorie said hoarsely. "Barbie was wearing——" She paused, turning her dilated eyes to her companion's face.

"My baby's sash—it is tied there," he said quickly; "it is a signal."

He turned to her, and for a second their encountering eyes were eloquent. Under the shock of sudden hope, the joy, the emotion, the agitation of the moment, the man's self-control vanished. His eyes spoke their message—hers replied—both of them taken unawares.

"Hush!" said Marjorie, putting up her hands as if answering speech. "I know the way," she faltered. "Father has keys; wait, don't tell them yet, till we are sure. It is the chapel roof, where they were mending. Sandy knew."

She turned swiftly, the man following with eager strides.

CHAPTER XI.

JUVENILE ADVENTURERS.

A BIG yew-tree hid the corner of the wall, where the adventurers, on their enterprise, dropped down into the cathedral yard. Numerous square tombstones and old monuments made splendid hiding-places. There was only one little bit of open space to cross, where the evening sunshine cast long shadows, and where for a few moments the strange little truant procession looked a procession of giants.

David and Sandy each held a hand of Barbara, she having declined to be carried. Ross and Orme followed solemnly. If anybody had met them, the boys would have turned down the path to their home, and their presence there would have seemed quite natural. But no one passed—no one was in sight. David had chosen the time for his move well. The Court households were busy preparing for dinner. And though windows commanded the cathedral yard, from none, as it turned out, was the start of the little party into the world observed. Once across the grass, they were soon hidden by the many projections and buttresses and corners of the walls.

In the angle of the south aisle and its chapel was the tiny room whence the spiral staircase started, in the thickness of the wall, up to the clerestory of the choir. It also led through a narrow door lower down, on to the roof of the south aisle. Sandy knew all the keys of the cathedral, and the place in Mr. Galton's house where each hung. The door of the little room was, however, open; Mr. Galton therefore was somewhere about, though he often lingered on his last look round. They must be quick.

In a few minutes the excited children were

mounting the spiral staircase. David went first, helping Barbara's unaccustomed feet; Sandy came last, having closed the little door of communication at the foot of the stairs. They were embarked on their "climb up the mountain." Issuing through the narrow door which came first in sight, the delighted children found themselves in the wide gutter at the base of the roof. Guarded by its low parapet, it was as safe as their own garden, provided they did not attempt to climb. David gave strict orders that they were to keep under the "shelter of the forts," and on no account to show their faces to the enemy.

Up here, they were in another world—a delightful, wide, spacious world, whence they could look down on the earth they had left. The Palace grounds lay below them; beyond were the parks, intersected by their hedges, like the sections of a map. From the flat chapel roof they could see their own garden and Mr. Warde's, with the Deanery trees beyond.

"Ross, and Orme, and Barbie, remember you're our family now, and you must do what you are bid," was David's solemn reminder to them of the altered condition of things.

Up and down the children ran, with a pitter-patter of clamouring feet on the leads. Barbara was a little unhappy because she could not make as much noise as the boys, owing to the make of her shoes, and to her misfortune in having lost one in transit. Sandy set this right.

"Stop the march!" he ordered. "You'll give notice to the enemy, you duffers"—this to the wide-eyed boys—"where we are." So they stopped. Ross then proceeded to clamber on hands and knees up the incline of the roof, and, turning, to slide down on his other side. This amusement lasted all three some time. When their clothes looked pretty well spoilt, the fun palled. Then came supper, the crowning act of the evening's proceedings. After this, they intended to return to ordinary life and the earth they had left; abandoning their fortress till another opportunity arrived. They intended to be at home before they would be much missed.

But all this had taken longer than they thought, and when the "family" was called to its repast the little boys refused to be hurried. With much self-denial, this meal had been saved. They meant to enjoy it. By the time they were satisfied, the darkness and cold were beginning to be appreciably perceived.

Then Sandy hugged himself for his pioneering knowledge.

"No settlers goes wivout blankets," he announced. "Knew we should want it."

"Hurry up," David urged, beginning to be a little alarmed at the aspect of things in their aërial world. "We've got to get Barbie home. It's time to go."

Ten minutes later the boy turned a white face to the expectant babes behind him. He and Sandy had pushed with all their might at the little iron door, which had so easily admitted them to the roof. It was fast and firm—locked up securely for the night—and they were prisoners. Probably they would not be released until the workmen arrived in the morning.

"I wouldn't mind, if we could let mother know, not to be frightened," the boy said, "and Barbie's father. Think, Sandy; couldn't we let 'em know?"

Sandy desisted from fruitless bangings on the door, propped his elbows on the parapet, and put his head between his hands in the most approved attitude of thinking. Possibly, this attitude was useful for another purpose than thinking. Sandy was only seven, but he had a fervent belief in his mother's fragility, and in the power of himself and his brothers to keep her laughing presence on her sofa or to banish her elsewhere. He had heard things said which made him realise that a very little thing might transfer her to a narrower couch—in a sunny, railed-off corner just under the cathedral walls. Already a little white stone marked the resting-place of "Archibald, aged one year." Sandy sometimes pitied Archibald for being all by himself there. He had one day suggested to his mother that "P'raps one of us ought to go and mind him—as he was so little." For answer, the mother had gathered the bright head on to her breast, fervently breathing, "No, Sandy, mother can't let one go, not the very littlest bit of any of you. God is minding little Archie better than we can."

So up there in the air, within sight of the familiar garden—within sound almost of the mother who as yet was not concerned about him—her little son may be excused if, in process of his thinking, he blinked away a tear. The responsibility was so great. This had been his scheme more than David's. And there was Barbie's father, too. But he wasted no sentiment on him.

"My finks is all in a mess," he said at last, lifting his face. "On'y we must signal. It's like a desert island up here. P'raps we might frow down something."

The gathering darkness, alas! hid the fluttering signal which, after some protestations from Barbara, they tied to a carved projection. It was the longest thing they had about them. How tiny it looked up there, they did not realise.

The little feet were growing weary, the "family" by this time were showing signs of restive discontent.

"Ain't we got no beds in this home?" asked Ross, his hands in his pockets, his legs wide apart, surveying the leads, of whose hardness he had made ample trial.

"Not yet," said Sandy cheerily. Whatever he felt himself, he was not going to let the babes be unhappy, if he could help it. "On'y pioneers to-night. Beds have to be made."

"Nur' did maked Ross's bed—see'd her—mornin'," announced Ross in a dissatisfied tone; and he brought his brows together, and signified generally that he was disgusted.

"No barf?" inquired Orme, planting himself by his elder brother in a similar revolutionary attitude.

"Bar?" echoed Barbara, unwilling to be kept out of whatever anarchy might be going. "Barbedie's bar?" she inquired of Sandy; and it said much for Sandy's ability in translating languages that he quite understood what she was demanding.

David turned out his pockets, in the hope of finding enough string to let down a basket, or a letter describing their distressed condition. But the utmost length they could attain, when every pocket had been ransacked, and all their ties, and hat ribbons, and pocket-handkerchiefs tied together, was about midway down the long windows. No hope that way, even if the darkness of the summer night had not by this time settled down upon the land. David gave it up at last.

"Somebody 'll p'r'aps remember us," he said with a catch in his voice. "Mother——"; and then, for the sake of his manhood, he stopped short. No one remembered having ever seen a tear from David.

"We 'd best put the fam'ly to bed," suggested Sandy at this period.

"They 'll be awful cold," responded David.

"Not in the blanket, an' us sittin' close round outside to keep out the cold. Hens sit on their little ones, so do cats—curl round 'em, that is—and there 's our jackets," said Sandy lightly.

But first there were remonstrances from the babies to combat, when it was explained to them what they were expected to do.

"Orme kicks an' frows off all the clothes," objected Ross.

"So do Ross," eagerly excused Orme. But the novelty of Barbara as a bed-fellow was some consolation.

"Barbedie no go bed—in f'ock," remarked Barbara indignantly.



David and Sandy pushed with all their might.

Sandy plumped down upon the leads, and took her on his insufficient knees.

When she was quite settled there, with her arm round his neck to keep herself from slipping, Sandy explained matters.

"It 's 'stead of your nightie-gown, Barbie," with an entreaty in his tone, in itself a sufficient betrayal of weakness to the baby's feminine

intelligence. "We forgot to bring your nightie-gown."

"Fesh it," she ordered, looking up at David, who stood by.

"Can't, Barbie—very sorry," David said apologetically.

"Fesh Barbedie's nightie-gown," she said majestically to the two revolutionaries.

But not all the boys' chivalric devotion, unstinted through that troublous night, could produce the desired garment. At last, arrayed in David's coat as a substitute, over her own dainty garments, little Barbedie Pelham fell to repose.

By this time the two little boys, huddled together like kittens or young puppies on the outspread blanket, had fallen fast asleep. Barbara was snuggled in beside them, and the blanket carefully wrapped round the three. Sandy and David, with their backs against the parapet—the latter with Barbara's head upon his knees, whilst Sandy's performed the same office of pillow for his little brothers—prepared to win through the hours of darkness as patiently as they might. No word of reproof or bitterness had been said by either boy. Each bore his share manfully of the difficulty, for which both were perhaps equally responsible.

Down below, the lanterns flashed in and out of the ruins, and across the Palace grounds. Voices called, which, if the boys heard at all, seemed to them only the distant sounds of the day, to which they were accustomed. Their own frantic shouts some time ago, even Sandy's whistle, had been unheard and unheeded.

When the midnight chimes rang out softly over their heads, Sandy, rousing, said sleepily, "We forgot somefing, Dave. I've been dreamin' 'bout it."

"What?" David asked. He had not yet slept, and his mind had been busy, thinking, wondering, sorrowing, chiefly about his mother. In difficulties, hers was the personality which always presented itself to her children.

"We've forgot all our prayers."

"Say them now," suggested David after a pause.

"It'll wake 'em!"

"Not if we don't move."

"Will it be proper prayers sittin' here?"

"Old Mrs. Jones always sits in church," suggested David.

"I b'lieve her legs won't bend."

"Mother can't kneel down," David said in a low voice.

"More she can." Sandy was hopeful again at this thought. "There's two apiece," he went on thoughtfully, "and one over. You say yours an' Ross's—I'll say mine an' Orme's. How 'bout Barbie's? We couldn't say half each, could we?" doubtfully.

'No; we will both say Barbie's prayers for her," decided David.

The low voices stopped. For a space there was silence. Then Sandy spoke—

"Have you nearly done, Dave? I've got as far 's Barbie's."

There was no response, and Sandy, respecting the silence which he took for the hush of devotion, held his peace, and essayed for the third time his evening prayer.

In a few moments, whilst below was desolation and the anguish of bereavement—up above, under the stars, all the children slept.

CHAPTER XII.

FOUND!

MEETING no one, Marjorie and Mr. Pelham hastily ascended the spiral stairs.

Issuing on to the leads, Marjorie glanced hastily round. Together they hurried, till, under the little turret, they stood beside the, as yet, unawakened group. It looked very pathetic in the morning greyness, the little huddled-up party, which the sun had not yet reached.

The man's frame trembled as he stooped—doubting, fearing, his keen eyes noting the care which had been bestowed upon his little child. Not much of her was visible—only a rosy cheek, under the tangle of hair which lay across David's knee. The boy's body had sunk slightly as the muscles relaxed in sleep; and he and Sandy were now propped together. Both of them were jacketless: Sandy's little body was covered only by his vest.

David's hand lay protectingly across Barbara, over whom his jacket lay outspread. She was warm and rosy; so were the two babies curled up under the little coat—a scanty covering of which Sandy had divested himself.

Marjorie sank down beside Sandy. He looked white and wan, and there was a look of disturbance and unrest on his sleeping face. His head rested uncomfortably against David's shoulder. Solicitously, she gathered his unprotected little body into her warm arms; and at her movement he opened startled blue eyes upon her.

"Is it mornin'?" he asked; then quickly, "Is the fam'ly safe?"

"How could you, Sandy?" Marjorie asked, tenderly kissing the impertinent little nose turned up to her. And that was all the reproach Sandy ever heard.

"Didn't mean to, Margie," eagerly. "The door got locked 'fore we got down. How



"THE LITTLE HUDDLED-UP PARTY."

did you guess we were here?" he went on, the fascination of the "game," now that he again felt safe and irresponsible, filling his imagination. "Was it the signal?"

He listened much gratified, as Marjorie described how the fluttering sash had caught her sight.

The children woke one by one, Barbara climbing into her father's arms to be divested of her strange night-clothes. She returned the coat to its owner, with a gracious "Barbedie's done."

Sandy and David listened amazed to the warmth of Mr. Pelham's thanks.

"You have been good to my baby. I shall never forget it, never. You are two little men."

With hurrying, trembling fingers, Marjorie tidied up the children—some impulse making her wish her mother's first sight of them to be wholly without alarm. Barbara refused to leave her father's arms, so her rescued sash was tied on under his eloquent eyes. Now that they had once delivered their message, they were masterful and compelling. Marjorie's fell before them; but something in the quiver of her lip, and the wanness of her face in the sunlight, under his closer scrutiny, made him hasten to speak. He caught her fingers, and they lay for a moment pressed close against his breast.

"Mine, Marjorie! Mine now," he said. "Dearest, do not shrink," he whispered, turning hurriedly to see what was producing the startled change in the kindling face before him. Mr. Warde stood in the doorway surveying the little scene.

With just a glance at the two, who for the moment had forgotten everyone but themselves, he stooped and picked up Orme—a disconsolate, woe-begone baby, whose ideas would need much readjusting after this eventful night.

The others followed, pitter-patter down the stairs, and along the gravelled path. But it was Marjorie who entered first through the open door into her mother's presence.

Mr. Bethune still sat beside his wife's couch. He put up a hand to hush the intruder, but Marjorie saw beyond him the wide, questioning eyes and the wave of colour rushing into her mother's face. She did not know that she herself—radiant, sparkling, with a look upon her face only to be seen on a maiden's face in presence of her beloved—was sufficient herald of good news. It scarcely needed her words.

"All quite safe, mother," even if Sandy's rush past her restraining hand had not told the tale.

The children entered like a conquering army. Mr. Warde slid Orme, murmuring satisfaction, down on to the sofa beside his mother, and watched with an unaccountable pang at his heart as she gathered them all into her arms. The parents accepted David's rapid "Didn't mean to, father," and his explanation of the mishap which they had never counted on—too glad to see them safe, too accustomed to their enterprise, too certain that what they said was true, to give the scolding they perhaps deserved.

As the news of their safety spread, sympathisers flocked in. Like a young turkey-cock lifting up its crest, Sandy stood a captive at Mrs. Lytchett's knee, his jacket held tightly in her firm grasp.

"I hope your father's going to whip you," she said severely.

"Ain't," said Sandy.

"Then he ought. Do you know you've nearly killed your mother?"

Sandy's glance crossed the room, his conscience giving a repentant twinge.

His mother's laughing, merry eyes met his, and repentance fled.

"Let me go, please," giving his jacket a tug. "I want to go to my mother." Sandy always said "My mother" when he wished to be impressive.

Mrs. Lytchett watched him insinuate his small body to his mother's side, where he stood defiant, only the mother guessing all that the clinging clasp of his fingers round her arm was meant to say.

Marjorie came down to say that the little ones were safe in bed; and David and Sandy walked off beside her with uplifted heads.

With the house still, and the children of which it had been bereaved once more within its walls, with the need for exertion and control giving place to a languor which would not permit sleep, Marjorie felt a load like lead descend upon her. In spite of visions that came to her wakeful senses, of ardent eyes and a tender tone, although her fingers tingled still with the warm clasp of those stronger ones, she was very unhappy. On her bed, alone with rushing thoughts, staring with wakeful eyes on to the green bravery outside her window, she thought over all that had happened, and knew that she had played a sorry part. An engaged girl—she had let another man make love to her. Marjorie shrank as she realised her action.

"What have I done? It came to me upon the roof! Oh! why didn't I find out before? What can I tell Mr. Warde? How can I tell him that I never cared for him a bit? Is it I—can it be I, who have behaved so badly? But I must tell him, straight away. Not a minute longer than I can help will I be so double-faced."

At her usual hour she dressed and went downstairs. The empty breakfast-room added strength to her resolve. Pausing but for a

moment on the doorstep, to catch at her slipping courage, she ran down the flagged path of the Court, and knocked at Mr. Warde's door.

Mr. Warde, like herself, had been wakeful. Marjorie's face on the roof had been a startling revelation. And yet he had to confess to himself that in his inmost heart he had gauged rightly her love. Even in the dawn, whilst he had rejoiced at its expression, a cold hand had seemed to pluck it away. And now—he had seen her kindling face—he had seen the mounting flush, he had seen the love-light in her dark eyes, in that glance when he had surprised the lovers. It was a very different girl who had borne his caresses, when for a few moments she had leant her tired body against his strength.

He realised it all. She loved Antony Pelham; she only bore with him.

Entering Mr. Warde's house, the door at the end of the hall leading into the garden stood open before her. Many a time in her childish life, Marjorie had sought her friend by way of the study window. Some impulse now made her seek that mode of approach. It was a French window, not quite open to the ground. She had to mount two steps, and step over a low framework, which in former days her small feet had found a sufficient barrier.

The window was wide open. Marjorie tapped upon the pane. Mr. Warde was sitting at his bureau, and she could not see his face.

"May I come in?"

As the loved voice fell upon his ear, the man rose, and pushed the letter he was writing aside.

"Like old days, Marjorie," he smiled, coming forward to meet her, but his face looked pale and drawn.

Something in hers, something to him admirable in the courage which had prompted her visit—for he knew why she had come—some desire to save her pain made him say:

"I was writing to you, Marjorie."

"Yes?" Her troubled eyes sought some comfort from his.

"But now you have come—it was good of you to come, Marjorie—I did not like to disturb you, or I would have saved you. Sit there in the old place—your chair has never been moved."

But instead, Marjorie moved restlessly to the window, and looked out upon the trim luxuriance of the rose-filled garden. Her courage was oozing fast in face of his kindness and the old associations.

"I came to tell you," she said slowly, "that what I said the other day was wrong. I have found out—that I cannot——"

"I know, Marjorie. No need to say it," he said softly.

"I have behaved very badly," she went on. "I let you think I cared for you. I did not know—then. I never did care. I never can—I know now." Unconsciously her tone took a note of triumph, which made her hearer wince. He forced himself to reply:



She put up her hands to ward off his speech.

"It was a mistake, dear. I realised that it was only a chance—that you were but a child whom I have loved very dearly. That is it, Marjorie. That is how it is between us."

She lifted her foot over the threshold of the window, and the straying rose-branches fell about her. She looked very slight and young, as she stood there for a moment, the sun burnishing the bright tendrils of her hair into a halo round her face. The man's soul went out in a sigh of longing as he saw the beauty of the picture—saw her standing as he had dreamt she would stand, his own loved possession, in her home.

"I think you will be happy," he forced himself to say; "I think Mr. Pelham——"

She put up her hands to ward off his speech, and her face grew scarlet.

"Good-bye," she said softly.

There was a rustle of soft drapery, a hasty footfall, a blank. The window was vacant. The man stared at it, still for a moment possessed with the vision of her presence. Then he turned, and looked painfully round the luxurious room.

All was there that man could want—every expression of a cultivated taste. As he looked, his loneliness—the loneliness that would never now be satisfied—fell in desolation round him.

The adventurers were gathered on the lawn on a rug and cushions Marjorie had found for them. After a long sleep, as school was out of the question for that day, they had spent some hours in shovelling the earth back into their hole.

"Never knew such a funny fing in all my life!" Sandy had exclaimed during this process. "It all came out, and on'y 'bout half will go in. How do you splain that, Dave?"

"Don't want to explain," said David, jumping in and stamping vigorously. "It 's got to go, whether it will or no."

"It 's like a grave," Sandy said, observing him. "On'y there's nothing buried. You'll get buried in a minute, Orme, if you don't look out."

"Me s'ant."

"You will. There!" as a clatter of earth fell over and around the busy baby. "Didn't I tell you so?"

Orme looked round, his chubby moon-face a surprised interrogation. Then as fast as he could trot, he went off to his mother. To her he imparted the information that the "'ky had fell, an' it was a dirty 'ky."

It was after they had tired themselves with digging that the four had sought Marjorie and a fairy story. In the middle of this, when the prince and the heroine were engaged in a customary understanding, Marjorie suddenly broke off in her narrative and relapsed into thought.

"Seems, Margie, as if you felt dreffle 'bout something," said David.

Marjorie did not reply. Her thoughts had ascended the hill, and there was a dreamy, unseeing look in her eyes.

Almost every day Ross and Orme go and stamp upon the mound of earth in the corner of the garden, the monument of the boys' enterprise. Ross does it out of hatred, and Orme in the hope of bringing down the "ky."

But to Marjorie that mound tells a tale of love, found and won—and mistakes buried, happily before it was too late. Sometimes her young brothers wonder at some unlooked-for expression of affection, and look at her reproachfully, resenting the sudden kiss. Sandy one day said to her—

"Why did you kiss Orme — sudden — like that? He ain't gooder than usual — an' he's dirty."

"Yes, I like him dirty. He reminded me——"

She stopped at the sound of a step.

"'Minded you? Your cheeks get redder an' redder the nearer Mr. Pelham comes. 'Minded you—what?"

"Of that dreadful night," she whispered.

But it was no "dreadful" reminiscence that shone in the welcome of her uplifted eye

THE END.

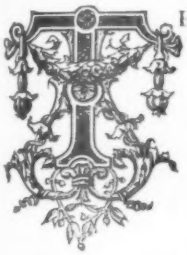


Marjorie suddenly broke off in her narrative.

THE POWER OF A GREAT PURPOSE

"None of these things move me."—ACTS xx. 24.

A Sermon Preached before the Queen by the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor



HE "things" of which St. Paul spoke were very definite things indeed. They were the things which befell him as he continued to fulfil his ministry and to proclaim the Gospel in Jerusalem and elsewhere. It is true he says that he did not know the things that would befall him when he reached Jerusalem. He meant that he could not exactly describe beforehand all that would happen to him. But his experience of the past could have left him in no doubt as to the sort of experience that awaited him in the future. Bonds and imprisonment, persecution in its many different forms, opposition to the great message which he had to deliver, contempt and ridicule, hardship and toil, pain and the risk of death—these were the things with which his experience had been filled since he became an apostle of Christ. They were the things which, as he well knew, he should have to encounter whithersoever he might go. They were the things which he had clearly before his mind when he declared "None of these things move me."

As he speaks the words, we are at once placed in the presence of that life which is one of the great treasures of the Church of Christ—that life, the record of which has animated tens of thousands of the soldiers of Christ, and has encouraged myriads of sufferers in their times of need, and has, over and over again, made men heroes and martyrs. Delicate health, unceasing toil, bodily suffering, constant privations, long journeys by sea and land, long imprisonments, cruel scourgings, vexations and disappointments, and the ever-present danger of death—such were the experiences of that life. We, as we read the record, wonder at the steadfastness and endurance which made such a life possible. And while we admire the set purpose and the unflinching courage of the man, we pity him for the things which made up the experiences of his life. But he does not for a moment pity himself. On the contrary, he says of it all, "None of these things move me."

What did St. Paul really mean by saying that the sufferings of his life did not move him?

Is he speaking the language of mere bravado? Have we before us a man who is merely giving utterance to great swelling words? Is this some proud and foolish boaster who does not mean what he says? Men of this sort are not by any means uncommon. We have not to go far to come across those who, to judge by their fine words and their swaggering boastfulness, are brave and good, and superior to others, but who are, in reality, cowardly and mean and contemptible. Such men are to be met with in all departments of human life—in the family circle, in society, in politics, in the church. But no one that ever lived on this earth has been farther from the character of an empty boaster than the Apostle Paul. There were two reasons why it was impossible that he could ever have been a mere boaster. One reason is that he was absolutely true to his very heart's core. The other reason is that all his thoughts of himself were thoughts of the very deepest humility. The man who could feel himself to be the "chief of sinners," and whose whole life was manifestly sincere and true, was quite incapable of a windy boast. It is plain that mere bravado could have had nothing whatever to do with the words "None of these things move me."

Then, are his words those of a Stoic? Are we listening to the language of one whose philosophy has taught him that human virtue could have no more conspicuous triumph than to be able to suppress every emotion of the soul, and to petrify into a marble death that warm, living thing which God has given to every man, and which we call his "heart"? There were those in St.

Paul's days who were philosophers after this sort. They were the men who succeeded in killing all feeling. They practised their philosophy so well, and were so obedient to its principles, that they were never conscious of a real transport of joy, and refused to acknowledge any pangs of sorrow. They turned themselves from men into marble statues. A Stoic could move about the world with a cold, contemptuous smile upon his lips; and as he passed through scenes of joy and happiness, as he listened to the happy laughter of an innocent maiden, or watched the bounding joyousness of a young man in the heyday of his youth, as he looked upon the agonies of bodily suffering, or witnessed the bitter tears of some bereaved one, or stood in the presence of the terrible realities of death, he could say—and say it with truth—"None of these things move me."

Is it with this stoical indifference that St. Paul speaks? We might as well imagine that the sun could become cold and dark, as that the warm, tender heart of the apostle could become stoical. A very cursory glance at that life, so full of love and tenderness, is enough to tell us that there could have been nothing of the Stoic about the apostle. A single moment's recollection will bring to our memories words that he spoke or wrote, which could only have come from a nature that was sensitive, tender, and emotional. St. Paul was one who loved strongly and felt deeply. He was easily lifted up with joy, and cut to the quick by pain and suffering. His love and sympathy flowed out to all around him. He welcomed the love and sympathy of others. The warm heart that was in him spoke to and influenced the hearts of others; for, as Goethe says,

> "You never can make heart throb with heart
> Unless your own heart first has struck the tone."

Assuredly he was far from being anything approaching to a Stoic. On the contrary, he was a man who daily grew more and more into the likeness of Him Who suffered, and felt, and loved more than any other man, Who, in his wonderful tenderness and boundless sympathy, is the Great Model for us to copy.

When, therefore, St. Paul said, "None of these things move me," he could not possibly have said it out of the cold, passionless heart of a Stoic.

What, then, did he really mean by what he said? He himself has made plain to us what he meant. He says that he must finish his course with joy, and the ministry, which he has received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Nothing must interfere with the fulfilment of his ministry. That ministry was his life's work, to which he had been specially called. There could be no possibility of mistake about it. From the time of his conversion no shadow of a misgiving or doubt concerning it had ever for a moment crossed his mind. He was absolutely certain that he was commissioned by God to testify the gospel of His grace. His mission was to go whithersoever the providence of God might lead him—over land or sea, in sunshine or in storm—in order that he might proclaim the great message of the love of God. The thought of that mission so entirely possessed him, so penetrated his whole being, that nothing in the world could turn him aside from it, even for a moment. And the steadfast purpose of his heart to fulfil his ministry at all costs is breathed out in his words, "None of these things move me." He meant that nothing, however vexatious or disappointing or painful, could hold him back from his great work. The Holy Ghost had witnessed to him that bonds and imprisonment awaited him. It made no difference. Nothing could move him. He had received his charge to preach the gospel, and preach it he must.

We cannot but admire this courageous steadfastness of purpose, this unswerving faithfulness. But behind it all, and inspiring it all, there was the clear, bright, living faith—the open eye of his soul—which looked full on the great reality of the love of God. His faith was absolutely convinced of the love of God to him and to all mankind. The great certainty lighted up an answering love in his heart towards God and towards all men; and therefore, come what might, he must preach Christ. No doubt steadfastness and courage lie in the words, "None of these things move me." Yet even more are they the words of faith. He who speaks them is one who *knows* in Whom he has believed.

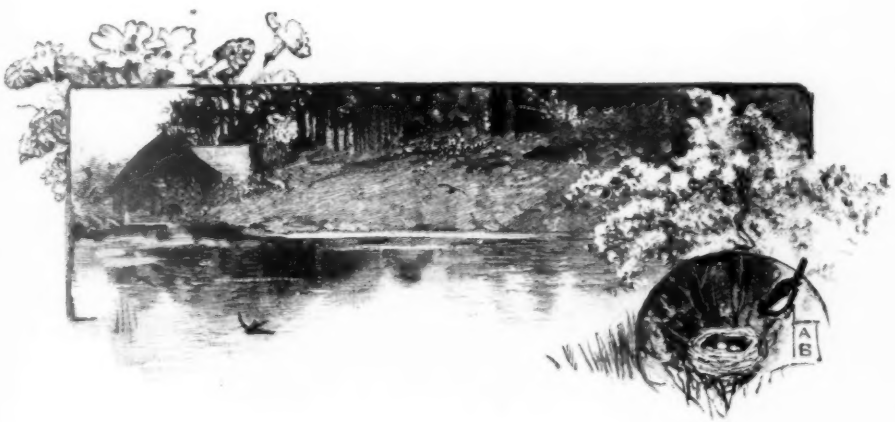
Why is it that we are not able to do greater things for God? Why do we so easily lose heart? Why does our energy so quickly flag? Why are our sacrifices so poor and small? Why does our courage so soon ebb away? Why do we so cry out when we are hurt? Why is our endurance so short-lived? Surely the reason is plain. If we had the strong faith of St. Paul, instead of a faith that is so often feeble and halting and irresolute, we should be better able to pass through the varied experiences of human life and say, "None of these things move me. Nothing can move me from my trust in God and from the work which He has given me to do."

But there is a further meaning in the apostle's words. They express the living faith which inspired the steadfastness of purpose with which he clung to his life's work. Yet they express more than this. As he speaks there is a scene before his eyes which, no doubt, he had often witnessed. He sees the runners in a race striving together for victory. He sees the one who, when the race is run, receives the prize. He sees the joy of victory that beams in his eyes as the chaplet is placed on his brow.

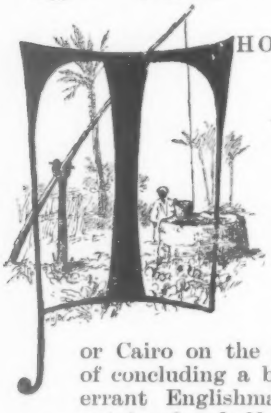
It is a picture of himself. He is running in a race. He is still in the midst of the course. And he expects to finish his course with the joy of victory. That is the hope set before him, and from that hope nothing could move him. It is out of the assuredness of that hope, which he knew would not be disappointed, that he can say of all his troubles and anxieties, "None of these things move me." He meant that nothing could shake his hope of finishing his course with joy. For was not that hope founded upon the promises of God? Was it not bound up with the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead? Had he not received ten thousand tokens of the faithfulness of God? His hope was no delusion—no baseless fabric of a dream. It was a certainty of which nothing could rob him.

It is a joy to us to remember that what was St. Paul's hope is ours also. For it is the hope of the Christian. It is the hope of glory set before all the followers of Christ. Let our faith only grasp the love of God, and win our lives from sin to the service to God, and then this blessed hope will become the golden treasure of the lives that have been renewed.

We live in a strange and sad world. Dark clouds of mystery are around us on every side. Vexation, disappointment, suffering, pain, death, confront us, and we cannot escape them. We are, more or less, sufferers all and mourners all. Oh, that we might be able to say, not with the boastfulness of fools, nor yet with the icy indifference of Stoics, but with humble faith and ever-brightening hope, "None of these things move me"! Blessed is the steadfastness which nothing can move either from the conviction of the love of God which the cross of Christ reveals, or from the path of duty which lies before us, or from the Christian hope of the life to come.



TWICE ROUND THE BIBLE CLOCK



THOSE travellers who have noticed how turbaned or fezzed native merchants will gladly wait for half a dozen hours under the colonnade of some hotel at Tangiers or Cairo on the doubtful chance of concluding a bargain with the errant Englishman, which does not involve half a dozen francs, may have some idea of the small value which the modern Oriental sets upon his time. The sun is his only clock, and even that suits him rather to bask in than to scrutinise. The thoughts and habits of men change even less in the East than the features of Nature, and we are confronted with just the same easy elasticity as regards anything to do with definite hours when we restore for ourselves the sacred scenes of the earlier Bible history, and put back the timepiece of our own contemplation for two or three thousand years. To the Hebrew or Canaanite of Joshua's day the phenomenon of the "sun standing still," conveyed into Holy Writ from the highly wrought poetic imagery of the lost Book of Jasher, would be little of a miracle—that luminary was often stationary for the popular convenience.

Exact notes of time are very hard to discover in the Old Testament. We have for the most part to depend on such expressions as "dawn," "morning," "noon," "heat of day," "cool of day," "evening," "twilight," "night," and no attempt that Hebrew scholars have made to set those terms in their correct chronological order has met with more than very partial success. The word "hour" is itself mentioned only once: Dan. iv. 19. It seems difficult to suppose that some simple method of measuring the hours was not in use, such as the trickling of sand or water from a vessel, but our knowledge on the subject is scanty. We must even resign ourselves to the prosaic probability that the famous sun-dial of Ahaz was a very different contrivance from the lichened stone pillar, with weather-beaten brass face, which we associate in the Western world with the odorous lawn of some sequestered manor garden. It is more likely that Ahaz had upon his terrace a slanting tower, upon a certain number of the steps of which the shadow fell. Such towers were known in ancient India. The only formal computation of time that we can discover in the Old Testament is by three watches. There was the "beginning of watches" (Lam. ii. 19), from sunset to 10 p.m.; the middle watch, Judges vii. 19 (we speak of this incident later), from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.; the morning watch, from 2 a.m. to sunrise (Exodus xiv. 24), when the Lord looked on the Egyptians, and discomfited them in the midst of the Red Sea.

But the rough and ready indications of hours, supplied by the progress of the day from dawn to darkness, were quite enough for the men and women of the

earlier Hebrew centuries, and if we are willing to shake off our Occidental precision and the tyranny of Greenwich, many a Bible scene would take a place upon the clock with moderate exactitude. It is in the glow of the rising sun that Abraham gazes upon the destruction of Sodom, that Jacob beholds the face of the Unknown who has wrestled with him at Peniel, that Achan is marked out before the congregation for the doom of his theft, that Hannah asks God so earnestly for the son for whom she longs; that poor, over-persuaded Darius hastens to the den of lions, to see whether his faithful favourite Daniel is alive. It is in the very early hours that Giant Goliath struts out to defy the armies of the living God, and that fair Rebekah rides away, with the day-spring on her face, to meet the love which has been predestined for her, beyond the plains of Padan-aram. It is in the heat of the day that the three mysterious Visitors greet Abraham at his tent door, and that Saul completes the slaughter of the Ammonites and wins the hearts of his people. It is at high noon that Joseph provides Benjamin with a dinner five times as large as that of his other brothers, in the sunny courts of Pharaoh, and that Ishbosheth's siesta leads to his



THE BIBLE CLOCK.

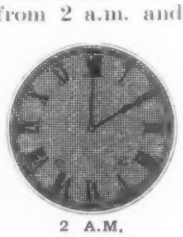
assassination at the hands of the sons of Rimmon. It is towards evening that the weary dove returns to the ark's refuge, that Joshua takes down the bodies of the five kings from their gibbet, that Ezekiel's wife dies, and that the haunted life of King Ahab ebbs painfully away. The night scenes are numerous. It is in the darkness that the hosts of Sennacherib are destroyed, that the awful cry is heard in Egypt on the death of the first-born, and that, while Belshazzar banquets, the Angel of Death "is whetting his sword upon the stones of Babylon." We survey these pictures, so far as their exact hour is concerned, through the haze of Oriental indefiniteness, but they have been limned for ever by the genius of inspiration upon the retina of universal humanity.

When we come to New Testament times we are, at least by comparison, on more reliable ground. It was certainly Roman influence which brought the system of hours into Palestine. That this system existed in our Lord's day is undoubted. "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" said Jesus Christ Himself.

There were two modes of reckoning, one used by St. John and the other by the rest of the New Testament writers. St. John counts his hours just as we do, from midnight to noon and from noon to midnight. His fellow-evangelists reckon from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. and from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., according to the ordinary Jewish fashion. We may add in passing that the Romans divided the night not into three but into four watches. These watches lasted three hours each. Thus, when Christ appeared to His disciples walking on the sea "in the fourth watch of the night," it must have been some time between 3 and 6 a.m.

Let us now say a few things about the big, bald clock face, with no hands, with which we have furnished those who are jogging along with us on our chronological quest. Our clock makes a bold attempt (the first, so far as we know) to fix a Scripture event on to each hour of the twenty-four. We do not profess that the proofs which we can offer for the time of each event are equally sound, but we have made it a rule that sheer guess-work should never be employed. Consequently, there is a partial failure. We have succeeded in discovering no reasonably probable event for 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. May we console ourselves with the reflection that in Eastern countries most people during those hours are asleep? Except as regards the particular incidents we are about to consider, we will leave our big clock to tick his own tale. Whatever his faults, he is not half as much of a story-teller as another of his kind would be, who had been neglected in a lumber room for over twenty centuries. Let us, however, just defend one or two selections which might seem groundless or arbitrary. What authority have we for alleging that our Lord's friends endeavoured to arrest Him, as being "beside Himself," at 11 a.m.? This, St. Mark shows us in his minute and vivid way that owing to the insistency of the crowd the Master and His disciples could not take their meal. The usual hour for this would be about eleven in the morning. Then we have ventured to place the feeding of the five thousand about 4 p.m.; for the month was April, and St. Luke tells us that "the day began to wear away." We cannot, therefore, be very far out. Again, Jairus would hardly have come to our Lord before late in the afternoon, for Christ had had a long day and a voyage over the lake; the people also were waiting as though they expected Him earlier. And since the two Maries and Salome would be all eagerness to procure their spices for the anointing of Christ's body, and could not buy them till the Sabbath ended at six, they would not accomplish their shopping later than 7 p.m.

Now let us take out our watches and check them by our big clock. We will picture for ourselves some scenes in Old and New Testament history at the hour in which they happened. For such hours the evidence is in most of our instances good, and in the rest more than tolerable. Our selections shall start from 2 a.m. and go on in due order up to midnight.



2 A.M.

At this hour, when the stay-at-home often awakes for a little after his "first sleep," and the modern roysterer is thinking about his pillow, St. Peter stood in the glare of

the coal fire, while darkness still shrouded the most dreadful night in history. St. Luke (xxii. 59) clearly tells us that there was an hour's interval between the denials. We may well believe that the nerves of the sturdy but emotional apostle were all on edge from the surprises and horrors through which he had already passed. Scared or nettled by the inquiry of a sharp maid-servant, he takes the primary step in a sin of which the very blackness is a beacon for aftertime of the far-reaching power of divine forgiveness.


4 A.M.

"The musky daughter of the Nile, with plaited hair and almond eyes." This is how Oliver Wendell Holmes prettily, if too fancifully, describes Hagar. The pathetic dismissal by the patriarch of this ill-starred Egyptian and her son Ishmael, has always been a theme dear to poetry and art. We are not astray in shedding over the picture the grey tints of earliest dawn. "Abraham," we are told, "rose up early in the morning," and it seems probable, from the narrative, that the unhappy business was concluded before Sarah was about. The wife of an Arab sheik would rise betimes.

We are fairly secure in fixing this for the hour on that memorable Sabbath when, after the six days' single investiture, Joshua ordered the seven priests, with the seven trumpets of rams' horns, to bear the Ark seven times round the walls of Jericho. "They rose early, about the dawning of the day." The date, calculating from the previous Passover, was about April 23rd. The dawn at this season would bring us roughly to 5 a.m. Jericho was a city of considerable extent, and allowing that it took the procession an hour and a half or more to finish each of the seven circuits, it is not likely that the leader would be able to exclaim, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city," and to command the massacre, till 6 p.m., when the Sabbath would be over.


5 A.M.

The old method of the commentators, which made St. John reckon his hours like the other three evangelists, would place the call of himself and St. Andrew at 4 p.m. The theory that St. John counted his hours as we do is supported by the high authority of Bishops Wordsworth and Westcott, and many others. It surely gives a more natural sense to this passage: The two apostles abode with their Master, after their call, "that day." It would be a short day which began at four in the afternoon, instead of ten in the morning, and St. Andrew's search for his brother, together with St. Peter's subsequent call, are recorded in "that day" besides.


10 A.M.

It was at noon, upon the knees of his mother, that the son of the Shunammite lady died. We remember how the little boy, the cherished child of many prayers, toddled out to meet his aged father in one of those rich harvest fields which nestled round the base of Mount Carmel; and how, smitten by the fierce Syrian sun, he called out to his father, "My head, my head!" and a lad carried him home to his mother. The picture is none the less fresh because we look upon it blurred by the tears of many generations, and the simple story ends in smiles, for God, through Elisha, graciously gave back the treasured life.


12 NOON.

The hour of prayer at the Temple. Here we are chronologically as secure as if we had heard three o'clock struck by the clock at Westminster Abbey, where the week-day service is held at the same hour. When we read this account of the miraculous healing, at the Beautiful Gate, of the cripple who was over forty years old, we may recall the story of Pope Innocent III. and St. Thomas of Aquinum. "You see, son," said the Pontiff, as they surveyed the massive ingots being carried into the Vatican, "the day has gone by when the Church


3 P.M.

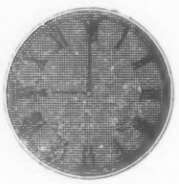
need say, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "Yes, holy father," responded the honest saint, "and the day has gone by, too, when the Church could say to the paralytic, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk.'"

"God is a Spirit" was the sublime revelation made by Christ to the woman of Samaria by Jacob's well at Sychar. If St. John counted his hours according to the Jewish habit, the sixth would, of course, be noon, but a woman would be more likely to come to draw water, according to Eastern custom, ancient and modern, in the cool of the day, than during the burning heat.



6 P.M.

Nine o'clock at night was a judicious hour for the dispatch of St. Paul, under an armed escort, from Jerusalem to Cæsarea. The apostle's young nephew had bravely divulged to the Roman captain, Lysias, a plot on the part of some Jews to assassinate his uncle. In this matter, Lysias acted as a man of wisdom and honour.



9 P.M.

With the exception of noon and midnight, there is no hour so exactly marked as this in the whole of the Old Testament. The noble and heroic Gideon and his three companies blew their three hundred trumpets, and crashed their pitchers, and flashed their firebrands, "in the beginning of the middle watch, and they had but newly set the watch." The middle watch, as we have said before, lasted from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. This terrific signal for the attack on the Midianites must have been given, therefore, about 11 p.m.



11 P.M.

Of the many midnight scenes that are available, we will choose one that is remarkable, not for its profound ethical teaching, its tenderness, its tragedy, but, if we may say so with reverence, its humour. Samson lifting the gates of Gaza upon his back, and carrying them up "to the top of the mountain that is before Hebron" (R.V.), is one of those stories which delighted our childhood, and which will never be displaced by any recital of the glories of latter-day athleticism. The gist of this incident is to be found in the cleverness with which the Philistines, proverbial then as now for their stupidity, are outwitted by the prisoner, whom they fancied they had trapped so securely.

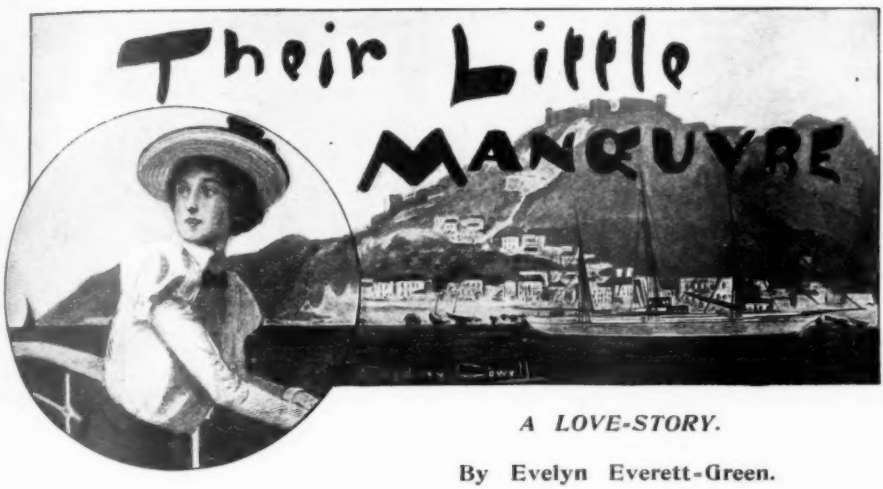


12 MIDNIGHT.

It may be that, as we lay our big clock aside, and return our watches to our pockets, some scenes of the sacred Long Ago will shape themselves more clearly and definitely for the future in our remembrance, because we shall associate them with the hour at which they occurred. We have not sought to disguise the fact that, so far as time goes, a mist of incertitude must always cling round events, however momentous, which took place in any Oriental country, and at a remote age. But we shall understand our Bible all the better, and its unchangeable and imperishable essence will be the more vital to our souls, as we realise that the Almighty was pleased to reveal Himself to a people whose modes of thought and whose ways of life were widely different from our own.

As might be expected, the languorous and unpractical Orient soon lost the impress of Roman preciseness in the matter of hours. The average native of Palestine to-day is as careless about time as he was when Abraham completed his pilgrimage from Ur of the Chaldees. Nor is this truth without its curious analogy in that life immortal into which we believe those holy men of old are entered, with whose earthly deeds we have been concerned. There is no time where they have gone. In the sight of the King before Whose presence they stand, "a thousand years are but as yesterday, seeing that is past as a watch in the night." And we think, too, of that Dial, hidden somewhere in the archives of the Eternal, whose awful Hand points to the Hour, unknown even to the angels in heaven, "when the Son of Man cometh."

Their Little Manœuvre



A LOVE-STORY.

By Evelyn Everett-Green.

THE *Auguste-Victoria* was steaming with dignified deliberation into the harbour of Gibraltar. The exquisite lights of a clear February morning were shining over land and sea; and Dulcie, at her port hole window, was gazing with eager eyes over the smooth, shining ripples of the sea, and longing for a run on deck and a good look about her.

But Dulcie's cabin-companion, a frail invalid, who had been wintering in Madeira, and was on her way to the Riviera, where the spring months were to be spent, was still lying prostrate and wan in her berth. She had suffered severely during the thirty hours' passage from Funchal to Gibraltar; and Dulcie would not leave her till she had had some breakfast and had been made comfortable for a quiet sleep.

She crossed the cabin and bent over her.

"We are in now, Aunt Mary. There, do you hear? That is the rattle of the anchor chain going down. I have sent for your tea and toast. They will be here directly. Let me make you comfortable; and after you have had something to eat you will get off to sleep, and wake up quite brisk. We have no more Atlantic to face now. Only the blue, blue Mediterranean. Oh, it does look so calm and beautiful!"

Dulcie fairly danced about the floor as she waited on the invalid. This cabin was in itself a luxury—not just a gangway, with berths on one side and lounge on the other: but a small room with space to walk about, and a fixed wardrobe in which to hang clothes—as different as possible from the accommodation on the mail-boat which had taken them from Southampton to Madeira in October. This was a great pleasure steamer, which had left New York ten days or so ago, touched at Madeira, and was bound on a cruise through the Mediterranean to the Orient.

Dulcie had come out with a party of rich relations, mainly to take charge of Miss Martin, the semi-invalid "Aunt Mary." The Meredith party had wearied of Madeira by this time, and Miss Martin unspeakably dreaded the return journey in the mail, with the horrors of the Bay of Biscay and the perils of Ushant to face. They had eagerly availed themselves of the chance of returning by this splendid German-American pleasure steamer; and Dulcie's heart was all in a flutter at the prospect of what she was to see. To-day Gibraltar, to-morrow Malaga; and thence a trip up to Granada, the place, of all others in the world, that she longed to see! Then Algiers, then Genoa; and

so to the Riviera, whence she was to be sent home; as, when once in Europe, and with no more sea voyage to face, her company could be dispensed with. But what a lot of the world she would have seen by that time! Certainly there were compensations sometimes in being a poor relation whose services could always be commanded.

Just as Miss Martin was sipping her tea, and finding relief at last in the steadiness of the great vessel at anchor, handsome Arabella Meredith came bustling in, in travelling trim, with a light cloak over her arm.

"Oh, Dulcie," she said, "we find that we leave for Granada at once. We do not do it from Malaga; but only join the boat again there. It is an affair of three nights. I'm sorry you will miss it; but, of course, Aunt Mary cannot be left all that time, and before she has got over her sea-sickness. Good-bye; we'll tell you all about it when we meet. I daresay you'll manage to join a shore-going party here and at Malaga, and you'll have the boat nice and quiet. Everybody's off on shore for Granada."

She was gone. There was trampling and calling overhead. The agent who arranged the shore excursions was marshalling his recruits. People were rushing down for wraps and hand-bags: all was hurry and confusion. Mrs. Meredith just ran in to kiss her sister and warn Dulcie to look well after her. Then she, too, disappeared, and Dulcie was left biting her lips to keep back the tears. She realised that Miss Martin could not be left for so long, and that before she had recovered the tossing in the Atlantic. But to miss Granada! Oh! it did seem hard when she was so near, and Aunt Mary had promised to pay the expenses of the trip for her.

Miss Martin settled to sleep, the sleep of exhausted nature. Dulcie went on deck to find the huge boat almost empty. Even those passengers who had not cared for the fatigues of the Granada expedition had gone to spend the day ashore. The steamer was not to leave the anchorage till seven o'clock that night, and then only steam gently under lee of the shore to Malaga.

Dulcie's was a happy nature; despite the keenness of her disappointment, the beauty of the scene before her eyes did much to chase sorrow away. Was she not looking upon one of the grand sights of the world? Was not that the lion-faced rock she had longed to see? And oh, how glorious were those solemn African mountains! and what an exquisite view she had of the wonderful harbour, the town climbing up the steep heights, and the white Moorish city crowning one of the low hills! There was Algeciras; she recognised it from its position, but she longed to know more of her surroundings. Oh, if Mr. Carlyon were but here, what interesting things he would tell her!

Dulcie felt her cheek suddenly glow, and she leaned over the rail, looking down into the water and growing dreamy. How was it that it was always that face which came between her and the page of her book when she read, or intruded itself into her visions, waking and sleeping, at night? Why was it that the thought of missing *that* companionship on the Granada trip was the real trouble to her, though she scarcely dared admit it? What was Mr. Carlyon to her?

He had only been three weeks in the hotel with them at Funchal: he had come from the Cape, and it was rumoured that he had made a fortune there. He was evidently a great traveller. He seemed acquainted with every land under the sun. His thin face was very brown; and the dark hair was silvered at the temples, though the fine silky moustache was still quite black. He was tall and well-knit in figure, with regular features and very penetrating eyes of a rather dark blue: a handsome and distinguished-looking man, said to belong to a good old family. But he had lived a life of travel and adventure, and had known hard times. If he had made his fortune now, at the age of forty or under, he had known plenty of buffeting about in his earlier life.

"I wonder if he will come back engaged to Arabella?" mused Dulcie; "I know the people at the hotel talked about it. He was so much with us. Does Arabella care for him? He attracts her. That very gentle chivalrous way he has with all women is so different from what one meets with generally in these days. Oh, I do hope, if it is to be, that she really cares. I think he is a man who would give everything without reserve, if once he loved. And she? Oh, it is not for me to judge; perhaps I am a little jealous.

Sometimes she seems to have so much—more than she can use. But I must not let myself think unworthy thoughts. I have had a lovely time. A winter of sunshine and happiness, and now this wonderful trip home. To let things be spoiled for me, just because *he* has gone with them and I am left behind! Oh, that would be ridiculous! ungrateful! horrid!"

With a brave effort Dulcie flung away disappointment. After her sleep and dinner Miss Martin was well enough to come and lie out on deck, wrapped up in rugs, and enjoy the sunshine; and, hearing of a party of American ladies going for an hour or two ashore in the afternoon, she sent Dulcie off with them; so that, if she did not see what others did, at least she wandered up the narrow, busy main street of the town, saw the jostling crowds of semi-Moorish and mixed European nationality; drove out to Catalan Bay and Europa Point, and sipped delicious chocolate in a delightfully Moorish-looking restaurant before getting back to the ship.

"We have had a perfectly charming afternoon," she told Miss Martin when she got back. "We had not time or energy for the fortifications; but I don't think I mind that. That great lion rock is enough for me. I have seen Gib'; and made a few little sketches. I am quite, quite happy and content."



That day was like a dream to Dulcie.—*p.* 322.

II.

"HOW perfectly exquisite!" exclaimed Dulcie.

The great vessel was lying at her anchorage in the beautiful harbour of Malaga. The smooth water lay almost without a ripple, dreaming beneath the misty glories of the spring sunrise, the delicate opals melting into the deeper green and blue of the ocean away towards the horizon, but nearer at hand so tender and pearly in tint that Dulcie held her breath to watch; and seemed as though she would never move again.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Grey!"

Dulcie wheeled round with a great start, the colour flushing her face from brow to chin.

"Mr. Carlyon!" she almost gasped.

"Well, not his ghost certainly, though you seem to think so."

"But—but—I thought you had gone to Granada?"

"I started off yesterday, certainly, with that intention; but I found I could not stand being one of three hundred tourists! I had not realised that sort of travelling before. It has wonderful advantages for untravelled folk, but somehow it did not suit me. I went with them to Ronda; I wanted to see that. But Granada is an old friend of mine. I did not want its memories desecrated. I think I am not exactly a gregarious animal. I made my way to Malaga by night, and found the *Auguste-Victoria* had already arrived. So, you see, I have turned up like a bad halfpenny, and, if Miss Martin is well enough, I should like very much to be allowed the pleasure of showing her and you what there is to see in Malaga. It is not a great deal—not enough to be fatiguing; but, if you have not been in Spain before, it will give you an idea of a pleasant Spanish town."

Dulcie's face was all in a glow; her heart seemed dancing with joy. The sunshine took a new brightness, the flocks of white sea-gulls circling round the vessel and about the harbour seemed to be crying joyously one to the other. The soft breeze blew the loosened tendrils of hair about her happy face and sparkling eyes.

The thin face of the traveller brightened as he watched.

"Let us see if we cannot get some breakfast first. We will make love to the head steward and ask if they will not let us have it in that little boudoir, as they call it, on the top deck. I hate going below on a morning like this, and I am just starving after my night's travel."

Mr. Carlyon was one of those men who always get things done in their own way. The beauty of the morning and the news of Mr. Carlyon's plan quite roused Miss Martin, who had now recovered from the effects of the Atlantic, and after her day's rest was disposed to bestir herself. She was quite ready even at that early hour to let Dulcie dress her, and help her up the many stairs to the upper deck; and there in the pleasant little "boudoir" was an appetising breakfast awaiting them.

That day was always like a dream to Dulcie, and, indeed, so were those that followed, for Mr. Carlyon proved himself the most charming and entertaining of companions. They had a boat ashore, and then a carriage, and they drove through the white town, and over the wide stony bed of the almost empty river to some exquisite gardens, belonging to Spanish grandees, now absent in Madrid, and wandered about them, whilst Miss Martin rested in the many arbours, seeing beautiful views and delighting in the flowers, which, if not so plentiful now as they would be later on, were fair and sweet and abundant.

On the day following they visited the grand cathedral and examined its many pictures, some of which were of no small interest, and drove out to the red buildings of the great bull-ring, and saw the curious structure and the weapons and saddles of the riders. Everything was empty and deserted at that time of year, for the bull-fights only begin in April. But Dulcie could picture the scene in all its splendour and horror, under the golden Southern sunshine, and gave a little shudder, feeling glad when her companion told her that he had never seen a bull-fight, though he had lived for a time in Spain.

"They are always on Sunday, for one thing," he said, "and I—well, I have had a rough-and-tumble life, and there have been times when Sundays have been strange days with me. But I could never bring my mind deliberately to go to such a scene on such a day; even if I

could have made up my mind to witness the brutal spectacle as a matter of curiosity, or from the feeling that it was one of the sights of the country."

And Dulcie liked and respected him the more for this confession. It seemed to make a fresh link between them.

Miss Martin watched them as they paced to and fro upon the long deck at such times as they were not ashore; and sometimes a sparkle would come into her eyes as she observed the way in which Mr. Carlyon's glance would dwell upon Dulcie's bright face.

"It looks to me very much like——And really I should not be sorry. Poor child! she is so much alone in the world; and I can do nothing for her. All my money goes to Arabella and her brothers—that's the worst of being an unmarried woman; one has no control over one's money; if I had, I would have made a little provision for the child. She is a good little thing. But I don't think Janet will be best pleased. Arabella, with all her good looks, does not go off. As I tell Janet, it is her temper—she has been so spoiled. Everybody can see it; she is absolutely selfish. I did begin to think that Mr. Carlyon was attracted; but I suspect now the attraction was in another direction. Well, I only hope there won't be a terrible rumpus when they get back. They were reckoning, I know, on this trip. They meant to make him their special escort; and when they learn what has really happened! Well, they can't bully him, that is one comfort; and I'll try to protect Dulcie. But Arabella is a minx when her blood is up; and Janet knows how to make me afraid. It's ridiculous to be afraid of one's sister; but sometimes I am."

Just about sunset that evening the shore became black with hurrying forms, and the harbour was crowded with boats. The Granada party was returning to the *Auguste-Victoria*, to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" played by the band; and Mr. Carlyon with Dulcie stood laughingly watching the embarkation of the weary, travel-stained tourists.

"I expect they have only enjoyed it very moderately; Granada would be bitterly cold at this season. 'April or May is the time to see it. Ah! here comes your party! They don't look very happy in their minds. I'm not sure, after all, Miss Dulcie, that we unenterprising people haven't had the best of it!"

"I have had a perfectly lovely time!" cried Dulcie with one of her sweet, direct glances; "you have been so kind to me!"

His face lighted; it was such a kind one



Arabella swept fiercely past, carrying Dulcie with her.—*p.* 324.

when it did, though it could be stern, too, on occasion.

"And you must see Granada another time—at the right season."

"Ah me! I fear not!" answered Dulcie, with a little laugh. "But never mind; one can't be more than perfectly happy!"

"Dulcie, is that you? Do take my bag; I'm so tired I don't know what to do with myself. Oh, Mr. Carlyon, there you are! I wonder you have the face to speak to me again, after your base desertion in our hour of need!"

She tried to speak archly; but temper

and spite were in her tone, and the gleam in the eyes that rested first on Dulcie and then on him was not at all pretty to see.

"I left you under most capable guardianship; but I found my own enthusiasm unequal to the demand made upon it. There is such a thing as making a labour of a pleasure. Old fellows like me get beyond that in time."

Arabella swept fiercely past him, carrying Dulcie with her.

"When did he join the ship again?" she asked fiercely.

"On Tuesday morning," answered Dulcie quietly.

Arabella, red and pale by turns, cross-questioned her as to every event of the past days, which Dulcie gave truthfully, though with a sense of coming trouble.

Then the storm burst. She had seen Arabella angry before; but this was a unique outburst, and before it she stood dumb.

III.

"OH, Dulcie, my dear, we are in sad disgrace," cried Miss Martin, half laughing, but distinctly agitated as well; "really, Janet is unreasonable. As if we had anything to do with Mr. Carlyon's change of plan! As if a man like that would not have gone with Arabella if he had wanted her! But Janet can never see things fairly, and, oh! the scolding I have had! And now, my dear, there is only one thing for us to do, if we don't want our heads snapped off. We shall weigh anchor almost at once, and they say it will be rather rough when we lose the shelter of the Spanish coast. I am just going to bed quietly at once, and you are to stop down and take care of me, and not show yourself above deck at all until to-morrow midday, when everybody has got off at Algiers, and Janet has made sure of Mr. Carlyon's escort."

Dulcie's cheeks were burning; her eyes were indignant.

"What have I done that I should be mewed up like this? Of course, as long as you are ill and want me, auntie, I don't mind anything, but you are not ill yet, and I do love seeing the ship move off, and all Malaga is collecting upon the two great breakwaters to see us steam away!"

"Oh, my dear child, don't begin to argue. My nerves won't stand another scene with Janet. If we do as she says we shall have peace, and 'Peace at any price' is my motto. We shall be at Algiers to-morrow midday; they will go ashore with Mr. Carlyon. He will take them to Mustapha Supérieur, and they will all stay the night there. We can do our little sight-seeing quietly by ourselves, and be back on board and out of sight before the rest get back. The crossing to Genoa takes from Saturday evening to early Monday morning, and I shall be glad enough to lie down all that time. I am afraid it will be dull for you, poor child! but it's no good crossing your Aunt Janet. You had better keep quietly here with me, and then at Genoa, as you know, you are to take the train back to England, and we go on to the Riviera. I should have liked to keep you all the while. I shall miss you sadly; but Janet——"

Dulcie was busying herself over her aunt's belongings, to hide the tears that would come welling up. She had so looked forward to seeing something of the life on board the big boat during the days at sea in the peaceful Mediterranean; but here she was compelled to remain a prisoner in the cabin, dependent upon the port-hole for light and air; and 'all because——But that would scarcely bear thinking of: it was humiliating, unbearable.

Pride, however, and a sort of maidenly shame kept Dulcie below, and, as the passage to Algiers was really rather rough, she had her time taken up by attendance on her aunt. Miss Martin was not well enough to get up till they had been two hours or more at anchor, and then did not feel equal to going ashore that day.

But, at least, Dulcie could pace the almost deserted deck from end to end, and gaze her fill at the beautiful town built up and up against the side of the hill. She could see the Arab dresses of the motley crowd upon the quay and along the handsome boulevard in full view, and distinguish between the fine houses and towers and spires of the French town, and the white walls and minarets of the Arab quarter away on the right. She longed for the next day to come, when

they would go ashore and explore the wonders of the place.

Miss Martin was quite recovered by the morrow, and anxious to see something of the town. They procured a carriage and a guide, and drove for many hours, and, though the elder lady did not feel equal to the exertion of walking through the native quarter, whose streets were far too steep and narrow for the carriage, she sent Dulcie with the guide, who showed it to her very well, and she gazed about her with breathless interest at the strange veiled women, and brown turbaned men, and the little dark-eyed children playing in the gutters.

Yet throughout the day Dulcie was conscious of a heaviness at heart, a sense of unsatisfied longing which she was afraid to analyse or think about. All that she saw was wonderful, much more so than what she had seen in Malaga, but to compare her pleasure in the two was impossible. One day seemed all sunshine; this other was overcast and dull by comparison. She was conscious of being always on the watch for one face—a face of which she caught no glimpse the whole day. She found herself constantly wondering what the rest were doing, and whether Arabella was finding out what a delightful guide and cicerone Mr. Carlyon could be.

They went back to the *Augusta-Victoria* before the bulk of the passengers; for Miss Martin was really tired, and Dulcie agreed with her that it might be well for her to go to her berth before the vessel started, since there was the prospect of a mild tossing when they were once outside the harbour.

Mrs. Meredith came in presently, a good deal more gracious than before, but still a little tart in her manner towards Dulcie.

"We shall meet a head-wind when we get out of harbour," she observed. "You must take care of your aunt, Dulcie, and remain with her. With her weak heart, she should not be left alone when there is any fear of sickness coming on. When we reach Genoa, I will put you and your baggage into the hands of some competent guide or porter, who will take you to the train, and you will book yourself straight through to England."

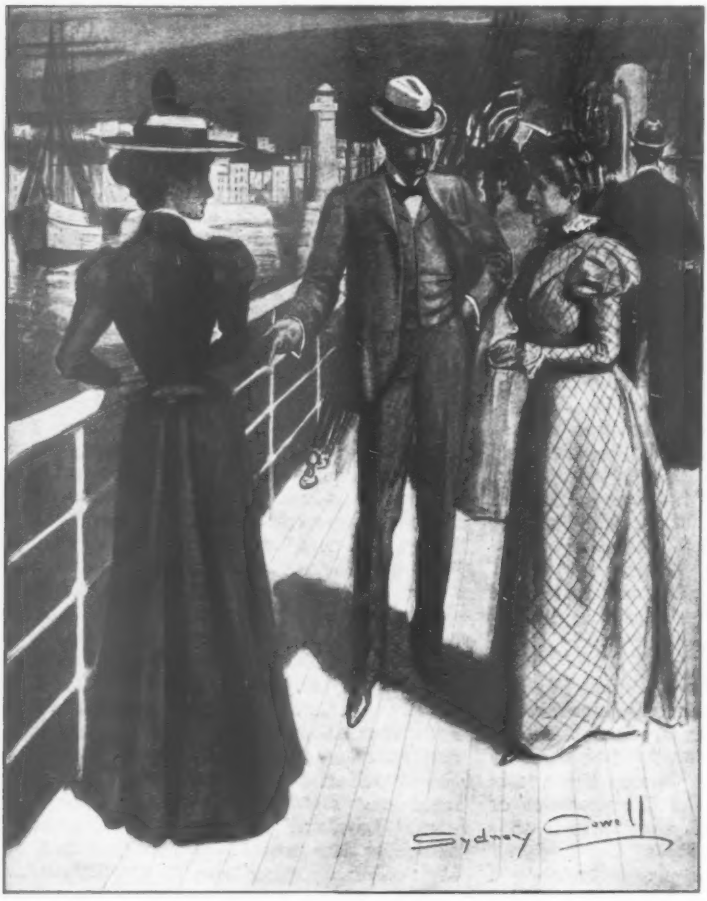
Dulcie understood perfectly. Arabella had thought her in the way. It was a planned thing that she should not see Mr. Carlyon again, even to say good-bye. And she was quite helpless. She could not seek him out—her girlish pride and modesty alike prevented that; nor could he try to see her. He would be told that she was either laid low herself or attending upon one who was in such case. Upon that crowded boat, when its complement of passengers was on board, there would be only a remote chance of encountering him even were she to steal up for a mouthful of air. At meals she might have met him; for he was certain to sit in the same saloon with her relations, even though the pleasant "boudoir" might not now be available; but to meals she was practically forbidden to come. And, indeed, Miss Martin was sufficiently ill during the whole of the next day to keep Dulcie in pretty constant attendance upon her.

Nearly all that night Dulcie lay awake in her berth, thinking strange yearning thoughts; and wondering whether she would ever cease to feel that weary sense of heartache. Miss Martin slept soundly at last—so soundly that she heard none of the noises of the vessel's slow approach to its moorings in the magnificent harbour of Genoa; was not aware when Dulcie slipped out of her berth and dressed herself with dainty precision in her neat blue travelling costume. She slept on and on so peacefully that the girl felt no scruple in leaving her. She must get a little fresh air and have her breakfast above deck. She must watch the entrance of the stately vessel into the wonderful historic harbour. The hour was very early yet. Nobody else would be astir. It was her last chance of seeing the world. She slipped out of the cabin, ran up the many flights of steps to the promenade deck, and looked about her with wide, wondering eyes at the forest of shipping by which they were surrounded, and the buildings of the town stretching away in all directions.

"Dulcie!" She started and faced about, the colour flooding her face; he was close beside her, holding out both his hands. In his eyes there was a look of purpose she had never seen there before; her own fell before it, her heart was beating so fast she could find no voice in which to answer.

He came and took her hands in his; he bent over her and spoke in quick, vibrating tones that thrilled her through and through.

"Dulcie, forgive me if I am too hasty—too bold; but what am I to do? They have kept you away from me, child; and I have tried in vain to get speech with you. There is so little time to say what I would. I would have spoken it all so differently if I could. But yet I can say it all in a few little words. I love you, Dulcie—I love you. I cannot live my life without you. You are young, child, and I am getting old; but I think, with you beside me, I could learn to be young again. Dulcie, will you give me something to hope for? Do you think you could let me come and try to win your love?"



"Dear me—how things do turn out!"

She looked up at him for one dazzling moment, and in that moment read the half-discovered secret of her own heart.

"I—I—love you already," she answered very simply; and then she felt herself being drawn, close, close to his side.

Was it minutes or hours later that she heard a sharp voice calling her name.

"Dulcie, Dulcie, where are you? Is your luggage ready? Have you had your breakfast? Be quick. Oh——"

Mr. Carlyon stepped forward, smiling.

"Congratulate me, Mrs. Meredith. Your niece has done me the honour to promise to be my wife. Would it be possible under the circumstances for her to remain with you at Mentone? I know Miss Martin favours that plan."

Mrs. Meredith was woman of the world enough to know when she was beaten; and, after all, was it not better to have such a man as her niece's husband than as a mere acquaintance? Besides, her hopes of securing him for a son-in-law had materially diminished during the past eight-and-forty hours.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "how very interesting and romantic! Dulcie, my dear, I congratulate you. Yes, certainly, you shall remain with us. I will go and speak to Mary about it. I am sure she will be pleased. Dear me—how things do turn out!"

American Country Parsons and their Wives.

By Elizabeth L. Banks.

"THE parson's coming!"

I remember well the pleasurable excitement that announcement used to cause in our farming neighbourhood. We children, sometimes swinging upon the topmost railing of the wicket gates, from which height we could espy the parson's "buggy" afar off, were often proud to be the first bearers of the tidings of his approach. But it was not always we who saw him first. There were times when, obeying the commands of our elders that we must never swing on the "front yard gate because it loosened the hinges," we felt chagrined over the fact that, though we were good, obedient children, we were denied the privilege of first noting the parson's horse round the hedge, in his slow, safe, jog-trot style—a style, by the way, that we all thought the proper equipment of a minister's horse. There were days when our fathers and our brothers and the "hired men," ploughing in the farm fields, hastily dropped their work, tying their horses to the fence-posts, and strode hurriedly to the house with the bit of always welcome news that the parson was making his quarterly round of country visits and might shortly be expected at that particular house, which must forthwith be "tidied up" most especially in his honour. Orders were straightway given that the manufacture of mud-pies in the back yard must be at once abandoned. There was a scurrying to the garden pump or the wash-basin, hands and faces were scrubbed, straying locks were plastered back from our foreheads; soiled, dark gingham aprons were exchanged for clean, stiffly starched, light print ones; and then we were led into the "parlour" and bidden to "sit still and quiet and nice and tidy" in readiness for the parson's visit. If, when the parson was espied, it was near the noon dinner-hour or the night supper-time, extra preparations were made for the approaching meal. Slices of highly valued "pound cake" were brought from the larder, the cellar was ransacked for the choicest jar of home-made jam, and, if time allowed, an unlucky chicken was chased into a corner of the barn-yard and assassinated, to help provide a feast deemed worthy to set before the parson.

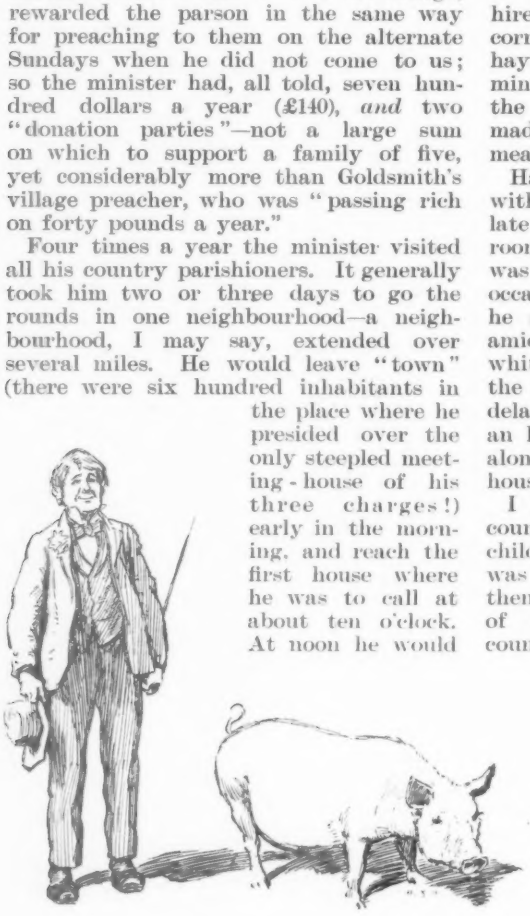
The parson lived in the village, some five miles distant. He preached every Sunday morning and evening in the village church to a congregation of perhaps fifty souls, and received from them a salary of five hundred dollars a year. Once in two weeks he drove out to our school-house on the Sunday afternoon to



There was a scurrying to the garden pump.

preach to the farmers and their families, who did not attend the village church because they considered it a cruelty to horses that had worked all the week to be obliged to carry the family to church on Sunday. We in our district added one hundred dollars "and a donation party" to the minister's salary. The inhabitants of another farming district, six miles on the other side of the village, rewarded the parson in the same way for preaching to them on the alternate Sundays when he did not come to us; so the minister had, all told, seven hundred dollars a year (£140), *and* two "donation parties"—not a large sum on which to support a family of five, yet considerably more than Goldsmith's village preacher, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year."

Four times a year the minister visited all his country parishioners. It generally took him two or three days to go the rounds in one neighbourhood—a neighbourhood, I may say, extended over several miles. He would leave "town" (there were six hundred inhabitants in the place where he presided over the only steepled meeting-house of his three charges!) early in the morning, and reach the first house where he was to call at about ten o'clock. At noon he would



A WEDDING FEE!

have his dinner with some one of the farmer folk, being careful to select for his noon call a family with whom he had not partaken bread on his previous visit of three or six months back; for to have the parson to dinner or supper or to "put him up for the night" was an honour for which there was great rivalry, and he tried to be impartial in his distribution of such favours. During the meal hours, the minister's horse fared as sumptuously as did his good master. Apples and sugar and turnips and carrots and all the luxuries that the farm produced were given to the animal by the children of the place, while the farmer or his hired help brought out their choicest corn and bran and oats and fragrant hay. Nothing was too good for the minister and his horse. Indeed, even the "buggy" would be washed up and made "fit" during the interval of the meal hour.

Happy was that house and its dwellers with whom the minister elected to call late in the evening. The "spare bedroom," which adjoined the parlour and was only opened and aired on great occasions, was given over to him, and he slept upon the softest feather bed, amid the snowiest linen, and beneath a white-fringed canopy. In the morning the usual six o'clock breakfast would be delayed on his account until 6.30, and an hour later the minister was jogging along in his buggy to the next farmhouse.

I have written this much about the country parson with whom my own childhood was associated, because he was a typical American country parson then, and he is typical now. His round of duties and pleasures during his country visits are identical with that of hundreds of others of our country parsons. The practice of taking charge of a village church and then preaching on Sunday afternoons in the neighbouring country schoolhouses, is followed to a very great extent throughout the United States. The salary received is sometimes more, sometimes less, than what I have mentioned. What these men and their wonderful wives are able to do for themselves and their children on salaries ranging from six hundred to a thousand dollars a year is little less than miraculous. I have spoken of the "wonderful wives" of our country parsons. Here is a description of the wife of the country parson who preached in our school-house. She was not and is not unique. There are very many like her.

When she married the parson, she was a graduate of one of our best "mixed colleges." She took her diploma on the day that the man whom she afterwards married took his. She had taken the course in Greek and Latin, the higher mathematics, French, and German. When I knew her as the parson's wife, she gave lessons in French, music, and painting. The young mother of three children, she not only had no nursemaid to look after them, but she had no servants in her kitchen. She did all the housework, including the family washing and ironing, and the baking of the bread and cakes and pies. She made her children's dresses and her own. The parson's shirt front and his spotless white lawn ties were "laundered" by her. At ten o'clock in the morning she presided over the wash-tub, and at three in the afternoon she read Cicero, perhaps in the same kitchen while waiting for the bread to bake in the oven. She never looked untidy, our parson's wife! Even when hanging over the wash-tub or the bread-tray, she wore a smart-looking stuff dress, kept always clean by the donning of an immense bibbed apron. She had not an "at home" day, nor even an "at home" hour. She was always at home when she was in the house, at whatever hour of the day or night a visitor might knock at her front door. If, while in the kitchen, she heard the knocking that announced callers, the bibbed apron was thrown off, and in less than a minute later she appeared at the door, well-dressed and smiling. She was the confidante of all those in trouble; she gave advice to those married and those about to marry; she was president of the Ladies' Aid Society; she led the sewing circle, she played the church organ every Sunday morning and led the singing of the choir as well; she taught a class in the Sunday-school, and then went home and got dinner in time for her husband to start for his school-house preaching. Sunday night she presided over the young people's prayer meeting which preceded the regular preaching service. Twice a year she gave her own children a "party," to which all the other village children were invited. She formed "Bands of Mercy" in all the country round, and wrote little stories for the children to read at their meetings on the subject of kindness to dumb animals.

Her house was often the scene of weddings, for those young women who could not be married at home (church



OUR PARSON'S WIFE.

weddings were a rarity), went to the parsonage to be married. There was always cake in the parsonage, and on these occasions the lady of the house would bring forth a bit of it from the larder for the bride and groom, for whom it served as the "wedding cake."

Country parsons—indeed, I think I may say nearly all American clergymen in both city and country—give the fees they receive at weddings to their wives. It is understood that the wedding fee is the perquisite of the minister's wife. Five dollars (£1) is looked upon by the ordinary country parson as a liberal fee.

The very rich village grocer or country farmer occasionally astonishes the officiating clergyman with ten dollars, but such a happening is an event that could not be expected to occur oftener than once in a country parson's lifetime. The young man for whom the parson performs the all-important ceremony usually gives what he thinks he can afford. He may give two dollars. He would scarcely give less than that amount in money.

Then there is "payment in kind." A young couple frequently drive up to the parsonage in a "lumber waggon" filled with potatoes, or turnips, or firewood, or flour, beans, pickled pork—in fact, anything of an edible nature that grows on the farm. I have a schoolgirl friend married to a village clergyman, who recently regaled me with a story of a young countryman, who, with his bride, drove up to the parsonage with a large chicken coop, full of čackling hens, which he proudly delivered over to her husband as his fee for performing the marriage ceremony, with the information that "them was as good layin' hens as ever lived, and calc'lated to pervide eggs for a year an' more!"

There are numerous instances of enthusiastic and grateful bridegrooms who have presented the officiating clergyman with live pigs as wedding fees.

But it is not only as a reward for performing the marriage ceremony that the country parson is "paid in kind." Sometimes he receives a large part of his salary in this way. The members of his congregation each subscribe a certain amount of money towards the salary that is guaranteed the minister. Farmer Brown will, he says, contribute four dollars as his share. In the winter, when Farmer Brown should hand over his four dollars to the church treasurer, he finds himself short of ready cash, but with an abundant supply of wood on hand, having in the autumn felled many trees in his forest. Nothing can be more certain than that the minister needs fuel in the winter; therefore, Farmer Brown loads his waggon with logs of wood, drives to the parsonage, and deposits it in the minister's back yard, announcing to the minister that he "reckons thar's mor'n four dollars wuth of wood in that thar load!"

The minister can, perhaps, make use of that one load of wood very conveniently; but when, as is frequently the case, a dozen frugal farmers among his parishioners are struck with the same sort of notion—that of paying their subscriptions in wood instead of money—the unfortunate parson has more wood than he can burn for many winters to come, and his back yard is entirely taken up with it. He needs sugar, and paraffin, and rice, and butter, as well as a cheerful fireside. Did I say butter? Well, sometimes he gets more butter than he wants, too. Says the farmer to his wife: "Jane, I promised to pay three dollars towards the parson's salary. Bein' as you're makin' fine butter this summer, you jes' take him a couple o' pounds a week till you've made three dollars' worth." Two pounds of fresh yellow butter weekly from the dairy of a parishioner would be appreciated by the parson's family. They would rather have it than the stale butter from the village shop; but since butter is made on all farms, and many farmers' wives send the parson butter to pay off their subscriptions, the parson's larder overflows with butter, while many other necessaries are scarce. It is the same with potatoes and cabbages and beetroots, with eggs, and with hay for the minister's horse, which, by the way, is not forgotten when the time for paying subscriptions comes round. The minister loves his horse, and is glad to have plenty of hay and oats for it to eat; but to have in his barn enough of these articles to last a horse through several lifetimes, while the children are needing boots and coats for the present winter, is not a state of affairs that appeals to his sense of the fitness of things. Some of our country parsons, with an instinct for business, not inborn, but thrust upon them by a stern necessity, have been known to become dealers in wood, potatoes, hay, and other things of which they have an oversupply, selling their surplus stock off to their neighbours. In this way they are able to get a little ready cash with which to purchase such necessary commodities as do not "grow on the farm."

In the beginning of my article I have referred to "donation parties," and have said that some ministers are guaranteed a certain number of dollars *and* a "donation" as a yearly salary. The donation party is, I believe, a strictly American institution, which originated

about a century ago in the very thinly settled regions of the United States among the pioneers. It is still extremely popular in country towns and farming neighbourhoods. Say that a clergyman receives eight hundred dollars a year and a "donation," or it may be that he is promised two donations. That means that besides his money, he will be surprised one night or two nights in the year by fifty or a hundred, or perhaps two or three hundred, people marching into his house with bundles of every size and description. His visitors will bring with them pounds of sugar, barrels of flour, jars of pickles, bags of salt, tinned meats and vegetables, remnants of calicoes, muslins, cloths, and silks, from the village "general store," white lawn neckties, cooking utensils, bed-clothing, pictures to hang upon the wall, patent medicines (including soothing syrups for the babies), shoes and stockings, a few live chickens—in fact, everything that the minds of his parishioners can conceive of his needing. Besides all these things, a "proper" donation party is expected to carry along its own supper, during which, sometimes, a collection is taken up and a purse of money presented to the parson. A good donation party, given by a generous lot of church people, is a thing not to be despised by the recipient. Store-cupboards, cellars, and wardrobes are frequently stocked for a whole year to come, and the minister is thus able to put by, for the education of his children, a goodly sum of money out of his cash salary.



A DONATION PARTY.

(Bringing the parson's "stipend.")

But there is another kind of donation party that is by no means welcome at the parson's house. There are country churches who promise the pastor seven hundred dollars a year, without saying anything about a donation party. But in midwinter the donation party makes its appearance, the members of it bringing along anything they happen to have on hand which they do not want for

themselves. Sometimes the things are useful, sometimes not. They do not bring along their own supper; instead, they eat up everything the minister has in the house, often necessitating his sending out to shops for a sufficiency of provisions. When they have enjoyed their suppers, a man who is designated as the "donation spokesman" stands on a kitchen chair, and in a loud voice "appraises the value" of each article



A DONATION SPOKESMAN.

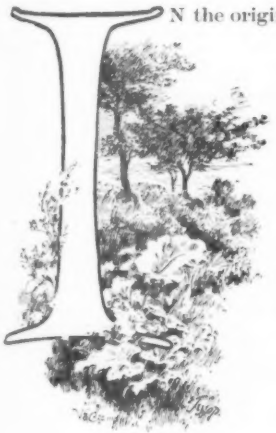
(Appraising the value of each article.)

that has been "donated": a pair of boots so much, a few yards of calico so much, a jar of jam so much, a bale of hay so much: and thus the list of things is gone through. Then the appraised values are added up and the sum deducted from the minister's salary. If the appraiser considers that one hundred dollars' worth of things have been "donated," he then and there declares that sum to have been paid on account of the salary. Perhaps an etching, handsomely framed, has been among the articles. The poor parson does not stand in particular need of an etching, yet nevertheless the picture is counted as fifteen or twenty dollars towards his salary! A clergyman's wife who, during the first years of her married life, had been the victim of such donation parties, once told me this pathetic story. A young woman invalid, a member of her husband's church, hearing that a donation party was to be given to her pastor, and not knowing of the existence of such a personage as a donation "appraiser," wove a watch-guard from her own black hair that had been cut off during her illness: the guard was mounted in gold, and sent to the minister on the evening of the donation party. It was placed among the other articles, and at the end of the evening its value was appraised at ten dollars!

One of the things about our small-salaried country parsons that has always excited my surprise and admiration is the way they contrive to give their children the benefits of a college education. No matter what their own struggles, no matter that the parson's wife must be her own cook and housemaid and washerwoman, no matter that her husband wears a shiny coat and a frayed shirt-front, a little sum of money is always laid by—an "education fund"—to be devoted to the education of the boys and girls of the family. In a great many of our colleges, especially those which are known as "denominational schools," a minister's daughter is charged only half the usual yearly college fee, which, of course, greatly facilitates matters. Then, at the colleges where the domestic system prevails—that of allowing the students to pay a part of their expenses by working in the domestic department, the minister's daughter, along with the farmer's daughter and the mechanic's daughter, helps to wash and wipe dishes and thus pays a part of her own expenses.

REAL PROPERTY.

By the Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D., Chairman of the London Congregational Union.



IN the original Law of Moses it would seem that the most favoured tribe, the tribe of Levi, had no landed property. Even in that code of the law which came into operation at the end of the seventh century B.C., the regulation still ran: "The priests the Levites, even all the tribe of Levi, shall have no portion nor inheritance with Israel: they shall eat the offerings of the Lord made by fire, and his inheritance. And they shall have no inheritance among their brethren: the Lord is their inheritance, and He hath spoken unto them" (Deut. xviii. 1-2). The Lord was their inheritance. Better than cities, and fields, and the gratifying sense of landed proprietorship, here was the notion of real property, the possession of the Eternal God, a personal part in the One Person, who is the Author and Giver of all possessions temporal and eternal. In the book of the Law this really magnificent idea is not developed. It seems rather to be a hint, a type, a suggestion for more spiritual times. The only application of it actually made, that certain parts of the sacrifices should belong to the priests (Deut. xviii. 3), a portion gradually in the process of time increased (see Lev. vii. 34, and Num. xviii. 12-24), gives but a poor and starved idea of what might be implied by "The Lord is their inheritance." As between a solid portion of the land, yielding its regular dues of corn and wine and oil, and the joints of meat, and first fruits of the crops and of the fleece, appointed for the priests, they might be pardoned for choosing the more substantial and permanent provision. But under the phrase "The Lord is their inheritance" lay hidden a mystical truth, which possibly priests and Levites as such never appropriated. It requires the Psalmist, or inspired poet, to liberate the promise from its merely official reference, and in liberating it to deepen it into a universal religious truth. In the sixteenth Psalm a far richer meaning is given to the notion that God Himself may be a portion preferable to broad acres and secured rents. This poet, some landless saint, we may surmise, in the time when the land of Israel was taken away from the people that they might learn to find a more inalienable property elsewhere, turns to his God in unreserved confidence: "I have said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord"—that is the note of personal possession—"I have no good beyond Thee"—that is the note of a sufficient and satisfying possession. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot"—that is the renunciation of outward possessions and sacraments in favour of the inward personal relation with God which suffices. This spiritual heritage is all that heart could wish: it is a prompter of blessing and thanksgiving even in the night season. Nay, more than this, in times of tumult when others are moved, and in the hour of death, when prosperity is stripped away, the saint is rejoicing with joy unspeakable, because the path of life is plain through the grave; the presence of God who is his portion cannot be taken from him, and that is joyful, and for ever (Psalm xvi. 5-11).

Here we enter upon a truth which well repays a careful study. First, we have to seek a definite meaning to the idea that the Lord is the portion of those who trust in Him. Then we have to observe how and by whom this portion is secured.

No idea is at the first blush so definite as that of property, or at least of real property. Here is a stretch of country, accurately delimited on the ordnance map; I say of it, it is mine. I may build on it or I may

till it; I may grow what I will, or what the soil allows, or I may turn it into pasture. I may sell it or give it or leave it to my heirs. So definite is the idea, that a nobleman is called after his estate—he is So-and-so of So-and-so. He belongs to the land in something of the same sense that the land belongs to him, a small human entity so identified with the big estate that he becomes great; the lord, but also the product of these thousands of acres; a man with a stake in the country, a personality realising himself in this territorial way. You look at him and you see the vast and solid domain latent in him. You find it difficult or impossible to think that he and his landless valet are in any sense equal. The valet stands for six feet of flesh and blood, and his monthly wage. The lord stands for a considerable slice of the earth's surface in fee-simple, with royalty rights over what underlies of mineral or other wealth down to the centre. It is not my desire to cast any suspicion on the value or reality of this kind of property. I do not dwell on the fact that it cannot become part of the man, nor he a part of it until he is buried in the family vault at the centre of it. I do not wish even to remember that a trifling accident to his sensitive organism puts him out of possession for ever. Rather I desire to enlarge on this perfectly definite and distinct idea, which is nowhere so absolute and unquestionable as in England. We can have no difficulty in fixing the thought of a man's estate, his property, his possessions. Now we have to transfer this clear idea to God as the inheritance or portion of the soul. "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance."

Possibly we may all have known a person, rich or poor, who has given us much the same impression of the estate in God which lies behind him as the landed proprietor gives us of his unseen spreading acres. The person may be like the poor woman who held up to Bishop Burnet the crust, exclaiming with gratitude, "All this and Christ!" Or think of David Elginbrod, or of that more real Scottish saint, the father of David Livingstone, bequeathing to his children on his deathbed no property, but the fact that in the generations of the family preserved in memory there was no dishonourable man. Such a person as I am speaking of is far more secure and serene than the owner of large estates, seems to find far more enjoyment in the beauty and interest of even this passing world, and dwells in the perpetual contemplation of an unseen domain which cannot by any possibility be taken from him. This is the person who has made the Lord his portion, and we want to realise what it is that has happened to him, the lines which have fallen to him in pleasant places. God is real to him, as landed property is to the landowner, not limited as the estate is, suggesting always a land-hunger for the fields beyond, but definite and certain. So definite and certain, that it is possible to say, "This is my God," very much as the landowner says of his estate, "This is my land."

But God presents to him also a security of salvation and of life, of progress and of joy. He finds in God a subject of endless contemplation, and a source from which he derives all things that are necessary for this world and for a world to come. God is his occupation. The will of God is his delight. The universe presents itself to him as the works of God, history as the development of a Divine thought, man as the shadow or image of God, religion as the relation between God and man, heaven as the goal of the knowledge and love which relate God to man.

If he is a thinker, like Spinoza, all things are seen in God. If he is a poet, God Himself appears the best poet, and the real is His song. If he is a man of science, he studies everything in nature, as thinking the thoughts of God after Him.

But if he is a plain man, innocent of abstract thought, none the less his business and his pleasure, his family and his friends, all present themselves as material furnished by God in which he is to work out the Divine will, and win the Divine approval. Nothing is dissociated from God, whom he recognises everywhere, and at all times. But as God who is thus all in all to him is Light and Life and Love, the problem of his own and of the world's existence is implicitly solved for him. God is all he wants, more than all in God he finds. Every question is brought up into the presence of God; in His light he sees light. Death disappears; for God is seen, the possessor of immortality, imparting life to him who possesses God. And as God is absolute love, there can be no question that all things are working together for good to those who love Him.

This sovereign presence and power of the Divine will make earthly possessions and station and success quite indifferent. They do not lose their value; but they find their value only in relation to God and His will, so that, if only a man's ways please God, and he lives in the reconciliation and obedience to the will of God, he must be sure that he has as much earthly property, as good a station, and as great a degree of success, as God thinks good for him. If all things seem taken from him, he reflects, God is my portion, and with Him I have all things. And if all things are his, he does not feel that he possesses any more than God; the things are temporary appearances within the bounds of his inheritance, which is God; they lie latent there always, appearing or disappearing as the wisdom and love of God determine.

As this portion is distinct and tangible enough, so it is obviously both larger and more satisfying than any earthly inheritance. It leaves none of the aching hunger for things beyond. It brings all things at once, and leaves

to the soul the plain and endless task of developing the inexhaustible treasures that are contained in it.

But how and by whom is this portion to be obtained? In the typical arrangement of the Jewish law it fell to an order, the tribe of Levi. In the psalm it fell to one who trusted in the Lord. That furnishes the key to the new covenant, in which all that once fell to a privileged nation, or order, or office, falls to those who believe. By faith a man becomes a child of Abraham. By faith the believer becomes a priest and a king unto God. By faith the portion of this Divine inheritance is appropriated, and may be appropriated by whosoever will!

By faith, however, we are not to understand a vague and general act of the mind, which simply assumes that it has what it desires. The faith which appropriates the Divine inheritance is specific, it is faith which is in Jesus, a recognition and a reception of Christ as the Son of God entering into the sphere of human life in order to give to men God as their portion. "He that heareth My word, and believeth in Him that sent Me," said Jesus, "hath everlasting life." By faith in Jesus each of us inherits what was promised to Abraham, to Israel, to David, to Levi. Jesus has said that He will not cast out any that come to Him; and that who comes to Him comes to God. Now it is certainly remarkable—considering the universal desire for property, for real property, for lasting and inalienable property, and considering the definiteness and certainty of the possession of God, and the universality of the offer to every human being—that comparatively few persons exert themselves to become possessed of God, or bestow anything like the same energy and eagerness of endeavour on securing God as their portion which men show in the acquisition of a great earthly property. It is this remarkable fact to which Jesus alludes when He says that many are called but few are chosen, or that many walk in the broad way which leads to destruction, but few will come to Him that He may give them life.

But the Divine method of thus putting the great possession within the choice and reach of all, but forcing it on none, is in strict analogy with God's way of offering all other boons to men. The kingdom of Nature lies in the same way open for all who will exert themselves and take possession. The endless interest of the almost infinite variety of species is an open door which any investigator may enter. The bewitching beauty of sun and stars, of drifting cloud and summer skies, of all the changes of the earth and of the sea, is accessible to all, but it must be owned that only a few avail themselves of the opportunity. It seems to be the same with all the gifts of God, Who makes the sun to shine on the good and the evil alike. And thus His own being as the portion and inheritance of the soul is proffered—like the wonder and beauty of His creation—to all who will take and go in to possess it. It stretches away like the land of promise, a pleasant land flowing with milk and honey,



(Photo: F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.)



a land of broad views and of fruitful fields, of vineyards and oliveyards, and of far distances, luminous in the fresh glory of sunrise, hazy with softened charm in the hot noon, transformed under the evening sky of crimson and gold at sunset, a land which one would have thought all might desire to possess; but, like the promised land, it is treated with scorn by those who will not believe (Ps. cvi. 24). To them the flesh-pots of Egypt are pleasanter; the very dearth and dreariness of the desert are preferred before it. A thousand excuses, imaginary fears, and obstinate depreciations are cited to evade the efforts of conquest. And this great inheritance, the portion of the human soul, God, remains unpossessed except by a handful of enterprising souls.

It should, however, be frankly acknowledged that entering into possession of this inheritance is by no means the matter of a single moment. We annex our property field by field and province by province. By searching

we do not find out God unto perfection, though every further search gives us a greater joy and hope in the prosecution of it.

It is for want of this vigorous entrance into the possession that many have professed themselves disappointed with God as their portion. They have left their property unexplored and unrealised. They have neglected to pray—and prayer is the onward march into the promised land, the exercise by which the being and fulness of God are appropriated. They have forgotten to worship, and worship is the relish of possession, the discovery by gratitude and praise of what is given and what God still has to give. They have omitted the self-discipline by which the will is kept in harmony with God, and the thoughts and purposes of God take possession of the soul; and yet it is only by this kind of sustained discipline that one can have any feeling of apprehension, and progressive discovery, of God. They have forsaken the assembling of themselves together for worship, which is the forming of the host of invasion. They have ceased to study the Word, which is the chart of the land, showing all the approaches, the fastnesses to be taken, and the heights to be won. Or they have given up those good works of charity and helpfulness, the love of men, the love of souls, which are the very footsteps by which we come into the possession of God. It is this which explains the common discontent about that rich portion—God Himself—offered to the soul. The good land has only been surveyed for a moment from Pisgah; faith has flashed out as an intuition, or as a vision; but the actual and determined conquest of piece by piece, to which faith is intended to lead, has been overlooked. There are multitudes of persons who seemed to choose God as their portion in moments of religious excitement and apparent decision, but never arose to enter into possession; and they remain, in consequence, disinherited.

But this leads us to a last point which has to be observed. For one cause or another—the one just named is probably the most common—men conceive a discontent with their inheritance in God, and seek to supplement it with possessions which are regarded as more tangible and immediate. This was apparently what occurred with the priests, the Levites. Originally, as we saw in the Deuteronomic code, they were content with the Lord as their inheritance, and were fed with the meat which came from the offerings of the altar. But in a later code we find the Levites claiming cities to dwell in. There were to be forty-eight cities in all, given by the other tribes, cities of considerable size, with their corn lands and meadows (the suburbs) extending 2,000 cubits, or between a half and three-quarters of a mile, on all sides of the city; these were to be the possession of the Levites. And though six of the cities were to serve a certain religious purpose as asylums of refuge for the shedders of blood, the whole forty-eight were to be the landed property of the priests, the Levites. These forty-eight domains constituted a territory scattered throughout the tribes, as solid, and almost as bulky, as the possessions of Dan, or Asher, or Naphtali. But when we come to the book of Ezekiel, this real property of the disinherited tribe is found to be increased and consolidated; a vast district, 25,000 reeds long by 25,000 reeds broad, was to form the oblation assigned to the priests; this would be quite as large as the territory of any except the largest tribes (Ezek. xlviii. 8-30). And thus gradually, they who were to have no inheritance in the land, because the Lord Himself was their inheritance, laid claim to as large an inheritance as the rest of their brethren had.

That is a process to which the whole history of Christianity presents a series of parallels. We begin in God, in faith, in heavenly realities; we decline upon the world, and sight, and the fleeting shows of the earth.

> "'Tis the most difficult of tasks to keep
> Heights which the soul is competent to win."

When we have got God for our portion and inheritance, we insensibly slip away, and fix our attention on things below. We would make the security of God doubly sure, by having earthly property as well; we would depend upon God, and yet lean on an arm of flesh; we would have our treasures in heaven—for heaven when we get there; but our hoard on earth—for earth while we are here.

Poor human nature! This is our delusion. The two portions cannot be ours. If God is our inheritance, He must be all in all to us. If He gives us Christ, He freely with Him gives us all things. "All this and Christ!"—yes, but in the sense that God in Christ is everything. Never can it mean that our inheritance is partly God and partly this world, that we lean, one arm on Him and the other on uncertain earthly riches.

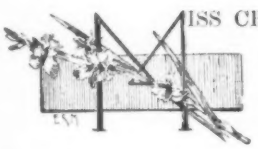
Therefore the choice lies before us all. Can we choose Him as our portion, can we pray and trust Him to maintain our lot? Can we renounce the arm of flesh as weakness and vanity, can we disregard the alluring securities of what is considered here real property? If so we may have real property indeed: God will be ours, an inexhaustible mine of life and love, of interest and beauty, of peace and joy.

MISS CRANE'S FORTUNE.

A Complete Story. By A. B. Romney.



Miss Crane was too much astonished to speak.



MISS CRANE lived in No. 13, King's Parade. Doubtless at some remote period King's Parade was a street of fashion and celebrity, but at the time we speak of its chief characteristic was that air of shabby gentility inseparable from houses in whose windows at intervals appear cards announcing "Furnished Apartments."

Miss Crane was teacher of music by profession, and had what is termed "a good connection." By turns, music was her chief pleasure and pain. During the day she patiently listened to endless varieties of mistakes in the same exercises and scales; in the evening, seated at her own piano, she forgot all the cares and worries of her daily round of duty.

Everyone has a sacred ambition, as well as a secret romance, hidden in his heart. Miss Crane's ambition was to save up enough money to ensure independence, and she believed that to possess an income of £100 per annum would be the realisation of her dreams. For many years she had steadily saved and worked for this purpose, and now, at the age of forty-five, was not very far from having her desire fulfilled.

Miss Crane was a little woman, with very pretty hands, small and white. Years of patient drudgery had left some lines on her forehead and had taken the colour from her cheeks, but had not been able to spoil the sweet kindliness of her eyes and smile. She usually wore black gowns, made simply of soft, fine materials, her lace frill fastened by a

small silver brooch, which she always pinned in with loving care.

One day, towards the end of the summer term, she came in more than usually tired, and sat leaning back wearily in her chair, waiting for the maid to bring in her supper. She heard below stairs the scolding voice of the landlady and the querulous crying of children. Through the open window came the strains of a barrel-organ playing with irritating liveliness. She closed her eyes wearily as the servant came clattering up the stairs and burst open her door with noisy familiarity.

"Please, miss," began the servant, laying down the tray, "there were a gentleman t' see you when you was out."

"Indeed!" cried Miss Crane, opening her eyes with a start and sitting upright. "A gentleman to see me! Did he leave his card?"

"No, miss," answered the girl. "He seemed disappointed like when I told 'im you was *h*out, and 'e said e' d call back again in th' evenin', as 'e wanted to see you particular."

"Very strange," cried Miss Crane. "Well! that will do now. Will you please come up in about ten minutes to clear away the tea-things, as I shouldn't like the room to look untidy if the gentleman calls again?"

Miss Crane drank her tea in great perplexity. A gentleman to see her! Such a thing had not happened for more than twenty years. Who could it be? Miss Crane's hand instinctively touched her silver brooch, as her thoughts turned to days long past.

A knock, a loud and impressive knock, at the hall-door roused her from her reverie. She stood up, listening eagerly, expecting she knew not what. The maid came slowly upstairs from the kitchen and opened the hall-door. There was an indistinct sound of a gruff voice, and then the footsteps of two people coming up the stairs.

The servant opened the door, saying—

"Mr. Spinner, miss."

A tall, imposingly rotund man walked in, hat in hand, his fat and rosy face all smiling affability.

"So sorry to disturb you, madam," he began, bowing.

"Not at all," murmured Miss Crane, wondering greatly who he could be. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. I think I will."

He took a chair, sat down, carefully spreading out the skirts of his frock-coat, and, crossing his legs, looked condescendingly round the room.

Miss Crane, with heightened colour, waited expectantly.

"I am well aware," began Mr. Spinner presently, "that the name of business has to ladies a very unpleasant sound; but I venture to say that Miss Crane will find the little matter which has brought me here this evening far from being a disagreeable subject."

"Indeed!" murmured Miss Crane.

"But before I proceed further, allow me to consult my notes." Mr. Spinner took out a spectacle case, placed his glasses carefully on the bridge of his nose, glanced at Miss Crane through them, then taking a note-book from his breast pocket, opened it, and taking out a paper, cleared his throat and continued: "You are, I believe, Miss Letitia J. Crane, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Joshua Crane, M.A., formerly curate of St. Mary, in the parish of Tulberry."

"Yes, certainly, I am," cried Miss Crane.

"Then, madam, without troubling you about details, partly because business details are unwelcome to ladies, and partly because I am obliged to catch the 7.25 train up to town, I shall briefly tell you what I am certain, from my previous knowledge of human nature, will be welcome news to you, and that is——"

"What?" demanded Miss Crane with some impatience.

"It is that your uncle, the late John Crane, of No. 8, Harbourne Street, Liverpool, who died on the 27th of last month, has left you a sum which, invested as it is at present, brings in an income of £700 per annum—of," reiterated Mr. Spinner with impressive solemnity, "£700 per annum."

Miss Crane was too much astonished to speak.

"It is a fact, I assure you, madam," continued Mr. Spinner, rising from his chair and placing a card on the table. "Allow me to give you my card with the address of my place of business. Perhaps you could find time to call to see me some time to-morrow, when I shall be most happy to show you your uncle's will, and, in short, make myself useful in helping you in any way in my power."

"I cannot believe it," cried Miss Crane. "Are you quite sure there is no mistake?"

Mr. Spinner smiled indulgently.

"None whatever, and if it should be a convenience to you," he said, with a glance round the neat poverty of the room, "I shall be happy to advance you any reasonable sum as a proof of the truth of my statement."

"No, thank you," replied Miss Crane, flushing somewhat proudly. "I do not require it."

"Quite right! Quite proper!" said Mr. Spinner, taking up his hat. "Then I may expect to have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow at, let us say, 11.30 a.m."

"Yes," said Miss Crane, "I shall certainly call at that hour."

"Then I may say good-bye, and," he added, shaking her hand with impressive fervour, "pray accept my heartiest congratulations on your good fortune."

The bang of the hall-door as Mr. Spinner closed it after him awoke Miss Crane from her stupor of astonishment.

For a few moments she sat motionless. Then she burst into a fit of violent weeping. Good fortune had come at last, but had come too late to bring happiness. All her youth had been crushed beneath the weight of poverty, and, bitterest remembrance of all! she had seen those dearest to her die before their time, fading uncomplainingly away, for want of a little of the sunshine of prosperity. During all these years she had thought of them as happy to be at rest from toil and misery. In her poverty she had never felt as lonely as she did now, in time of her prosperity. Especially, a passionate longing seized her for her mother. What delight to have been able to gratify those simple wishes so often repressed! How happy they could have been together! She had wanted so little, but that little had been ever denied her.

And Frank Whitman! The force of poverty had swept him far apart. He had not been strong enough to battle against the stream. She heard of him sometimes as a man rising in his profession, prosperous and respected. His marriage with the daughter of a rich shipowner had been, everyone said, "the making of him." And yet Miss Crane remembered the evening he had given her that silver brooch, and the words he had then spoken.

"Instead of thanking God for His goodness to me," sobbed Miss Crane, "I am wickedly ungrateful, but I do wish I had mother with me now."

Next morning, Miss Crane took a more cheerful view of things. She sent word to her pupils that she could not see them that day, but she had not yet sufficient belief in her good fortune to feel justified in telling them of it. It was so near the end of term that she did not like putting them to the disadvantage and inconvenience of changing to another teacher, and besides, she had not courage to cut herself adrift from her usual routine. Custom is a very strong rope indeed.

As she travelled up to town, she constructed castles in the air of all the delights now possible to her—the house in the country, the really good piano, a silk dress, a thing she had always secretly desired, for she had an instinctive love of dainty dress, and the sight of a beautiful thing gave her positive joy.

The further she went, the grander she became: until after her interview with Mr. Spinner, she actually felt bold enough to enter a fashionable shop, and, unawed by the magnificence of the attending maidens, she chose, paid for, and put on "the sweetest little French bonnet possible."

On leaving the shop, she met an old pupil, who, after a preliminary stare, greeted her warmly, declaring she had never seen Miss Crane looking so well, and asked her home to lunch.

Altogether, Miss Crane's day in town was a complete success. She had been more wildly extravagant than she could have believed it possible the day before: there was something positively intoxicating in the fact that there was now no need any more to count every penny.

She knew it was false charity to give money indiscriminately to beggars, and yet she could not resist brightening, even for the moment, the face of misery and want. "To-morrow, I shall be prudent again," she declared, as over and over again she stopped to slip a silver coin into some grimy hand.

In the evening, she sat, tired but very contented, considering where she ought to go for her holidays. The world was open to her now; it was difficult to decide which part to visit first. Entrancing visions of Italy especially bewildered her, but she felt still too timid to venture far from home, though that home was but two shabby little rooms in a cheap lodging-house. Like a bird caged for long, though the door stood open, she feared to fly away.

Presently a thought struck her, her cheeks glowed—she stood up and walked uneasily about the room. At length she muttered to herself, "I shall go there! I should like to see him once again!"

The place she had decided to go to was Stockton, the seaside town in which Doctor Frank Whitman lived. She had known his wife long ago, when a girl. She had heard there were a number of children. Perhaps the family would receive her kindly, and she would find in them the friendship and companionship without which her money was valueless.

Stockton was by the sea: to sit in the sunshine, on the sands, looking on the waves, would in itself be a delight. Miss Crane wished she could start on the morrow, but this, of course, was not possible. Ten days more of drudgery must be first endured, then liberty at last!

These last days passed rapidly enough, for they were fully occupied, and at length, on the 1st of August, Miss Crane found herself seated in the train, with a ticket to Stockton in her hand, a new portmanteau beside her, and her heart beating with excitement at being off at last.

When she reached Stockton and was driving from the station to her lodgings, she eagerly looked out of the window, half hoping, half fearing to recognise Frank Whitman in each passer-by.

She remained indoors that evening and the following morning, but in the afternoon she unpacked the contents of the portmanteau and dressed to go out.

"After all, how little dress can do!" she murmured to herself, as she stood critically examining her reflection in the looking-glass. "I wonder if he will remember me!"

the residence of Doctor Frank Whitman. It was a large red-brick house, square, well-built and prosperous-looking, standing in its own grounds, with greenhouses, tennis-grounds, and all the



The blood rushed to Miss Crane's face.

The day was brilliantly bright, with a fresh breeze blowing strongly from the sea. The shadows of the fleeting clouds passed swiftly by. The sunshine glittered on the dazzling waters rippling in one long white line along the margin of the bay. Along the horizon stood the ruddy sails of the fishing-smacks.

Miss Crane walked on slowly, enjoying the warmth, brightness, and freshness of the day. She had little difficulty in finding Victoria Villa, usual belongings of provincial respectability and wealth.

Miss Crane's courage failed her as she came up to its entrance.

"What shall I do," she thought, "if Frank and Bessie have forgotten me, or if they should not like to know a poor little music teacher like me?"

She stood, hesitating, fearing to push open the massive iron gate.

"I cannot go in to-day," she said half aloud, and turned nervously away.

At this moment, a girl came quickly up the road, a pretty girl of some eighteen summers, wearing a white dress and shady hat, and carrying a tennis racket in her hand. As she passed, she glanced at Miss Crane, and the expression of her eyes was precisely like that of Frank Whitman's twenty years ago.

Miss Crane started. The thought, "It is his daughter!" flashed across her brain. She turned and hurried after her. The girl, hearing the footsteps behind, stopped, and looked inquiringly at Miss Crane, who hesitatingly began, "Might I trouble you to direct me to Doctor Whitman's house?"

"There it is," answered the girl smilingly. "And I am almost sure father is in at present. Will you come with me? I am just going home."

She spoke with a strangely familiar accent, she smiled with the same merry glance, quick and soft, which Miss Crane had remembered so long.

By the time they had reached the hall-door Miss Crane had confided how she had come hoping to find old friends, and then had felt too timid to enter their house. "And," she ended, "if I had not met you, my dear, I believe I should have gone straight home."

The girl laughed merrily, and then warmly assured Miss Crane that Mrs. Whitman would be sure to be delighted to see her. "And," she asked, "you said you used to know papa also a little, long ago, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Miss Crane. "I knew him also."

"Here, mother," cried Miss Whitman, as she opened the drawing-room door; "here is an old friend to see you!"

Miss Crane advanced into the room. A tall, fashionably-dressed woman came to meet her with outstretched hand.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Letitia Crane! Well! I am glad to see you. What a time it is since we've met. But you've hardly changed at all. I should have known you anywhere. Sit down here and let us have a good long chat about the old days. Ida! go and tell your father that Miss Crane is here; I'm sure she'd like to see him."

Miss Crane sat down, grateful for being received with such cordiality. It was difficult to talk, her whole being seemed concentrated in listening. She heard Ida go downstairs, open the study door, and then came the sound of a voice she had not heard for twenty years.

"How silly I am!" she thought, as she tried to concentrate her attention on what Mrs. Whitman was saying.

Presently footsteps came up the stairs. The door opened, and Ida, followed by her father, came into the room. The blood rushed to Miss Crane's face, and for a second she could not see.

"So glad to see you again," said Doctor Whitman, in tones of bland cordiality.

Miss Crane could scarcely reply, her astonishment was so complete. Where was the man she remembered? The young fellow with the merry laughing eyes, the thick curling hair, the careless dress, the active step! The man who now stood before her was a portly, middle-aged figure, all immaculate linen and broadcloth: bald-headed, red-faced, with bland affability smilingly displaying an excellent set of false teeth. The ideal which Miss Crane had worshipped so long faded away for ever like some phantasm that had never had any being, save in her own mind. Only in Ida's eyes and Ida's smile lingered a mocking image of the past.

Miss Crane's time passed very pleasantly at Stockton. Most of the day she sat on the beach watching the children bathe and play about the sands.

Ida came down to bathe every morning, and afterwards used to sit talking to Miss Crane while drying and brushing her beautiful hair in the sunshine. One day, after sitting thoughtfully quiet for some time, Ida, in a somewhat embarrassed tone of voice, began—

"Are you fond of going to evening service, Miss Crane?"

"Well! my dear, you know that usually I have not time to do so on week-days. But why do you ask?" replied Miss Crane.

"Because," said Ida, "there is such a sweet little church not very far from here out in the country, and such a delightful service every evening, and," she added with heightened colour, "the curate, Mr. Archdale, preaches such beautiful sermons that I would like you to hear him!"

"I should like to hear him very much indeed," replied Miss Crane, smiling. "If you will not expect me to praise him too much!" Then, pitying Ida's confusion, she continued: "Perhaps, sometimes, he will allow me to play the organ in his church. It is the only thing I miss here. At home there is a little church quite close by, where the organist allows me to practise whenever I choose."

"Oh! I shall ask Cyril—I mean Mr. Archdale," cried Ida, blushing deeply. "I'm sure he will be delighted to allow you to practise whenever you like."

Thus it happened that almost every evening Miss Crane and Ida walked together to the little country church; and then, after service was over, Miss Crane sat down at the organ and played, while Ida and Mr. Archdale listened to her, as they sat in the porch or strolled about beneath the

lime-trees; though it was curious, thought Miss Crane, how seldom it was, for people who professed to love music, that they remembered what she had played. Then in the increasing twilight the three walked back to Stockton together quietly, too happy to talk or laugh much.

The mornings on the beach were spent in talking of "Cyril," for the subject interested Miss Crane almost as much as it did Ida. She was touched by the young people's confidence in her, and their love revealed their characters in the most favourable light to her. Her love for Ida equalled her admiration of her, and she believed Mr. Archdale to be almost worthy of her.

The holidays were drawing to a close, and Miss Crane decided that she ought to delay no longer in telling her pupils of her change of circumstances; but, always reticent about her own concerns, she put off doing so from day to day. Even to Ida she had never spoken of her good fortune.

There was a charming house quite close to the church, which Miss Crane had determined to buy—quite an ideal old maid's cottage, she thought it, with its red-brick walls hidden by climbing roses, its garden sloping down to the riverside, and its cosy little rooms quaintly furnished with old oak. Its late owner had died and it was now to be sold, with all its belongings.

Miss Crane determined to buy it, and then, when everything was arranged, to astonish Ida, Mr. Archdale, and the Whitmans by inviting them to dinner in her new house, and then telling them the delightful news of her good fortune.

She felt very happy in anticipation of this coming pleasure.

She was never tired of imagining the joyful surprise Ida would be sure to show, and the merry days they would have together, arranging the new house.

On the day fixed for seeing the house-agent and finally deciding on the purchase, Miss Crane had asked Ida not to expect to see her, "for," she said gaily, "though but a humble little music teacher, I have some business matters to see about."

"Then," cried Ida, "I shall come and see you in the evening, for Cyril has determined to speak to father in the morning, and I must tell you how everything goes off, though I'm not in the least afraid, notwithstanding all Cyril's forebodings."

"Why? What is he afraid of?" asked Miss Crane.

"Well, you know," said Ida, in melancholy tones, "Cyril is not very rich. Clergymen never are, are they?"

"But," remonstrated Miss Crane, "surely he has some means or he wouldn't think of marrying?"

"He has," answered Ida; "he has £300 a year, which seems to me a great deal of money, but whether it will do so to papa is the question."

"Oh!" cried Miss Crane cheerfully. "Your father is a rich man, and very proud of his pretty little daughter; he will make it all right for you, never fear."

Ida flung her arms round Miss Crane's neck, called her "the dearest old thing in the world," and at last, promising to come the following evening, hurried away.

The next day was very stormy. The wind blew in great gusts from the east, rolling the waves in dashing breakers against the rocks. The rain descended in torrents. It was one of those days which sometimes come in autumn, precursor of the deadly tempests of the winter.

Miss Crane sat indoors, a shawl over her shoulders, writing letters round to her various employers and pupils, announcing the change in her circumstances. She had just closed the last envelope, and was putting the stamp on it, when the door burst open, and Ida rushed wildly into the room, her hair blown about her shoulders by the wind, and her waterproof cloak streaming with rain.

"Why, Ida, my dear!" exclaimed Miss Crane, aghast. "What is the matter?"

Ida threw herself on the sofa, sobbing violently.

"Oh! I don't know whatever I shall do," she began, as Miss Crane knelt down in alarm beside her. "Papa has been most dreadfully cross and angry with me, and he called Cyril a——" She stopped, her voice choked with sobs.

"A what?" demanded Miss Crane.

"He—he called him a——" said Ida, with another burst of indignant sobs, "a beggarly curate!"

"Then he does not personally object to Mr. Archdale?" said Miss Crane soothingly.

"How could anybody object to Cyril personally?" cried Ida, angrily rolling up her pocket-handkerchief into a tight, wet little ball and rubbing her eyes with it. "No; it is all on account of him not having enough money. He says he will never let me marry a man that has not at least £1,000 a year. And where is Cyril to get all that! Unless he is made a bishop, and he hasn't a chance of being made that until after years and years *and years* of waiting, when he is old and quite bald!"

At this mournful idea Ida's face again squeezed up into dismal lines and puckers, and her sobs broke forth with renewed strength.

Suddenly Miss Crane became so motionless, so quiet, that at last Ida's curiosity overcame her grief; she put down her pocket-handkerchief and looked at Miss Crane with pained astonishment at her want of sympathy.

Miss Crane came out of her reverie with a start.

"Don't cry any more, it will all come right," she said, with a forced smile.

"That 's what everyone says!" cried Ida in the tone of injured friendship. "But I did think you would have sympathised with one."

She arranged her hair, put on her hat, and stood up as if to go away, expecting Miss Crane would make her stay; but Miss Crane sat motionless, staring fixedly out of the window.

"Good-bye, then!" said Ida stiffly.

"Good-bye, my dear," replied Miss Crane.

"I never saw anyone so horrid and unsympathising," muttered Ida, as she closed the door after her. "I wouldn't have believed it."

Miss Crane sat for more than an hour motionless, thinking. She sighed deeply now and again.



Ida flung her arms round Miss Crane's neck.

At length she stood up, and, taking the pile of letters she had written, tore them all up into fragments; then, putting on her bonnet and waterproof cloak, she went out and did not return home until late at night.

"Why, miss!" cried the landlady, as she came in white, tired, and wet; "you 'll get your death stayin' out of doors such a day as this!"

"No," said Miss Crane gently. "It will do me no harm. I was obliged to go to town on business I am sorry to have to tell you that I must leave you on Saturday."

"I 'm sorry indeed to hear it," said the landlady "Isn't that very suddint like?"

"Yes," agreed Miss Crane; "it is very sudden."

On Saturday, as Miss Crane was packing her trunk, suddenly Ida came bounding up the stairs into the room, all radiant with smiles and gaiety and flung her arms round Miss Crane's neck, exclaiming—

"What do you think has happened? Oh! it 's just too delightful. Somebody has given Cyril £700 a year—somebody who refuses to give his name. We 're all dying with curiosity to find out who it can be. I'm certain it is somebody who has heard Cyril preach. Don't you think it is?"

"Yes," agreed Miss Crane. "Very likely it is."

"And now," continued Ida, "everything is settled so nicely, and we 're to be married at once. I only wish we had room at home to ask you to stay with us for the wedding. You dear old thing! I believe I was cross and horrid to you the other day, but really I was so distracted that I didn't know what I was saying. And now, dear, I must be off, for Cyril is waiting for me."

She kissed Miss Crane and hurried off.

Miss Crane stood in the window watching, with dim eyes, the young pair walking down the street. A kitten came and, mewing, rubbed its soft little head against her foot. She stooped, stroked it gently, saying—

"Pussy, are you lonely too? for I am—very."

PARABLES IN MARBLE.

A STORY is told of a late Bishop of Peterborough, to the effect that at a public dinner he said that he once bought a picture of a sunset on a river, which he hung in his study; it was a bad picture, but it had a beautiful influence over him, and he confessed that when he looked at the picture "a curate might play with him."



FAITH.

(By Alfred Drury.)

The Bishop without doubt knew a good work of art when he saw one, and his knowledge informed him that technically his "sunset on a river" was bad: but it appealed to his sentiment and occupied its place on the study wall in spite of its defects. In this respect, most people are with the Bishop: it is not so much the quality of a work of art that makes it popular, but the particular strain of sentiment it contains that touches a responsive chord in the hearts of those who look at it. The English public are sentimentalists first and foremost in art, and the artist who receives the greatest acclamation is he who is most skilful in this direction. And if this is so in respect to painting, how much more so is it with regard to sculpture. Public enthusiasm is rarely roused by the sculptor's art. Next to the architectural room at the Royal Academy, the sculpture hall is the least frequented, and we fear it must be said that the majority of those who do go there go because it is the coolest place in the exhibition.

This, of course, is matter for regret, for there are as ennobling and inspiriting works of art to be seen there as in the picture galleries. The sculptor has the power to appeal to our ideals and aspirations to as great an extent as the painter, limited though he be by his materials. (It can at once be realised that the worker in marble has not the same freedom as he who uses paint and canvas—he has greater difficulties to surmount, less subjects to choose from, and far narrower scope in which to express his thoughts.) We have had "sermons in stones" which have been quite as powerful as any preached by painter or poet.

The classical tradition has undoubtedly affected the sculptor more than it has his brother-artist of the brush: it has weighed him down, and made his work cold and lifeless: and men and women of to-day want art that is living, helpful in their daily struggles, responsive to those aspirations which every one of them possesses in a measure. As a distinguished member of the Royal Academy, now dead, once wrote, "We have aspirations, we reverence something more than the ordinary life of mortals; we have before our eyes an ideal of truthfulness, piety, honour, uprightness, love, and self-sacrifice greater than any which exists on earth." To appeal to these

emotions by a beautiful and living art should be the object of our artists, and those who do can be sure of receiving the approval and the gratitude of the toilers of the world. This has been proved over and over again by the votes taken at Canon Barnett's picture exhibitions as to the most popular works shown, when men like Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones have been first favourites. And this probably accounts in a measure for the public indifference to works of sculpture. The sculptor has for the most part neglected subjects which appeal to the hearts of the people of his day, and based his work on classic models and precepts.

In saying this we do not in any wise belittle the great works of the past. It is impossible to look on the mighty works of the ancient Egyptian workers in stone without feeling the sense of awe which the people of those days must have experienced—and were intended to experience—when gazing upon them. Mystery is the keynote of Egyptian sculpture, mystery deep and unfathomable. Look upon those inscrutable, gigantic faces in the British Museum: coldly inhuman: giants of stone, indifferent to the passions which pulsate in the human breast. Mighty works indeed—parables impossible of interpretation!

Look, too, at the works in the Assyrian galleries of the same collection. Marvellous of execution, they again draw forth admiration for the skill of their creators, for their dexterous records of the life of those far-off days, for the massive and imposing decorativeness of the semi-human lions and bulls. And then, coming down the ages, consider the beauty of form of the works of the sculptors of classic days; the wondrous productions of the Greeks, the perfection of line and grace of these representations in stone of the "human form divine." Masterpieces of the world which will never be excelled as works of art, they, nevertheless, do not appeal to the hearts of the people, and in adhering to the style of ancient Greece our sculptors have themselves to blame for the lack of popular sympathy.

The sculptors of Italy who shared in the revival of art in the fifteenth century understood this. Without sacrificing in the least the beauty of the classic artists, they infused into their



MOTHERHOOD.

(By Alfred Gilbert, R.A. In the possession of Sir Henry Doulton.)

work that touch of sentiment—either religious or frankly human—which won for them the admiration of their contemporaries, and enables them, though long since dead, to speak to us through their art. The charming creations of Donatello, the delightful child-forms of Lucca della Robbia, the gigantic creations of Michelangelo—gigantic both in conception and execution—appeal to us primarily for the humanity which they reflect: admiration for their beauty follows in due course.



THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

(By Warrington Woods.)

Until comparatively recent years English sculptors have failed to appreciate this public taste, and the public work all through our country has been deplorably lacking either in sentiment or art. The ghastly figures which are exposed in London streets rouse no enthusiasm, and only claim attention because of the men of which they are memorials. Curiously enough the only really beautiful piece of allegorical sculpture in our city is the work of a Frenchman, and that is smothered under a hideous cupola! I refer to the charming little group symbolising "Charity," on the drinking fountain by the Royal Exchange. This beautiful figure of a woman and two children the work of Dalou, was originally shown in stone, but the ravages of the London climate destroyed the features of the figures, and it was only when replaced by a bronze cast of the original model a year or two ago that its full beauty could be appreciated by the present generation. The symbolism is not intricate, the parable can be read by the most ignorant, and understood by all, but it is "a thing of beauty," and therefore a joy for ever.

The English sculptors who are claiming attention to-day are men influenced largely by the spirit of "modernity." They are giving us works which appeal to our sentiment as well as to our sense of beauty. Look, for instance, at the charming group by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., which is illustrated on page 345. One wishes that the original could be placed in position where people could see it every day. It is a simple subject, but what greater lesson can be enforced upon us than that of the holiness and purity of a mother's love and solicitude for her child? There is in one of the public squares of Paris a group very similar to this by Delaplanche. A mother is again giving her child its first lesson in reading. Tender and pure in sentiment, it is an object lesson to all who behold it.

The nobleness and dignity of labour provide our sculptors with a manifold variety of subjects, but there are not many English artists who have availed



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(By W. Goscombe John.)

themselves of it. Among these, however, is the distinguished Royal Academician, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. "The Sower Scattering Seed" is but the representation of an English farm "hand," but it would be difficult to find a piece of work among English sculptures to excel it in grace and beauty of line. The artist has executed another work of "A Mower"—again an English farm-labourer, leaning on his scythe—which is another example of his skill in the adaptation of a subject which can be understood and appreciated by every man, down to him who actually wields the scythe.

Biblical subjects have found exponents in sculpture to a very large extent from the days of the Renaissance downwards. The old Italians decorated their churches with such to almost as great an extent as the painters of their time did; and many sculptors to-day find their inspiration in Scripture in like manner. We have chosen some for illustration in this paper—two by living artists, and one by Warrington Woods, a sculptor who lived some years ago, when "classic" style and subject were deemed necessary by the workers in the sculpturesque arts. "The Sisters of Bethany" is infected by this spirit, but is, nevertheless, pleasing to a certain extent. The "Faith" of Mr. Alfred Drury, is, on the other hand, distinctly pictorial and frankly illustrative of the subject. The "St. John the Baptist," by Mr. Goscombe John, another of our rising



THE MOUNTAIN OF FAME.

(By A. C. Lucchesi.)

sculptors, is a beautiful figure which belongs to the Marquis of Bute, and stands in the centre of a fountain basin in the garden of St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park.

On page 347 is the most ambitious of the allegorical works among our illustrations, and is the work of Mr. A. C. Lucchesi, a young sculptor of whom great things may be expected. "The Mountain of Fame" represents a warrior, who, struggling to acquire the laurel wreath, has in his efforts thrown away sword and shield and is reaching after the honour which is held temptingly before him by the figure of Fame. Almost within his grasp, it yet eludes him, and the rough path up which he has stumbled has not yet brought him to the summit. His weapons, cast aside in the assurance of victory, are left behind; but the wreath is still not his, and he is helpless against further dangers which may await him; the eagerness for fame may prove his ruin and all his strivings end in disaster. Readers of Miss Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" will remember the beautiful parable upon this subject, and I asked the sculptor if this had influenced him at all in the work. The suggestion was almost a revelation to him, for, although he



THE SOWER.

(By W. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.)



(Photo: York and Son, Notting Hill, W.)

THE NIGHTINGALE MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(By Roubiliac.)

had read the book and remembered vividly this particular passage, yet confessed that it was quite out of his mind when he modelled this group. But the influence of the story is distinctly visible.

Memorial sculpture, of course, forms a large part of a sculptor's work, and the example by Mr. Armstead illustrated on this page is typical of a great many of the kind. The most beautiful and dignified monument we possess is without doubt Alfred Stevens' great work in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of the Duke of Wellington—one that can never be sufficiently admired, contrasting as it does with the grandiose monuments of the last century in the same building and at Westminster Abbey.

We illustrate on this page one of the most curious monuments in the latter building. It is the work of Roubiliac, a Frenchman who worked in England in the eighteenth century. The tomb is that of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale, of Minehead, Somersetshire, and of the Lady Elizabeth, his wife, who died soon after her marriage. From the dark recesses of the tomb below issues the skeleton form of Death, in the act of hurling his lance at the wife, while the husband leans forward with extended arm to ward off the fatal blow from his loved partner, who is sinking to rest beside him.

Death, however, can be represented far better than by a ghastly skeleton, as Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., has proved in his dignified "Angel of Death" which stands in the Camberwell Art Gallery. This figure of a young man, carrying the traditional scythe across his shoulder and an hour-glass in his hand, reminds us of Mr. Watts' constant representation of the "grim messenger"—no longer "grim," however, but beautiful, erect, inviting—the harbinger of the land where there shall be no more tears, neither sorrow nor sighing.

ARTHUR FISH.



MEMORIAL TO AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

(By H. H. Armstead, R.A.)

PLEDGED

By Katharine Tynan, Author of "A Daughter of Erin," Etc.

CHAPTER X.

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND.



LONDON was under drizzle when the four-wheeler containing Mr. Graydon and Pamela drew up at Lady Jane Trevithick's house in Brook Street.

As the time came for saying good-bye to her father, Pamela's heart sank lower and lower. By the time the cab stopped it was a mere dead weight of foreboding and depression.

One minute she looked at her father with blank despair. It was in her heart to put her arms about his neck and cling to him and refuse to leave him, as she had done when a small child and insubordinate to nursery rule. But the minute's glance checked the impulse. He was not thinking of her: he was wholly preoccupied: as she watched him, his lips moved as if in conversation with someone.

"'Ere you are, sir. This is the 'ouse," said the old cabman, not offering to budge from his box.

Mr. Graydon jumped out and knocked at the door. While his hand yet held the knocker the door was flung open by a pompous servant.

"Here, my man, lend me a hand with this lady's luggage. The jarvey seems old and incapable," he said brightly to the functionary.

The man came out unwillingly into the rainy street. The sight of the four-wheeler with its poor little trunk brought a look of amazed contempt to his face. But Mr. Graydon was not thinking of him.

When the luggage had gone in, he took his daughter from the cab.

"No, thank you. You need not wait," he said to the cabman as he followed Pamela up the steps.

"Her ladyship is in the drawing-room, sir," said the servant, impressed, despite himself, by the shabby visitor's easy air of command.

"Ah, thank you, I am not coming in. Good-bye, Pam, darling. I'll get the night-mail back. Be sure and enjoy yourself, and give Lady Jane my kindest regards."

He kissed her hastily, unconscious of the supercilious eyes of the footman. Then he turned towards the wet street.

Pamela stood in the hall, looking after him with her miserable heart in her eyes. He went down the steps with his hands deep in his shabby overcoat pockets—for he carried no umbrella—and his soft hat pulled down over his eyes. Another minute and he would be out of sight. A wave of intolerable loneliness rushed over his daughter's heart as she saw him vanishing and leaving her alone among strangers.

"Papa, papa!" she cried.

The genial, kind face was turned back to her for an instant. Her father's hand waved a farewell. Then he was out of sight, and she became conscious that the weary footman, forcedly polite, was holding the door open for her.

"Her ladyship is in the drawing-room," he repeated, and there was rebuke in his voice. Pamela drew back, and he shut the door.

"Poor little Pam!" said her father as he walked along briskly. "She will be home-sick to-night: to-morrow she will be better content, and the day after she will begin to enjoy herself."

"And now, let me see," he said. "This turn is it, for Hill Street? I ought to know the way, though it is so many years since I took it. I hope I shall catch his lordship before dinner. If I'm obliged to disturb him, he'll be in a

horrible rage, and things won't be propitious. Anyhow, at the worst, I'll have time to eat something at the station before I catch the mail. Perhaps his lordship will ask me to dinner if things go well."

He smiled so cheerfully, showing a row of even white teeth, that a wretched girl, carrying an infant, was moved to beg of him. He handed her a shilling, to her unbounded amazement.

"There goes part of my dinner," he said to himself. "Never mind: she needs it." And then to the astonished beggar: "Go home, my girl, with that poor little chap. It is no night for him—or you either—to be out."

Presently he came to a huge house, showing a dim light here and there in its black front. He knocked with a tremor of heart. When last he had knocked there he had stood at the threshold of new life and joy. The rain dripped from his soft hat and hung in beads of moisture on his grey moustache. It soaked unheeded into his thin overcoat.

The door was opened by an old man-servant. He peered in wonder at the shabby-looking stranger, who stepped so unquestioningly within those gloomy portals.

"Is his lordship in town?" asked the intruder. "Why, Thorndyke! It is surely Thorndyke?"

"Yes, I am Thorndyke," said the man. "But I don't think I know you, sir. Let me see."

He turned on the electric light into the front part of the hall, and brought his dim old eyes nearer to Mr. Graydon's face.

"Why, it is Master Archie!" he said quaveringly. "Master Archie after all those years! And how are you, sir? Are you well?"

"Quite well, Thorndyke. Can I see my uncle? I want very particularly to see him."

"He's none too pleasant," whispered the old man. "He has a touch of gout, and the little master's been ill. They've ordered him to Cannes."

"Indeed! I'm sorry for that. I thought he was a hearty little chap."

"So he was, so he was, till a few months gone. He's never recovered a heavy chill he took at the beginning of the winter. His lordship's bound up in him, and it do fret him to see Master Lance dwindle."

"Ah! I am very sorry," said Mr. Graydon, and a cloud came over his face. "I am sorry for the boy and for his lordship, too. Health is a great blessing, Thorndyke."

"It is, indeed, sir. I am glad you have yours. Come in here, sir, and I'll let his lordship know."

He opened the door of a room lined with books in heavy bindings, and motioned Mr. Graydon to enter. The atmosphere was close and warm, though the fire was low in the grate. But Mr. Graydon did not notice that his wet coat was steaming, and that he felt damply and uncomfortably warm. He had other things to think of.

Presently the door was sharply opened, and a red-faced, irascible-looking old man came in.



"Papa, papa!" she cried.

He glared fiercely at his visitor as he hobbled to a chair.

"Well, Archibald," he said, using the name as if it were distasteful to him. "To what am I indebted for the honour of your visit after all those years?"

"I would have come before, sir, but for your own words."

"I'm not unsaying my words. They are as good now as they were then."

"Twenty-five years is a long time. Can't you forget and forgive?"

"I neither forget nor forgive. You did me an injury past forgiveness."

"It was no injury; Mary had chosen me."

"You chose your own lot in life. I have not interfered with it. Why do you come here?"

partly because I hoped that after all the years you would have forgiven me. But there is no use in my staying, I see. I am sorry to have troubled you, sir."

"Say out what you have got to say, man. I don't know whether you know that I have an heir in your place? You have buried yourself so that you may well not know."

"I am glad you have a son, sir."

The old lord grunted.

"Your business, man, your business. I can't wait on you all night, and in five minutes the dinner-bell will ring."

"My business is very simple. I have three girls. One of them would marry after my own



"Go!" said the old lord.

The old man grinned fiercely as if he had had a spasm of pain, and bit his under lip hard.

"I am sorry to have come when you are not well."

"Your visit would have been unpleasant at any time. Why do you come?"

Mr. Graydon took up his soft hat.

"I came partly out of hard necessity, heart and hers; but poverty stands in the way. I was brought up as your heir. I thought perhaps that, remembering that fact, you would help my girl."

"You mean by giving her a dowry?"

"You are very rich."

"The time was, Archibald, when I would have given ten years of life to have heard you ask this and to have refused you. I refuse

you now, but it is because everything is for the boy. I am old, and even my appetite for revenge has deserted me."

"You owe me no revenge, sir."

"We think differently. Why did you cross my path? Why didn't you marry that woman who wanted you—Dunallan's daughter?"

Mr. Graydon looked thunderstruck.

"You have forgotten, sir; Lady Jane married my friend Gerald Trevithick."

"Because she couldn't marry you. He was an idiot to marry her. Everyone saw her infatuation but he and—am I to believe?—you."

"Impossible," muttered Mr. Graydon; "I barely knew her. I never thought of her."

The old lord waved away his words contemptuously.

"She had no money, but she had connections, and she would have had ambitions if she had married you and not Trevithick. The woman was head over ears in love with you, man."

"I can't believe it, sir. But let it be. It is all five-and-twenty years ago."

"And Mary is dead, and you have three girls."

"Yes, sir."

"Are they strong—are they healthy?"

"Yes, thank God. They are all a father's heart could desire."

"Ah! you have scored again. You married the woman we both desired. You have strong children, and I—my boy is not strong."

His face twitched with more than the pain of his gout.

"I am very sorry, sir. I hoped he was strong."

"I didn't ask for your pity, Archibald."

"I can't help being sorry, all the same."

"But you've outwitted me. I married a peasant—almost a peasant—that my heir in your place might be strong. He is—not strong."

Again the bitter spasm crossed his face, and the sight of it wrung Mr. Graydon's kind heart.

"I pray that he may become strong," he said earnestly; "God is good."

"Anyhow," cried the old man with sudden fury, "I shall not break up his inheritance. If he lives to do that himself one day, let him. It is like enough he would. He does not take after me. But he is my only son."

The dinner-bell pealed loudly through the house.

"Go!" said the old lord. "You have upset me. I shall not be the better of your visit for a week. Go back to your girls, and come here no more. Be thankful they are strong. Money is not everything."

He shuffled out of the room, and Mr. Graydon followed him.

"Show this gentleman out, Thorndyke," he said, and went without a word of farewell.

"Let me get you a little refreshment, Mr. Archie," said the old servant. "Do, sir! Dear, dear! you are very wet, and to think you have to turn out again without your dinner!"

"No, thank you, Thorndyke. I shall do very well till I get to Euston. I shall have some dinner there before the train starts."

"You are going back to Ireland to-night, sir?"

"Yes, Thorndyke, I must."

"Dear, dear! and you are very wet. Can we do nothing for you, sir? My wife—I married Mrs. Ellis, the housekeeper; you remember, sir?—would be so fretted to see you going off like this. Do let me get you something, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you, Thorndyke, nothing. But it is very kind of you, all the same. I remember your wife very well. She was good to me in old days. Give her my love, Thorndyke, and good-bye."

"Good-bye, till happier times, sir," said the old servant, as Mr. Graydon went out in the streaming night.

The lights of a hansom blinked through the rain as he turned north-eastward. He put his hand in his pocket and took out a few coins, and looked at them.

"No," he said, "I can't afford it. I must walk part of the way, and 'bus the rest. I shall just have time to do it."

But by the time he got to Euston he could only snatch a few fragments of food. And so it was wet, chilled, and half-fed that he made his return journey.

His uncle's suggestion about Lady Jane disturbed him oddly, though he tried to thrust it from him as impossible; but it recurred again and again.

"After all," he thought at last, "it might explain why she sought us out, and why she wanted Pamela. If I unwittingly did her the injury that she should have cared for me, who had no love to give her, it would be like a woman's generosity to repay me in that way. Ah! but women are better nowadays. She must have been a happy woman with Gerald, happier than with a worthless fellow like me, who could bring her neither honour nor glory. Ah! if it is true, and she should repay my Pam with happiness, how wonderful it would be! And there is no goodness which is impossible to a woman, praise be to the Source!"

Despite the damp and discomfort, his thoughts made him fall asleep with a smile on his face.

CHAPTER XI.

AN EVENTFUL EVENING.

"WHY did you do it, Auntie Janie?" asked Lady Kitty.

"Do what, darling?" answered Lady Jane in the tone that was reserved especially for her pet.

"Why, ask that poor little thing here. You know you don't like her a bit, and she's as home-sick as ever I saw anyone. Why don't you pack her off home again?"

"I asked her because—because—they were kind to Anthony, and it was only civil to do it, and because it ought to be a pleasure to the girl herself."

"Now you know you didn't, Auntie Janie, and you needn't tell me. It's not like you to do a shady thing first, and then tell a story about it."

"Kitty!"

"Yes, I know it's shocking of me. But I've always found you straight. Where you disliked you disliked, and made no pretence about it. But now you're playing a part for some reason or other, and I don't like you in a part."

"I think you're a rude, spoilt child, Kitty."

"I know I'm spoilt by you, and you're forcing me to be rude. It isn't like you, as I said before, and so I thought I'd ask you why you did it. You've become tortuous, Auntie Janie, ever since the day Anthony left for Washington. I don't recognise you as a tortuous person, and, frankly, it makes me uncomfortable."



"Better leave her to me, Auntie Janie."

"What fault have you to find, Kitty, with me as hostess?"

Lady Jane put down the pen she had been holding in her hand all this time, and came over from her writing-table as though she foresaw that the discussion would take time.

She looked down at Lady Kitty, who was basking in front of the fire, and her cold eyes grew maternal.

"You're fond of me, Kitty, I believe."

"It would be odd if I wasn't. I'm selfish to the heart's core, but I'm really not bad enough not to be fond of you."

"I don't think you're selfish, Kitty. It is only a pose of yours. But I am glad you are fond of me. Few people are. My life has been a mistake, Kitty. I was not formed for happiness. If I had to do it over again, perhaps I would make an effort to live otherwise. But this is not what I meant to say. You think that child unhappy?"

"Anyone can see it with half an eye."

"She went off cheerfully enough with Mrs. Molyneux to see the flowers."

"Yes, it was a relief to her. Mrs. Molyneux is an old dear, and she won't feel out of it with her. She has been feeling horribly out of it with you and me."

"Perhaps, Kitty, I *mean* her to feel out of it. Perhaps I mean her to be unhappy."

"Oh! say you didn't, Auntie Janie," said Lady Kitty, suddenly lifting up a flushed face. "Say you didn't. If you really meant that, I think I should have to throw you over, and take up the cudgels for the girl. Only my loyalty to you has kept me from doing it before. She's a nice little thing, and I am sure she is as jolly as a kitten when she gets fair play."

Lady Jane winced.

"We are both talking nonsense, Kitty. But if what I said were true, how would you defend your—your new friend against me?"

"Upon my word I don't know. I couldn't dress her up in my frocks and jewels; for she's as proud as she's poor. And I couldn't tell her to stand up against going to places where she's perfectly unhappy. And I couldn't say what would be the kindest thing—'Run away, little baa-lamb, to your woods and mountains; the world is no place for you.'"

"Yet you expect me to say it."

"No, I suppose I really don't. Let me see. Her visit is half-way through. Let *me* take her round now to places she'll enjoy. She'd simply love to see the Tower and Hampton Court, and to look at the shops in Regent Street, and have tea at Winter's."

"I hardly know you in this amiable mood, Kitty."

"I hardly know myself. Still, there it is. Perhaps I'm rather sick of the world, and have a longing for Arcadian pleasures."

"I can't very well go out and leave my guest alone. Yet we are pretty full for the next couple of weeks. I have been thinking myself very good-natured for taking a brace of young women about."

"I daresay," said Lady Kitty. "Yes, we are rather full. I don't mind shirking some of the engagements."

"And I, others?"

"Better leave her to me, Auntie Janie. She's afraid of you."

"Do you begin to-night?"

Lady Kitty's face fell.

"I'm afraid I can't stay at home to-night without perjuring myself."

"Mildred Sefton is going. Let her take you, and I shall stay at home — if, indeed, you think Miss Graydon would not enjoy the 'at home.'"

"She wouldn't without a proper frock. You'll be good to her, Auntie Janie?"

"I shall try to, my dear."

"And to-morrow she and I will take up our *rôle* of town mouse and country mouse."

"Poor Kitty!"

"I shall like it. She likes me already, and I have an odd fancy to make her like me better."

"You amazing Kitty! But are you going to carry out those extraordinary expeditions from east to west unchaperoned?"

"I shouldn't mind at all. We aren't so particular nowadays, you know. However, I daresay Captain Leslie would go with us with joy. He admires the little Pam."

"And he is Anthony's friend."

"Yes, of course, one doesn't mind bothering him any more than one would Anthony."

When Lady Kitty announced at dinner that she was going to take Pamela a round of sight-seeing, Pamela's weary face brightened.

"You would like it better than meeting a lot of dull people who are desperately uninteresting to you."

"I should love it," said Pam, with two sudden dimples dancing into her cheeks.

"We haven't been doing our duty by you," went on Lady Kitty. "It would be an everlasting disgrace to us if you went home without seeing the sights."

"But won't it be a great bother for you?"

"On the contrary. I have long desired to see the Tower."

"You don't mean to say you never have?" said Pamela, staring.

"Well, you know, the people in a place never see the sights of it, unless they are obliged to by an amiable visitor."

"You will have such gay times with Kitty, to-morrow," said Lady Jane, with the faintest suggestion of enmity underlying the smooth words, "that you will not mind, I hope, having only my society for to-night?"

"Is Lady Kitty going out?" asked Pamela, and a cloud fell on her face.

"She must," said Lady Jane shortly. "We shall have some music," she went on, "and afterwards you must get to bed early to prepare for a tiring day to-morrow. So we shall not find the evening too long without Kitty."

Yet after dinner, when Lady Kitty, radiant, in her smartest gown, floated into the drawing-room and found Pamela alone, it was not the face of one who anticipated a pleasant evening that she beheld.

"How exquisite you look!" cried Pamela, forgetting her bad quarter of an hour to come. "I never thought anyone could look so beautiful."

Lady Kitty kissed her emphatically.

"There," she said, "I'm not the kissing sort, but you are a dear little thing to admire another girl so rapturously. Not but what you can afford to."

Pamela still gazed at her with eyes of wonder, and said nothing.

"We are going to have such a lovely day to-morrow, and don't forget it," whispered Lady Kitty; for there was the *frou-frou* of Lady Jane's skirt in the distance. Then quite suddenly she kissed Pamela again.

"Thank you," she said, "for what your eyes are saying. I don't mind telling you, as a great secret, that I want very particularly to look well to-night."

She laughed as she floated away towards Lady Jane, who was just coming in, and, taking up her warm cloak, wrapped herself in it.

"Good-night, you people, and be happy," she called back to them.

Lady Jane gazed rather uneasily after her as she went.

"Kitty seems excited," she said. "I hope she hasn't been overdoing it lately."

"I think she looks very well and happy," said Pamela.

"Ah!" replied Lady Jane, as if it were hardly Pamela's business to have an opinion, and vouchsafed no further remark.

After she had turned over an evening paper, and tea had been brought, she went to the piano and began to play. She was a good musician, and Pamela, who had never heard good music, listened entranced. Then Lady Jane sang song after song, as if she had no listener; and as Pamela watched her, warmed with the emotion of the music, she felt that she could understand Lady Kitty's affection for the proud and cold woman.

At last Lady Jane stopped abruptly and came over to the fire. Pamela sat with bent head in the firelight till suddenly she lifted her eyes like wet violets. A sharp pang of memory shot through Lady Jane's heart. She turned away, and when she looked at Pamela her eyes were cold and cruel.

"You don't get much music at—at—I'm afraid I've forgotten the name?"

"Carrickmoyle," said Pamela.

"Ah! Carrickmoyle."

"No, we never hear any—except the squeaky old harmonium on Sundays. We have no piano."

"Nor newspapers, nor books, nor society, nor pictures?"

"Very few novels," said Pamela, "except old ones, but plenty of books. My father always says that newspapers are worthless reading, that they divide one's interest into snippets. But," she made haste to add, "he only really cares for classical literature. I suppose we have no society and no pictures. But the country is delightful."

Lady Jane yawned as if Pamela's answer did not interest her.

"What a pity!" she went on in tones of subtle disparagement. "What a great pity that your father cannot give his daughters the things which make life really worth living."

Pamela flushed.

"Our lives are very happy. But that our dear mother died young, I should say we are the happiest girls alive."

Again Lady Jane stifled a yawn.

"Anthony must have missed his music," she went on, "while he was with you. He is devoted to music."

"He never said——" began Pamela lamely.

"Of course he wouldn't," said Lady Jane. "By the way," she went on, "has Kitty told you how things are between her and Anthony?"

Pamela flushed, and then grew pale again. Fortunately she was not called upon for an answer.

"No, I see she hasn't," went on Lady Jane; "and, of course, the boy would be equally reticent. He has been in love with Kitty all his life. She is his ideal. Anthony cannot bear your modern damsel, romping about among the pursuits of men till she has neither voice nor complexion left. A delicate and graceful creature like Kitty is his ideal."

Pamela made no comment on this confidence. She never thought of not believing it, as a more sophisticated girl might.

"Ah!" she said in her own heart, "I was the entanglement, after all, and she was the true love."

And then she remembered oddly Sylvia's contemptuous disbelief in the love of young men.

"I'm afraid you are tired," said Lady Jane, as the conversation threatened to become more and more difficult. "Shall we say 'Good-night'? You must be fresh for Kitty to-morrow."

Pamela accepted her release thankfully. When she had reached her own room, and was alone, she knelt and hid her face in the bed-clothes, and considered Lady Jane's astounding disclosure.

It did not seem to her that it admitted of doubt. Anthony's own conduct bore it out fully. For the moment he had had a fancy for her. She was not yet at the point of doubting its genuineness—but when he went away he forgot her, and his allegiance returned to its lawful owner.

The humiliation was bitter, but it did not stir her resentment at the moment nearly so much as Lady Jane's insolence about her father.

"And to think," cried Pamela hotly, "that I have eaten the woman's bread and endured such a horrible time here simply because I would not go home and let them know things had not been right! And to think how my father loved Sir Gerald Trevithick and his people for his sake! I shall never cease to hate the name from henceforth."

And yet her thoughts took a sudden turn, in spite of her; and, in spite of herself, her heart cried out for Anthony, and again for Anthony. And though she poured seas of scorn upon herself, her heart still betrayed her.

The next morning Lady Kitty knocked at her door very early for that fashionable damsel.

"Are you up, stay-a-bed?' she cried. "It is an enchanting day, and we have the loveliest programme for it."

"Come in," said a voice, unlike Pamela's.

Lady Kitty came in on a scene of confusion. Pamela had her small trunk open on the floor, and was ramming things into it wildly. She had her hat on, and her face seemed to have become pinched with trouble out of its usual soft beauty. Her lips were set, and her eyes looked unutterable woe.

"My father is very ill," she said in a dull voice. "I am going to catch the express at Euston. You will tell Lady Jane I could not wait to see her."

"You poor child! When did you hear it?"

"The letter came by the first post."

"You are not going without breakfast? Those lazy creatures must have it ready to time for once."

She rang the bell sharply, and a maid came.

"Breakfast immediately for Miss Graydon," she said. "We shall be in the dining-room in three minutes. Tell Dibber it *must* be on the table."

And it was. Pamela ate a few mouthfuls and swallowed a cup of tea. Then the cab was at the door, and her miserable eyes were looking out on the sunshiny street.

"Good-bye, good-bye," she said.

"When you can, send me a word to say how he is," said Lady Kitty.

Pamela stepped back into the dining-room, and put her arms round Lady Kitty's neck.

"No matter, no matter!" she cried. "I love you. You've been human to me in this house, and I love you."

And then Pamela was gone.



Lady Kitty came in on a scene of confusion.

CHAPTER XII.

PAMELA SAYS "YES."

IT was May now, and the evenings were long and sweet. Eight o'clock rang from the clock-tower at Glengall, and Pamela Graydon stood by the Wishing Well in the woods and looked down into the little cup of clear water. Memory was very keen in her this delicious, scented evening.

No word had come from Anthony Trevithick, and Pamela had ceased to expect any long ago. On her father's account as much as on her own she was filled with dull anger against him—an anger that hurt.

She had had no communication with the house in Brook Street, except her hastily scribbled line to Lady Kitty when Mr. Graydon began to creep back out of the shadow of death, and the answering letter, full of a sympathy which would have surprised some in Lady Kitty's world, if they could but have read it.

"Anthony thinks of getting his Uncle Wilton moved home as soon as possible," was one of Lady Kitty's bits of news. "He will never be very strong again, but he is out of danger. Of course, they will have to go warily, so Anthony will hardly be here before full summer."

"He may stay away for ever, so far as I am concerned," had been Pamela's comment as she thrust the letter into her little old desk. Indeed, at the time, in the extremity of her relief at her father's illness having taken a turn for the better, her love affair seemed a paltry thing and not worth thinking upon.

But now that the strain was over her loneliness returned. She looked with sad eyes upon the summer landscape, and the moan of May wood-doves from near and far seemed to be the voice of her pain.

She often wondered if she could be the Pamela of a year ago—so gay and careless. Her sadness of late had passed unnoticed—they had all been sad—but whereas Sylvia's spirits had gone up with a bound, and Mary's mood was one of quiet and thankful joy, the great fear being removed, Pamela, after the first relief, felt only a flatness and dulness of the spirit which seemed never likely to lift; for Pam looked to her future with all the hopelessness of very young girlhood.

She sat down on a mossy tree trunk and listened with her chin in her hand to the last song of the thrush.

"Pamela," said a voice close by her, "the dews are falling, child, and you will take cold."

"Oh, Lord Glengall!" Pamela looked up startled, and then stretched a friendly hand to him.

"No; it is not a bit damp," she said. "Just feel it. I am going home presently. Sit down here. There is room for you."

But he stood watching her seriously and made no response to her invitation.

"You have been to Carrickmoyle?" she said.

"Yes, I saw him for a few minutes." There was no necessity to specify who the "him" was. He had been so much in all their minds.

"He was very comfortable," Lord Glengall continued. "Sylvia was reading to him, and his little fire was bright. He grows every day more like himself."

"Yes," said Pamela simply. "It is good to see him growing stronger. One can rest in it, and be glad, without looking forward too much."

"You mean to the winter?"

"Yes; twenty things may happen before then to help us. We have nearly five months before the doctor says he must go abroad. I am not going to think about it."

"Lord Downside may even yet find a human heart in him," said Glengall, watching her seriously.

"Lord Downside — who turned him into the street, wet and hungry, to meet almost his death!" cried Pam, with an angry sob. "'The tender mercies of the wicked.' I shall always think of Lord Downside when I hear that."

"You look as if you needed a change yourself, Pam."

The deep-sunk eyes looked at her with an anxious tenderness, but Pamela did not notice.

"I shall pull up now," she said. "Carrickmoyle in summer is good enough for anyone."

"But the winter, Pam—the winter?"

"Let us forget the winter for a little while," answered Pamela, surprised at his insistence.

"I am very rich, Pam," he said, and then stopped.

"Ah! that is what you are aiming at," said Pam, looking up at him with repentant affection; "and I was feeling cross with you because you wouldn't let the winter be."

"He won't mind taking — a loan — from his old friend? At interest, if he likes. Eh, Pam?"

"Oh! a thousand per cent., if you like,' cried Pam airily, but her eyes were dewy. "You may as well charge a big interest, for you know it would be a loan that would hardly have the faintest chance of ever being repaid."

"Oh! I don't know about that," said Lord Glengall, digging a hole in the ground with the toe of his boot.

"You are an optimist," laughed Pam, and her tone was tender.

"He will take it, you think?"

"He never will."

"I have neither chick nor child. Is my gold to lie rotting while the friend I love—wants for it?"

He substituted "wants" at the last moment for another word, and Pamela understood.

"I daresay it is foolish," she said, "but I am afraid we shall not be able to persuade him."

"If not, Pam, there is one other way."

"Ah! no," she cried, putting out both hands as if to push him off; "not that way, Lord Glengall."

She closed her eyes at the moment, and like a sudden stab there came the thought of the young lover who had kissed her in this place, deadly sweet and deadly cruel as well.

"I beg your pardon, Pam," said Glengall's quiet and patient voice. "Of course, I am too old."

"Oh! no, but I am not the right person—that is all. You must marry someone who loves you. I—I am the wrong person."

"We won't talk about it, then," said Glengall, turning away his head. "We must find some other way, Pam."

Pamela jumped up and ran to him, and, as she had often done, thrust her arm into his.

"You are a thousand times too good for a stupid, ungrateful girl like me." She hugged his arm to her unconsciously. "I should be a thousand times a happier girl if I did love you and married you. Indeed, it oughtn't to be hard to love you."

Lord Glengall patted her head.

"Thank you, Pam," he said, "for being sorry for me. I don't deserve your goodness; I am a selfish old fellow for wanting a lovely young creature like you. Ah! Pam, we should form those ties when we are young. Then we should not feel useless and lonely old blocks when we have left our youth behind."

"You're not going to be unhappy?" cried Pam, still hugging his arm.

Lord Glengall laughed.



Pamela looked up startled.

"No, Pam," he said. "I don't pretend to be like a young fellow, all fire and despair. I should have liked to take care of you, little girl, and to have the right to take care of you all. But we must find another way."

They walked back together to Carrickmoyle

in the old friendly fashion, and no one seeing them could have guessed that Glengall was a rejected lover; but that night Pam was thoughtful.

The next morning she was alone with her father. Mr. Graydon lay on a couch, from which he could see the mountains through the open window, and Pamela, on the rug by his side, was trying to teach Mark Antony to balance a straw on his nose.

"Let him alone, Pam," said her father. "He's too old and fat to learn tricks."

"Then he shan't have his bone; Pat deserves it better. Pat has learned three new tricks since you've been getting well."



"Is it 'Yes'?" said Lord Glengall.

"It is good to be getting well again. I don't think I realised before how beautiful the world is."

"Our bit of it," said Pam.

"And yet I am no coward. When my time comes, I shall not be afraid to go. If only I could feel that you children were provided for!"

"Did that trouble you—then?" said Pam, in a low voice.

"It did," answered her father, "though I tried hard for faith and trust."

"Dear, darling dad!" cried Pamela suddenly. "Would it make you happier if I were to marry Lord Glengall?"

"I thought we had settled all that, Pam."

"Oh, yes, in that old life," said Pamela dreamily, "before you were ill. But things are altered now. It is just as well we don't know what's before us."

"But I am getting well, my little Pam."

"Ah, yes, thank God! You are getting well," said Pam. "But you haven't told me if it would make you happier for me to marry Lord Glengall."

"You would be safe," said Mr. Graydon wistfully, "and he would take care of the others. But—but—it is not a question of making me happy, or of anyone but yourself, little Pam. Could you be happy?"

"Sometimes I think I could," said Pamela. "It would be an end of trouble; it would be peace."

"Poor Pam! you talk as if you had been through storms."

Pam shook her head.

"Never mind, darling dad. I think I shall say 'Yes' then, after all."

"He has asked you, Pam?"

"Yes, he has asked me. You don't think, dad, that he would like Sylvia just as well?"

"He seems to prefer you, Pam."

"I should *love* him for a brother-in-law."

"If you feel like that, don't think of him for a husband."

"He would never deceive nor betray me," said Pamela, with a sigh.

"Poor little girl!" said her father, and then said no more.

A day or two later, as Lord Glengall was leaving Carrickmoyle, he was overtaken by Pamela.

"I'm coming with you a bit," she said. "I want to give the dogs a run."

"I'll be proud of your company. Shall we take the wood-path?"

"No," said Pamela, with a little shudder. "I hate the wood. Let us cross the bog."

"Why, what has come to you, child? I thought you were a perfect wood-nymph."

"I'm tired of the wood," said Pam, shortly.

They walked on till they were out in the road through the bog. Then Pamela suddenly spoke what was in her mind.

"Lord Glengall," she said, "do you still want me to marry you?"

"Why, it was only on Wednesday I asked you. You don't suppose I've had time to change my mind?"

"Because—I've changed mine. I want to say 'Yes.'"

"'Yes,' Pam? Is it 'Yes'?" said Lord Glengall, turning and facing her. "Are you quite sure you mean 'Yes'?"

"Quite, quite sure," said Pam.

"What's come over you to make you say it, when you said 'No' the other day? You're doing it of your own free will, Pam?"

"Quite of my own free will?"

Lord Glengall stooped and kissed the cool cheek, almost as her father might.

"And you won't want to unsay it later on, Pam?"

Pam shook her head.

"I'll be very good to you, little Pam—God helping me."

"I know you will," said Pam. "But why did you like me instead of Sylvia?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Pam. I never thought of that." He laughed out. "It's lucky I didn't, Pam. What chance should I have had with Sylvia, and all those boys about her?"

"What, indeed?" said Pamela, but she looked mysterious.

A moment later she pulled up again sharply.

"Now that we're engaged," she said, "I've something to tell you, Lord Glengall."

A wave of the loveliest rose flowed over her face, but her eyes were down.

"What is it, Pam?" he said quietly, but he felt a sharp pang as he watched her. She would never flush like that for him, he felt sure. Ah, his lost youth! What would he not have given to recall it?

"I think I ought to tell you," she said, looking on the ground at her feet, "that I have cared for someone else."

"Very much, Pam?"

"Very much."

"Is it all over, Pam?"

"It is all over."

"Was it—a matter of money, Pam? Could nothing be done? I don't want you to marry me at the cost of your own happiness."

Pamela was pulling a wild yellow iris to pieces. He put his hand under her chin, and lifted her face till he could look into her eyes.

"Tell me, tell me, Pam. Be brave and truthful with me. It is my happiness as well as yours. Is there nothing that can be done?"

"There is nothing."

He let her go, and stood away again, and his face was full of trouble. Pamela looked at him for a moment. Then she made a step forward, and drew his arms about her.

"I told you because I thought I must," she said. "But it is all over and done with. I am going to be so happy with you, so happy!" He looked down at her and his face was transformed.

"Don't make *me* too happy, Pam," he said. "It is too much for an old hulk like me."

And so they went home through the summer evening, Pamela saying to herself over and over again that she was really happy. Now she need not dread the autumn for her father, for had not Glengall said that together they would take him to the Riviera, or farther afield to Algiers, and so would make him strong again? And had he not thought, even in his first content, of poor Mary and her hopeless love affair? Mick was to exchange into a home regiment, and a little money would smooth the way for their marriage, so that the two need not wait till some day far distant, when they should look in each other's faded faces and feel that this was not the love of long ago. Sylvia, too, was to have fine frocks and gaiety as befitted her beauty and her youth. And to think that she, Pamela, was the wonder-worker, the magician, to give her beloved ones the things that lay nearest their hearts—she, Pamela, who had always desired to give!

Only Sylvia, of them all, did not congratulate Pamela with approval.

"I don't believe you'll make him half as happy as I should have done," she said. "But never mind—it is your score, and I accept it."

And then she went off with a frown to refuse young St. Quentin for the fifth time, as she had already refused his superior officer.

"I'll do my best to make him happy," Pamela said, remembering before she slept. "Help me to make him happy," she cried, lifting her heart and her eyes.

And so she fell asleep placidly, quite unlike a girl who had been asked in marriage and had accepted only a few hours ago. Just for that one night she was troubled with no thought of Anthony Trevithick.

[END OF CHAPTER TWELVE.]

WE CAN.

A Short Address to the Members of the Fourth Form at Harrow.

By E. W. Howson, M.A.

LET me try to picture a scene for you. It is a spring day, towards the end of March, and a group of friends are walking along one of the high roads leading to Jerusalem. They are going, like many others, to attend the Feast of the Passover, in the Holy City, during the following week. Slightly in front of the rest walks Jesus Christ. There is something unusual, almost alarming, in His aspect, and the disciples who are following behind are watching Him with awe and wonder as He strides along with rapid steps. He is evidently possessed and agitated by some deep emotion, some inflexible purpose, which they do not fully comprehend. His thoughts are not their thoughts. They do not know what He knows—that in a few short days He, their Lord and Master, whom they fondly dream is destined to win an earthly crown, will be tried like a common felon and nailed to the bitter cross. They are thinking of a triumph and a throne, and are already discussing the honours which they hope to share. He is thinking of something widely different — of agony, desertion, and death.

Presently, two of His disciples—James and John—step forward, with their mother, Salome, to ask Him a question. Jesus looks round and says to her, "What wilt thou?" Salome, who, like many mothers, was ambitious for her sons, replies, "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left, in Thy kingdom." The other disciples, who overheard her words, are annoyed at the request, which appears to them pushing and selfish. Why should James and John be singled out for special favour? They expect and hope that Jesus will rebuke them. Instead of which, He says gently, but very seriously, "Ye know not what ye ask. Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with?" It was a stern and searching challenge, and a coward would have hesitated to meet it. But James and John were no cowards. They took up the challenge at once, and simply and promptly they answered, Δυνάμεθα—"We can." The request may have been selfish, but the answer was brave; and, what was more, they were destined to seal that promise with their blood.

It is this answer—this one word (for in the Greek it is but one word), Δυνάμεθα, "We can"—which I wish to consider with you for a few minutes this evening.

For an answer like this is a key to character, and shows of what sort of stuff the men were made who gave it. You will find as you grow older that men may be roughly divided into two classes—those who face difficulty with a *can*, and those who face it with a *can't*. The former are the material from which heroes are made: the latter may be good, kind and pure, but sooner or later they fall behind, and become the followers, not the leaders, in the work of life.

There is an old Latin proverb—"*Possunt quia posse videntur*," "They can because they think they can." Nothing could be

more true. For let a man only believe he can do a thing, and he is already half-way to the achievement of his purpose. It is the half-hearted, the faint-hearted, who fail. Belief is the thing we want. "All things are possible to him that believeth." You know this is true in your games. You know that the boy who goes shivering and shaking to the wicket is pretty sure to return after a few overs clean bowled. But it is equally true of every department of life. Napoleon said that the word "impossible" ought to be removed from the dictionary, and the boy or man who, when duty calls him, can answer calmly and deliberately, "I can," is the one who not only deserves but commands success.

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies—'I can.'"

You remember, no doubt, the old Greek fable of Perseus—how, when he was a boy of fifteen, the goddess Athene appeared to him in a dream and showed him the hideous head of the Gorgon writhing with snakes. "Can you," she asked him, "face this wicked monster, and will you some day try to slay it?" "Yes,' he said, "I can; if thou wilt help me, I can." And though Athene told him of all the long journey, and all the terrible perils in the way, he did not shrink or falter, but when he came to be a man he nobly fulfilled his resolution and promise. And this is only an allegory. It means, that if a man or boy has sufficient will and determination, there is no danger, no difficulty, no temptation, which he may not overcome by the assistance of divine support. Pray, every one of you, for God's best gift of a strong will. It is worth, believe me, all the knowledge, wealth, and popularity in the world.

Now, of course, I do not pretend that you and I are called on in our daily school life to act the hero or the martyr on the grander scale. Our life is cast in quiet ways. And yet, as surely as our Lord asked James and John, so He asks each one of us, "Can you drink of My cup? Can you be baptised with My baptism?"

What, then, is this cup, what is this baptism in your school life here at Harrow? For if we dare not share it we cannot be called His disciples. "No pain, no gain." "No sweat, no sweet." So ran the old sayings, and if we cannot bear His cross most assuredly we shall not deserve His crown. Let me, then, take a few homely instances to show what I think is the meaning of Christ's question here at Harrow for you.

You are, let us suppose, in your house with three or four other boys. You have all been talking together about your games, when suddenly the conversation takes a bad turn, and something is said, perhaps in jest, which is coarse or irreverent. The speaker is an influential boy, and you are rather proud to claim his acquaintance. It would be easy for you to join in the laugh; it will please him, it will show that you are as "knowing" as the rest. There is the temptation—it is a very common one; but the question is, can you resist it? Can you refuse the expected smile? Can you sacrifice the cheap popularity? Can you boldly say "Shut up"? Can you walk quietly out of the room? Can you? Very well, then, if so, you can drink the cup of Christ.

Do you think this is asking too much of you? Let me tell you, then, a story—it is a well-known one, but it will bear repetition—of an Eton boy. He was captain of the boats at Eton about fifty years ago, and it was the custom then at boat suppers for coarse and indecent songs to be sung. Patteson (for that was the boy's name) said that if he was present those songs should not be sung. He went to the supper as usual, and a boy got up to sing one of those songs. Patteson jumped up then and there and walked out of the room. I have not a doubt he was laughed at for his pains, and that he lost some of his popularity; but the protest was successful, and, so far as I know, the practice has never, from that day to this, been revived. Some thirty years later Patteson, who had learnt to drink the cup of Christ at school, became a bishop—a missionary bishop—and met a martyr's death in the far islands of the Pacific Ocean, a loyal servant of his Master to the last.

Or again—to take another instance—you have been playing a game and you have come back in a hurry rather late. You have an exercise to show up, and you have not left yourself time to finish it. Another boy in the house has already done his, and the work lies there on the table before your eyes. You are tempted to take it and copy it. It will save you from punishment. No one will be the wiser—except God (and for the moment you forget that). Other boys have often done it. Perhaps your friend offers to lend it you, and would think you something of a prig and simpleton to say no. Can you reject the temptation and refuse to look at it? Can you show up your exercise unfinished and bear the punishment it involves? Can you? If so, you can drink the cup of Christ.

Or, once more, we will say that you are waiting with your form for a master outside the form-room door. While you wait, an unpopular and helpless boy is being teased and pestered. I daresay his appearance is odd, and he is sensitive and excitable

and easily provoked. You are tempted to join with the rest and add one more jest at his expense. It will, perhaps, sting him to the quick and make the tears start to his eyes, but you will earn a laugh and get the credit of being thought amusing. Can you check that jest? Can you speak up in defence of the weaker side? Can you take his part and protect him? Can you do more? Can you take the trouble, when the rest are gone, to say that you are sorry for him and give him a word of encouragement and sympathy? Can you? If so, you can drink the cup of Christ.

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

I know it is the fashion to say that the life of a boy at a public school is one long round of unbroken pleasure. There could not be a greater mistake. You are not all—you are not any of you—always happy. You have every now and then a cup of bitterness to drink. You may have had a quarrel with your best friend, and you find it hard, almost impossible, to forgive. You are too proud to make the first apology: he would think he had gained his point; and so bad blood gets worse, and soon you are barely on speaking terms. You have been trying to turn over a new leaf, to break off some bad habit which is growing on you like a creeper on a tree—to give up swearing, perhaps; to say your prayers more regularly—and then someone says, with a sneer, that you are turning "pi." You know how the sneer tells. Or perhaps you have been idle and you determine to make a fresh start. You prepare your work carefully, but when you are put on to construe your memory fails; you get turned, and your master thinks you still idle and will not believe that you have tried.

Such are some of your common trials. They may make you very unhappy, but they are God's way of testing you. Can you, He seems to say, do this and that for Me? Can you give up that bad habit, can you bear ridicule, can you do your duty patiently in spite of failure? Oh! answer boldly, "Yes—with Thy help we can." Never give up hope. Fight on and on. Despair is the devil's triumph. When he sees you throw up your hands and give way, he chuckles; for he knows that you are, or soon will be, at his mercy.

The fact is, we cannot go to heaven in an easy-chair, and these trials are, indeed, the hammer strokes which harden the metal of your character. Shirk and evade them, and you will never be a strong and useful man. Bear them, and you will be able to tackle other and fiercer temptations in the larger battle of life—to be brave and pure in your regiment, honest in business, valiant and self-denying in the Church.

But more than this lies in this little word Δυνάμεθα, "We can." For perhaps, as you grow older, you will be called upon to fill some high office of trust and responsibility. Will you, then, at that critical moment, prove worthy of the opportunity, or will you let false modesty, indolence, or nervousness, tempt you to decline it, and let the chance slip by which God has given you of useful service? Will you be one of those contemptible people who say, "No, thank you, it isn't good enough," or, "No, I'm afraid of what others would think or say of me"? Will you not rather rise to the occasion, in a spirit of alacrity, and say, "Yes, I can. I will not be content to lag in the poor-spirited ruck, who die unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. I, too, will take my part in the front rank, and strike as stout a blow as I can for the cause of truth and right"?

But if you are to give such an answer as this (and I trust you will), remember that you must give it relying on that strength which is greater than your own. If you don't, you will be ambitious and selfish, and I daresay successful, and nothing better. Listen to what Christ says: "Without Me ye can do nothing." It is His strength, His spirit, which alone can give the full force and the right direction to our wills. With Him everything, without Him nothing. "I can," said St. Paul in one of his bursts of enthusiasm, "I can do all things," but then he is careful to add, "through Christ which strengtheneth me." There is the secret, that is the only talisman of true success. Let us, then, pray to Him morning by morning, evening by evening, to give us His help.

"Be Thou our guard on peril's brink,
Be Thou our guide through weal and woe,
And make us of Thy cup to drink,
And teach us in Thy path to go.
For what is earthly shame or loss?
His promises are still our own,
The feeblest frame can bear His cross,
The lowliest spirit share His throne."

This, then, as I understand it, is the message contained in the words "We can." And whenever a fierce temptation comes upon you, as it will, perhaps, even to-morrow, and you are inclined to say to yourself, "No, I can't face this unpopularity; I can't do this irksome duty; I can't resist this temptation any longer; I can't go on fighting any more," then turn a deaf ear to Satan's whispers, and answer boldly, "I can."

THE WONDERFUL PURSE



A FAIRY PARABLE
FOR THE CHILDREN.

By Myra Hamilton.

"CALEB! Where are you?"

"Here, mother," he cried, suddenly rising from one of the hay-cocks upon which he had been resting. He took the little bundle from her hand without one word of thanks, and then he slowly untied the red cotton handkerchief and began to eat his dinner.

"What is the matter with you, my lad?" his mother asked him. "You seem very cross to-day."

Caleb nodded his head moodily.

"I feel cross," he assented. Then he looked searchingly at his mother.

"Don't you want to be rich?" he demanded.

The old woman was horrified at the thought of it.

"Rich? Heaven forbid! I am quite content to live in our little cottage by the stream. I do not dread the cold winter approaching, for you are such a good son to me that I know I shall lack naught."

Caleb moved uneasily. This simple statement did not correspond with his preconceived notion of prosperity, so he tried to explain his views more fully to his mother.

"I want gold," he said firmly. "Bushels and bushels of it! Enough to buy me fine clothes, horses, carriages and food—heaps of different kinds of food that I might eat continuously. That is what I call being rich!"

The old woman packed the empty plate up in the handkerchief before she spoke.

"You will never be happy with those thoughts in your head," she said, sadly. "Money is not the only thing to live for in the world, dearie." Then she walked to his side and laid a wrinkled hand upon his arm. "Don't you bother about the hay any more to-day," she said kindly. "You go and have some fishing. I will give it a toss over."

So this discontented young man walked off to amuse himself, and left his mother to labour under the burning sun to finish his work, and as he sat on the bank patiently waiting for a fish to bite, a shrill voice suddenly addressed him.

"A penny for your thoughts," the voice said.

Caleb looked about him in amazement. The only living thing he could see was a frog, and, of course, he was aware that frogs had not the gift of conversing with human beings; so he went on with his meditation and paid no attention to the mysterious question.

The frog hopped angrily about, and then it repeated its remark.

"I did not know that a frog could speak," said Caleb, feeling very astonished; "I have never heard one do so before."

"Oh, really!" said the frog patronisingly. "You do not know everything yet. You are far too young. A friend of mine, who is a most cultivated sparrow, tells me you were grizzling for money this afternoon. Money indeed! What good could it do you, do you think?"

"Money buys everything worth having," replied Caleb promptly.

"No, it doesn't," snapped the frog, looking very important. "For it does not buy E! When you are older and wiser, you will find there are many things in the world that gold cannot purchase. Wealth has many advantages certainly," he went on reflectively. "It was through money that I lost my first wife."

"Indeed," said Caleb, politely. "How was that?"

"The frog I selected to wed," explained his companion, "was a very well-bred frog, though unfortunately rather greedy. She was always delighted to discover fresh food at the bottom of the stream, and one day she thought she had found quite a new kind of dainty. As she did not wish to give me a share of it, she swallowed it hurriedly, and it stuck in her throat and choked her. Just before she died, she confessed to me what she had done, and I, from her description of it, knew it was a penny-piece she had attempted to eat. Now, what would you say," the frog went on calmly, "if I gave you the power to be as rich as you liked, to possess more gold than you knew how to spend, to gratify every wish your heart contains?"

"Can you really do this?" gasped Caleb, incredulously. "I have not met you before. I cannot understand why you are so good to me."

The frog puffed himself out with pride. "I am accustomed to judge character by faces," he replied. "I can see that you will never settle down here or be content without money. I, as the head of our family, am allowed to offer our wonderful purse to any mortal I may choose to confer such an honour upon. If you like to accept it, you are welcome to do so."

Caleb was quite bewildered at this stroke of good luck. "For how long may I keep it?" he asked.

"Until you realise there are certain things in the world that cannot be bought by gold; until you weary of the sight of riches, until you loathe the purse," said the frog solemnly.

"Then I shall keep it for ever!" declared Caleb.

But the old frog shook his head. "No you won't," he replied gravely. "You will want to get rid of it very soon, I think."

"Where shall I find this extraordinary gift?" asked Caleb cautiously.

"When you get home, look under the pillow of your bed and you will discover a shabby green purse lying there," said the frog. "As long as you desire money, you will be able to take out of it as much as you require, but when you have learnt your lesson thoroughly the purse will cease to supply you. Then it must be returned to me, and I will guard it until I meet another mortal as discontented as yourself. Farewell! I wish you a short period of wealth, for you will never enjoy it."

Caleb hastened back to the cottage, and ran up to his room, where he easily found the wee purse. It was so small that the young man felt dubious when he opened it, and he was greatly relieved to see that there was one gold piece inside. He drew it out and peered in again. There was another coin waiting in precisely the same place. This he also removed, but still there came another. When he found the supply of gold did not fail him, he rushed downstairs to tell his mother of his good fortune. But she, poor soul, did not appreciate the change in his position.

"There is trouble to come, lad," she prophesied, as she heard of his wealth. "I suppose you will leave your old mother now, and go out into the world. You won't want to waste your riches here."

"I was thinking," Caleb admitted nervously, "that it would be fine to go about a little, but you must come too."

His mother shook her head decidedly. "No, I shall stay here," she replied, "for I am too old to wander amid strange scenes. Let me hear of you, dearie, from time to time, for I shan't live much longer, I know. I shall have Volta the orphan to live with me, and then we shall be able to manage the work."

"No, mother, no," interrupted Caleb. "You forget I am rich now. I will engage servants to labour for you. You must never do anything again."

But his mother declared she wished to live as she had done hitherto. Servants and fine clothes would worry her, she told him, and she could not bear to be idle all day long. Her way of participating in her son's good fortune would be to hear of his grand doings occasionally, and to look forward to the time when he would return to sit by her side and describe the wonderful things he had seen.

Caleb bought a suit of clothes from the village tailor and a horse from the landlord of the inn, and then he set off. As he rode down the lane the birds sang to one another, "Here comes silly Caleb!" but he was too full of his own importance to realise they were mocking him, and when the tall branches of the trees bent forward and whispered to him, "Go back! Go back!" he set spurs to his horse and galloped on. His mother watched him out of sight. She hoped he would wave his hand to her from the top of the hill, but he was so occupied with his own thoughts that he only remembered he had promised to do so when it was too late.

Caleb rode for many hours, until he reached a beautiful town, where he arranged to purchase a castle. He installed himself in one that stood deep in the shadow of the wood, and he supplied himself with servants, horses, and carriages. He had decided not to travel, for he did not want to learn anything about foreign lands—he only desired to live grandly, to eclipse his neighbours and make them envious of his wealth.

He had almost forgotten his mother. He never sent her news of himself, although, at first, he occasionally ordered one of his servants to ride to the cottage and carry her some gold. He was so ashamed of her humble origin that he would not admit he was her son, and when the man returned from his errand Caleb used to avoid him, for fear he had discovered the secret of his birth.

At last the young fellow grew very discontented, for he had no interests in his life; so he determined to marry. He was sure that no high-born lady would wed him, for, in spite of his riches, he was only the son of a peasant woman, so he made up his mind to select a poor girl who would be properly impressed with his position.

As he had no acquaintances, he decided to walk slowly over the land and ask the first damsel he met to be his wife. So he called his dogs together, and away they went upon this extraordinary search for a bride, but for a long time they saw nobody.

On the way home, however, Caleb encountered a young maiden, who was tripping merrily along with a bundle of sticks balanced upon her head. As she stood aside to allow this grand gentleman to pass her, her face seemed so familiar that Caleb thought he had seen her before. He looked at her critically; she was certainly very pretty, young, and graceful, so he promptly raised his plumed cap and addressed her.

"I fear those sticks are too heavy for you," he remarked. "Will you allow me to carry them for you?"

But she shook her head. "I am used to them," she explained. "Besides, I could not trouble you so much. You are a great lord, and I am only a poor country girl."

Caleb was not very quick with his tongue, and as he wondered what to say she gave him a little nod and hastened away.

The next day he met her again, and the day following also; for he was really in love with this peasant girl.

One day he brought her a handsome silver casket full of rare jewels, but she just glanced at them and then laid them aside.

"What are they?" she asked innocently. "Bits of glass?"

"Bits of glass?" he exclaimed in astonishment at her ignorance. "No; they are precious stones, and worth a fortune. I hope you will accept them," he added.

But she shook her head. "They are useless to me," she declared candidly. "If they are so valuable, why do you wish to part with them? I should not know what to do with such jewels if they were mine."

Caleb could not understand his companion at all. For the first time since he possessed the wonderful purse he had encountered somebody who did not appreciate his wealth.

She looked so fascinating as she sat in the sunshine, with the contents of the jewel-case glittering in her lap, that Caleb fell on his knees before her and entreated her to marry him. He talked of his estate and his money, but his words made no impression.

"I do not care for you, my lord," she said. "Neither do you really love me. It is my beauty that attracts you."

"But I am rich," he objected; "I have——"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted impatiently; "you have gold, land, and jewels—in fact, everything that money can purchase. But you cannot buy affection. If we loved each other, I would marry you, even though you were the poorest beggar in the land. Although I am honoured by your proposal, it



"I do not care for you, my lord."

cannot be. Besides, I should not be a fit wife for one so great."

So Caleb went back to his lonely castle and she to her cottage in the wood, but he did not despair. He could not believe that he was to take her refusal seriously, so the next day he sent her many valuable presents,

but when she returned them all he knew she was in earnest.

That evening, as he sat by his solitary fireside brooding over his disappointment, he recalled the girl's words, and then he realised that he was pining for something that money was powerless to give him. He looked at the presents she had rejected, and, at last, he understood the limit of wealth.

In his loneliness and sorrow his thoughts recurred to his aged mother. He felt he had neglected her, and determined to pay her an unexpected visit. So early the next morning he called for his horse and rode quickly away.

But when he reached the little cottage he thought it was deserted. The garden was overgrown, the gate flapped uneasily on its broken hinges, and the hens scratched among the flowers. He drove them out, and then he opened the door and peeped inside. His mother lay upon her bed; her face was very thin, and her breath came in quick, short gasps, and she seemed very ill.



Sitting by his mother's bedside.

"Mother, what has happened?" Caleb asked, as he sat by her bedside and gently stroked her hand. "Did you never receive the money I sent to you and Volta?" he added, as he looked in vain for the pretty little orphan.

"The gold your servant brought us stands untouched on the mantelpiece," explained the old woman proudly. "It was useless to me. I only needed news of you, my dear boy. I sent Volta to watch over you, for I hoped she would be able to influence you, but now that you have returned I am sure she will hasten back. Did you not see her?"

Then Caleb realised who the beautiful maiden had been. It was his little playfellow, but his wealth had made him forget his past life so completely that he had not recognised her. He understood everything now. His gold could not buy health for his mother, nor could he use it to win Volta's love. He longed to begin his old life over again, so he rose to his feet and walked to the door.

"Mother, dear," he said, "I am tired of my wealth. I am going to the stream to throw back my purse. It has been a curse to me."

When he drew near the water, he pulled the shabby little case out of his pocket and opened it curiously. All had happened as the frog prophesied. The purse was empty now, for he had learnt his lesson thoroughly. As he threw it into the stream he saw a little frog dive hurriedly down after it, and, while he watched, all his fine clothes slipped away from him and he was once more clad in his peasant's rags.

He wanted to see his beautiful maiden again, and, as he opened the cottage door, he was delighted to find her sitting by his mother's bedside.

"Volta," he said as he approached her, "I am poor now. Will you be my wife, although I have neither a fine castle nor jewels to offer you?"

She smiled sweetly at him as she replied shyly, "Your wealth was nothing to me, Caleb. When I refused to marry you, it was because I felt you did not care for me. I was afraid, too, of your grandeur. I know I should not have been a suitable bride for you, but now all is changed."

Very soon they were married, and the young couple settled down to live in the cottage with Caleb's mother. The old woman was completely contented with the love her son and daughter-in-law bestowed upon her. And later on, in the winter evenings, everybody would gather round the fire, and Caleb would take his children upon his knees as he related the strange things he used to do while he was the possessor of the wonderful purse.

Illustrated from Photographs.]

VANISHED ARTS From the CHRISTIAN HOME.

LEATHER-WORK FRAME (1850).



WAX FLOWERS (1853).

WE who live in the present generation of this best of all possible worlds, as we may well deem it, considering that we have no experience of any other, are apt to look back on those who preceded us as benighted beings who walked by very dim lights, had few artistic perceptions, and only the most humdrum of occupations. Girls who were born before Waterloo were not very much educated, and not at all emancipated, and when we think of them we are apt to wonder how their lives dragged on without railways, without gas, without circulating libraries, magazines, or tennis.

On the whole, however, these old-fashioned lasses had no time to be dull. One whose brain was as bright as ever when Queen Victoria celebrated her first Jubilee in 1887 was questioned by a girl of the period as to her occupations when in her teens and afterwards. "My dear," she said, "there were always babies in our old house at home, and your father was the youngest of them. I had the baby clothes to make, and they wore out *so* fast! When I was tired of plain hemming and sewing, I used to embroider the cap crowns or quill up the clean cap borders." And this woman's mind was not in the least dwarfed or stunted by much needlework: she lived and travelled a good deal on the Continent afterwards, and kept well abreast of the literature of her day to the very end.

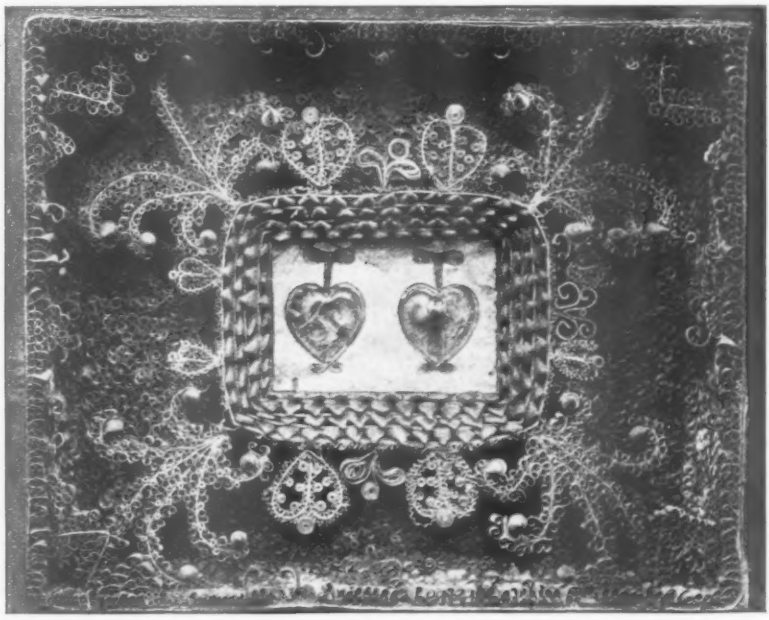
Fine needlework may certainly be counted among the vanished arts, for our muslin embroidery is now Swiss, and made by machine, and our delicate stitchery accomplished by a "Singer" or a "Willcox and Gibbs'." No longer, like the Martineaus of Norwich and their contemporaries, do we make the fine linen shirts of our fathers and brothers: and no longer, happily, are middle-class girls obliged to laboriously copy the new music and songs that their wealthier relatives and friends have purchased. That is a distinct change for the better.

A kind of work that late in the last and early in this century was thought very highly of, and occupied a good deal of time, was called filigree. A Christmas present for Grandmamma

or for Mamma's birthday might be a tea-caddy or a workbox, the frame of which was produced by the cabinet-maker in rosewood or mahogany and lined with tinfoil, or lead, or satin paper, as the case might be. Rims of polished wood were seen at the corners, and received the lock and hinges, but the surface was sunk and had to be filled in with tiny rolls of gilt-edged paper made in long lengths for the purpose. These rolls were closely packed together, and produced an appearance of fine gilt tracery, as seen in the illustration below. Unless very roughly treated, or kept in a palpably damp place, they did not come out of position. In the absence of all Oriental goods, which were never seen in those days unless in families connected with the East India Company, they were considered handsome, and no one not in the secret could have guessed how the effect was obtained.

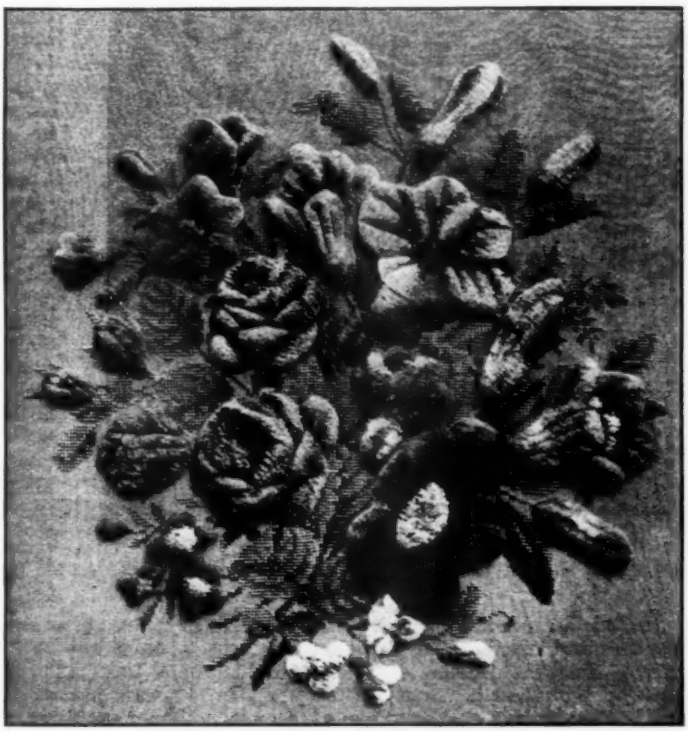
Here and there in great houses a few fine lacquered or Chinese cabinets might be seen, principally brought home as loot, for they were most plentiful in military and naval families. They were much admired and very highly esteemed, and some ingenious individual hit on a mode of making very passable imitations of them in a small way: and it was not entirely a feminine industry, but one in which the sterner sex could find indoor occupation during wet weather and long evenings without loss of dignity. Small tables and the doors of corner cupboards were frequently treated in this manner, especially the latter, which were seldom looked at very closely and did not get much handled. The work was called imitation lacquer, and the materials were collected during summer and autumn.

Very thin leaves were selected, such as the crimson foliage of the Herb Robert when it grows in stony places, silver-weed, which is to be found in hilly districts such as Derbyshire and the Lake Country, and the leaves of the sloe or blackthorn, which in late autumn turn yellowish and assume curious *fade* green tints. They were most carefully and smoothly dried between sheets of blotting-paper under heavy weights or in the thick volumes of bound-up music then to be found in every house, and when quite dry they



FILIGREE WORK (1795).

were so thin that the ordinary finger might be passed over them without feeling an inequality of surface. The piece of wood—table top, cupboard door, or what not—intended to be ornamented was made perfectly smooth, and the delicate leaves were fixed on it as taste dictated with clean, strong gum. If any stalks were required to connect leaves, they were painted in; and when this was done, well pressed, and quite dry, all the interstices were filled up by means of a small camel's-hair brush with a black or dark brown varnish, probably shellac. Another coat very often had to be put on, and when all was perfectly smooth and flat two or three coats were laid all over by way of finish, and when perfectly dry and hard the article looked remarkably well.



A SAMPLE OF BERLIN WOOL WORK.

Berlin wool work on canvas, either in raised cross or tent stitch, was a great resource to ladies, and largely used for furnishing purposes. Of course, it was the latter-day equivalent of the old tapestry, and tent stitch was usually worked in frames, while really good workers could accomplish cross stitch in their hands without drawing up or cockling. Figure-pieces were often framed and hung as pictures, and fearful and wonderful they generally were. Many of the floral wreaths, however, were really artistic, especially those that depicted carnations, tulips, and poppies. Some designs were absurdly impossible, and a writer in the 'forties describes them as peacocks or birds of Paradise resting on their talons on the petals of passion-flowers. Shading was a matter of taste—good, bad, and indifferent.

The bride of that day generally took many monuments of her own and her family's industry to her new home in the shape of wool-worked cushions, chair seats, screens, and sometimes borders to table covers and curtains. Preparing them was a great pleasure, and she was very proud of them when done. They were quite in the taste of the day, and none of us in such matters lives twenty years before our time.

Another kind of decorative furnishing very highly prized was the leather work which made such handsome frames for mirrors and was also much used for brackets, and those dark articles formed a very welcome relief to the amount of gilding in vogue during the days of the Third Empire in France, which was copied almost *ad nauseam* in England. They

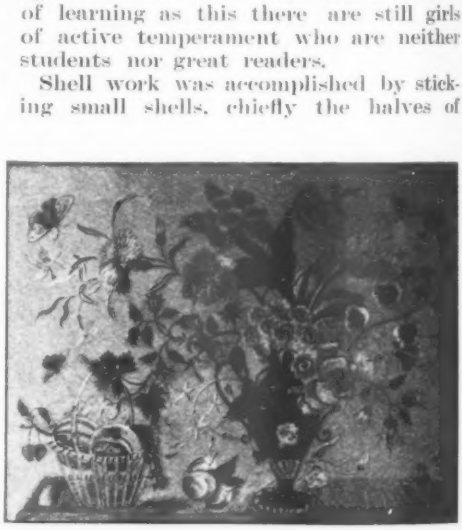


TENT-STITCH FIGURE PICTURE (1797).
(Christ and the Woman of Samaria.)

entailed an amount of attention from duster and feather brush that would drive modern mistresses and maids crazy; but that is a detail.

The modelling and cutting of leaves, flowers, and berries in leather was really hard work, and required hands endowed with a good deal of muscular strength. The skilled worker was always a student of nature, and found models in some of her loveliest forms. Vine leaves and tendrils, with or without bunches of grapes, oak leaves and acorns, convolvulus blossoms and leaves (see illustration at head of article), passion-flowers and roses, were great favourites. The leather used was tanned sheepskin and cowhide, technically known as basil and skiver; the tools were few, being principally a sharp strong pair of scissors, a stout penknife, a stiletto and a veiner. The best work was often accomplished with the fewest tools, for it is very rarely that the craftsman or artist who can afford to buy every possible accessory turns out anything worth looking at. A large board or old deal table, a basin of water, sponge, wire, tacks, hammer, stain, glue, and varnish, were all needed, and the work was not quite of a kind for the family circle, as it was best pursued in a room with no carpet to spoil, and where no one could be disturbed by the tap-tapping of the hammer. Very good work may be seen from time to time at the various "Arts and Crafts" exhibitions, and leather embossing is a good deal used. Professor Herkomer has some wonderful embossed leather on the dining-room chairs in his House Beautiful at Bushey, and it was all done by a lady. Work in leather cannot therefore be classed altogether among the lost arts: it is being modified, and may some day be revived in all its glory by women who have plenty of leisure and love to have something to show for their handiwork. It must not be forgotten that even in an age that has witnessed such a revival of learning as this there are still girls of active temperament who are neither students nor great readers.

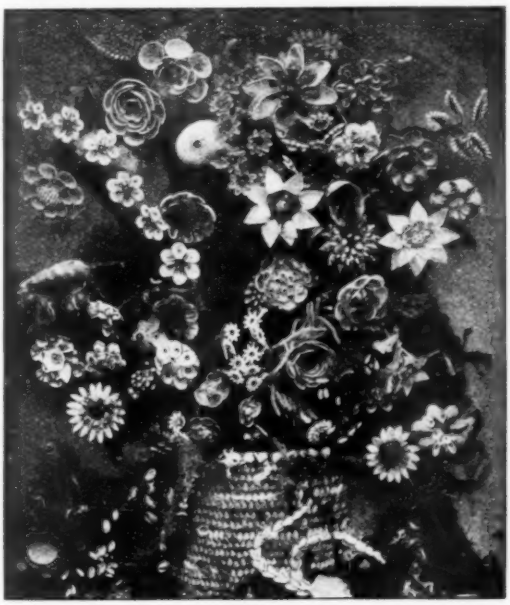
Shell work was accomplished by sticking small shells, chiefly the halves of



TENT-STITCH FLOWER PICTURE (1825).

little pink or white bivalves on to a coloured background with very strong glue. A shallow box was the favourite article, and it was then glazed and used as an ornament much as cases of stuffed birds are. How long it lasted is proved by the specimen photographed, which was worked in 1805.

The wealth of flowers in the present day is quite a modern feature of luxury. Even twenty years ago, except in summer, they were the prerogatives of the wealthy who had gardeners and greenhouses and plenty of artificial heat. Lovers of flowers consequently had wax models of them, and very beautiful they were when natural, though unfortunately they had to be covered with glass shades. The lady who could make them really well was very much thought of, and it was an occupation that could be pursued at any time, except in severely cold weather and a hard frost. The Pantheon in Oxford Street was the great place for obtaining the sheets of wax, shaved off a block with a sharp plane, which was a delicate operation seldom attempted by an amateur. The rose wax was peculiarly thin, almost of the consistence of a real rose petal. The chief tools were small, sharp scissors and a few bone or steel pins with solid glass heads, some dry colours and cotton wool to rub them on with. The worker simply took a rose, snowdrop, violet, or whatever flower she preferred, pulled it carefully to pieces, laid each portion on her sheet of wax and cut out by it as closely as possible, previously wetting her scissors. The petals were moulded in the hollow of the hand with the head of a pin after being coloured, and curled over where desirable, with the steel part wetted like the scissors. The wire stalk was covered by a narrow strip of green wax neatly rolled and rubbed smooth, crooked over at the top and a sort of little wax centre formed on this crook on which the flower was literally built petal by petal. Experience taught which flowers were feasible and which were not. Roses usually turned out well, so did scarlet japonica, apple blossom, snowdrops, and daffodils. Primroses were almost unattainable. Lilies of the valley had each separate blossom made in a tiny mould. All scraps of wax were collected in a stone jar (a strong jam-pot), and, as the great crux was to obtain natural-looking leaves, this wax was carefully melted over or near the fire, well mixed and coloured with indigo and ochre in proportion to the tint of green required. Suppose a few violet leaves were wanted, fresh ones of two or three sizes were gathered and the upper side thoroughly, but not lavishly, moistened with sweet or salad oil. Then a brush was dipped in the liquid green wax and passed over the surface, which was allowed to cool and then a wire stalk was laid on to form the mid-rib of the leaf. Two or three more layers of wax were added, and when quite cold the natural leaf was removed, and a very exact facsimile made its appearance. A well-arranged vase (see illustration on page 369) or basket of wax flowers, closely copied from nature was very pretty and acceptable in the absence of the real blossoms. The wax was rather expensive, though the tools were not, the average price being from one



SHELL WORK (1805).

shilling to one shilling and sixpence per dozen small sheets.

Sampler-making was a fine art practised in silk or wool on fine woollen or silk canvas. Its primary use was to teach how to make capital and small letters and figures, which were practically applied to the marking of linen; but occasionally the geography of England was attempted, as shown in the illustration below, and probably no girl who had marked in the outlines and names of the counties ever forgot their respective positions.

All these home occupations had their day and fulfilled their purpose. They added to the household attractions, and made the rooms look as if women lived there and took a pride in them. Very often the nimble fingers worked all the more quickly and efficiently while an interesting book was being read aloud.

We often say that in those days—which, after all, are not so very long ago—girls were delicate and unhealthy, took but little exercise, and were too much given to sedentary occupations. But it was only the foolish (who carry everything to excess) of whom this was true. There was a good deal of running about the house, and the sons and daughters would have known very little of their relations and friends a few miles off, if they had not walked to see them, perhaps to spend the day, or to go one day and return the next. Few families were without sundry poor people in whom they were interested, and if they lived at the other end of the parish, it was an object for a walk to take an old woman a milk pudding, or a little delicacy to a sick child. Houses were more roomy than they are now, certainly the population was not quite so thick on the ground, and in persistent bad weather, when outdoor exercise was impossible for the girls, there were fine games of battledore and shuttlecock in the hall or schoolroom or some half-empty apartment cleared for the purpose. And it was a point of skill, as well as honour, to see who could keep up longest with a skipping-rope, and, though the little ones shared the fun, it was by no means confined to them.



OLD SAMPLER MAP (1810).

Small daily duties well done, and the change of work that is as good as play, made life satisfactory as well as pleasant. Amusements were rare and costly; they are not invariably cheap now, but apparently we must have them, whatever may be neglected in consequence. We cannot exactly go back to all the ways of our "foremothers," but we need not despise them, and already there are signs that the finger of common-sense is pointing back to that lost era of domesticity in which so many English virtues grew up and flourished. E. C.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE AND THE SOLDIERS.



Photo: Gillman and Co., Ltd., Dublin.

THE HON. CONRAD DILLON.

WHAT a fascinating book might be written about the story of temperance work in the Army! Long before any attempt at organised effort, the gallant Havelock had seen the necessity of inculcating "sober habits" among our brave defenders. Coming to our own times, Miss Sarah Robinson, Mrs. Daniells and her daughter at home, and the Rev. J. Gelson Gregson in India, have laboured with more or less success to bring about a change in the state of affairs. The National Temperance League did a vast amount of pioneer work through its military agent, the late Samuel Sims. The formation of the Army Temperance Association a few years back, gave the movement a position which even the most sanguine of its friends would not have ventured to expect. There can be little doubt that this result is largely due to the far-seeing intelligence which its devoted Honorary Secretary, the Hon. Conrad Dillon, has brought to the work. His sagacious counsels, unfailing tact, and extraordinary power of attracting the sympathetic co-operation of the commanding officers, have combined to place the work upon a footing from which it is scarcely likely to be displaced. At the autumn manœuvres on Salisbury Plain the Army Temperance Association was much in evidence, and a number of most successful meetings were addressed by the Hon. Conrad Dillon and the popular secretary of the Association, Mr. Clare White. The Patron of the Association is the Duke of Cambridge; the President is the Duke of Connaught; the Chairman of the Council is Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and the Chairman of the Executive Committee is General Sir Martin Dillon, K.C.B. The Association publishes an attractive periodical entitled *On the March*, and its comparatively small subscription list is supplemented by a Government grant of £500. It speaks volumes for the thoroughly satisfactory nature of the work done that the Government actually parts with this little plum annually. The amount might easily be doubled in view of the saving to the nation which the improved stamina of the Army has effected, an improvement most certainly traceable to the efforts of temperance workers.

VETERAN STANDARD BEARERS.

The close of the year was marked by the death of some notable pioneers of temperance. The Rev. G. H. Kirwood, M.A., was for upwards of fifty years identified with the cause in Hereford, and the Rev. Isaac Doxsey for even a longer period in the metropolis. Charles Pollard, of Kettering, could be credited with sixty years' untiring advocacy; John Faulkner, of Derby, had been an abstainer for fifty-five years; and William Symington, of Market Harborough, had reached the patriarchal age of eighty-nine. Apart altogether from the noble



ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

(*Working the Field Telegraph.*)

work which these lamented worthies accomplished, their long lives present a concrete argument as to the benefits of total abstinence which it will take a great deal to explain away.



THE COLONY FOR INEBRIATE WOMEN, DUXHURST.

May the example of their consistent perseverance prove an incentive to young men to follow in their steps!

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

The Industrial Farm Colony at Duxhurst, Reigate, which owes its establishment mainly to the self-sacrificing devotion of Lady Henry Somerset, is an experiment which cannot fail to command the sympathy of everyone interested in the reclamation of inebriate women. To take the poor creatures away from their sordid surroundings, and place them in village homes with the attraction of out-door occupation, are the salient features of the work. Floriculture, gardening, bee-keeping, and poultry-keeping, are all engaged in; and, as some of the poor women must perforce bring their very young babies with them, a "Children's Nest" is part of the scheme. Dr. Walters, the medical officer, in a recent report gives some interesting particulars of sixty-four inmates:—

"Forty-eight were married women; sixteen were single.

"Twenty-nine drank spirits alone; fifteen drank beer and malt liquors; eleven drank any form of alcohol; four drank wine and spirits; three drank beer and spirits; one drank beer and wine; one took opium.

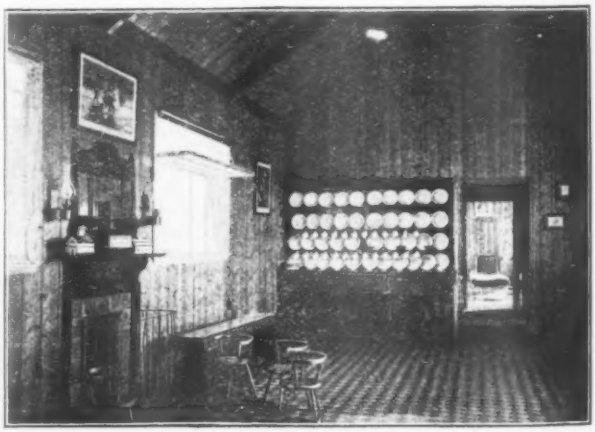
"Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to be able to speak with confidence regarding the ultimate cure of the thirty-three cases that are now marked as doing well.

"Regarding the failures:—Ten only stayed the full time: two of these had been in homes previously; one had been in an asylum, four were so broken in health that they were removed by the medical officer as unfit for treatment, seven were removed by their friends before the full period had expired."

The members of the National British Women's Temperance Association raise a considerable sum annually in aid of this beneficent institution, but financial help is much needed if the work is to be maintained with anything like efficiency.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OUTLOOK.

The reassembling of our legislators at St. Stephen's will once again give interest to the legislative aspect of the temperance question. The friends of Sunday closing are lending all their energies to a determined effort to "get something" in the new session of



ONE OF THE KITCHENS AT DUXHURST.

Parliament. We may also expect the usual crop of private members' notices dealing with varied phases of legislative control; and then the Report of the Royal Commission, from which great things are anticipated, will be sufficient to keep all interested parties on the alert. As if this were not enough, Sir Wilfrid Lawson may be counted upon to peg away at his project for bringing the House itself under the operation of the licensing laws; so for the next few months we shall find our morning papers liberally besprinkled with items of interest from a temperance standpoint.

A LITERARY MAN'S TESTIMONY.

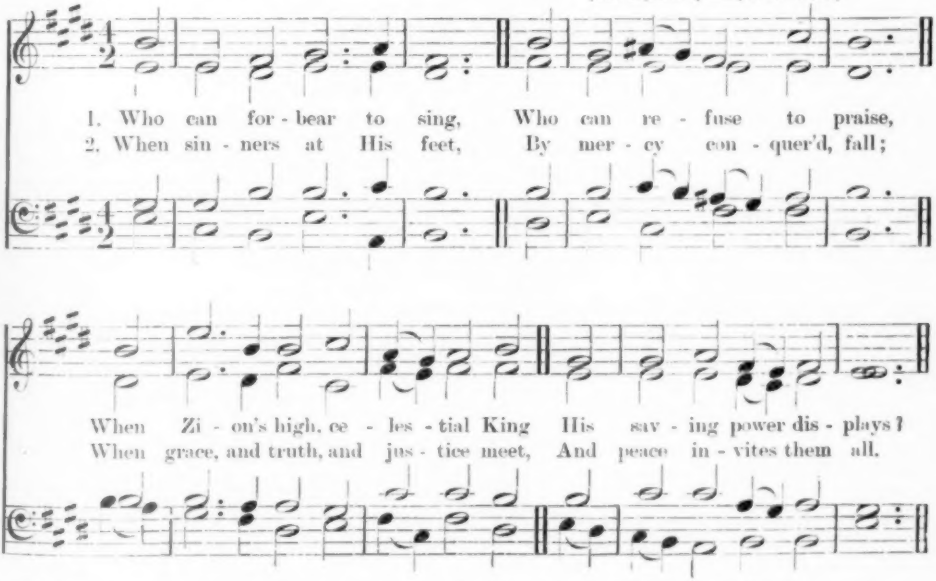
As considerable interest has been taken in our recent references to the editor-in-chief of the New English Dictionary, we may remark that Dr. Murray makes no secret of his views. Speaking at a public meeting of teachers held in Oxford in 1894, he said that he claimed to be a teetotaller of more than fifty years' standing; and the great dictionary-maker added:—"I am perfectly convinced that I have been able to do my work in the world to a large extent owing to this fact; and that if I were to take stimulants I should be less able to do my work, and certainly my brain would be less fitted to deal with the complicated and somewhat difficult questions which often puzzle me a good deal."

COMING EVENTS.

Workers may like to make a note of the following important fixtures:—The annual meeting of Miss Weston's Royal Naval Temperance Society, Town Hall, Portsmouth, February 1st; Sunday Closing Demonstration, Birmingham, February 6th; Sunday Closing Mission, Sheffield, February 1st to February 15th; Sunday Closing Mission, Salisbury, February 13th to February 28th; a lecture on "The Scientific Evidence for Total Abstinence," by Dr. William Carter, at Liverpool, February 6th; and the annual meetings of the Church of England Temperance Society, Memorial Hall, Islington (March 13th), Exeter Hall (April 25th), and the People's Palace (May 2nd).

Who can Forbear to Sing?

Words by JOSEPH SWAIN, 1792. *Music by* ROLAND ROGERS, Mus.D., Oxon. (*Late Organist of Bangor Cathedral.*)



3. When heaven's opening gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet;
And Jesus, at their entrance, waits
To place them on His seat.

4. Who can forbear to praise
Our high, celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace
Invites our tongues to sing!

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

INTERNATIONAL SERIES

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

FEBRUARY 19TH.—**Christ Feeding the Five Thousand.**
To read—St John vi. 1—14. *Golden Text—Ver.* 35.

CHRIST and disciples have returned to Galilee. The fame of His miracles and teaching spreads. Multitudes crowd to see and hear Him. The annual Feast of Passover is coming on. Large bodies of pilgrims going up to Jerusalem attract Christ's notice. They are fed and taught.

I. **The Multitude** (1—7). *Their desire for Christ.* Why did they come to Him? Some from *curiosity*—to see this famous Man; or because *sick*, hoping they might be healed; or from *gratitude*—having received benefits from Him. Christ does not court popularity; seeks retirement; goes up a hill with disciples for privacy and rest; there sits down and talks with them. From there sees crowd of pilgrims. Must do something for them.

Christ's desire for them. Their *wants* call out His sympathy—they need food. Their *helplessness* moves His pity. Whence obtain supplies in wilderness far from home? Their *ignorance* makes Him long to teach them (St. Matt. ix. 36). What does He do? Tests His disciple Philip of Bethsaida (i. 44), who ought to know the resources of the district. Philip makes mental calculation of cost of feeding them. It will take two hundred pence (about £7, taking the *denarius* or penny as worth 7d., an ordinary day's wages, Matt. xx. 2). But the Lord knew what He would do.

II. **The Miracle** (8—13). Many points to be noticed. *The lad's offering*—probably the meal provided for Christ and disciples. Five barley-bread loaves and two small fishes. But five thousand to be fed! Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Christ's command. People to rest, sit in rows.
Giving thanks to God Who giveth food to all.
Distribution by disciples, His almoners to the poor.
Sufficient and to spare. None went empty away.
Gathering up fragments to avoid any waste.

III. **The Result** (14). Acceptance of Christ by the multitude as the expected Messiah.

Lessons. 1. Blessed is he who considereth the poor.
2. Give thanks unto the God of heaven.

Food Comes from God.

We are in want of food, and we buy a loaf at a baker's shop. Whence does a baker get the flour to make that loaf? You say at once—"From the miller"; but how does the miller get the corn to grind into flour? He buys it of the farmer. But how does the farmer get it? With infinite pains he prepares the ground with plough and harrow. Then he sows the seed and—leaves it. He can do no more. The soil in which it grows, the sun-shine to warm it, the rain to moisten it, and the wind to blow upon it—all these are God's doing, not man's. So a wonder is seen in thousands of harvest fields every year. One grain has produced a hundred grains by the almighty power of God. Christ, the Son of God, passed over all the intermediate processes, and made one loaf to be multiplied into many. "He giveth food to all flesh, for His mercy endureth for ever."

FEBRUARY 26TH.—**Christ at the Feast.**
To read—St. John vii. 14. 28—37. *Golden Text—Ver.* 37.

SCENE again changes to Jerusalem. Spring Feast of Passover long over, autumn Feast of Tabernacles begun. Christ at first decided (ver. 8) not to attend, but (ver. 14) changed His mind and went up, in the middle of the eight days, quite privately (ver. 10), and began teaching in the Temple.

I. **A Sermon** (28, 29). Christ now preaches openly and proclaims His authority. They by this time know Him well. How? By His miracles, which proclaim Him as sent from God. Had healed the impotent man here at Jerusalem (ch. v. 8), also had been testified to by God at His baptism (St. Matt. iii. 17), and by John the Baptist afterwards as the Son of God (i. 33, 34). They knew not God, and therefore would not receive Him.

II. **An Attempt at Arrest** (30—36). Many believed on Him—mostly common people. Why? Because of His miracles, His loving words, His holy life. But chief priests and Pharisees hated Him. Why? For His increasing popularity, while theirs was becoming less. Also for His so openly rebuking sin. So they sought to take Him prisoner, but failed. Why? Because His time for being tried not yet come.

Christ continued His talk. He is now with them as Teacher and Saviour, but will soon go where they cannot follow, *i.e.* back to God. They who reject Him will then seek Him too late, and not find Him (Prov. i. 26). Christ is believed, accepted, loved by some. Rejected, hated, despised by others. How is it with us?

III. **An Offer** (37). Last day of feast. Great procession to Temple. Water brought from Pool of Siloam and poured out. Isaiah xi. sung by priests and Levites. Christ applies it to Himself. Notice the steps—

Thirst, or desire for satisfaction, common to all.
Coming to Christ for free gifts of salvation (Is. lv. 1) follows. This is succeeded by—
Believing or throwing ourselves entirely on Him.

Lesson. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

A Dry Well.

I once saw a picture in which the artist had represented a party of travellers in the desert. They had travelled far

and long. The water was spent in their bottles, and their thirst was maddening. They were tired and footsore, and could scarce drag themselves along, when lo! joy of joys they descried a well in the distance. Gathering up their little remaining strength, they joyfully hastened to it. But, alas! for their bitter disappointment, when they reached it, there was no water there! The well was dry! In attitudes of utter despair the unhappy party laid themselves down beside the deceitful well to die. Never, oh never, can it be so with Christ. His water will never fail. He is the well of life. That living stream is from the throne of God, always full of life and grace for thirsting souls.—REV. GORDON CALTHROP.

MARCH 5TH.—**Christ Freeing from Sin.**

To read—St. John viii. 12, 31—36. *Golden Text—Ver.* 36.

CHRIST still at Jerusalem. Feast over. Country people gone home. He teaches daily in Temple courts. Tells of the union between His Father and Himself, and of His being lifted up on the cross (ver. 28). Result, that many professed to believe in Him. He tells them first of Himself as the Light of the World and then of their position as God's free children.

I. **Christ the Light of the World.** *The figure.* Light is from God (Gen. i. 3), is bright and shining. Lights up darkness, reveals hidden things, makes all clear.

The meaning. Christ came from God, to dispel world's darkness (St. Matt. iv. 16) and ignorance, and to reveal God (ch. xiv. 9).

II. **Christ's People Free** (31—36). *Bondage.* New disciples put to the test. They must do two things—continue in His word, *i.e.* learn more of Him, and act upon the truth in their lives. The result will be that they will break their bondage and be free. The Jews object that they have never been in bondage. What have they forgotten? Their bondage in Egypt for four hundred years (Acts vii. 6); their seventy years' exile in Babylon (Dan. ix. 2); their present submission to the Romans. Christ tells them of a greater bondage than any other—that of sin and Satan. To live a life of sin is to be a slave of sin, which involves expulsion from the house (ver. 35).

Examples. Cain the murderer became a wanderer (Gen. iv. 12). Hagar, mocking Sarah, had to leave home (Gen. xvi. 6). Prodigal son went to strange land (St. Luke xv. 13). No rest for the wicked.

Freedom. Given to Christ's people. The Son shared Father's home from all eternity—so do His brethren. They are ever with Him, share His home and love (St. Luke xv. 31); they are free from sin (Rom. vi. 22); they cannot wilfully sin, being children of God (1 John iii. 9). Free to serve Him with loving service.

Examples. Martha (St. Luke x. 40), Mary (St. John xii. 4), and St. Paul (Phil. iii. 7).

Lessons. 1. The wages of sin is death.

2. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

Burden of Sin.

We have a picture of the Arabs dragging huge loads for Mr. Layard, the great explorer, and we can imagine how Pharaoh's slaves, the Israelites, must have sweated and smarted under their burdens when in Egypt. And I (writes an eminent preacher) seemed in my youth to have just such a load behind me, and it would not stir. My burden of inward sin when I was fifteen was such that I knew not what to do. I prayed, and it would not stir. I read my Bible, but it would not move. I cried to God in my agony: I trusted Him. I looked to the Lamb of God, the sin-bearer, and lo! the burden was gone. I obtained pardon and peace through Jesus Christ, "Who bore our sins."

MARCH 12TH.—**Christ Healing the Blind Man.**

To read — St. John ix. 1—11. *Golden Text—Ver.* 25.

THREE months since conversation in last lesson. Christ one Sabbath, on His way with disciples to or from Temple, sees a man blind from birth, probably asking alms from worshippers.

I. **The Disciples' Question.** *Why this blindness?* A babe born blind—terrible calamity. Unable to care for self, avoid danger, or work for living. Was it a punishment in advance for some after-sin? Was it because of some sin of parents?

The answer. No. Unusual suffering must not be connected with some particular sin. True, if there were no sin there would be no suffering. But all suffering for some good end (Heb. xii. 7. 11). Calls forth pity, love, sympathy, help. Example: Good Samaritan caring for traveller in trouble (St. Luke x. 33). This blind man's misfortune would prove to be for the glory of God.

Christ's message. 1. To do works of mercy. Therefore "went about doing good." Proving Himself "sent from God," Who shows love for all—evil and good (St. Matt. v. 45).

2. To be Light of the world. To teach the ignorant, to reveal to men their sin and Himself as Saviour (Heb. i. 2), to show the principles underlying the commandments as He did about observance of the Sabbath (vii. 23).

II. **The Miracle** (6—11). Notice—*The use of means.* Christ could have cured him by a word, as He did the sick of the palsy (St. Matt. ix. 6), but He put clay on his eyes and bade him go and wash—thus teaching use of healing ointment and cleanliness in cure of bodily ailments—but useless without His blessing; also a test of the man's faith, as with Naaman (2 Kings v. 14).

The neighbours' interest. Such a wonderful cure seemed incredible, caused discussion—could it be the same man? How were his eyes opened? So the man was questioned and told his story. He believed, obeyed, and was cured.

III. **The Teaching.** A Parable of the Sinner and Saviour.

The sinner, born in sin, cannot see the light. Is bidden to wash in the fountain always open. Believes, obeys, and is cleansed.

The Saviour, full of compassion, gives light, knowledge, hope, salvation, to those who believe.

Lesson. Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see.

Light and Joy.

A poor boy in a coal-mine, whose work it was to close the door after the coal-waggons had passed, was forced to sit there alone hour after hour in the dark. He was a dear lad, and when someone said to him, "Are you not tired of sitting so long in the dark?" he answered, "Yes, I do get tired, but sometimes when the men give me a bit of candle I sing." So do we. When we get a light in our hearts we sing. Glory to God Who is our light as well as our salvation! We see our sin and our Saviour, and, saved by grace, we shall one day see the dear face of Him we love, and behold the land which is far off.

Short Arrows

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK

The Cost of a Bible.



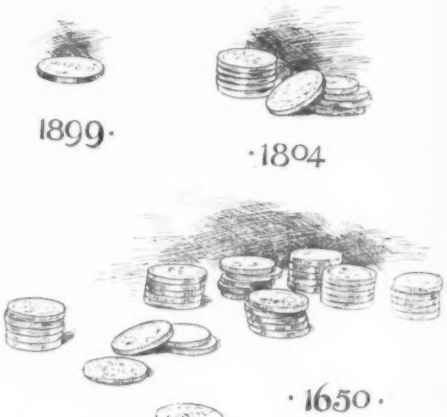
(*Photo: London Stereoscopic Co., Limited.*)

THE EARL OF HARROWBY.
(*President of the Bible Society.*)

THE striking diagram here shown is an attempt to represent the different prices a buyer would have had to pay in times past for an ordinary English Bible which he can get to-day for sixpence! In 1804 such a Bible could not be bought under ten times that sum, and in 1650 the purchaser would have had to pay no less than a sovereign, or forty times to-day's price, for a similar Bible. In 1450 it could not have been bought, except as a written copy, and would have cost over five pounds, money then, as compared with now, having greater purchasing power, too! So that it is practically impossible to give a true representation of this last case, compared with the former; but the diagram clearly shows that a silver coin which would buy such a Bible to-day would have to be represented by the ten coins to buy the same Bible in 1804, and by the forty coins to buy it in 1650!

The Children's Rest.

IN the pretty neighbourhood of Rochampton stands a useful Convalescent Home rejoicing in the bright name of Hope Cottage, or The Children's Rest. The Home is intended for girls requiring country air and good food, and once again more than sixty little visitors have passed through the Home in twelve months, and delighted in the love and the sunshine, the treats and the toys, they found awaiting them there. From April 1st to September 30th girls between four and thirteen years of age are received for three weeks; but during the winter months children from hospitals requiring continued care are admitted, also chronic invalids and young servants up to sixteen years of age needing the benefits of the Home, the time of their visit being longer or shorter according to circumstances. Small payments weekly are taken in some cases. Twenty of the children have come from the Ragged School Union's Cripple department, all with some burden of suffering to bear through life; and Miss B. M. Galpin, the lady superintendent, would be glad if a new wheeled chair could be sent by some kind friend to supply the place of the wickerwork hand carriage that has so frequently journeyed up Putney Hill with the afflicted children, and which has lately become very frail. Any number of dolls seem wanted, and Miss Pretty, the matron, looking to stern realities, asks



THE COMPARATIVE COST OF A BIBLE IN 1650, 1804, AND 1899.

for children's boots. The "paper-soled apologies" that come with the patients too often are reduced to pulp at the first real country jaunt. Wet feet for convalescents do not conduce to recovery. Of course, subscriptions are also required, for though small payments are made by some of the children, yet there are free beds and many cases which have to be met half-way. Miss Galpin would welcome more visitors also, to take an interest in the children; and one lady, Miss M. Pollock (who has left the neighbourhood) has made an afternoon every week pass very quickly in games, while several others have given donations of toys or arranged picnics. Perhaps some others would do likewise.

Korea's Crisis.

JANUARY 8TH, 1895, was an eventful day for Korea. From a hill in the grounds of the Mulberry Palace at Seoul a vast crowd of men, white-robed, black-hatted, looked down in silence and gravity on a scene which marked a new era in its history. In the presence of his court and the dignitaries of his kingdom, assembled at the most sacred altar in Korea, the king took an oath to reform internal administration, and remedy accumulated abuses. "All thoughts of dependence on China shall be cut away and a firm foundation for independence secured," was the first of fourteen clauses in the Great Charter. There was nothing alarming on the surface of this royal undertaking enforced by Japan. Yet the king was ill with anxiety, and old and serious men had fasted and mourned for two previous days. The king and the officers had probably a very shrewd impression what this action involved. Sprinkled amongst the gorgeous costumes of Korean officers were Japanese policemen in blue ulsters, and newly created Seoul police in a blue European uniform. These and other apparent trifles indicated an incoming wave of Western civilisation which could not fail to sweep away old and cherished institutions. The hermit kingdom of Korea has been roughly dragged out of obscurity. It stands dazzled and faint with the glare. A transition stage has inevitable trials. It was during this crisis in its history that the well-known traveller, Mrs. Bishop, visited the country and had four royal audiences. On one of these occasions the queen, who was shortly afterwards assassinated with great brutality, spoke with admiration of Queen Victoria. "Does she ever in her glory think of poor Korea?" she inquired. "She does so much good in the world; her life is so good. We wish her long life and prosperity." The king added, "England is our best friend." Poor Korea, rich by nature, but ruined by man, with its thirty-four million inhabitants, has a claim on English consideration. Already Chemulpo, the treaty port, is a bustling foreign settlement, open both to the good and evil influence of Western power. Which of the two is to predominate?

Some Miscellaneous Works.

ONE of the most interesting books of the season is Mr. Richard Kearton's "Wild Life at Home" (Cassell and Co.), in which he treats in a bright and informing manner of many phases of bird, animal, and insect life of the United Kingdom. A special value is given to the work by the numerous unique photographs, taken direct from nature, by Mr. Cherry Kearton, many of which were secured only after hours of patient waiting and by means of most ingenious devices (of which full particulars are given) to overcome the natural shyness and timidity of the "subjects." —From Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton comes a series of short stories by Ian Maclaren, under the title of "Afterwards." The author's aboundi g sympathy with, and extensive knowledge of, human nature are abundantly manifested through-out the book; but we cannot help expressing a wish that the stories had been, as a whole, less

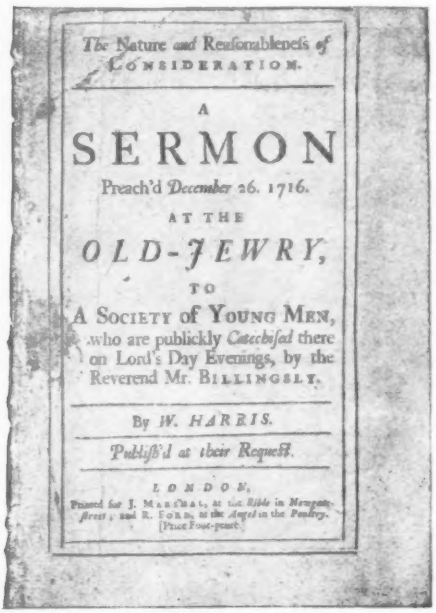


(From a Photograph.)

KOREAN CIVIL OFFICERS.

melancholy in character, and more on the lines of "The Right Hand of Samuel Dodson," which is the most interesting of the series. The same publishers are also responsible for a biography of "John Stoughton, D.D.," by his daughter, Mrs. King Lewis. Dr. Stoughton's own "Re-collections" were issued a few years before his death and widely read, and consequently this biography is limited in its scope, but all the same it contains much that will be read with interest by the many friends of the late veteran divine. Our contributor, the Rev. Professor Bernard, D.D., has just issued, through Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, a volume of sermons under the

title "Via Domini," more than one of which originally appeared in our pages. It is quite unnecessary to introduce Dr. Bernard to our readers, to whom we heartily commend this helpful and suggestive volume.—"Beneath the Banner" (Cassell and Co.) is a work which ought to be in the hands of every boy and girl, and on the shelf of every young people's library. It consists of a number of interesting and instructive "narratives of noble lives and brave deeds," compiled by Mr. F. J. Cross, and we give a special word of welcome to the new and enlarged edition which has just been issued.—For young men and women no more earnest and


The Nature and Reasonableness of CONSIDERATION.

A

SERMON

Preach'd December 26. 1716.

AT THE

OLD-JEWRY,

TO

A Society of Young Men, who are publickly Catechiſed there on Lord's Day Evenings, by the Reverend Mr. Billingsly.

By W. HARRIS.

Publiſh'd at their Requeſt.

LONDON,

Printed for J. Marshall, at the Bible in Newgate-ſtreet; and R. Ford, at the Angel in the Poultry. [Price Four-pence.]

AN OLD SERMON.

(See "Were Young Folk Wiser Then?")

stimulating work could be found than the recently published addresses by the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon, which appear under the appropriate title "A Good Start" (Passmore and Alabaster); whilst young people, as well as their elders, will doubtless be specially attracted by the new volume of "Anecdotes, Incidents, and Illustrations," which Mr. D. L. Moody has just issued through Messrs. Morgan and Scott. From the same publishers also comes a volume of graceful and pathetic poems by S. Trevor Francis, entitled "Whence—Whither," and also another of the Rev. F. B. Meyer's popular booklets of daily homilies, the latest of which deals with the Psalms and Canticles.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "A Study of the Types of the Bible," by Ada Habershon (Morgan and Scott), and of a new shilling edition of "Cassell's Miniature Cyclopædia," which should have a place in every home, where also Phyllis Browne's new work, "The Dictionary of Dainty Breakfasts" (Cassell and Co.), would be found exceedingly useful by every housewife in search of information respecting new dishes and reliable hints regarding old ones.

Were Young Folk Wiser Then?

THE sermon of which we have reproduced the dingy title-page seemed worthy of rescue from half a dozen handfuls of booksellers' rubbish. The treatise itself is solid, and a trifle heavy according to our modern ideas, but its existence proves that a solution was found in London nearly two hundred years ago for a difficulty which to-day perplexes ministers of all denominations. Young men would come to church, and were willing to be taught and, even further, to be questioned when they got there. "Consideration" is hardly a subject that would appeal to a youthful audience at the close of the nineteenth century. But there are signs that the strenuous efforts made in every department of the Church are winning back young men to exhortation and worship, though the methods pursued are probably more lively than those adopted with such apparent success by the Rev. Mr. Billingsly of the Old Jewry. That divine, however, had not to cope with the comparative secularisation of Sunday, and with what somebody has cleverly called the "era of cyclisation."

"A Mother's Bible."

IN our December number we published some touching lines under the above title, which were sent to us by a correspondent who was unaware of the authorship of the poem. Since their publication we have received several inquiries as to the author's identity, and if any of our readers should be aware of the name of the author, we should be very glad to hear from such, and to pass on the information to the inquirers.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** and **Presentation Bible** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Wiltshire** (for which applications were invited up to December 31st, 1898) have been gained by

MR. MATTHEW HENRY TRENT,
Berry Cottage, Holt, near Trowbridge,

who has distinguished himself by **fifty-nine** years' service in Holt Congregational Sunday School.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

DURHAM,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before January 31st, 1899. We may add that **Devonshire** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being February 28th, 1899. This county, in its turn, will be followed by the territorial county of **Kent**, for which the date will be one month later—viz. March 30th, 1899.

OUR INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF PEACE.

THE full particulars of our League of Peace were published in our last number, and we would impress upon those readers who desire to obtain the distinction of being the first to send in a thousand signatures that such names and addresses should reach us as soon after the 1st of March as possible—or even before. Since the January part went to press we are glad to hear that other movements have been set on foot with the special object of rousing up the nations to a sense of their responsibilities in strengthening the hands of all who desire to secure permanent peace, and we heartily wish "God-speed" to these schemes. But the individual, personal responsibility of every man and woman in this momentous matter must not be overlooked, and for this reason we desire to obtain the signature to our memorial of every interested person. The following is the form in which it has been issued:—

"We, the undersigned, desire to express our earnest sympathy with the peace proposals contained in the recent Rescript of his Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia, and hereby authorise the attachment of our names to any International Memorial having for its object the promotion of Universal Peace upon a Christian basis."

This may be copied at the head of blank sheets of paper, and the signatures placed beneath, but we shall be very pleased to send (post free) any number of printed forms on receipt of an application addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

The objects of our League have already been endorsed, amongst other prominent men, by the Lord Bishop of London, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes (President of the Wesleyan Conference), the Rev. Samuel Vincent (President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland), and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

37. Where did the miracle of feeding the five thousand take place?

38. By what name was the Sea of Galilee known in olden times?

39. Why was it our Lord inquired of St. Philip how to obtain food for the multitude?

40. What was one of the great hindrances to the Jews' acceptance of Christ?

41. What act of open opposition to Christ did the Jews commit during the Feast of Tabernacles?

42. Why was the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles called "the Great Day"?

43. Why were the Pharisees so offended when Jesus spake of Himself as the "Light of the World"?

44. What expression did our Lord use to signify to the Jews that they would crucify Him?

45. In what way did Jesus escape from the Temple when the Jews sought to stone Him?

46. The disciples said to our Lord, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" What do we infer from this?

47. In what way did our Lord test the faith of the blind man?

48. How did the Jews manifest their displeasure against Christ for healing the blind man on the Sabbath day?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 288.

25. Because there was another place called Cana, situate in Samaria (St. John ii. 1; Josh. xvi. 8 and xix. 28).

26. Because the Jews always washed before partaking of any food, and sometimes three or four times during a meal (St. John ii. 6; St. Mark vii. 3).

27. Five (St. John i. 40-45 and ii. 2).

28. Nicodemus is spoken of as a ruler, and was present when the council met to decide what they should do to Jesus (St. John iii. 1 and vii. 38, 50, 51).

29. St. John iii. 14.

30. The piece of land which Jacob bought of Hamor (St. John iv. 5; Josh. xxiv. 32; Gen. xxxiii. 19).

31. The children of Israel were at one time the inhabitants of Samaria, and though the poor who were left after the Captivity became mixed up with the other inhabitants, they still claimed to be Israelites (St. John iv. 12).

32. St. John iv. 42.

33. When the nobleman (an officer in the king's court) came to Jesus at Cana of Galilee. He refused to go and heal his son, simply telling the nobleman, "Go thy way, thy son liveth" (St. John iv. 50).

34. Neh. iii. 1; St. John v. 2-5.

35. St. John v. 22, 27.

36. Because the Jews thereby understood that Jesus claimed to be the Son of God (St. John v. 17, 18).

OUR CHRISTMAS STOCKING DISTRIBUTION.

IT is with great pleasure that we acknowledge the prompt and generous assistance accorded by our readers to our scheme for providing destitute children with a little Christmas cheer, and by their help we were enabled to distribute

Sixteen Hundred Stockings

to really deserving cases in all parts of the kingdom. The following letter from Paris is but a sample of the many kindly messages sent to us by those interested in the scheme. The writer says:—

"I have just seen in the Christmas number of THE QUIVER about your Christmas stockings. Although it is too late to propose any children, I hope it is not too late for you to make use of the enclosed towards supplying the 'stockings.' I hope it may make four children happy, and only regret that I cannot see their joy. To bring a ray of sunshine to children who have none in their lives is the work among all others to which I would lend a willing hand, and do more if I were able. —Praying for every success and blessing on your work, believe me one of your faithful readers abroad.—F. L. —Enclosed please find P.O. 4s."

It is quite impossible to reproduce the many letters of acknowledgment, but to all those who contributed to the fund we can only say that they would feel amply repaid for their kindly remembrance of the little ones, could they see the numerous spontaneous expressions of thanks which we have received. We may add that the balance sheet of the fund will be duly published when our various yearly statements are made for the twelve months ending at midsummer next.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from December 1st up to and including December 31st, 1898. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For **"The Quiver" Christmas Stocking Fund**: Anon., Gilford, Ireland, 1s. 6d.; C. B. Grove, Exmouth, 1s.; J. A. B., Grantham, 2s.; G. B. H., Paddington, 5s.; A Friend, Stalybridge, 2s.; A. Gadie, Bradford, 3s.; Cyril Manley, Oxford, 1s.; D. R. H., Liverpool, 2s.; E. F., Birkenhead, 10s.; A Friend, 1s.; Mrs. G. Sandeson, Heskington, 2s. 6d.; J. Frazer, Dublin, 1s.; H. E. F., Forest Gate, 1s.; K. Thomerson, Upper Clapton, 2s.; Mrs. Grimesthorpe, 10s.; E. Jones, Exmouth, 1s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Stafford, 1s.; Anon., Margate, 3s.; W. Brindley, Boscombe, 2s.; A Friend, Leytonstone, 1s.; A. H., Glasgow, 1s.; H. S., St. Leonards, 1s.; J. E. H., Henbury, 5s.; B. M., Darlington, 3s.; C. Burton, Morpeth, 6s.; A. Bamber, Cheltenham, 5s.; A Friend, Southport, 1s.; Mrs. Tyler, Forest Hill, 2s.; Winnie, Nellie, and Marie, Clapham, 5s.; E. B. Mitchell, Kensal, 1s.; Marie Louyse, Norwood, £1; J. B., Hayward's Heath, 5s.; B. Burston, Moreland Court, 1s.; A. H., Ripon, 1s.; Ealing, 1s.; M. Smith, Blackheath, 2s.; An Ayrshire Reader, 3s.; A Scotch Lassie, 1s.; Mrs. Crossley, Warrington, 5s.; Miss Firth, Cleckheaton, 2s.; Grace T. H. Sim, 5s.; Miss Lacey, Eastbourne, £1; A Manx Reader, Ramsey, 2s.; "For Jesu's Sake," 1s. 1d.; N. Wilke, Leyton, 1s.; T. R. Brockbank, Carlisle, 2s.; W. Bradfield, Buckingham, 1s. 6d.; Tivia, Glasgow, 3s.; Freddy, 1s.; E. A. G., Barnsley, 2s.; Miss Sharpley, 1s.; Miss Clarke, Belfast, 2s.; Miss L. Clarke, Belfast, 2s.; Miss E. Marshall, Brighton, 5s.; E. M. B., Weedon, 2s.; A. Home, Bristol, 2s.; Anon., Bristol, 1s.; W. B. J. A. C. and W. J. W. C., 5s.; M. W. and M. L., Coldrum, 2s.; Mrs. Gowlett, Great Canfield, 10s.; E. L., Grampound Road, 2s.; L. V. D., 1s.; A. W., Lymington, 1s.; Two Lovers of Children, 2s.; Mrs. C. M. Waterfall, Hull, 5s.; M. Ling, Ipswich, 1s.; Memories, Dartford, 1s.; E. E. T., South Norwood, 1s.; Hettie and Eva Neirson, Wadhurst, 2s.; Mr. Catlee, Bristol, 1s.; Anon., Sheffield, 1s.; J. R., Alloa, 2s.; Anon., Ipswich, 1s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Hartlepool, 10s.; S. V., Blackheath, 1s.; L. E. B., 2s.; Daisy, Dorothy, and Edgar, 1s.; M. Moore, Birkdale, 5s.; L. R., Newcastle, 2s.; Mrs. M. M. Thomas, Rodborough, 5s.; H. M. Matthews, Blaenavon, 1s.; A. B. Scott, Hawick, 1s.; E. A. and A. H., 2s.; A Lover of Children, Bramin, 1s.; H. L. P., Belfast, 2s.; Douglas, Dorothy, and Moncrieff, 4s.; Mrs. Turner, Bournemouth, 5s.; Two Sisters in Stirling, 2s.; E. M. H., Stratford-on-Avon, 5s.; Mrs. M. Hollis, Newport, 1s.; E. F., Gainsborough, 1s.; B. Bibby, Crouch End, 2s.; E. Bailey, Ipswich, 1s.; A Reader, Peterborough, 1s.; H. Reeve, Westminster, 10s.; Mrs. A. W. Arnold, Eastbourne, 10s.; Lettie, Exeter, 2s.; Mrs. T. Barber, 1s.; Miss Tinne, Aigburth, 5s.; Mother, Ernest, and Baby Kathleen, Lincoln, 3s.; H. B., Balham, 2s.; Mrs. A. M. Braley, Sutton, 1s.; Two Friends, Tulse Hill, 3s. 6d.; Jessie, Bournemouth, 10s.; Anon., Salisbury, 1s.; Winifred and Frankie Mattock, 2s.; Reggy, Hornsey Rise, 2s.; Mrs. Clark, Dunstable, 2s.; Anon., Grimsby, 1s.; Forest Gate, 1s.; Annie, Bromley, 1s. 6d.; Wabba and Little Three, 2s.; Anon., Glasgow, 1s.; Miss C. Combes, Clapham Common, 10s.; Winifred and Ruth, Green Lanes, 1s.; L. E. W., 5s.; H. Peel, Redditch, 2s.; Mrs. T. Barber, Eastwood, 3s.; Nemo, Leeds, 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Shaw, Southport, 2s 6d.; Abbey House, Hexham, 1s.; Winifred Berry, Liverpool, 2s.; C. and L. Clutterbuck, 2s.; Master Macdonald, Northwood, 3s.; B. A. Watson, Havant, 5s.; In Memory, Leicester, 1s.; N. E. A., Stowmarket, 10s; A Constant Reader, Westmorland, 1s.; M. M. P., Sydenham Hill, 1s.; C. Standope, Darlington, 3s.; Elgie, Glasgow, 1s.; A. B. J., Gainsboro', 1s.; A. M. Foster, Croydon, 1s. 6d.; W. Day, Pimlico, 10s.; C. B. Ellison, Liscard, 5s.; Mrs. Travers, Altringham, 3s.; A. S., Stocksfield, 9s.; M. B. R., 2s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Highbury, 2s.; G. Morris, Windsor, 10s; Larkie, 3s.; G. S. H., 5s.; J. R. D. G., 5s.; M. S. B., North Walsham, 2s.; A Well-Wisher, Ulverston, 5s.; Ada and Gladys, Billingshurst, 5s.; L. G., Falmouth, 1s.; J. G. Hunter, Bradford, 1s.; A. E. Willis, Edinburgh, 5s.; H. Fife, East Dulwich, 1s.; Pat Turney, Carrickmacross, 1s.; Aileen Fleming, 2s. 6d.; M. H. R., 10s.; Sydney, Rochester, 1s.; Ruth and Mary Beynon, Rock Ferry, 2s.; R. S. J. A. B., Brighton, 2s. 6d.; R. E. Longsight, 5s.; "Inasmuch," Berkeley, 3s.; Walter and Stanley Hewett, Stroud, 2s.; M. D. and K. C., 2s.; Grannie, Edinburgh, 1s.; W. P. Thorne, Woburn, 5s.; F. S. S., Empingham, 8s.; F. E., D. M. E., and A. F. E., 4s.; E. Johnston, Essex Road, 2s.; J. G. H. C., Ventnor, 2s.; T. J. G., Rochester, 3s.; Lily and Jackie, Dulwich, 2s.; E. J. E. B., 5s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, Bristol, 1s.; L. D., Lower Clapton, 4s.; F. L., Paris, 4s.; D. Benson, Grenoble, 1s.; Anon., Sunderland, 2s.; Miss E. Scott, Pateley Bridge, 1s.; Nelloff, Bandon, 2s.; Mrs. Hall, Miss, and Miss F. Hall, 3s.; E. S., Plymouth, 1s.; B. S. A., Groombridge, 2s.; A Friend, Fife, 2s.; M. Price, Commercial Road, 1s.; Maggie Crighton, Turriff, 1s.; Two Little Girls, Sherborne, 2s.; L. A. Garner, Burton-on-Trent, 1s.; Lovers of Children, Wolverhampton, 5s.; Two Members, League of Christian Compassion, 2s.; Mrs. H. F. Hall, Bournemouth, 2s.; H. B., Hornsey Rise, 5s.; Mrs. Bashford, jun., Croydon, 1s.; Devonian, 2s.; L. Tilley, Warwick, 5s.; C. Todd, Headingley, 5s.; Anon., Lincoln, 9d.; H. J. M., Tunbridge Wells, 2s. 6d.; M. D., 2s.; Anon., Bournemouth, 3s.; Mrs. Poole, Ealing, 1s.; Mrs. Bonham, Cleveland, 4s.; M. Hamlin, Sevenoaks, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. H., Hougham, 1s.; Jean Noll, Bristol, 2s.; J. J. Hill, Ashton-under-Lyne, 4s. 6d.; Anon., Stirling, 2s.; F. I. B., Norwich, 2s.; Children's Friend, Doncaster, 10s.; Anon., Wolverhampton, 2s.; The Sisters Smith, Guernsey, 2s.; Two Little Girls, Barnsley, 4s.; Three Friends, Weybridge, 3s.; Help, Berkeley, 2s. 6d.; A. Arnold, New Malden, 1s.; M. B., Knutsford, 1s.; Jack and Eva, Troon, 2s.; Anon., Tring, 1s.; G. K. Eyre, Boxmoor, 5s.; Admirer, 1s.; Mrs. Swan, Cullercoats, 5s.; M. S. T., Newcastle, 3s.; Anon., Warwick, 1s.; E. M. B., Hythe, 1s.; J. Hepworth, Huddersfield, 2s.; Elsie, Guernsey, 5s.; A Reader of THE QUIVER, 1s.; Mrs. G. Ireland, Devos Platz, 5s.; Anon., Brightlingsea, 1s.; Mrs. B., Gainsboro', 5s.; A Daily Governess, Windsor, 1s.; C. Salt and R. Heeles, 2s.; Miss Stirling, 3s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund*: J. J. E. (133rd donation), 5s.; In Loving Remembrance of a Little One, 10s.; E. F., Birkenhead, 10s.; Bill and Joe, 3s.; G. T. Cooper, St. John's Wood, 5s.; Grace T. H. Sim, 10s.; A Friend, Kilburn, £1; A Glasgow Mother (103rd donation), 1s.; H. D., 5s.; Maudie, Brighton, 2s. 6d.; C. B. Ellison, Liscard, 5s.; H. E. H., Brockley, 5s.; Mrs. Travers, Altringham, 7s.; M. H. R., £1; The Misses Richards, 6s.; C. A. Moore, Huntingdon, 2s. 6d.; A Widow, 5s.; A Lover of Children, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Rivett, 2s. 6d.; M. H. R., Robertsbridge, 2s.; E. A. Lyne, 1s.; E. G., Stourbridge, 5s.; A Thank-Offering, 4s.; W. R., Nottingham, 2s.; M. A. L., Chiswick, 2s. 6d.; W. W., Glasgow, 2s.; M. S. Canway, Port Talbot, 2s.; J. Chatterton, Horncastle, 10s. 6d.; N. R., Primrose Hill, 3s.; J. W. E., Wells, 2s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: An Irish Girl, £1 6s.; Jennie, Henry, Albert, and Edna Newby, 4s.; A Thank-Offering, 5s.; G. R. Nyte, 5s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; Raneeby, 5s.; Devonian, 2s. 6d.; G. S. H. and J. R. D. G., 5s.; A. S., £1 0s. 3d.; C. B. Ellison, 10s.; L. E. W., 5s.; A Constant Reader, 4s.; A Swansea Mother, 5s. The following amounts, which we are asked to acknowledge, were sent direct: M. J. C., 5s.; Dux, 10s.; F. B., 2s.; A. F., 2s.; M. E. C., 10s.; A South Ayrshire Dairy Farmer £50; X.Y.Z., 2s.6d.

For *Miss Sherman's Orphan Homes*: E. H., 2s. 6d.

For "*The Quiver*" *Lifeboat Fund*: N. R., Primrose Hill, 2s.; K. E. H., 5s.

For *The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children*: M. Moore, 10s.

For *The St. Giles' Christian Mission*: M. E. S., 3s.

For *The Indian Leper Mission Fund*: A Thank-Offering, 5s.



(By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall, S.W.)

THE LOST PIECE OF MONEY.

(By the late Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A.)

PICTORIAL SERMONS.



(*By permission of William Coltart, Esq.*)

JOSEPH INTRODUCING JACOB TO PHARAOH.

(*By Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A.*)

WITH truth and beauty as the objects of his art, the painter, whatever be the subject he is endeavouring to depict, becomes a guide and helpmeet to his fellow-men. His art is "twice blessed," blessing "him that gives and him that takes." The contemplation of a beautiful and pure work of art acts as a charm upon the mind oppressed with care and trouble. A landscape on canvas, reflecting the sunshine of the country-side, suggesting its freedom of atmosphere, its "fair quiet and sweet rest," when seen in the midst of the toil and grime of a great city, is a sedative to the jaded nerves of the busy worker; it reminds him of the glories of nature which lie outside the boundaries of the man-made wilderness of houses, and brings him for the moment into close commune with Nature herself. A glimpse of blue sea, of clear running stream, or some sweet pastoral scene, carries with it a breath of fresh air, invigorating and refreshing, to those who gaze upon its brightness through the murky atmosphere of the city streets.

The painter, indeed, has a power which competes closely with the eloquence of the preacher, or the soothing rhythm of the poet; it raises the man who approaches his work with a receptive heart from his own petty self, enlarges his sympathies and his hopes, calms his troubles, and sends him back refreshed and invigorated to his struggle with the cares and troubles of his daily life.

A great picture is not so much one that displays the technical skill of the painter as his power to appeal to the emotions of those who look at it. Truth is at all times simple, and he who would expound it, either in sermon, poem, or picture, must do so in language which can be readily understood of the people. This

does not make his task any the lighter, for any straining after effects of simplicity betrays his own lack of truth; simplicity must be spontaneous—from the heart.

Judging a picture, then, by this standard of simplicity and truth, we look first of all for these qualities; we look to see if the artist is sincere in his representation of the scene he presents to us. If we find this to be so, then we receive the work as a contribution to the truth we are seeking. Some painters force us to recognise their skill as colourists, as draughtsmen, as archæologists—they have insisted upon their accuracy in these respects, but oftentimes at the sacrifice of all spirituality; their pictures are representations of costume, of architecture—what you will—but the true spirit of art is lacking; they are merely skilfully painted canvases.

In no direction is this more apparent than in pictures dealing with religious subjects. In such works we especially want to feel immediately we look at them, "Here is an honest effort to realise the true spirit of the subject: here is something which is helpful, inspiring, *good*." We do not want to be forced to admire the accessories before we realise this; that should follow in due course, and will, if the picture has been designed and executed in the right spirit. As in a spoken sermon we fail to grasp the teaching as we should if we see the framework upon which the preacher has built up the fabric of his oration, so in a pictorial sermon we lose the good that is in it if we are impressed first of all with the details of technique or composition. The appeal to the heart should come first—that to the head should be secondary.

The helpfulness and interest of Biblical pictures to young and old is acknowledged by all. The pictorial Bible is a never-ending source of delight, and its influence is extraordinary in its extent and power. Our ideas of Scriptural scenes and incidents have often been formed more by the illustrations than by the Biblical narrative itself, and we have often been almost pained in after-life on seeing the attempts of other artists to depict scenes which differ materially from those for which we acquired a fondness in our early days, although we recognise the fact then that many of these favourite pictures are in no wise



(By permission of the Artist. Copyright reserved.)

"AND THERE WAS A GREAT CRY IN EGYPT."

(*By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.*)

worthy of their subjects. After all, pictorial Bibles are, as a rule, unsatisfactory. More's the pity! The range of subjects is so vast, and the artists employed have seldom succeeded in impressing their representations with any degree of the dignity attaching to them. Even the versatile genius of Gustave Doré could not respond successfully to the gigantic work, although of the few artists who have grappled with it, he creates the greatest amount of interest.



From the Fresco in the House of Lords.)

MOSES' DESCENT FROM SINAI.

(By J. R. Herbert, R.A.)

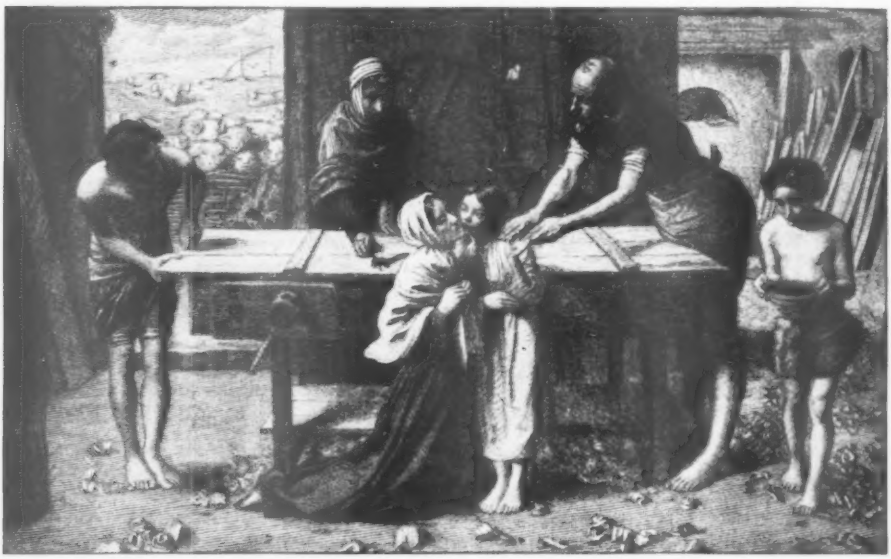
An interesting volume has recently been published in which are gathered together pictures, by modern artists of varied nationality, which illustrate the Bible story from Genesis to Revelation, and which affords an excellent opportunity of studying the manner in which Biblical subjects have impressed artists of different countries and temperaments.* Each has chosen to illustrate the portion of Scripture which appealed to his own particular inclination, and the result is a collection of pictures which cannot fail to interest all who examine it. There are reproductions of the vast conceptions of John Martin, which so impressed his contemporaries—"Belshazzar's Feast," "The Fall of Babylon," and "The Fall of Nineveh"—with their hundreds of figures struggling, writhing, fighting, and dying amid the gorgeous palaces and the buildings of those wonderful cities of old. The curiously eccentric genius of Turner is shown in his "Deluge" and "Destruction of Sodom"—in the one, the swirling rush of the destroying torrent sweeping away crowds of doomed humanity: in the other, the glare and smoke of the burning City of the Plain, the tottering columns of the buildings, and the wild hurryings of the affrighted citizens. Now the sensuous dancings and frivolities of "The World before the Flood," by William Etty, R.A.: and now the grim pictures of the Biblical tragedies from the brushes of the masters of the French School. Here the calm, peaceful creations of Burne-Jones and Rossetti—decoratively beautiful—and then the prettily human pictures of Dyce and Herbert. The modern German artists who delight in representing Christ living among and appealing to the people of our day—the school in which Herr Fritz von Uhde stands pre-eminent—are represented by "Christ's Call to the Sick and Weary," by Herr A. Dietrich.

* "Sacred Art: The Bible Story Pictured by Eminent Modern Painters." Edited by A. G. Temple, F.S.A. (Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

From this series of pictures we have selected some typical works with which to illustrate this article, and these will serve to show the variety and interest of the whole.

The President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward J. Poynter, delights in rendering classic scenes and stories on his canvases, and of late years has turned his attention almost entirely to such; but twenty or so years ago he painted several religious pictures, and was one of the artists chosen by Messrs. Dalziel to illustrate their great edition of the Bible. Egypt seems especially to have fascinated him, for, in addition to the picture of "Joseph Introducing Jacob to Pharaoh," he painted another large canvas dealing with the captivity, in which crowds of Israelites are dragging a great, clumsy trolley on which is placed an enormous stone lion for the decoration of a temple. In this picture, as in the one illustrated on page 387, the artist has exhibited his love for Egyptian architecture, with its massive pillars covered with mysterious symbols. But in the latter work Sir Edward Poynter has made the human element predominant; and the simple, pathetic figure of the patriarch, leaning heavily on his staff and on the shoulder of his long-lost son, stands out in contrast with the languorous splendour of the Pharaoh.

Vastly impressive and weird is Mr. Hacker's "And there was a great cry in Egypt." This artist has on more than one occasion exhibited works of a religious nature at the Royal Academy; but none better than the one before us and "The Annunciation," purchased for the Chantrey Collection, and now in the National Gallery of British Art. The picture reproduced on page 388 illustrates the passage in Exodus (xii. 30): "And there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead." It is in its suggestiveness that the picture tells: we see none of the horrors of the last plague; they are only suggested in the title. The silent, sorrowing figure of the Angel of Death, sweeping through the city with flaming sword in hand and trailing robe of black—symbol of the train of sorrow he leaves behind him—is noble and dignified. Carried along



CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS.

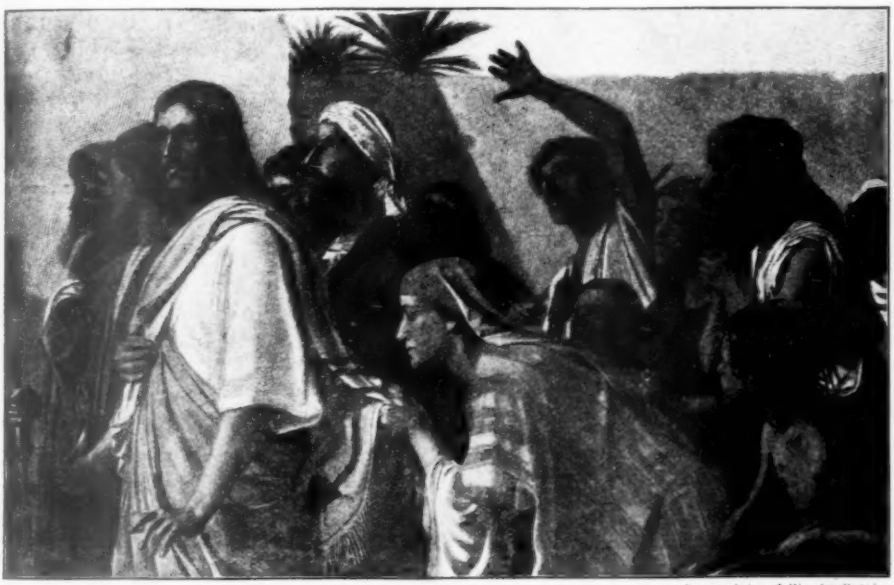
(By the late Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A.)

on swift wings through the deserted streets of the stricken city, the destroyer touches in each household the doomed "first-born," and only that weird, heart-breaking cry rising on the night air tells of the sorrow and misery that mark his track.

The next illustration (page 389) deals with the incident of Moses' second descent from Sinai, bearing the re-written tables of the law, and is the work of J. R. Herbert, R.A. It forms one of the series of frescoes in the House of Lords.

"Ruth and Naomi" (page 393) is one of the best of the Scriptural subjects treated by the late P. H. Calderon, R.A., and hangs in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. The passage illustrated is that in which Ruth makes her impassioned appeal: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"; and the artist has imparted to the beautiful figure of Ruth all the intensity and passion to which the words give utterance.

We now pass on to the New Testament — the section most favoured by artists, for the attraction of its central Figure is as overpowering for the painter of to-day as it has been to those of the intervening ages. The picture on page 390 of "Christ in the House of His Parents," by the late Sir John Millais, is one of the earliest and most noted of the painter's works. When exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1850 (Millais was then but twenty years of age), it had for its inscription, "And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends" (Zechariah xiii. 6). The picture aroused a veritable storm of hostile criticism, scorn and contumely being poured on painting and painter alike. Charles Dickens, in his *Household Words*, pronounced it as "mean, odious, revolting, and repulsive," and other critics found fault with it in equally strong language. It was then that the title of "The Carpenter's Shop" was scornfully bestowed upon it, and by which it has since



(By permission of Miss Armitage.)

FAITH.

(By the late E. Armitage, R.A.)

been generally known: it has, however, long been recognised as one of the most wonderful contributions to modern British art, quite apart from any consideration of the age of the artist when he painted it. The perfect draughtsmanship, the wonderful colouring, the marvellous skill displayed in the whole composition, were all overlooked by the contemporary critics; all they considered was the—to them—execrable taste of the artist in representing Christ in an ordinary carpenter's shop! The beautiful allegories contained in the work were all ignored, and abuse for the conception alone given place.

And yet, when it is examined, what is there to find fault with in this respect? Absolutely nothing. The artist set himself to paint from nature; the work appeals directly to the observant eye by its simple force; even the symbols are not intricate when carefully considered. The Child, whilst playing with the pincers in His father's workshop, has injured His hand on a rusty nail protruding from the wood on the bench. Joseph draws back the fingers to examine the wound (the symbolism of which is obvious enough), and Mary, with grief and motherly anxiety portrayed on every line of her face, seeks to soothe the Boy, and with a piece of linen prepares to bind up the hand.



"ECCE HOMO!"

(*By Professor Ciseri.*)

St. John is coming with a bowl of water with which to bathe the injury, and St. Anne leans forward to remove the tool which contributed to the hurt. On the ladder against the wall rests a dove—the emblem of peace—and through the open doorway can be seen a flock of sheep huddled close to a fence, emblematical of the faithful, the Church of Christ. Farther out in the meadow is a well—the well of Truth.

The picture was painted on commission for Mr. Farrar, the well-known dealer,



(*Reproduced by permission from the Original Painting in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.*)

RUTH AND NAOMI.

(*By P. H. Calderon, R.A.*)

for the sum of £250—a large sum in those days for a work by a young man.

This picture will form the subject of one of the fine art plates offered to readers of THE QUIVER, on conditions which are stated elsewhere in this number. Lord Leighton's well-known painting "The Star in the East," and the masterpieces of four other eminent artists, will also be included; the whole forming a set of sacred pictures, suitable for framing, of permanent value and interest for every Christian home as well as every Sunday school and mission hall.



(In the possession of Mrs. Noble.)

JUDAS GOING OUT.

(By Henry Tidey.)

The other picture by Millais, which is reproduced as the frontispiece to this number, was based upon a drawing which the artist made for Messrs. Routledge, in 1853, for a series of "The Parables of our Lord." The painting, however, was not made until 1862, when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. It was afterwards totally destroyed in a gas explosion at Baron Marochetti's house.

The picture "Faith," by the late E. Armitage, R.A. (see page 391), is an excellent illustration of the passage, "For she said within herself, If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole."

The tragedy of the betrayal, and the perfidy of Judas, have been the subjects of innumerable pictures; and that of "Judas," by Henry Tidey, which we reproduce, is typical of many. The betrayer is represented here when leaving the house in which is being held the sacred feast on the night of the betrayal. The pose of the man reveals the shame which he is feeling; hesitating yet as to whether his fell purpose shall be accomplished.

The illustration on page 392 shows us the memorable scene when Pilate exclaims to the multitude surrounding the palace, "Behold the Man!" The work of a modern Italian artist, this picture is an admirable rendering of the tragic event, the subdued patience of the central Figure contrasting strongly with that of the subservient prefect.

ARTHUR FISH.

[NEW SERIAL STORY.



By Scott Graham, Author of "The Link between Them," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

Dependent upon Charity.

IT was a radiant June morning, and the fashionable watering-place—Beachbourne—was looking its best in the brilliant sunshine. Smart carriages dashed past, well-dressed cyclists careered gaily along, and the High Street shops were thronged with fashionable customers.

A tall, refined-looking girl, whose exquisitely fitting garb lent additional elegance to her graceful figure, came along the pavement, holding by the hand a pretty, fair-haired child of six, likewise beautifully dressed. At a confectioner's window the child suddenly stopped. "Oh, mummy, do buy me one of those dear little chocolate pigs! I haven't had any sweets for ever so long!"

"Don't tease, Doris. I have no money to buy sweets."

The child opened great eyes of wonder. "Why, mummy, you've got shillings, sovewins, great heaps of them, in your purse! I saw them!" she remonstrated. And, indeed, Mrs. Burnside's dainty, silver-mounted purse was literally bulging with coin.

"They all belong to auntie, and she wants them to pay her bills." And she turned resolutely from the enticing window, whereupon Doris, who was tired with the walk and the heat, burst into loud crying.

As her mortified mother strove to check her, a young man in a professional frock-coat and tall hat, who was passing, turned to see the cause of the uproar. Mrs. Burnside's fair face flushed. "My little girl is very naughty this morning, Dr. Inglis," she said, answering the inquiry in his grey eyes. They were but slightly acquainted, occasionally meeting in society.

"I want—a choc'late pig," wailed Doris. "Mummy won't buy me one — unkind mummy!"

"Hush, Doris," rebuked the young doctor. "A chocolate pig! If that's all the trouble——" and he fingered the few coins in his vest pocket. "May she have one, Mrs. Burnside?"

So Doris got her wish; and, once inside the confectioner's, she fancied so many things that very little remained to Dr. Inglis out of a shilling; and he needed all his shillings badly. But he loved children, and already May Burnside's blue eyes had begun to haunt him. She held out her beautifully gloved hand with a grateful smile; and he noticed how thoroughbred she looked as she went with the now happy Doris down the sunny street.

There was a shadow on the young man's face as he sped home to his scanty luncheon. He was too poor to take a house, so he rented three rooms in a sedate-looking villa in a side street. Doctors simply swarmed at Beachbourne, and sometimes Harold Inglis doubted the wisdom of trying to work up a connection there. The eldest son of an impoverished country squire, he had to depend upon his own exertions; and, after a brilliant college career, came to Beachbourne, hoping to work up a practice, as he was too poor to buy one. Could he have taken a fine house and kept a carriage, he might have succeeded; for he was a gentleman to the backbone, and had a pleasant face and manner. But he remained almost unknown, and, after a year of heart-breaking disappointments, found himself barely able to live.

Before sitting down to the bread and cheese awaiting him in the bare little sitting-room, he thriftily changed his frock-coat for an old boating blazer. Dress was a terribly heavy item in his expenditure; the well-cut clothes, the glossy hat, and the snowy linen prescribed by medical etiquette being only procured at the cost of semi-starvation. To the hungry labourer or vagrant many people will give a meal; but, to my mind, the gentleman who has to go hungry that he may be well-dressed is far more deserving of pity. And many a professional man *has* to go hungry in these sad days when "all the markets overflow."

Meanwhile May and Doris Burnside were bound for Victoria Square, the most fashionable locality in Beachbourne. Mrs. Burnside resided with her aunt, Miss Waller, a sprightly spinster of fifty, who lived at the very top of her handsome income, and was a leader of local fashion. A smart footman opened the door, and the beautiful drawing-room they entered was a great contrast to Dr. Inglis's bare sitting-room.



"I want a choc'late pig," wailed Doris.—*p.* 395.

Miss Waller, a good-looking woman with white hair, and very richly dressed, turned round from a fine old Chippendale writing-table. "Oh! there you are." Then, as Doris began some childish babble about the chocolate pig, she added impatiently, "Ring for Mary to take that child upstairs. I wish you wouldn't bring her in here!"

Miss Waller had no love for children; and Doris was too well trained to defy her great-aunt. Still hugging her precious sweets, she was whisked away; whilst the spinster, producing a gilt-edged account-book, methodically entered the sums paid by her niece that morning out of a twenty-pound note. Every halfpenny was accounted for, and when May closed her purse just one solitary sixpence remained in it which she could really call her own. Sometimes she had not even that.

"I've ordered the carriage for three," announced Miss Waller. "We must call on Lady Lee, and the Amberys, and it's Mrs. Edgell's 'at home' day. Put on your grey dress and your new hat."

"Yes, aunt," meekly responded May.

"And to-morrow you must unpick my green dinner-dress. I intend to have it dyed."

"Yes, aunt," repeated Mrs. Burnside, as she went to the door. "Yes, aunt," was what she was obliged to say all day long; to have said "No, aunt," would have been a complete reversal of all the Victoria Square traditions.

To do good by stealth is unfashionable nowadays, and when Miss Waller, to her great disgust, found herself obliged to offer a home to her widowed niece and her child, she took care that all Beachbourne should know and extol her generosity.

"How delightful for Mrs. Burnside to have such a luxurious home!" remarked many people who saw the aunt and niece that afternoon, gorgeously arrayed; for it was known that, but for Miss Waller, May would have been obliged to earn a living. Many a tired governess or poor shop-assistant looked enviously at the pretty girl dashing by in the smart carriage—the

pretty girl who was dressed in silk and chiffon, but had only sixpence in her pocket!

The daughter of a struggling country doctor, May had fallen in love at eighteen with a handsome but dissipated assistant of her father's, who persuaded her into a clandestine marriage. She knew Arthur Burnside was far from steady, but it seemed noble and heroic to marry him that she might undertake his reformation. Poor foolish child! she failed to realise that if a man is too weak to stand alone, without some woman to prop him up continually, the chances are that he will bring ruin upon both. May shuddered to recall those four miserable years of ill-treatment, disgrace, and privation, which ended in the death of her husband, and left her absolutely penniless. Her father was dead, his other children were scattered, and, but for Miss Waller, she and Doris might have starved.

Yet, despite the outward prosperity of her new life, she found the bread of dependence so bitter that, but for Doris, she would have tried to earn her living. She was not highly educated, and could only have hoped for a subordinate post; but it was so galling never to have a garment to wear or a coin to spend, save through her aunt's bounty, that she often thought she would be happier as a nurse or parlourmaid. She mixed as an equal with rich and fashionable people, and had to talk as if want of money were absolutely unknown, though she could not even afford to buy her child a few sweets. She dared not ask her aunt for pocket-money, for she well knew that, though Miss Waller supplied her with fashionable clothes, it was only because she could not bear to be disgraced by shabby relations, and she secretly grudged every penny spent on her niece. Yet she dared not quarrel with her aunt, who was her only hope for a good education for her child. May was resolved that Doris should be so accomplished that, if needful, she could earn her bread. "Oh, if only I had not been so idle at school! If I had practised, and talked to Fräulein more!" poor May thought to herself, with unavailing regret, as the country roads flitted by.

But she had little leisure for these sad thoughts. She had to brace herself to play her part in three crowded drawing-rooms, as if she had not a care in the world. Miss Waller was well pleased with the admiration her graceful niece always excited in society; and, thanks to May, the spinster received many invitations which might not otherwise have arrived. Miss Waller had a horror of being classed as a frump; instead, she prided herself on being exceedingly modern and up-to-date.

"Just fancy that plain little Daisy Edgell being engaged to a Liverpool man with heaps of money!" she remarked as they rolled homewards. "We met him at the Hubbards' last year, if you remember."

"I thought him very ugly and commonplace."

"Perhaps—but so rich! I wish *you* could be as lucky, May. What a pity there are so few really eligible men at Beachbourne!"

"If there were ever so many, aunt, I couldn't bear to marry again."

"And, pray, why not? You're only twenty-five; surely you are not going to mourn all your days for that precious husband of yours?" cried the spinster sharply.

"It is just because my first marriage was so unhappy that I never wish to marry again. As to marrying for money—I couldn't do it!"

"What nonsense! Isn't it done every day? It's all very fine to talk, May, but you know my income is only for my life, and I've hardly saved anything, so that when I die you'll be left without a home; and then what's to become of you and Doris? You *must* marry again—there's nothing else for it."

It was not the first time May had listened to such counsels; and she was well aware that, should her aunt die prematurely, she herself would again be homeless. Miss Waller was not the woman to deny herself in order to save money for her niece. She must have the fine house and carriage, the handsome dress, and the dinner-parties which her soul loved; and she found May very useful in arranging flowers, writing letters, and making not a few articles of personal adornment for her aunt with her clever fingers.

Their nearest way home lay through the quiet street in which Harold Inglis lived—or, rather, starved—and, as he chanced to be at the surgery window mixing a powder, he saw the carriage driving by. The sinking sun was burnishing May's golden-brown hair; and her profile, beneath her gauzy hat, looked very fair and sweet. He sighed, as he went back to his powder, for the contrast between her lot and his own seemed a little too glaring. He did not know that all the time she had only sixpence in her purse, while he could actually boast of half-a-crown!

CHAPTER II.

Two Heavy Hearts.

DORIS was never allowed to partake of meals with Miss Waller, who disliked having to regulate her conversation according to inquisitive childish ears. The little girl lived in the upper regions with Mary, who divided the duties of lady's maid and nurse. After breakfast one morning,

May, having done what was required by Miss Waller, went upstairs to give Doris the lessons which, so far, formed her sole instruction. She found the child flushed and heated after a combat with Mary.

"She 's that cross, I can't do anything with her," grumbled the maid, who dutifully imitated her mistress in hating children. "She wouldn't eat her nice egg at breakfast, and she 's pulled all her dolly's hair off—see."

"I 'm afraid she 's not well," said the mother gravely, as the child buried her face in May's skirt, sobbing fretfully. Her little hands were burning, her cheeks flushed, and red spots showed on the peach-like skin. "Ask Miss Waller if Jane may go for the doctor," May continued, dreading lest she had taken measles.

Miss Waller gave permission to summon the family physician, Dr. Ellis, who was the most fashionable practitioner in Beachbourne, and drove his carriage and pair; but Jane returned to say that both the doctor and his partner were out.

"Then go and fetch the nearest doctor at once!" commanded Miss Waller. "I must know whether it 's infectious or not, so that I may take precautions. How vexing it will be," she complained to her niece, "if Doris is laid up for weeks, and the house placed in quarantine, just as all the gaieties are beginning! There 's the Mowbrays' dinner next week, and Lady Lee's picnic, and the Clares' musical party—oh, dear!"

Not a word of sympathy for the poor child! May clenched her hands passionately in her struggle to restrain an angry reply. It was in moments like this that her shackles seemed absolutely intolerable.

Presently Jane returned, followed by Harold Inglis, the first disengaged doctor she could find. May was glad not to behold an absolute stranger, and stood by anxiously until he had examined the little patient, whose malady he pronounced to be chicken-pox. He wrote a prescription, gave a few simple directions, and then followed May downstairs to reassure Miss Waller, who was eager "to know the worst," as she put it.

She was very gracious at being relieved from anxiety, and remarked blandly, "It was very kind of you to come so promptly, Dr. Inglis. Our usual medical attendant is Dr. Ellis, but he was out. As it 's such a trifling matter, don't trouble to see Doris again. If you will be good enough to send in your account for this visit, I will settle it at once."

And she bowed him out, as if determined to quench any hope he might entertain of being privileged to attend in Victoria Square. Although, of course, medical etiquette forbade his interfering with Dr. Ellis's patients, he felt somewhat disappointed as he went away. He was so weary of waiting in his dingy sitting-room for the patients who never came!

May ventured a word to her aunt when they were alone. "I wish we could help Dr. Inglis to find a few patients, aunt! He seems so nice and kind."

"There are far too many doctors in Beachbourne!" pronounced the spinster. "I shall certainly not leave Dr. Ellis—he gives such delightful dinner-parties!"

Harold plodded dejectedly home, to learn, as usual, that nobody had called during his absence; and, after thriftily changing his coat, he entered his little surgery, to find a packet on the table which had come by post. It was the manuscript of an article on throat affections, which he had sent to a medical paper in the hope of earning a little money. It had entailed great labour and research, only to be rejected with the curt intimation that the editor had no opening for such a subject.

"What *can* I do?" he distractedly asked himself. "I've called on everybody I can scrape acquaintance with; I've joined the local clubs; I'm a Volunteer and a Freemason—what more can I do to bring myself into notice?"

"A note for you, sir," said the maid-of-all-work, appearing at the door.

He snatched it eagerly, hoping to find a summons; but, alas! it was only a bill from a jobbing-tailor whom he had employed to renovate various garments *sub rosa*. He had no money to pay it; although it went sorely against the grain to keep the poor man from his due. He paced in distress up and down the narrow room, wishing he dare start out for a long walk, to distract his thoughts. But he dreaded to leave, lest in his absence some desirable patient might send for him. And so, hanging about listlessly, unable to settle to anything, the dismal morning passed, like too many others; and Ann brought in his meal of bread and cheese, from which he rose nearly as hungry as he sat down. He looked at himself in the spotty pier-glass. His cheeks were falling in, and there were hollows beneath his eyes, due entirely to insufficient nourishment.

A card stuck in the frame reminded him that Mrs. Ormsby-Paulet was "at home" that afternoon. "It's a tennis party—shall I go?" he debated. It seemed a mockery to mingle in a scene of gaiety with such a leaden weight at his heart; but a prosaic consideration decided him. "There 'll be a good tea, at least, and if I make myself very agreeable, perhaps they 'll ask me to stay to dinner. Besides, I may get to know some people who 'll employ me."

He dressed himself carefully, and sallied

forth; informing the servant of his destination, in case anybody should send for him. Despite his thin cheeks, there was not a better-looking man at "The Dene" that afternoon; for he looked a gentleman to the backbone, and as such, his hostess—who was very short of men—smiled upon him graciously.

"So glad you were able to come," she cooed. "Miss Waller," to the spinster, who had just arrived, "may I introduce my friend, Dr. Inglis?"

"I have already made his acquaintance," was the suave answer; and then Harold, to his surprise, was greeted by Mrs. Burnside, looking very fair and sweet in a cool white linen gown. He had not expected to meet her; he naturally supposed her place to be by the bedside of her sick child. In truth, she was only present at her aunt's urgent entreaty.

"I'm afraid she must be rather heartless," thought the young doctor, feeling oddly disappointed. He had not hitherto attributed want of feeling to the owner of those pathetic blue eyes. Nevertheless, as sets were being made up, he asked her to be his partner, she being famed in Beachbourne as a tennis-player.

She complied; but the set was not a success. He could not have believed that Mrs. Burnside could play so badly; they were beaten by six games to two.

"I am so sorry," she said humbly, as they quitted the court. "I know it was all my fault; but I really couldn't play—I was thinking of Doris all the time."

Her lips quivered, so that he could no longer imagine her heartless. "Your little girl will be well in a few days—there is really no cause for anxiety," he answered gently, angry with himself for having misjudged her.

"That is what Aunt Caroline says, and she insisted on my coming," plaintively returned May; but just then Miss Waller appeared, resplendent in mauve satin, with a stout, black-haired, middle-aged, and shrewd-looking man, very carefully dressed, in tow.

"I came to look for you, dear," she began very sweetly to her niece, merely giving a cold bow to Harold. "I want to introduce Mr. Lang to you. He knows our friends the Wingates in town."

With that, the excellent spinster turned away; and May, finding no resource save to accept the basket-chair in the shade proffered by the stranger—as Harold had prudently effaced himself—prepared for a *tête-à-tête* with a man she had never seen before in her life.



"It was very kind of you to come so promptly, Dr. Inglis."

CHAPTER III.

'Manners makyth man.'

"DO you mind my smoking?" began Mr. Lang, after a moment's keen scrutiny of the graceful figure beside him. Hardly waiting for permission, he produced a gold case and lighted a cigarette. "Been playing tennis, haven't you?" he continued in an off-hand way. "Stupid game, not half so good as golf—you should try golf."

"I have tried it, and I don't like it."

"Beginners seldom do. It 's a fine game,

for all that. You live with your aunt, don't you?"

"Yes, in Victoria Square."

"Do you like Beachbourne?"

She hesitated a moment before replying, "Yes."

"I suppose it's like all these provincial towns—heaps of gossip and scandal, eh? But you should be in London now, Mrs. Burnside. There hasn't been as gay a season for years. I shouldn't be here now, I can tell you, but I got a touch of fever last time I was at the Randt. And, though I've come back to England for good now, I generally run over about twice a year. It's just a nice little trip to the Cape, and they really do you very well on the mail steamers," he condescendingly added, as he lighted another cigarette. "By-the-bye, this case is made of African gold—a nugget I found myself in the claim which was the beginning of the Springkloof Mine. You've heard of the Springkloof, of course?"

She shook her head, and he looked at her with evident pity for her ignorance. "I didn't think there was anybody nowadays who hadn't heard of the Springkloof!"

"I'm afraid you'll think us rather behind the times at Beachbourne," she said, as she rose, hoping to shake off her new acquaintance; but he rose, too, and kept by her side as she strolled through the beautiful grounds, speaking first to one friend and then to another.

"Not many pretty girls here, I must say," he observed disparagingly, as they approached the house, in quest of the tea-room.

"Are you an admirer of beauty?" asked May, with a rather sarcastic glance at his tubby figure.

"Quite so. I love the best of everything there is. As soon as I can find a girl pretty enough, I intend to marry," he replied with perfect gravity. "It's rather lonely all by myself in Palace Gardens. Do you like the Palace Gardens houses, Mrs. Burnside?"

"I've never been in one, and I don't even know where they are. I know very little about London, and very few people there—just the Wingates, and one or two others."

"Are the Wingates any relation?"

"Oh, no, only old friends of my aunt's. I hardly know them."

"Well, it's not much loss. I don't mean any disrespect to your aunt, but old Mother Wingate isn't a woman I should ever wish



The set was not a success.—*p.* 399.

Johannesburg, and, as I can't quite shake it off, my doctor ordered me complete rest for a fortnight. So I came down here to stay with the Stevensons. I met them last year at Homburg, and ever since they've been pestering me with invitations to Beachbourne."

"Oh, have you been out in Africa?" returned May, thinking it best to ignore his flattering reference to his entertainers.

"Spent nearly twenty years there. I can remember when there wasn't a gold mine on

to confide in, myself. She 's always trying to catch me for one of her plain daughters—dear Maggie or dear Amy! By the way, what 's your Christian name, Mrs. Burnside?"

"May."

"And, by Jove, it suits you! So often girls' names don't. You find Lily as black as a crow, and Rose as sallow as she can be, and Queenie a little, insignificant dowdy with a turned-up nose!"

He talked in this carping strain while he consumed a fair amount of refreshments, none of which, however, were good enough for his critical taste. He evidently thought a great deal about eating and drinking, for he incidentally mentioned that he gave his *chef* two hundred a year.

"What a waste!" was on the tip of May's tongue, as she thought how useful even a tenth of that sum would be to herself. The tea was cosily set out on a number of little tables in the spacious, old-fashioned dining-room. Gay groups were seated at each, and not far off was Harold Inglis, talking cheerfully with two of his host's daughters. May glanced from him to her companion, noticing how common and plebeian Mr. Lang looked when contrasted with him.

As she quitted the table Harold, who had apparently been lying in wait, crossed over to speak to her. "Would you like to play again, Mrs. Burnside? I can easily make up a set, if you wish."

But at this moment appeared Miss Waller, apparently from nowhere, to throw cold water on the proposal. "I think you had better not run about any more this hot afternoon, love. You really must not tempt her, Dr. Inglis."

"There 's croquet," suggested Harold; "shall we play at that?"

And, though in general she detested croquet, May assented quite eagerly, only anxious to shake off Mr. Lang. Miss Waller could not well interfere again, and Mr. Lang did not play croquet, but he and the spinster sat on a garden seat close by till the game was finished, rendering it difficult for Harold to say a word which the watchful pair did not overhear. Divining from her erratic play that May's mind was still running upon her sick child, he seized the opportunity, when they were both searching for a ball which had rolled into the shrubbery, to say kindly: "Don't fret about Doris. I assure you there 's no need. The malady must run its course, and she 'll be all right afterwards. Only you must be careful she doesn't get a chill."

"I wish she could have you to attend her, instead of Dr. Ellis. She detests him because he once deceived her about a powder she had to take. But my aunt likes him——"

"I believe he is a very clever man," hurriedly interposed Harold, mindful of professional etiquette. "Doris will be quite safe with him; indeed, she hardly needs a doctor."

"My aunt is always at home on Tuesdays—I hope you will come to see us," responded May, grateful for his manifest sympathy. She knew he had few friends in Beachbourne, and resolved to do what she could to introduce him.

His face lighted up unmistakably. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Burnside! I shall be delighted to come, and I 'll not forget Tuesday."

Miss Waller was in a most complacent frame of mind as they drove home through the beautiful June evening. "What a fortunate thing I forbade you to be so foolish as to stay at home to nurse Doris!" she began. "Mr. Lang is a man worth knowing; he made an enormous fortune in South Africa—a million at least—and Mrs. Stevenson says his house in Palace Gardens is simply lovely. I 'll ask him to dinner, to meet some nice people."

May's delicate face flushed. "He 's not a gentleman!" she said.

"I daresay he was not of much extraction originally, but what does that matter nowadays? Money levels all distinctions; and I can see Mrs. Stevenson would be only too glad to catch him for Edith."

"I thought his manner insufferably rude!"

"My dear, that 's because he 's so run after in London; it always spoils a man to have dozens of girls angling for him. But he was undoubtedly struck by you; and I don't think you were very wise to go and play croquet with that Dr. Inglis as you did. He has agreeable manners, but he has not a penny-piece; and I don't believe he 'll ever get a practice here."

"I 'm sorry for him, aunt, and—and I thought it only civil to ask him to call——"

Miss Waller's brow contracted. "I think you might have consulted me first. At best he is only a detrimental, and there are far too many here already; but you always *were* quixotic, May!"

CHAPTER IV.

Lulu.

WHIT SUNDAY—which was late that year—was simply glorious, the heat being tempered by a delicious sea breeze. A vivacious, dark-eyed girl, who accompanied Harold Inglis along the parade after morning service, stopped again and again to gloat over the sapphire sea, tumbling in, foam-crested. "How jolly for

you, Harold, living in this delicious place!" she exclaimed. "You ought to look better than you do; you are much thinner than you were."

He evaded the subject, not wishing to sadden his favourite sister, Lulu, with his shifts and privations. She had come down to Beachbourne to spend Whitsuntide with her brother, glad to escape from the stuffy London office in which she had to work hard for a living.

"Oh, Harold! who are these smart people coming along?"

They had already passed many well-dressed groups of residents, but none presenting so imposing an appearance collectively as did stately Miss Waller, in heliotrope, May Burnside, in an exquisite costume of pale grey silk and chiffon, Doris, a vision of childish prettiness in white muslin, and two or three equally well-dressed men, conspicuous amongst whom was Mr. Lang. Harold's colour rose as he lifted his hat, whilst Lulu eagerly exclaimed, "Oh! who is that pretty girl in grey? She looks quite fit for the Park!"

He explained, secretly glad that his sister should admire his divinity; but it was fortunate he could not hear what Miss Waller was meanwhile saying to her niece: "Who is that common-looking girl with Dr. Inglis? She is most atrociously dressed."

It must be confessed that poor Lulu, who had little money for dress, fell far below the Victoria Square standard. "Looks like a little dressmaker," sneered one of the men.

"A dressmaker would have better clothes," observed Miss Waller. Her eyes dwelt complacently on her niece's graceful figure, as she spoke, and she was pleased to see how close Mr. Lang—who had overtaken them in coming out of church—kept to May's elbow, despite the black looks of Doris, who disliked him. The child was now quite well again, some days having elapsed since the garden party.

"What are you going to do this afternoon, Mrs. Burnside? Will you come for a drive?" presently asked Mr Lang.

But May did not approve of Sunday driving. "I promised to take Doris to the flower service, thank you."

"Why, you've been to church once already, Doris! You'd much better persuade your mother to bring you for a drive with me," cajoled he; but the child burst out, "No, I don't like you, and I don't want to drive with you!" so resolutely that he could not press it.

Miss Waller frowned angrily. "Really, May, the way you spoil Doris is beyond all reason. She is the rudest little girl I ever saw!" And, to soothe the plutocrat's wounded feelings, she insisted upon his coming home to luncheon with her. He was now a constant visitor in Victoria Square, for, having terminated his stay with the Stevensons, he had taken rooms at the principal hotel.

Whilst May, in her costly gown, sat chafing beneath Mr. Lang's glances of insolent admiration, at her aunt's luxuriously appointed table, Harold and Lulu Inglis were very merry and happy over the plainest fare in his bare sitting-room. They had not met for a long time, and a cheap Whitsuntide excursion was the reason of her presence now. As soon as they had finished, they started for the shore. Sitting on a big stone, beneath the shade of the cliffs, they had a delightful chat, until Lulu suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Harold! Here's that pretty girl in grey we saw this morning!"

Doris, who loved the sea, had coaxed her mother to come down on the shore after the service, and, seeing his companion, May bowed to Harold, and would have passed on, but he detained her. "May I introduce my sister, Miss Lucy Inglis, Mrs. Burnside?"

There was something so frank and friendly about Lulu that very soon, as Doris announced she was tired and wanted to rest, they were all seated upon the big stone, upon which Miss Inglis insisted on spreading her jacket, to protect May's dainty dress. Whilst his sister expatiated on the delights of Beachbourne, and wondered why her raptures evoked so little response from the young widow, Harold sat pondering whether he dare invite Mrs. Burnside to come to tea in his bare and shabby rooms.

To his delight, she instantly accepted the invitation; eager, in truth, to escape from the hated society of Mr. Lang. Harold then turned to Doris, gaily asking whether she would come too.

"Yes, I will," she answered with childish bluntness. "I like you, but I don't like Dr. Ellis—nasty man!—and I hate Mr. Lang."

"You shouldn't hate anybody, Doris," reproved May.

"But Mr. Lang calls me Little Crosspatch, and it's very rude of him to call me names, mummy."

"Bravo, Doris!" cried Lulu mischievously, as they turned to go. "Stick up for your rights—you'll be a 'New Woman' when you grow up."

"I hope so," said May, in a low voice, to the amazement of Miss Inglis, who exclaimed, with a glance at the costly equipment of the speaker: "I should never have expected *you* to utter such a wish, Mrs. Burnside!"

May smiled with quiet bitterness. "I have no wish to see Doris speak on a platform, or go in for a man's profession; but I do feel, more and more, that it is better for women to be independent, whether they marry or not."

"Why, that's just what I always say!"

cried Lulu delightedly. "All women can't marry nowadays—there are not enough men to go round. Besides, what is more contemptible than to see girls sitting idle, with their hands folded, waiting for somebody to come along and marry them? No, every girl ought to be able to earn her own living, and then she's safe, whatever happens!"

Needless to say, such maxims would have been entirely abhorrent to Miss Waller, who regarded working-girls with detestation, as May well knew.

CHAPTER V.

"A Beautiful Anomaly."

ARRIVED at his rooms, Harold did the honours; not without fears lest May should miss the luxuries of her home. But she enjoyed the change of surroundings with all the zest of a schoolgirl, and Doris, being made much of, was as good as gold. Harold himself had not spent such a delightful hour since he came to Beachbourne, but his hour of bliss was all too short; for soon a summons came from a patient, and, though it was only a greengrocer in the next street, patients were too precious to be slighted. So he departed, begging Mrs. Burnside to remain with Lulu until his return.

Left alone, the two girls settled down for a cosy chat; Doris being quite absorbed in an illustrated book Harold had produced picturing the wonders of the microscope.

"Dear old Harold!" began his sister. "Don't think me silly, Mrs. Burnside, but I'm proud of him, knowing how hard he worked for his degree. Will he ever get a good practice here, do you think?"

"I hope so; but it takes time," answered May, rather embarrassed. "Have you many brothers and sisters?"

"There are six of us altogether—a formidable number, isn't it? But, I'm glad to say, we're all doing something, and don't cost dear old dad a penny. I remind Esther of that—she's my eldest sister—when she grumbles, and wishes we were back at Mallowfield Hall."

"That was your father's place, wasn't it?"

"Yes, our ancestors lived there centuries ago. This is the house." And she produced a photograph of an imposing mansion standing in a spacious park, a residence which even Miss Waller would have acknowledged to be a magnificent property.

"What a lovely place! And you had to leave it?"

"Yes, my grandfather was dreadfully extravagant, and since father came into power the agricultural depression was the finishing stroke. It was cruelly hard to leave the dear old place, but the mortgagees foreclosed, and we all had to turn out. Dad and mother went to live in Cornwall, where she owns a tiny cottage. Harold passed as a doctor, Jack's at Johannesburg, and Ted's in Australia. Then Connie, my youngest sister, is companion to an old lady, and Esther and I share a cupboard of a flat with an old schoolfellow, Mabel Bryan, whose partner I am in a typewriting office. Esther, who's awfully clever, as well as handsome, and knows several languages, is



"He's not a gentleman," she said.—*p.* 401.

corresponding clerk to a firm of shippers. She gets a hundred a year, and I manage to make about a pound a week; but I'm not clever, and have to do the best I can. We work awfully hard, but I really think we are happier than if we had nothing to do."

"I'm sure you are," sighed May, as her eye fell upon her own dearly purchased finery. "I must say, I think it very plucky of you to take it as you do."

Lulu opened her eyes, for she was not accustomed to pity. "I'm proud to be a working-woman, and even if I were rich like you, Mrs. Burnside, I couldn't bear to sit with my hands folded."

"Rich like me!" May echoed drearily. "I'm not rich; I owe everything I possess to my aunt."

"But she's rich, so it must be the same thing," persisted Lulu.

Just then Harold came hurrying in. "I was as quick as I could be, Mrs. Burnside," he began, manifestly pleased to find May still there. With an alarmed glance at the clock, she arose to go, and said cordially—

"I should be so pleased, Dr. Inglis, if you would bring your sister to see me on Tuesday afternoon."

"Many thanks, Mrs. Burnside, but I must return by the excursion train on Tuesday morning," returned Lulu; and May dared not urge the point. To invite the Inglises to any meal but afternoon tea was out of her power, for Miss Waller disapproved of promiscuous guests at luncheon and dinner. So, bidding a cordial farewell to Lulu, May set forth with Doris to Victoria Square, escorted by happy Harold.

"I call her a beautiful anomaly!" Lulu observed later on to her brother, when he asked what she thought of Mrs. Burnside. "At first, seeing how she was dressed, I concluded she was only a fashionable butterfly, caring for nothing but amusement. But from her talk I could see I had been unjust, and that there's nothing she would like better than being useful and independent. Poor thing! Her face is one of the saddest I ever saw."

"I believe she has a very uncomfortable time of it with Miss Waller, who is a Tartar, from all accounts."

"Then why does she stay with her?"

"What else can she do, with that child?"

An unpleasant quarter of an hour awaited May within her aunt's door, which she entered with a sinking heart. Doris was instantly bundled off to bed, after which Miss Waller—in thin, high tones, very different from her suave society accents—moralised on May's enormities in absenting herself without notice, whilst Mr. Lang vainly awaited her return. He had just gone, evidently vexed at her non-appearance.

"Mr. Lang has no jurisdiction over me!" May was irritated into retorting at last, whereupon her aunt's frown became portentous.

"Mr. Lang is my friend, and, as such, I insist that you treat him with respect! Pray, who are you, to set your will against mine? I paid for the very dress you have on, and every article you possess, and but for me you and Doris would be in the workhouse!"

May would not trust herself to reply, but went away to her own room, there to shed some very bitter tears. As she eyed her tall figure in the glass, arrayed in the beautiful garments for which she had to pay so dearly, she heartily envied the three happy girls in their flat, as described by Lulu. How fortunate they were, to be able to do as they pleased, and indebted to no living soul for anything! "Oh, to be free!—to be free!" she panted, realising her slavery as she had never realised it before.

CHAPTER VI.

Bijou's Mistress.

WHEN bright-faced Lulu had returned home, brief though her visit had been, Harold missed her inexpressibly. To vary the monotony of his dreary rooms, he paid his promised call in Victoria Square, to find himself promptly relegated to the background by Miss Waller, who perfectly understood how to snub people without being unladylike. May, who made tea, hardly uttered a word; and the lion of the occasion was Mr. Lang, who expatiated on the riches of South Africa and his own importance on the Randt.

"You're nowhere unless you've got money nowadays," he confidently asserted.

"Oh, but"—expostulated a meek little clergyman's wife, looking rather shocked, "surely culture goes for something—and descent—and——"

"Culture, descent, my dear madam! We haven't time to bother about such things at Johannesburg! They'd be no use to a man there!"

"I'm sorry to hear it," Harold was provoked into saying. "My brother Jack is out there, and I shouldn't like him to come back less of a gentleman than he went!"

"What's he doing?" disdainfully drawled the plutocrat.

"He is in the office of the Victorina Mine."

"Ah! a good property that—not equal to the Springkloof, though. I know the Victorina manager; perhaps next time I go out, I may look your brother up."

"How kind of you, Mr. Lang!" gushed Miss Waller; but Harold never said a word.

"Well now, Miss Waller," said Mr. Lang, "it's time I was returning to London, and don't you think you ought to give Mrs. Burnside a little taste of dissipation before the season closes?"

"I should have taken her to London before, but dear May always says she doesn't like



"Harold! Here's that pretty girl in grey."—*p.* 402.

town," answered the spinster, who always posed as a most affectionate aunt in public. "I must leave you to try *your* persuasions." As she spoke, she darted a glance at her niece which plainly said, "Refuse to go, if you dare!"

"London is so hot now—and Doris——" faltered the girl in manifest dismay. The clergyman's wife took her departure, but Harold sat doggedly on, determined to hear the result.

"Doris could be left behind perfectly well," rejoined Mr. Lang, who disliked the child as much as she disliked him.

"We shall be very pleased to see a little of London under your auspices, Mr. Lang," interrupted Miss Waller, in a sub-acid tone. "I know of some nice rooms near Hyde Park, which will be quieter than a hotel, and I'll write about them to-night."

May said no more; but Harold perceived an expression of absolute despair flit over her features for a moment, and his heart swelled with pity for her.

He paced his lonely sitting-room many times that evening, lamenting his own impotence. A few patients, poor people to whom he was at home for an hour, mornings and evenings, came to consult him for a fee of one shilling, medicine included; but even these were few in number. He had the very deepest sympathy with the poor; but to be wasting his time here when, in a few days, Mrs. Burnside would be staying close to that man in Palace Gardens!

There was a ring at the bell, and the landlady entered, announcing, with a smile, "Miss Geare and Miss Pepper." A little, round-faced, white-haired lady, with curiously wandering light-blue eyes, then tripped into the

room, carrying something carefully in her arms; followed by a forbidding, tall, dark-haired female, to whom Harold took an instant and hearty dislike.

"Oh, doctor!" began the little lady, in a breathless, excited way, with hardly any stops, "I saw your plate on the door, and I've come to see if you can cure my darling little Bijou; a great cruel cabman has just driven over him, and I'm afraid his poor leg's broken. Will you look?"

Harold could hardly restrain a smile. "I am not a veterinary surgeon, madam."



Harold perceived an expression of despair flit over her features.—*p.* 405.

"I told you it was no use coming here," growled Miss Pepper, the companion, in a voice as unamiable as her face.

"Oh, but poor Bijou is in such pain!"

With that Miss Geare burst into passionate tears and again entreated Harold's aid. To end the tiresome scene, he examined the dog, unprofessional though it might be, and, finding one of its legs was broken, improvised splints and set it carefully. Miss Geare's gratitude was excessive.

"And you *will* come and see Bijou, won't you?" implored the old lady. "He must have attention until he gets well, and I live at Lyndhurst Lodge, Murray Road."

Harold demurred, as being unprofessional.

"Then come to attend *me*," eagerly responded Miss Geare. "I'm often rather ailing; and you can give Bijou a look at the same time."

She looked at him so pleadingly that he could not find it in his heart to say no. She brightened up at his consent, and asked for a cab, in which to take home her injured darling, and then laid a sovereign and a shilling on the table.

"I don't think I am entitled to charge for attending the dog," said Harold, crimsoning. "Certainly, this is far too much."

"Watson, the veterinary surgeon, *never* would have charged a guinea," indignantly added Miss Pepper; but Miss Geare was resolute, and when she had departed, it was certainly pleasant to see the gold piece on the table, sovereigns being sadly scarce with him, poor fellow!

He instituted inquiries, and learnt that Miss Geare belonged to a good family, and was well-off, but somewhat "queer." In early youth she was engaged to an officer, who was killed at Delhi, and had become gradually more and more eccentric, until now she only lived for her dogs and cats. Miss Pepper, it was added, tyrannised over her shamefully, as though she were the mistress and Miss Geare the companion.

The old lady was warm-hearted, though rather fickle, and, having taken a fancy to Harold, contrived to secure him several fresh and welcome patients. Miss Geare herself was far from strong, and afforded a legitimate exercise for Harold's skill, which salved his conscience in the matter of Bijou. But Miss Pepper remained, from first to last, distinctly hostile.

[END OF CHAPTER SIX.]

CHILDISH MEMORIES OF LEWIS CARROLL.

By One of his Alices.



LEWIS CARROLL.
(At the age of 8.)

So many children will grieve over the sad event — the death that deprived them of one of the best and kindest friends that children ever came across—the children who have followed "Alice" through all the wonderful adventures of "Wonderland" will be saddened by the thought that the hand which held the pen that gave them such amusement is now still for ever; and the children now grown up who knew Lewis Carroll personally will look back into the years agone and remember his delightful stories, and his never-ceasing kindness towards them in their youthful days.

To my mind Oxford will never be quite the same again, now that so many of the dear old friends of one's childhood have "gone over to the great majority." My poor old father, though always wishing to go for little excursions back to the old University town where so many years of his life had been spent, came back to his country rectory in the Cotswold Hills bemoaning the loss of the "many who had gone before," and how the familiar forms of his old college friends were, alas! no more to be seen.

Often, in the twilight, when the flickering firelight danced on the old wainscoted wall, have we—father and I—chatted over the old Oxford days and friends, and the merry times we all had together in Long-Wall Street. I was a nervous, thin, remarkably ugly child, and, for some years, I might say, I was quite alone in the nursery, my small, fat baby-brother being much more appreciated than myself. I was left almost entirely to the kind and gentle mercy of Mary Pearson, my own particular attendant, and though father, of course, had commenced his friendship with Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) long before, I only remember him first when I was about seven, and from that time until we went to live in Gloucestershire, he was one of my most delightful friends.

I shall never forget when, sitting on a rustic seat with Mr. Dodgson under a dear old tree in the Botanical Gardens, I heard for the first time the delightful and ever-entertaining story of Hans Andersen's "Ugly Duckling." I was devoted to books, and could read quite well for so small a child, but I cannot explain the delightful way in which Mr. Dodgson read and told his stories: as he read, the characters were real flesh and blood—living figures. This particular story made a great impression on me, and, being very sensitive about my ugly little self, it greatly interested me. I remember his impressing upon me that it was better to be good, truthful, and to try not to think of self, than to be a pretty, selfish child, spoilt and



(From a Photo by Lewis Carroll.)

THE AUTHOR AND HER FATHER (THE REV. E. A. LITTON).



(From a Photo by Lewis Carroll.)

THE ORIGINAL OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

disagreeable, and he, from that story, gave me the name of "Ducky," which name clung to me for many years; in fact, from that day Mary Pearson always called me "Miss Ducky."

Many a time has Mr. Dodgson said, "Never mind, little Ducky; perhaps some day you will turn out a swan."

I always attribute my love for animals to the teaching of Mr. Dodgson: his stories of animal life, his knowledge of their lives and histories, his enthusiasm about birds and butterflies, passed many a tiresome hour away. The monkeys in the Botanical Gardens were our special pets, and, oh! the nuts and biscuits we used to give them! He entered into the spirit of the fun as much as "Ducky" did.

Then there were the mornings spent in the Christ Church and Merton meadows: Mary and I took our daily walks abroad there. Years have passed since then, and I have travelled in many climes, but I always think that the recollections of the days of one's childhood never fade. One's views of life, persons, and things were so fresh, so different from the judgment of things in later years.

Those meadows were, to me, full of the loveliest field-flowers—daisies, the beautiful "snake-flower"—so rare, I understand now—the golden buttercups, the masses of dandelions with the added, never-failing fun of blowing the downy seeds away.

Nurse Mary always took thread and a needle in her pocket; these were for the making of daisy-chains, and, oh! the wreaths we strung as we sat in the soft grass, with the dear old Broad Walk quite close, and when we raised our eyes the lovely vision of Merton College, with its covered walls of Virginian creeper! It all comes back to me so vividly, though it is now far away in the past years. And how delighted we were to see the well-known figure in his cap and gown coming, so swiftly, with his kind smile ready to welcome the "Ugly Duckling" sitting in the grass! I knew, as he sat beside me, that a fairy-tale book was hidden in his pocket, or that I should hear something nice—perhaps a new game or a puzzle—and he would gravely accept a tiny daisy bouquet for his coat with as much courtesy as if it had been the finest hot-house *boutonnière*. I was very proud when, between us, we had made a chain of cuckoo-flowers and daisy heads long enough to twine round my hat.

These meadows and the walk along the wall were remarkable then for the quantity of snails of all kinds that, on fine days and damp days, came out to take the air, and to me they were objects of great dislike and horror. Mr. Dodgson so gently and patiently showed me how silly I was, how harmless the poor snails were, and told me so much about the shells they carried on their backs, and showed me how wonderfully they were made, that I soon got over the fright and made quite a collection of discarded shells; which collection finally took up its abode in a little crimson-paper trunk that Mr. Dodgson found at old Mrs. Green's toyshop and bought for me.

About this time also father had added to my nursery literature "Ministering Children," "Sandford and Merton," and "Rosamund; or, The Purple Jar." All these were shown in great glee to my kind friend, who (as I knew he would) read to me from them.

Two or three times I went fishing with him from the bank, near the Old Mill opposite Addison's Walk (Oxford), and he entered quite into my happiness when a small fish came wriggling up on the end of my crooked pin and line, just ready for the dinner of the little white kitten, "Lily," he had given me.

In those days Addison's Walk had, in season, its banks covered with pretty periwinkles—white and blue—and there were strict laws not to pick them. I, childlike, could not resist the temptation, and one day, Mary being seated at work near by, "Ducky," left to play alone, gathered a bunch of the coveted beauties, hid them under her little spencer (a small coat of those days), and trotted by Mary's side, half-frightened, to the lodge of the gruff old porter, who sat reading his paper, glancing always at the passers through his doorway. Nothing escaped his notice. Mary went through and

then I, half-trembling, with the periwinkles closely clasped to my side. The street gained, I was safe, but (alas! there is always a "but"), Mr. Dodgson, going to see a friend in the college, came up to me, saying, "Why so flushed, little Alice? And what is that hanging below your jacket?"

The flowers had not gained anything by their hot pressure under my jacket, and it was a very much ashamed, sad little girl who stood convicted of flower-theft!

"Ducky, come with me"; and, taking my unwilling hand, he led me back to the grim old custodian of the cloisters, to whom I had to deliver up the now faded periwinkles, and promise future goodness and "never to do so any more." Then Mary took me in hand, and the quiet little "weep" I indulged in while going home was much enhanced by the sound of Mary's voice telling me: "Miss Ducky, you are an awful naughty child; you have quite disgusted Mr. Dodgson, and you shall go to your bed without supper." This threat she carried out.

On Sunday afternoons father used to take me for a walk to St. John's College gardens, or, perhaps, New College gardens, and as they—father and Mr. Dodgson—were great friends, he often joined us. And how I enjoyed all the bright sunshine and the shade of the mulberry-trees! And then father, tired from his morning services, snatched a "forty-winks." I revelled in stories of small men and maidens, stories so entertaining that I thought I could never read "line upon line" any more; and then there were the stories of the other little Alice who bore the same initials as myself, and who was so pretty and behaved so well; who sat before the wonderful photographing machine and came out a pretty little beggar girl! I am afraid I was rather envious of this child and a tiny bit jealous, but I took the greatest interest in what she did and said. And I remember all this perfectly.

Before me, as I write, is a likeness of Mr. Dodgson; in fact, two photographs. These are just as I remember him. It was his sweet smile and face that endeared him so much to his youthful friends, his never-failing interest in their childlike joys and sorrows. Mr. Dodgson was a very quiet, reserved man, and cared little for society, such as large parties and receptions; but to come and go as he liked in the homes of those with whom he was intimate, these visits were some of the pleasures he allowed himself. He also made very welcome the visits of his child-friends, and it was a great treat to go to see him in his rooms in Christ Church College.

My dear father (the Rev. E. A. Litton, a very well known man in the old Oxford days of sixty years ago) was much attached to Mr. Dodgson, and they used to meet frequently to discuss points that interested them both. I was always allowed, if I bore a good record in the nursery, to join father when he went to Christ Church, and I knew that, sooner or later during the visit, something good would be for me. The delicious slices of cake and bread-and-butter, the glass of creamy milk; the soft pile of cushions on the sofa if I felt tired, and the glittering little glass balls of his wonderful game of "Solitaire," for me to play with; the lovely picture-books which I was so careful not to tear or hurt in any way; and then to be allowed to look at the portraits of other little friends who knew and visited him as I did!



THE FIRST EARRING.

(From a Drawing by Lewis Carroll.)

Mr. Dodgson was a great admirer of photography and he inspired father with a like enthusiasm, and I am the happy possessor of a photograph (reproduced on page 407) that our dear friend took at Christ Church of father and me. Such a good likeness of father and me, such a lanky, long-legged,

shy child, with very short petticoats, low shoes, and a huge flap hat! More than forty years has this been taken—the two dear friends gone for ever and only the photograph remaining as souvenir of the dear old past—it is almost as fresh as the day it was taken!

Other likenesses were taken, but, though I have hunted about, I cannot find them. Also, to my great sorrow, I have lost several long, illustrated letters written to me with the hope of shaming me out of several bad habits and faults. One in particular was the sucking of my thumb, and this Mr. Dodgson always teased me about very much. One day I received a long letter with funny little pictures of a small family of birds who would suck their thumbs (claws). They looked so comical in a row, on a branch, with their claws in their beaks, and the father- and mother-birds below with a pot of bitter aloes, a birch-rod, and long muslin bags to tie up the claws in. The next picture showed the little birds weeping, with their claws in bags, the father and mother enjoying a good repast, and the naughty little birds "had none"! And so on all the way through this most interesting pictorial letter, till the little birds had no claws left. All sucked away! The story was quite as interesting as the pictures, and I think it did me good, as Mary Pearson always read this letter to me whenever I sucked my thumb more than usual, and protested my thumbs were disappearing as the birds' claws did, and I was terribly frightened; for Mr. Dodgson used to say Mary was quite right, and I should be spoken of as "the little girl without thumbs."



LEWIS CARROLL.
(*The Rev. C. L. Dodgson.*)

My hair was a great trouble to me as a child, for it would tangle, and Mary was not over and above patient as I twisted and turned when she wished to dress it. So one day I received a long, blue envelope addressed to myself (letters are always so delightful to children—they raise them almost to the ranks of the "grown-ups"), and there was a story-letter, all full of drawings, from Mr. Dodgson. The first picture was of a little girl—hat off and tumbled hair very much *en évidence*—asleep on a rustic bench under a big tree by the side of a river (supposed to be the dear old seat in the Botanical Gardens), and two birds holding an evidently most important conversation above in the branches, their heads on one side, eyeing the sleeping child. The next picture, the two birds, flying with twigs and straw, preparing to build a nest; the child still sleeping and the birds chirping and twittering with the delight of building their nest in the tangled hair of the child. Next came the awakening. The work complete, the mother-bird on her nest, the father-bird flying round the frightened child. And then, lastly, hundreds of birds — the air thick with them; the child fleeing; small boys with tin trumpets raised to their lips, and Nurse Mary, with a basket of brushes and combs, bringing up the rear! All this, with the well-drawn-out story, cured me of this fault, and Mary, in after-life, told me she "had no more trouble; just to open the letter and show the unhappy child in the picture, and I was 'passive as a lamb.'" Sometimes father would say, patting my head, "Any more nests to-day, Ducky? Birds would not have a chance now with this smooth little head."

I have grieved greatly that these picture-stories are no more, and, from several letters which I have seen from other little

girls—now grown up and far away in different parts of the world, their letters of a like kind have also gone astray and been lost amidst the movings, changings, and chances of life.

In after years my father often told me another story of Mr. Dodgson, which I, being so young, had forgotten. In the very early part of the time in which I knew him, he one day called in Long-Wall Street to fetch father to go with him to "The Union" to look into some particular subject together. Mr. Dodgson was anxious I should go as well, as, perhaps, we might all take a walk, and as I promised to be most obedient and good, I was told to go and get my hat. I trotted along, and, "The Union" reached, was put in a comfortable chair to wait till they were ready to go on the proposed walk. It was hot, and I was tired, and the crackling of papers turning over and the hum of voices lulled me to sleep. I slept on, oblivious of all, and, I suppose, the two friends, talking intently, forgot my existence and, in earnest conversation, left "The Union"—and me, sleeping quietly, quite alone.

Mr. Dodgson left father in Long-Wall Street, and then went to his rooms in Christ Church. Suddenly, so the story goes, he thought, "We went out three; we came back two; where is three?"

And then it flashed across him that there had been no "three" left in Long-Wall Street—only his friend—and so "three" must have been left somewhere on the road. Though it was just the hour of dinner, this good friend trudged back to "The Union," intent upon finding the lost lamb, and there I was still asleep, coiled up, as he expressed it, "like a dormouse." I was taken home tired and a little cross; it was past my supper-time; I was hungry, and quite ready for the white sheets and pillows that lead to dreamland. But, always thoughtful for others, Mr. Dodgson strayed into the ever-famous and delightful shop of Boffins in "The High," and a sugared Bath-bun and a glass of jelly revived my drooping spirits and raised my courage to meet Mary. I was soon given into her care, and my adventures, as told by Mr. Dodgson, made me quite a heroine, and I felt myself a person of some importance with a history.

I had a daily governess, a dear old soul, who used to come every morning to instruct my youthful mind. I disliked particularly the large-lettered copies in my writing-book, and, as I confided this to Mr. Dodgson, he came and set me some copies himself. I remember two were, "Patience and water-gruel cure gout." (I wondered what "gout"



ALICE AND HUMPTY DUMPTY.

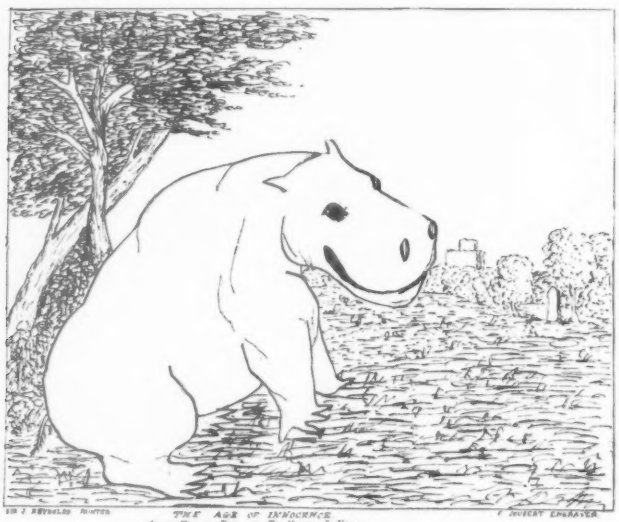
(*From a Photograph.*)

could be.) "Little girls should be seen and not heard." (This I thought unkind.) These were written many times over, and I had to present the pages at the end of the week to him without one blot or smudge.

Magdalen College always, to my childish mind, was a most lovely and beautiful place, and my favourite walking ground in hot weather because of the splendid trees. I also had a great admiration for the many and brilliant-flowered balconies of some of the Fellows of the College, which looked into High Street just before the Bridge of Magdalen commenced. One particularly was the show window of the set, flaming with the most varied colours—vivid geraniums, lobelias, mignonette, and two tiny mirrors, cleverly inserted amongst the flowers, so that the person inside could see who was passing, either way, up or down the street, without being seen himself.

I was quite at home in these rooms, as they also belonged to a friend of my father, a Mr. Saul; he was a Fellow of Magdalen, and I always admired him so much, and

thought he could never be unhappy living in such charming rooms. I can see him now, with his cheery laugh and white hair, and his very portly figure, and, oh! the musical instruments that were here, there, and everywhere! Mr. Dodgson and father and myself all went one afternoon to pay him a visit. At that time Mr. Saul was very much interested in the study of the big drum, and, with books before him and a much heated face, he was in full practice when we arrived. Nothing would do but that all the party must join in the concert. Father undertook the 'cello, Mr. Dodgson took a comb and paper, and, amidst much fun and laughter, the walls echoed with the finished roll, or shake, of the big drum—a roll that was Mr. Saul's delight. All this went on till some other Oxford Dons (mutual friends) came in to see "if everybody had gone suddenly cracked." I meanwhile, perched amongst the flowers and mirrors, joined in the fun by singing and clapping my hands with delight at the drum, comb, and 'cello. When all had quieted down, a large musical-box was wound up for my edification; such a treat it was for me to listen to the beautiful airs!



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

(From a Drawing by Lewis Carroll.)

Music is, and always has been, the chief delight of my life, and father always greatly encouraged this taste in me. Many a time, in our walks amongst the Cotswolds in the long years after, father would say, "Ducky, do you remember poor old Saul and his big drum? And the fun we all had together, and how Dr. Bully thought we had all gone in for Littlemore Asylum? Oh, the dear old days, child! The dear old days!" And then we would walk on quite silently, father wrapped in the past, till we reached the ivy-covered rectory and the lights, and the daily routine of life was taken up once more.

One more story of my childhood, and then I shall have to write "Finis" to what to me is so delightful—the shutting of one's eyes in the twilight and the wandering back into the past with the many near and dear friends — some now scattered far and wide, others gone into the "weird unknown." Gone, but ever present in the loving memories of friends.

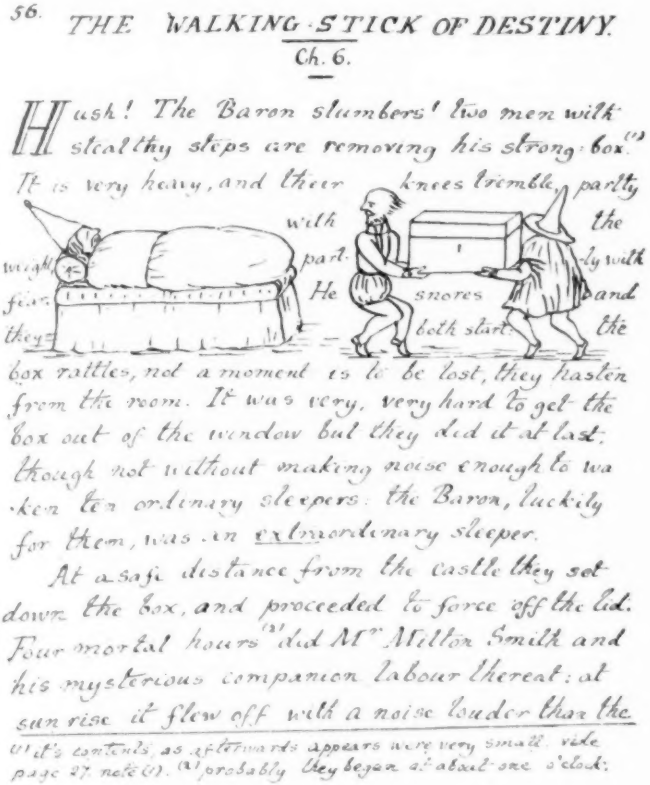
Not very far away from Wadham College (in my remembrance) was a road leading to "The Parks"; this was also a very nice walk, and the hedges, when I was a small girl, were full of "ragged robin," wild roses, and other field flowers. Yellow butterflies and, sometimes, "peacock" butterflies, could also be found there. So, to the mind of eight years old, it was a "happy hunting ground" for "eyes that could see and look for things," and my pockets were generally filled with great treasures on returning—which treasures, alas! Mary Pearson always dubbed "Miss Ducky's aggravating rubbish."

Now father had a great friend living near Park Crescent, and one of the bonds of sympathy (and a great one it was) between father, Mr. Dodgson, and the little old gentleman, was mathematics. This friend, whose name I have forgotten, lived in one of a row of houses at the top of Park Crescent, and many were the times we all three took this particular walk together to see the old scholar. My delight was resting in the pleasant little parlour of the housekeeper, into whose charge I was always given. She had very beady black eyes, a bunch of keys at her waist, and a most wonderful cap with bouquets of flowers intermixed with lace at each of her ears, and funny little grey curls and combs (like those of the present day) to fasten them back. I always was most polite to her and put on my very best manners. To me she was a most potential personage, and her coltsfoot wine and old-fashioned rock cakes, with which she always regaled me

with no sparing hand, were so delicious! Nowhere else did these particular dainties seem to me so good. Perhaps hunger (which is always the best sauce) had something to do with it: but I know I munched the cakes and gazed intently at the swaying grasses and flowers on her head, as she told me that she made all the cakes herself, and also could sometimes make, when little girls were "extra good," "almond toffee" of the most appetising description.

I was always ready to go this walk with the little garden gate was reached and we all passed through. I always shared my goodies with other people when I could, and I had promised to save some rock cakes for father and Mr. Dodgson, for upstairs they were always much too intent on conversation to think about "refreshments of life," and these things of which I am writing happened before "afternoon teas" of four o'clock were ever thought of.

The toffee was there—rather sticky, owing to the hot weather, but the almonds looked white



A PAGE FROM THE "UMBRELLA BOOK."

(Written and Drawn by Lewis Carroll.)

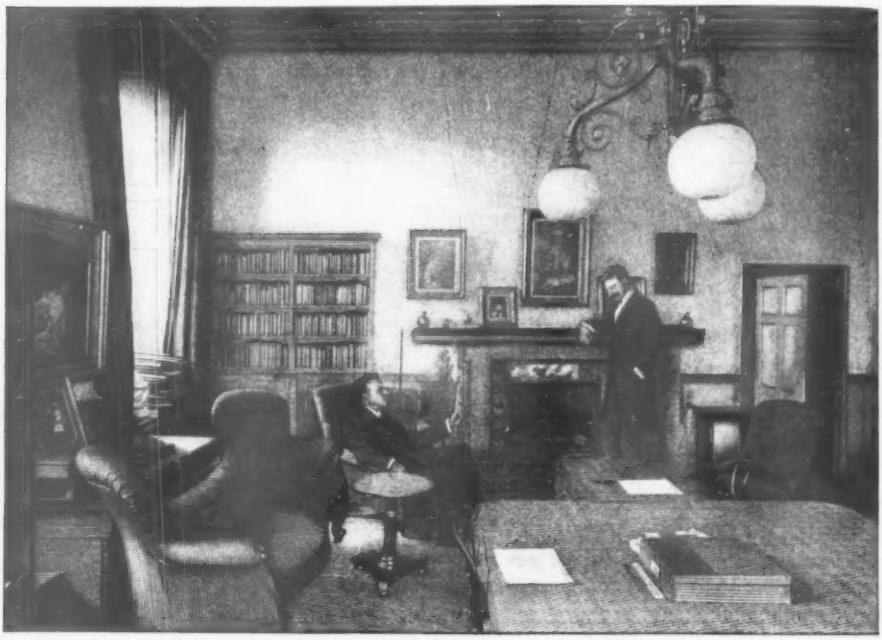
father, and I well remember one occasion on which we went. It must have been about July, for it was very hot, and the roses and other flowers were all out Mr. Dodgson and father enjoyed a chat, while I—with a mind full of rock cakes, the bright sunshine and all the pretty things of nature in the hedges, and (oh! happy thought!) perhaps the wonderful toffee at the walk's end—danced along till and cool; and the green plate of cakes and the jug with a dog's face for a spout—all were there just ready for the flushed, tired, little girl. I quite remember the cap that day, for it had bunches of pink May with "Quaker" grass, and the old lady told me it was her best summer cap and had cost six shillings at Oliver's in Corn Market Street. I thought she must be a very rich woman indeed, and told Mr. Dodgson so

that afternoon, when we were once more together. I remember his laugh as he said, "The female mind is full of vanity." I wondered what a "female mind" meant, and father said little girls asked too many questions (he often told me this part of the story afterwards, when I was grown up), and that I should not know what it was, even if I were told. Mr. Dodgson said, "Alice, all things come to those who wait; some time, if God spares you to grow up, you you will learn many things."

But the pleasant hour spent with the old housekeeper came to an end, and the bell was rung, which meant that I had to gather myself together and go home. Two small parcels of toffee and cakes were given into my willing, open, little hands; a towel was hastily found to wipe away my general stickiness; and then I went away from this dear little home into "The Parks" with Mr. Dodgson and father, homewards.

It was hot, and I was tired: I am sorry to say that father said I was "very cross." My little blue shoes, fastened with straps and tiny pearl buttons, would come undone, and all the brightness and flowery hedges had lost their charm for the now overdone "Ducky."

Mr. Dodgson lagged behind, and I saw him looking intently in the hedges and all about, as if he were searching for something. This aroused my curiosity. At length, stooping down, he gathered up something in his handkerchief. I could not see what he had found, but I felt very much interested. Holding the tied-up handkerchief above my head, he said,



LEWIS CARROLL IN HIS STUDY AT CHRIST CHURCH.

"This is for my other little Alice; she is a brave girl, and does not cry like a baby at being a wee bit tired. Oh! such a curious, lovely little flower is tied up here!"

At this he waved the handkerchief above my head, and I, so anxious to see what was in it, skipped after him, forgetting the tears and the tired legs. "Tell me what it is," was my breathless request.

No answer. Mr. Dodgson danced on, and I followed, father laughing at the two of us. When we were near dear old Wadham College (not a great distance from Long-Wall Street), Mr. Dodgson said to me, with much solemnity, "Alice, did you ever hear of a 'Bella perennis,' most wonderfully and beautifully made?"

I was awestruck, and whispered, "Never. Is that it?"

He nodded, and we went on again till the steps of our house came in view. By this time I was quiet and wondering, and hoping I should be allowed to see inside the handkerchief, and look at this wonderful, mysterious creation.

Inside our hall was an old oaken bench, and there Mr. Dodgson sat down; I in front of him, in my favourite attitude, with my long, skinny arms clasped behind my back. I dare not speak as the knots were very, very slowly untied, and—oh! only a tiny, withered, half-dead, little daisy appeared to my astonished view! "Where is the beautiful 'Bella something?'" I cried, with a half-sob rising in my throat; I was so bitterly disappointed.

"This is the 'Bella perennis,' child. See how beautifully and carefully it is made: one of God's fairest small field-flowers."

I took it in my hand, and, giving Mr. Dodgson a big hug, I passed through the baize door, leaving my dear, kind friend with father.

I never forgot that walk! It made a very deep impression on my childish mind, not easily effaced in the long after-years. If people only knew what the sympathy of a "real, grown-up friend" is to a shy child, what courage it gives to the trembling little heart! How few children would be set down as shy and stupid, and be thoroughly misunderstood (as some are now), if only there were more like Mr. Dodgson, who, though one of the cleverest of men, could yet stoop to win the love and confidence and enter into the joys and sorrows of his numerous child friends!

Perhaps I have wearied many who may read this, and it is time I should close these past chapters of my "childish memories," shut up the book, and lay down the pen; but it has been an inexpressible pleasure to recall, as far as I can, all Mr. Dodgson's kindness to me and father. Alas! alas! that life should change—on and on—all the dear, old, familiar places and faces disappear. "Old Tom" still chimes his daily hours; but the dear footsteps will never more be heard turning in at the door of the old staircase leading to his rooms in Christ Church College. Those cheerful rooms, where so many delightful hours were spent, will know him no more. All is gone now: only the memory, and the deep respect and love his child friends bore him, remain.

Father died on August 27th, 1897, and Mr. Dodgson on January 14th, 1898; and we, who are left behind, can only hope we may meet them once more in the realms that never change.

Edith Alice Maitland.



THE CHESTNUTS, GUILDFORD.

(Where Lewis Carroll died on January 14th, 1898.)

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN MARCH.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

(From the Portrait by G. Romney.)

THE March calendar is rich in great names; let us take a selection in pairs, beginning with illustrious divines.

There died at Longleat on March 19th, 1710, Thomas Ken, some-time Bishop of Bath and Wells. The English-speaking world is not likely altogether to forget him, so long at least as his Morning and Evening Hymns are sung. He is one of the uncanonised saints of the English Church, as well as one of the prelates whose names enter into English history. For Ken was amongst the seven bishops sent to the Tower by James II., and one of the Non-jurors deprived under William of Orange. The goodness of the man in an age of sore temptation has been felt by every generation since his death. On March 2nd, 1791, John Wesley died. His life is one of the most astonishing in the religious history of the English people. In its contrasts (such, for example, as between his life as a College Don at Oxford and during his mission to Georgia), in its multitudinous labours, in its immediate influence upon religion in England, and in the far-reaching results of his work both in America and in Great Britain, it is without parallel. He is a figure in the religious history not so much of our own land as of the whole world, wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has set its foot.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

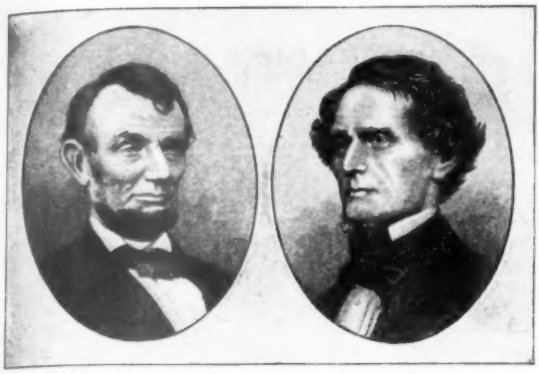
From divines let us pass to men of science. Sir Isaac Newton, one of the most illustrious natural philosophers, and one of those for whom room must always be found in even the briefest list of the greatest Englishmen, died on March 20th, 1727. There is no more distinguished name amongst the sons of Cambridge University. It was by the choice of the University that he came into touch with the political life of the nation, for in 1688 he was sent by it to the Convention Parliament. Newton's name will never seem amiss in such company as that of Ken and Wesley, for he was a profound believer in the Christian faith and a diligent student of the Bible. Newton was Master of the Mint; and this office was also held by Sir John Herschel, who was born on March 7th, 1792. His fame is not dimmed in comparison with that of his father, Sir William Herschel. Although the son's career was not so striking as that of the "Hanoverian fiddler," his scientific acquirements were of singular breadth. At Cambridge, as a very young man, he agreed with two other undergraduates that they would "do their best to leave the world wiser than they found it." The compact seemed presumptuous, but in the case of Herschel it was well kept.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

(From the Painting in the possession of the London Missionary Society.)

Two illustrious philanthropists belong to this month. Thomas Clarkson—still another Cambridge man—was born on March 26th, 1760. Whilst at the University he won the Vice-Chancellor's prize for a dissertation on the question, "Is it lawful to make slaves of men against their will?" Working at this essay, he became so impressed with the duty of fighting the slave-trade that he resolved



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. JEFFERSON DAVIS.
(Two Notable Americans.)

to give himself up to the work. He lived to see his ends attained as regards Great Britain. There is a natural link between Clarkson's work for the African, and the life-work of David Livingstone (born March 19th, 1813). Livingstone was very far from being merely an explorer, or an explorer with missionary instincts: he knew that to kill the slave-trade in Africa the country must be opened up, and he gave his life to another side of the same work which Clarkson had toiled for.

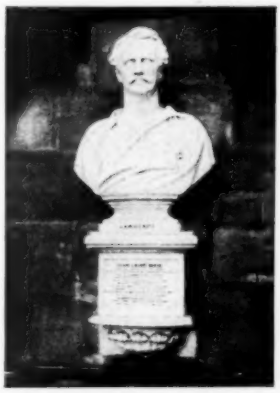


MRS. BEECHER STOWE.
(At the time she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

March is a great month in the independent history of the United States, and in the official lives of its Presidents. It has its sad memories, too, though memories that no longer appeal to passion. It was in March, 1861, that Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln found the North and the South just on the brink of open war. It was in March also, in the year 1852, that Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published. That is one of the few literary anniversaries that will always be connected with political history.

India offers us two memorable names. John Lawrence, Henry's younger brother, was born on March 24th, 1811. One of the wisest of Indian administrators, he would have been great had the Mutiny never occurred. As it is, other achievements are forgotten in the promptitude and skill which marked his conduct then. He is buried in Westminster Abbey, and near him lies Sir James Outram, "the Bayard of India," who died on March 11th, 1863.

So much for men: now for organisations. On March 8th, 1698-99, was founded the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. On March 13th, 1701, the Lower House of Canterbury Convocation appointed the committee to "inquire into ways and means for promoting the Christian religion in our foreign plantations," which led to the founding of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The British and Foreign Bible Society was founded on March 7th, 1804. On March 4th, 1824, at a meeting held at the London Tavern, under the presidency of Archbishop Manners-Sutton, "The Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck" was launched. Its present title, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, was adopted in 1854.



BUST OF LORD LAWRENCE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY'S PREMISES.

CHRISTABEL'S REBELLION.

AN EPISODE.

By E. S. Curry, Author of "The Twins," Etc.



NORA was putting on her hat in her own room; Christopher, her little son, was being dressed in the nursery to accompany her; Christabel, his twin sister, was in her own pertinacious way arguing with her mother. The Twins, known as Punch and Judy, had reached the age of two. Each had a will, and a method of making it known—though in this respect Judy caused most perplexity to her young parents. She was now asserting it.

"Me go too, mummie," in a decided tone, for the sixth time.

"No, Judy—not this time. Your turn next," Nora said cheerfully.

She did not like separating the twins, but one was as much as she could reasonably take to an afternoon tea party. They must learn some time to be divided, she thought sadly, after reflecting on the woes of the world.

"Me s'all go, mummie," in beautifully clear accents, with a charming smile.

"Shall you, dear? Yes, next time," Nora said, bending over the vivid little face, just the height of her dressing-table.

"If we're not back when father comes in," she went on, suggesting solace, "will you take care of him, Judy, and love him?"

"Yuv father," murmurously assented the baby, busy with a knot in her pink pinafore.

"And don't take off your pinafore, Judy," said her mother.

"Goin' out to tea," responded Judy. "Off!" releasing one little white serge shoulder from the enclosing cotton.

Nora moved about her room for a few more minutes before she went to the nursery to pick up her little son. Judy, trotting after, was kissed at the top of the staircase, and, with a sombre fire in her brilliant eyes, watched the descent of Christopher. His air of triumph as he stamped his booted feet on every stair was no doubt aggravating.

It was a cold March day, and, as she noted his gaitered legs, Judy glanced down at her own bare toes. At the sight of his hat, firmly set upon the soft fair curls, Judy lifted her chubby hands to her own bare head—bare but for its clustering brown waves with their tips of gold. A deep sense of unfair treatment, of unjust neglect, flitted across the baby's mind. A great determination filled it.

Nurse went through the open nursery door in a busy manner. It was Jane's afternoon out, and there was a good deal to tidy up. In two minutes Judy, after a fashion of her own, was at the bottom of the wide staircase, a lonely little figure, standing for a moment on the rug before the log fire. Finding the hall door shut and the drawing-room door open, the baby stepped into the conservatory, and was soon trotting down the drive. Her shoulders were set sturdily to a great effort. No one seeing her could possibly mistake their expression. She was going out to tea.

Outside the gates, left open for the exit of a carriage, Judy paused. Just before her, four roads crossed. Three she knew well—one led to the village, the other two were the routes of daily outings. The fourth was forbidden to the nurses because of a big public-house a quarter of a mile away—a rendezvous of trippers from London. Along this road the little figure turned.

A bicyclist rang his bell and startled her, whizzing close by her, as she did not move from the middle of the road. A man in a cart evaded her, pausing to look down with interest at the bare-headed little traveller.

"My! she 's a little 'un to be about alone," he thought, turning in his seat to look after the purposeful little figure. He scratched his head and thought of his own baby, about the same size, and for a moment was tempted to turn his cart and go after her.

"She hadn't ought to have been let go out by herself," he thought, indignant with some neglectful guardian. "A little gipsy child, p'raps—never taught not to run in the middle of the road."

Unwitting of the kindly thought that followed her, Judy ran on—now and then pausing for a second to glance about her, her bare feet and uncovered head seeming to reck nothing of the cold spring wind. A timber waggon, drawn by three huge horses, and guided by a carter cracking his whip, made her flit in momentary tremor, with hunched shoulders, to the side of the road, from which security she, however, surveyed their passage with sparkling eyes. Holding out her arms in ecstatic approval, she urged shrilly, "Gee-gee

—go, go"; and the carter glanced at her bright face, under its touzled waves of hair, admiringly.

"She's a spirit of her own," he thought, bestowing a momentary wonder on her lone condition as he passed.

The dust from the grinding wheels settled, and Judy pursued her way. Who can tell what thoughts were directing her progress, or whether she ever wondered where the tea she was in search of was to come from? She went on.

Presently a wayside inn, withdrawn a little from the road, with its sign-post shaking and creaking in the wind before it, came into view. Judy stopped and put her finger in her mouth, considering. This was a house. Here was tea.

In a doorway stood a man, round and red-faced. He had no coat, and his waistcoat had seen better days, whilst a battered felt hat was on his head. He was gazing into space, with little sharp eyes set under overhanging, beetling brows.

Judy drew nearer. Something in his appearance fascinated her. Possibly its untidy dishevelment touched a fellow-feeling and appealed to her reckless mood. At that moment nothing was doing, and the potman was smoking a dirty pipe when Judy drew near and surveyed him. For a moment or so the two looked at each other in silence. Judy spoke first.

"Tea!" she demanded imperiously.

"Tea!" he repeated, amazed. And then he stooped and touched the velvet of her cheek softly with his hand, and lifted the waves of her overshadowing hair. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Tea," answered Judy, and a little appeal had crept into her tone and into the beautiful dark eyes. The potman's resemblance to her friend the gardener was not so great, on nearer acquaintance, as she had at first thought.

"You want your tea, missy? Is that it?"

And, receiving a little nod and a charming smile, he lifted himself and scratched his head.

"There ain't no tea—but there's some milk" (his face suddenly brightening), "and one of them big buns. It's a bit stale—but if she's hungry."

He disappeared, and Judy, after a second's pause of indecision, elected not to follow him. The interior into which he had vanished was not inviting. There was a little porch to the closed front door, with wooden seats on either side, and these now caught Judy's vision. Trotting thither, she essayed to climb.



"My! she's a little 'un to be about alone."

"Up," she demanded, when the potman returned, carrying a mug of milk and a very large scone.

Safely seated, with the mug beside her,

and the scone held carefully in both hands, she remarked in cheerful accents—"Out to tea," looking at him for corroboration.

"Out to tea? Yes, missy—where do you come from?" he answered. "What's yer mother thinking of to let yer out alone?" he asked.

Judy opened her mouth and fastened her little white teeth into the big stale bun, condescending no answer to inconvenient questions. The potman sat down opposite her and proceeded in his attempts.

"What's yer name, missy?" he asked again. "Ain't yer got one?" as Judy, disregarding him, seemed bent on demolishing the bun. She nibbled all round it, holding it with both hands, serenely callous to her companion's beguilements.

"Doody," at last she vouchsafed, in a pause for rest, looking interestedly at the pattern she had vandyked.

"That's a funny name. Ain't you got another?" he inquired.

A reminiscent smile broke over the vivid face.

"Daddy's Kistabel," she murmured softly, removing her eyes from his face and considering another bite.

"An' yer daddy might do worse nor kiss you, I reckon," admiringly; "but it's a rummy one, too."

The flash of the dark eyes opposite was irresistible. It awoke good thoughts in the potman's mind.

"You've runned away, I reckon?" he observed, bending forward.

Judy looked all over the ugly face thus presented to her immediate vision. Its corrugated surface fascinated her. Stretching one hand out, she softly touched the knobbly nose and laughed aloud, hunching her shoulders in glee.

Her own flower-like face was an equal attraction to the potman.

"Lilies an' roses ain't in it with her," he murmured admiringly. "An' eyes as big as plums and as dark as—stout."

"Where do yer live?" he next essayed.

"D'ink," said Judy, occupied with the problem of what was to be done with the bun whilst she drank from the mug beside her. "'Old!" she commanded, holding out the bun, as she realised that her own dangling legs made a very unstable, insufficient knee.

"Bless yer, missy, look at my 'ands!" the potman answered.

Judy looked, bending her dainty face with keen interest above the members, encrusted with dirt and neglect, held out before her.

"Dirty!" she exclaimed delightedly, lifting sympathetic eyes to the equally dirty face and she laughed again in keen enjoyment. Dirt always commanded Judy's suffrages.

"'Old!" she commanded again, undaunted by the sight presented to her; and with sweet and dainty curvings of her soft fingers she pressed the nibbled scone upon the greasy palms. Then the potman handed her the mug and Judy drank.

"Out to tea?" she said again, a little doubtfully, as, her draught finished, she recovered her scone.

But the rosy mouth paused half-open, and Judy's eyes fixed themselves observantly on an advancing figure.

"Man," she said, directing the potman's gaze to the road. It was a policeman passing by, and the potman stood up alertly.

"Here," he called, "here's a little gel." And the two men stood solemnly regarding Judy. "I 'xpect she's lost," he suggested slowly.

The policeman's eyes fixed themselves on the dainty embroidery of Judy's little petticoat, visible under her lifted skirt—a contrast to the bare and dusty ankles it enclosed. The dragged-aside cotton pinafore, from which one arm was freed, revealed the elaborate smocking with which nurse was wont to ornament the simple frock. Lastly, Judy's face came in for careful scrutiny.

"How did you pick her up?" he asked.

"She come."

"Which direction?"

"Along the road, trotting along all by herself."

"Then I 'll take her back. Seems to me she is uncommon like one of a pair I sometimes see—beauties, both of them; though how the mischief——Come with me, missy," he wheedled, stooping and holding out his arms.

"Out to tea," said Judy.

"Yes, so you are. You been out to tea, ain't you?" he sympathised. And Judy, satisfied, holding out her arms, allowed herself to be annexed.

But she was not carried off without a little scene.

In the policeman's arms a sudden recollection of her "manners" flashed across her mind.

"Bye, bye," she said, holding out one hand in a dignified fashion to the potman. With the other she still retained the bun.

"Bye, bye, missy," he responded, much gratified.

"Bye, bye," Judy repeated; and then, her vivid face all dimpling into smiles, she flung herself forward and clasped her arms round his neck. What to Judy were dirt and knobbliness? Both were fascinating, both were associated with the delight of having her own way. With a fervid embrace and a wet kiss Judy bestowed her gratitude.

There was weeping and wringing of hands and the rush of petticoats up and down and in and out, and flying figures darting about, when the policeman, with Judy in charge,



"Bye, bye," she said

arrived at the gates of Mount Royal. Judy's father had just come from the train, and was trying to find out from his agitated household what was the matter, when the tall, dark figure with the little pink one in his arms appeared.

"Oh, Judy!" reproached nurse, pallid to her lips, snatching her charge from the policeman's arms and agitatedly examining all her limbs. "Such a disgrace!" she exclaimed, looking angrily at the policeman.

"I thought I knew her, miss," he said politely, grinning. Nurse had haughtily snubbed him once or twice in her walks.

"Out to tea," Judy said triumphantly, as she was caught up into her father's embrace.

* * * * *

Christopher, breaking away from nurse's attentions, on his return home, stamped loudly round the nursery floor to attract the envious attention of Judy.

Judy's attire had been remodelled throughout, as a prelude to the hour in the drawing-room before bed-time; and she was now sitting on the window seat in a mood of subdued and passive triumph. "Go agen," she had murmured softly two or three times to herself, too much occupied with the sweets of memory to heed, as she otherwise would have done, Punch's aggravations.

Stamping round being deprived of its attraction, Punch paused and approached his sister.

"Poor Doody," he said pityingly.

Judy's eyes flashed in the manner which always made Punch conscious of wonder that he had felt called upon to speak. He hastened to appease her.

"Punch's boots a-comin' off," he said.

"Doody don't want no boots," she said shrilly; "never don't want no boots, Doody don't."

"No," agreed Punch, in the tone of one who humours. "Ain't been out to tea," he suggested.

"Has!" screamed Judy. "Doody has!"

The blue eyes looked searchingly into the dark ones, and, with a qualm of disappointment, Punch felt the force of truth.

"Cake?" he asked presently, after silently observing her.

Judy shook her head violently, the violence intended to hide the mortification of having to confess the absence of the delicacy.

"Punch did," he said. "Cake, an' tea, an'——"

"Bun?" burst in Judy; and then it was Punch's turn to look disappointed. Buns had not been provided at his entertainment.

"Doody did," went on Judy; "an' milk, an'——"

"Punch had tea," interrupted Christopher.

"An' man," went on Judy, with immense emphasis.

Christopher looked at her solemnly, as he dived into the recesses of his memory: not a man had graced his tea-party!

"Man?" persisted Judy, searching his eyes with her blazing orbs.

There was a silence.

"Punch are goin' to muvver," the boy then announced cheerfully, freeing his legs from Judy's petticoats with a vigorous kick.

"Man!" shrieked Judy after his retreating figure, too much taken by surprise to lift herself so suddenly. Then she, too, got up, shook herself, and with a dash was through the nursery door.

"Out to tea agen," she sang out, trotting fast along the corridor.

But alas! for Judy. All the doors and gates were fast, and for a week they were kept carefully closed.



"Man!" shrieked Judy.

COUNTING NOT THE COST



(Photo: H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.)

By the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A.

"When His disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor."—ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 8, 9.

BLESSED is the love that counteth not the cost of sacrifice! Thus I read the meaning of the Master's recognition of this act of homage—the form in which a devout and eager spirit of reverence found expression and articulation. This woman, by surrendering herself to the impulse of adoration and affection, laid herself open to the criticisms of the self-constituted champions of common sense, utility, and philanthropy. We shall see, as we look at her story, how, in the regard of Heaven, what I might venture to call a genuine and spontaneous extravagance ranks higher than a legal and mechanical economy.

There is a truth we have not anything like exhausted yet in the great words of Christ, "He who saves [or hoards] his life shall lose it." Parsimony, if we knew it, impoverishes as well as extravagance. If the prodigal had turned miser, he would have remained just as far from the father's house. We do not accuse the disciples for a moment of selfishness or greed. If they misconstrued Mary's motive, let us beware lest we misconstrue theirs. Say they were honest and genuine, but that they lacked insight and that emancipation from the commercial spirit which saves men from estimating all precious and lovely things at their market value.

We need the lesson. No century has needed it more. While love in self-forgetfulness and holy passion is spending itself in the tenderest offices that an overflowing heart has suggested, the disciples are engaged in problems of valuation, working out calculations in arithmetic—so much ointment at so much per pound. But that would have been condemned by many who would yet ask themselves seriously whether their main contention was not right. Their blunt and rude interruption showed lack of feeling; it was vulgar and inexcusable. Granted. But if they had quietly sympathised with the good intention, and yet afterwards had clearly represented that here love had loved "not wisely but too well," and had done better if it had selected some more practical method in which to exhibit its reality, would they not have commanded a very general assent? Would not nine out of every ten have said that she could have laid out the money to better advantage, and that it was a holier thing to clothe and feed the persons of the poor than even to anoint the person of the Christ?

Now let me say that I do not think we can

understand our Saviour's commendation of this deed of love, and this apparent disregard of principles of utility and practical philanthropy, unless we take at once a large and a deep view of life—its purpose and the methods of its education. The pressure of the material necessities is constant and urgent, I know; but God does not mean us to believe that the supreme questions of life are "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

When Christ propounded His query to the multitudes on the mount, "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than the raiment?" He demanded in reality their assent to the proposition that the spiritual life is the supremely important. The fact of the matter is, God has never treated man as if he were made to eat and drink because to-morrow he must die. The world is not designed simply to promote our physical well-being, and conducted on purely utilitarian principles, as if it were some sort of gigantic store in which all men were shareholders, and the sole business of which was to produce certain annual profits. That mode of regarding the universe is popular, but false.

Have you ever asked yourselves the question, "What do the spring flowers mean?" I have sometimes tried to fancy men gloomily riding to the city and sulkily pointing to the wealth of ephemeral beauty that has glorified the world, and demanding, "To what purpose is this waste?" There the flowers bloom, so fragile, so delicate, so short-lived; here to-day, and faded and gone to-morrow; to-day, a quivering point of beauty and fragrance, to-morrow touched by the withering finger of decay. And so "they bloom their hour and fade," and we say in wonder, "To what purpose was this waste?" What did it all mean? One sudden, genuine gush of sacred feeling; one burst of almost overpowering glory that shone steadfast for one brief hour and then faded into nothingness. Why lavish such wealth of colour and sweetness on fabrics so short-lived as the flowers of spring? Ah, why, indeed! Long years before man brake the first poor spikenard vessel of worship and adoring love at the feet of the Eternal, God poured His precious gifts of bloom and scent in bewildering profusion and prodigality upon the listless sons of earth.

I have sometimes wondered whether man might not have gone on conceiving of the world as no more than so much food, and clothing, and shelter, if God had not startled him by this annual miracle of spring to ask the question, "To what purpose is this waste?" Just so soon as man found himself appealed to in the higher faculties and senses, did he begin to suspect himself above the brute; did he begin to discover beneath the form of things a gracious and bountiful Spirit, whose attitude to him found voice in these tender and winsome words of Nature's lips.

Flowers "born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air"—to what purpose are they? Surely, surely (as Mary's offering of sweet spikenard) they are God's approach to man, if only we would accept them as such. That is the inner meaning of this sudden gush of sacred feeling; that is the purpose of this "waste."

We are reaching, then, this conclusion, that if love is the soul of life, you must expect no mere dead level of respect, but occasional inevitable outbursts of feeling, love's sweet surprises; times when the ordinary prescribed channels through which habitual affection flows are inadequate, and when there must be room for the sweet extravagances of love. The strong, deep love of a father may no doubt be felt in the steadfast care that provides food and clothing, and shelter, and all things necessary for his child. But, after all, home would not be home if there were not room for the rarer gifts, and the moments of sublime *abandon*, when all the love of the heart breaks forth in unconstrained demonstration of affection.

Life that is love cannot be reduced to formalities; there must be a place in it for the spontaneous, the unpremeditated, the irresistible impulse. Love cannot live and thrive amid conventions merely. It has an etiquette of its own. It must be allowed to make its own proprieties. If you cannot appoint to it an object, and command one mortal to love another, neither can you prescribe the manner of its operation. You cannot control its whims, and freaks, and fancies. It has ten thousand devices that are all enigmas to the uninitiate.

> "Love only knoweth whence they came, and comprehendeth love."

Its sanities are stark madness to the matter-of-fact man of affairs. He curtly denominates nonsense what to love is inspiration. He stares in blank incredulity at the simple and magnificent prodigalities of love, and begins to wonder whether he is himself quite sane to-day, and to ask in sheer stupor, "To what purpose is this waste?"

It would not do, perhaps, to make too searching a scrutiny into private personal histories, or it might transpire that, after all, behind even the most stolid of demeanours there lay experiences which memory treasures still, and which are the vindication to them of Mary's sublime extravagance. Yes, perhaps those you least

suspect—the level-headed men who are feared for their hard thinking and steely, immovable stolidity, have secret drawers somewhere, with strangely unintelligible relics of a yesterday that was the greatest day of their life—and the least defensible day on any rationalistic view of it! On that day they lost either their head or their heart, or both, and love and reverence found expression; and the spikenard that they broke that day is the *one* precious memory in what people with unconscious irony are calling a successful career. Yes, the one thing they are proud to have done, the one thing they sometimes think may stand them in stead in a world where wealth and fame will be as nothing, is a thing which none could justify on commercial principles—which stands in conflict with the great aims and efforts of their lives—an action that sprang inevitably from a spendthrift love, and of which the world in which they move might well demand, "To what purpose is this waste?" I venture to say that by that very chapter of their history the possibility is proved that, some day, they may discover a more amazing loveliness and a more overpowering love; and may offer even nobler offerings of life and treasure at His feet, and go forth again, not in shame, but in holy pride and devout thanksgiving that at last they have learned to love with a love that counteth not the cost of sacrifice.

I have seen this exquisite story quoted as a defence of mere ritual. The method is obvious. The hardened lover of simplicity is represented as one of the disciples; and beholding the beauty of architecture, and the stateliness of the ceremonial, and listening to the superb eloquence of the liturgy and grandeur of the music, he asks, "To what purpose is this waste?"

There is a superficial justification for such teaching. But it is only superficial. For if from this incident it be attempted to establish a precedent for permanent elaborate ritual of worship, it must be said this incident goes to prove its impossibility. For ask yourselves, What gave this deed its peculiar and unrivalled power and influence? There is only one answer. It lies in its solitariness. It was spontaneous. It was unique. It could not bear repetition. To repeat it were to rob it of its bloom.

We repudiate, then, the idea that the form of this deed can become the basis of Christian worship. But we are now able to consider the truth that, when love realises itself thus in deeds of worship, it often receives assurances that it has done more than it knew. God interprets our poor intentions so liberally, so largely. He reads into our broken speech such divine meanings. It is ever so. We give a cup of cold water to a thirsty bairn; and lo! we have done it *unto Him!* We utter our coarse earthly strains of music; and, one day, He bids us hearken! Then there falls upon our ears ravishing heavenly music; and when we could fall down and worship, He tells us it is our own.

Heaven's great melodies are perhaps no more than earth's poor ones, composed in pure love and praise of God, redeemed from their limitations and imperfections in the home of all true worship. So Mary struck her trembling chord, and waited fearful; broke her spikenard, and then marvelled at her own daring; and while, when love had spent itself, a colder mood began to question the propriety, and to strike fear to her woman's heart, Jesus spake and said, "In that she hath poured this ointment on Me, she hath done it for My burial."

Would she ever have dreamed, think you, that she was doing what He said? Would she ever have dared to entertain the thought that He would bear to the grave the incense of her adoration, and that with the final victory of His resurrection her love and worship would have eternal association? Would she ever have dreamed, here in Simon's house, where she was esteemed so meanly and treated so basely—here, amid the splendour of a rich man's entertainment—that in the days when the world had no feasts for Him, but only a cross and a tomb, that then the perfume of her love, the fragrance of her offerings, would surround His form and sweeten His resting-place. Never; but so it was, for the Divine Love caught up the simple act of worship, and gave it eternal distinction. Yea, He who had come to seek the love of men deigned to associate with the time of His own immortal sacrifice this sacrifice of hers.

It were, perhaps, to require too much of this story to make it convey the great truth that in Christ's sacrifice all our sacrifices have a place. Yet, verily, every true sacrifice hath association with His. Every death to self is an anointing of the Holy One to His burial. He gathers up the perfume of all simple deeds of lowly sacrifice; for this is His reward. Only from the great Love does our love flow. We love because He loved. His sacrifice is the basis of all sacrifice; and all true sacrifice of ours hath this relation to His own. We did not think when we did it of anything but that we must do it unto Him; and in grace He showed us afterwards that we had indeed anointed Him—we had in our own poor way honoured the Divine sacrifice.

It would but mar the solemn influence of such a sacred reflection to deduce the obvious and inevitable lessons. I forbear to treat it thus. I can only say, let us pray and let us strive to love Him with the love that counteth not the cost of sacrifice.



THE GREEN FOLK

A Complete Story. By Ethel F. Heddle.

CHAPTER I.

ISHBEL.

ONE is pretty safe to address a man in Skye as Macdonald! If that fails, then try MacLeod, and if this produces no result, then there is still Nicolson to fall back on. An error in all three is next door to an impossibility! But Ishbel had not any of these three names, though she lived with her maternal grandfather, who was a MacLeod.

Ishbel was a changeling. Anyone would tell you so in Skye—if, perhaps, one or two smiled in the telling. Her grandmother, Catriona MacLeod, said so, and Catriona had the second sight, and saw more than most people. She was held in Skye to see, indeed, beyond that veil which mercifully hides the future. Catriona had early said the girl was a changeling. Her daughter, poor Kirstie, died at the baby's birth, her father Roderick McNeill, was drowned—tragedy and sorrow surrounded the baby, and then the little green folk stole it, and Ishbel was the changeling popularly supposed to be left in its place.

She was always an odd child, Catriona said, with ruddy tawny locks, and sloe-eyes, elfish and silent, doing queer, uncanny, unaccountable things, with moods of sadness and moods of mirth. She grew up in Skye, and would never leave it, though she had her chance to do so.

Ishbel lived with Catriona till she was nineteen, and helped her with her spinning and knitting; she also milked the cows, and worked about the house. The girl's head was full of her grandmother's teaching; she believed in the fairies, though she rarely spoke of them. Her cousin Duncan often found her seated in the fairy-ring on the knowe, above the sheiling, picking the green grass absently, and gazing "frae her."

Some day, she thought, she would hear the tap of fairy feet in their revels, hear a tiny voice which would beckon her to an entrancing world, very different even from lovely Skye. Very often she thought she had been on the brink of meeting the little green folk, and then someone had come and interrupted her. There was that night coming home over the muir from Portree—the stream, richly brown with the peat over which it gurgled, the air heather-scented, the mountains fading into the lovely purple of the night's embrace — everything hushed, save her own footfall. Ishbel had seemed to hear a voice calling her then, and had wandered up amongst the heather, her face eager and expectant. And there above her on the heather knoll, "the wee folks' knowe," seeming to float between the grey lichen-covered boulders—surely these were tiny white figures, beckoning to her?

She almost ran, in her eagerness, but, just as she approached, Duncan's voice hailed her from the high road. What was she doing there? And was that the way home?

Ishbel almost wept as she descended. For she could see nothing near the boulders then

but waving cotton-grass amongst the bog and heather. It was lovely September now, and the hill-sides were a glory of tawny colouring, the fading heather and bracken, purple and brown, and orange, and gold, and dusky indescribable grey. Sunset came early, and tinged and stained the loch, the Cuchillans stood out sharply in their lovely serrated outline, against a background of pure gold—they were almost friendly and neighbourly, and approachable; it was in winter that they lowered and sulked in the mist, or frowned blackly from amongst the lashing swirls of rain.

Ishbel had gone to fetch fodder for the cows, and the fodder was a great pile of pale yellow bracken, which she bound together and fastened on her back. Carrying this, she passed up the road, pausing now and then to lean her load on one of the rough dykes which bordered the muir. It was nearing evening, and shadows were creeping over the heather—the burn, amber-coloured under the sun, looked dark and sullen-brown now, and had begun its hoarse night-song, for it only sings in the dark. The deer hear and love this song as they creep down cautiously, light-footedly, turning startled graceful heads from side to side, and they pause a moment, poised with listening ear, before they bury thirsty soft noses into the cool rushing water. The deer did not mind Ishbel! But it was scarcely dark enough for the deer to come yet. There was still a chance of the passing tourist from Sligachan, coming from Coruisk, the far-famed. Ishbel, pausing to rest the high load of bracken on the dyke—the crushed yellow fern making a lovely setting to her tawny locks and black sloe-eyes—suddenly perceived two men approaching, and waited for their coming with something of the deer's startled look. One was Duncan MacLeod, her cousin, short, swarthy, black-browed, with a twinkle of cunning in his grey eyes, and a Highland sing-song voice; and the other? Yes, yes, she had seen the other at the Portree games, and he had tossed the caber further than even Colin MacNeil, and his name was Rory MacPhee! Ishbel remembered him very well, and a little smile melted over her red lips, and lurked in the depths of her lovely eyes as Duncan made him known to her. Rory had rented the small farm next to Catriona's, and he was coming to supper. It was time she, Ishbel, was home.

Duncan did not offer to take the fodder from her, though he thought he was in love with Ishbel, and meant to marry her. Women were used to burdens in Skye. But Rory MacPhee, saying nothing, began to untie the rope at the girl's waist, and he swung the mass lightly over his own shoulders.

"Och! that is not needful," Duncan said. And what he thought was "*Amadan!*" (stupid!)

"It is too heavy for a lass."

That was all; but Rory and Ishbel did not meet each other's eyes, and they walked home silent through the creeping dusk.

By the red peat-glow in the cottage she looked lovelier than ever; MacPhee ate little, and his mind was in a curious turmoil. Catriona's remarks, and Duncan's slow efforts at conversation—for the Highlander is desperately cautious at making friends, and Rory came from as far away as above Portree, seven miles off—fell on strangely dull ears.

What had come to him?

Rory asked himself the question all next day, for, amidst even the sordid duties of examining the new byres and out-houses, there floated before his mind only one picture—a girl's slim figure in a short faded green skirt, leaning against a dyke, with her small head crushed against a background of faded fern, and the shy lovely eyes looking into his face.

Ishbel! They said she was a changeling.

Well, changeling and all, he loved her!

CHAPTER II.

ISHBEL'S PROMISE.

"IT is no use at all to go against the lass. I hef said so before now. And there are many lasses in Skye, as good as she, and with, maybe, a cow or two, or a few pounds to bring with her. There is Sheila Macdonald—Sheila will hef as much as three hundred pounds!"

"As if I would look at a squinting woman"—and Duncan threw down the fishing-rod he held, furiously—"I will hef none but Ishbel, and if she will not hef me, I will do some one an injury!"

His mother went on peeling potatoes, deliberately.

"Rory MacPhee is stronger and bigger than you," she remarked. "And he has the eye of a hawk, and his fist is like iron. You will never take Ishbel from him by force. But perhaps, now, there might be a little plan—chust a little plan."

He picked up the rod. His cunning eyes grew intent. Catriona resumed, in her high-pitched voice, speaking without a pause in her occupation: "The best thing would be that they would quarrel. And I will tell you a way. He does not like to hear that they are all saying she is a changeling; and he does not like her to talk of the good folk. When she told him the story of the kelpie that followed Ross MacRae over the muir, and

drowned him at last in the Rowan Pool, he was angry, and called it all nonsense, and said that she should not repeat such folly. And Ishbel did not like that. She was asking me about the Cave of Gold only yesterday, and when it was that anyone might see the fairies dancing, and if the tide would suit to go. So I told her it was on Midsummer's Night at twelve o'clock, and she is just mad to go! Chust as mad! But Rory was there, too, and I was listening at the door, after, and I heard him say that it was all just talk and folly, and that he would not have her go; that it was too late, and that squalls came on, and our boat was not good at all. She begged and prayed that he would take her, and he said, 'No'! Chust always, 'No'!"

"Very well, then," Duncan cried impatiently, as she paused, "I suppose she is so mad with love that she gave it up."

"She is pretty mad with the love," his mother agreed, "and so she gave in. 'And I am going to Portree, Ishbel,' I heard him say, 'to see what Mr. Campbell, the agent, is wishing to say to me, and you will promise not to go when I am away?—for it is not good for a, lass like you to be out so late. And you will promise me?' And she promised. He said he would bring her a new brooch—like a claymore, that the man at Oban is making with the Iona pebbles — and they kissed, and he is gone."

"Very well, what then?" Duncan cried irately. "I hear they are to be married when he comes back. What else, mother?"

Catriona had dropped her potatoes into the pot, and she swung it over the open peats, glowing redly in the dark little cottage.

"Well, if I were you, Duncan, I would get out the boat, and I would offer to take her to the cave. And I will be telling her more stories to-night, when we are spinning. The lass is a changeling, sure enough, and she will go. When Rory comes back, he will hear, and he will be mad with her, and they will quarrel. You can go over to Uig that day" ("Discretion being the better part of valour," evidently, in Catriona's eyes). "They will quarrel, and will break it off, and she will come to you, in time."

Duncan considered the plan slowly. Yes, it suited him excellently well. He wanted no noisy quarrel, no measuring of strength. He, too, remembered Rory's muscles at the Portree games. But this secret working in the dark, in MacPhee's absence, was quite to his taste.

He made up his mind now that his mother was a woman of much wisdom. He graciously told her he approved, and she should have a little present on his next trip to Portree. Her stories to Ishbel of the cave were to be many and enticing!

CHAPTER III.

IN THE CAVE OF GOLD.

"DUNCAN, Duncan, but I hef promised!" It was the next night, and Ishbel stood before the cottage in her dark wincey skirt and green cotton jacket, her face turned up to her cousin's. All last night, all through the day, old Catriona's stories had haunted her. The old woman had gone cunningly to work. She began, in a rambling way, once they were both seated at the spinning-wheel, by remarking that to-morrow would be Midsummer's Night, and the fairies would be holding high frolic in the Cave of Gold. She herself was old, and frail, and feeble, else how gladly would she have gone! She had the second sight—she would perhaps see what no other could! For, with a branch of rowan—and she had a branch of dry rowan in her kist, ready for her burial—or a naked dagger—Duncan's big knife would do—there was no danger! To see the little green folk dancing! And—here her voice fell, and she glanced into all the dark shadows of the kitchen, and up by the oak settle near the window—perhaps to hear the faint and far-off skirl of Angus Macdonald's pipes! They said that sound was heard still. At first Ishbel had risen uneasily, saying she would go and see if there were enough oat-cakes for supper—or was that any one in the barn?

But Catriona bade her be seated, sharply—the girl should not escape her thus—and then she asked if she (Catriona) had ever told Ishbel the story of Angus Macdonald and the Cave of Gold? No, Ishbel answered unwillingly, and sat down again, the wheel idle, the soft grey carded wool lying in her lap. Catriona, spinning fast—with the low dirl of the wheel acting as a sort of accompaniment to her voice—told the story. She spoke in Gaelic, of course, and it is difficult to put in English the creeping, insidious fear and mystery of the tale.

How the piper, Angus Macdonald, loved a MacLeod of Dunvegen, a follower of the great MacLeod, and how this lady-love's father would have none of him, but set him some of those foolish and impossible tasks so dear to the story-teller of all ages and climes and nationalities.

One task bade him enter the Cave of Gold at midnight, on Midsummer's Night, and play "MacLeod of Dunvegen," passing through the little dancing folk, and penetrating far into the mystery of the cave's windings, where no Skye man had ever been. Macdonald, of course, took up the challenge, and with his tartan ribbands waving wildly from the pipes, and the mouth-piece at his lips, he was seen standing at the shingly edge of the cave, his kilt tossing against his brown knees in the sudden gust of wind. The men who rowed

him up saw this, and heard the first wild pealing notes. Thus, playing proudly and happily, he entered the cave with his dog at his heels. They waited and watched, and listened, and at last heard one awful cry! Then there was silence. He had passed the fairies, but—

"Never home came he!"

Then, changing her tone, Catriona told of the only woman who had ever caught sight of the wee green folk, and how, ever after, riches and wealth were hers, and she had never a wish unsatisfied! It was the going on into the inner caves that had undone the piper! The lass who had seen the fairies was a certain Eilidh Macdonald, and she married a chief, and went to live far away in Oban, and all her days she was clad in green silk. Yes, all her days!

"How did she go?" Ishbel cried.

"In a boat, with a man. It is easy, if the man is strong, and you hef the rowan with you. Last of all, Eilidh died, and she wished to be buried beside Flora Macdonald's granite cross at Kilmuir, and they granted her even that! She lies near the great Flora, who saved the Prince. And all through seeing the wee green folk in the Cave of Gold!"

"Grandmother, would you lend me the rowan branch if—if I were to go?" Ishbel whispered in the dusk. "Would you, grandmother?"

Her own voice seemed to terrify her then, and Rory's face rose up before her: but the old woman got up without a word, and, going to her kist, took something, rolled in a fine kerchief, from it, with the smell of bog-myrtle in its folds, and she laid the brown faded leaves and the red, dry berries on Ishbel's lap.

"There it is! But you will give it me back safe?—or else ill will befall us all!"

"I will give it you back," Ishbel whispered.

She had the rowan in her pocket as she stood with Duncan, tampering with her conscience and her promise now.

"It was a very foolish thing to promise," he said craftily. "Besides, Rory was afraid of the squalls, that is all—and there will be no squalls at all! You can come with me, and see if there is anything, and if my mother's stories are true. If not, there is no harm done. It is a lovely cave whateffer."

Ishbel yielded, as Catriona knew she would yield. Would she see anything? Would the wee folk be there?



"I will hef none but Ishbel."—*p.* 427.

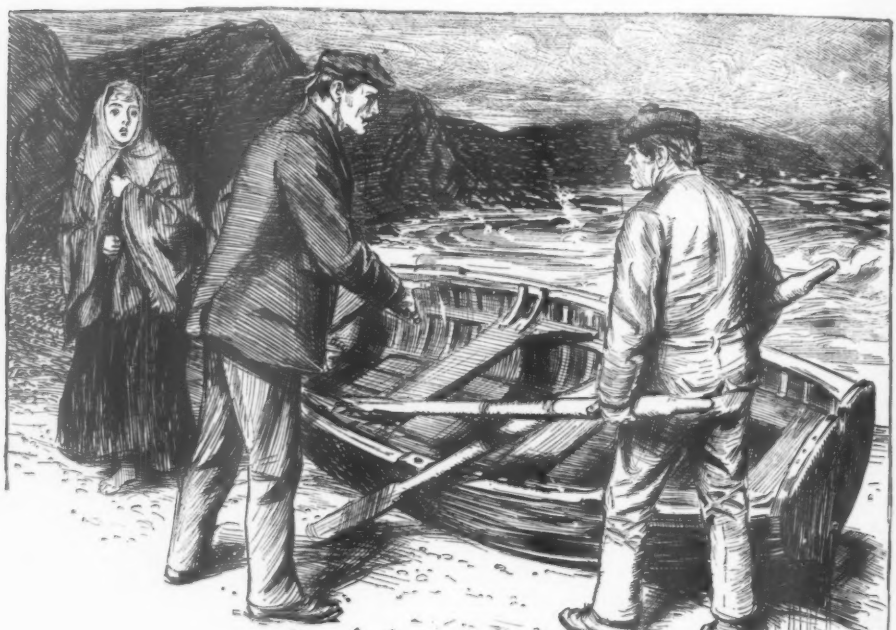
She found herself in the little boat, and rowing towards the cave before she knew she had consented. The night seemed only a paler day. They rowed close into the shore, till they discovered a place where the rock-face was cleft, and showed a pale light within.

There was just space for the boat to float in, passing through a low, overhanging archway. Ishbel drew her breath sharply and clasped her hands, as Duncan paused, watching her face, once they were through it.

They were in a deep circular basin, the water, a lovely pale green, darker in the shadows. The rocky sides were cut, here and there, into long narrow openings, into one of which Catriona's piper must have wandered; here Ishbel saw the water lying dark and mysterious, shadow-haunted.

Bending over the edge of the boat, she could see the yellow sand far below; in bright sunshine her own fair face would have been reflected. Tiny jelly-fish edged with lilac spots, and with long white fringe, floated beside the seaweed, like strange jewels, and far above them they could see the pale opalescence of the summer sky, soft, exquisite, pearly. Fringing the opening were ferns and heather, and tall fox-gloves, but the fairy bells did not stir in the breathless air. Were the wee folk, the good folk, the green folk, lurking within? If she watched, would she see a tiny face peep out? She waited—watched—and waited—and the time passed.

"Duncan, I do not see anything!" Ishbel spoke at last, breathlessly, eagerly. She had forgotten Rory, she had forgotten everything but her desire. "Row me further in, Duncan."



"It is a pretty boat to take a lass out in."

He pushed the boat forward, and Ishbel sat with her dark blue eyes—they seemed black in the shadow—strained eagerly forward, listening, waiting. Nothing moved, except that now and then little waves would break with a plashing ripple against the boat. Far up on the rocks, a passing breath of wind now and then swayed the flowers and the grasses; but no fairy face peeped anywhere, there was no tap of dancing feet, no note of elfin music.

"Duncan, Duncan, there is nothing, nothing at all!"

The note of bitter disappointment in her voice roused Duncan. Once or twice he had essayed to speak, having no desire for a silent adventure, but Ishbel had raised her little brown hand sharply. He might disturb the fairies. At last the silence had chilled even

her. It was all of no use. She could see and hear nothing.

"We will chust be going home then," he said practically, caring not at all for her disappointment, for, of course, it was all "foolishness." "Maybe they are not dancing to-night; we will better chust go home."

"She said I would be sure to see them."

There was a sob in her voice; as he pushed the boat out, she crushed the rowans bitterly in her lap, and they fell into the bottom of the boat. She remembered Rory suddenly, as, once outside, she noticed that the weather had changed during her long waiting, that the light seemed obscured, that there were white horses leaping in the distance, and that the wind swept sharply in their faces as they looked seaward. It would be dangerous now to keep quite close to the rocks, for a heavy groundswell had risen. Duncan, glancing round, expended some forcible Gaelic, for he knew he would need all his muscles to row the clumsy boat, if they were to be safe, and he hated trouble. He would have to keep out to sea to avoid the rocks.

During the long pull home, through the now angry waters, Ishbel sat quite silent. When Duncan bade her "Bale!" almost furiously, the boat having an ugly leak, she did so almost mechanically.

Nothing seemed to matter. There were no fairies, and she would have to tell Rory she had broken her word!

They found a sandy, sheltered bay at last where they could land. Duncan alone knew how hard had been the struggle against wind and tide in the clumsy and leaky craft; but Ishbel did not see a tall waiting figure on the shore, till she was preparing to leap from the boat.

Then a strong hand took hers, and she glanced, with a startled cry, to see Rory himself, grim, grave, silent, with something new in his face which chilled her through and through. How was he there?

He helped Duncan to pull up the boat, almost disdainfully, looking at it when it lay out of the water with a kind of scornful rage.

"It is a pretty boat," he said then in Gaelic, "a pretty boat to take a lass out in, I will be saying that, Duncan MacLeod."

MacLeod called to Ishbel sharply, making no reply, and all three walked up to the cottage in heavy silence. The night, grown gusty and wet, seemed to have changed as suddenly and mysteriously as Ishbel's life.

At the door she paused and faced her lover; his silence galled and tormented her.

"Well!" she said, "well!"

If she had pleaded with him—been penitent, sorrowful! Alas! it was no penitent face which met his, and jealousy and wrath broke forth fiercely, sweeping love aside.

"Are you asking what I am thinking, Ishbel?" he cried, "of the lass who promised me, and who broke her word, and went out with Duncan MacLeod? Well, I am thinking chust nothing at all of her! I hef warned her that the boat was not safe, and of the squalls, and that it was not the thing for a lass like her to go so late; and she had promised, and yet she went! And this was the claymore brooch made of Iona pebbles I hef bought for you; and it can go there!" He flung the little packet remorselessly into the heather. "And as for yourself, I think nothing of you at all, and everything is over. And I am sailing for New Zealand with Mr. Campbell to-morrow. He asked me, and I said 'No,' but I will go now, and will walk into Portree this very night! *Beannachd leibh* (good-bye)."

He had turned away then, furiously. It had all passed as suddenly, swept up as unexpectedly as had the squall outside the Cave of Gold. Ishbel stood as if dazed, staring straight before her. A Highlander's rage is like a Highland storm; one bends before it instinctively. Ishbel did so now.

Rory did not look back. Duncan, in the doorway, saw him stride on to the road, through the little patch of oats before the door. He set his face towards the high road for Portree. In a very few moments the sound of his footsteps died away and the night swallowed him. That was all right, Ducan thought. New Zealand! Capital!

CHAPTER IV.

"There follows a mist, and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again!"

ISHBEL might have thought of these words, if she had known them, on the morrow and on many morrows that followed. For Rory MacPhee was not the man to come back, or to speak lightly. He sailed with the agent to Glasgow—was believed to have started for New Zealand within the week. There, as far as his Skye friends were concerned, he vanished. They were the days of rare and slow communication, and Rory never wrote.

But Ishbel did not marry her cousin, as everyone expected, including MacLeod. She answered him "No," listlessly, but quite doggedly, and nothing that he could say, or that Catriona could threaten, served to change her. Once the old woman muttered vengefully that she would never see the fairies, for she had lost her luck, and Ishbel turned on her almost fiercely.

"It is all false," she cried in Gaelic, "for there are no green folk at all, and I do not care!"

The mystery and the charm had fled; she

no longer dreamed on the green grass circle, no longer wondered at the night-song of the burn, no longer watched for the kelpies under the boulders in the burns or in the Rowan Pool. Belief in the fairies had faded on the night in which Rory left her. Except in the little bald, white kirk on the hill-side, Ishbel never sang. Song dies on the lips when care and sorrow lie heavy on the heart.

It was five years now since that fatal visit to the Cave of Gold—Ishbel never mentioned it—and she was returning, in the soft, golden haze of a September evening, from the castle. Catriona was growing feeble, and Ishbel did everything; the old woman only spinning a little, and wandering out to gather sticks and twigs for the fire. The girl had been taking up carded wool to the castle, and giving the great London ladies there a spinning lesson.

Before the cottage came in view, with its surrounding field of poor and thinly growing oats and yellow daisies (there being, indeed, a far more plentiful crop of the latter), she paused to look up the fairy knoll. There, on the top, was the fairy ring. Something made Ishbel suddenly turn and mount the little hill.

The sea-loch lay beneath her, tinged with red; the sky was a wonder and a glory, but Ishbel was not looking at the sky, or at the loch. She was thinking how strange it was that she should go on living, and living much as usual, when all that was best and fairest in life was gone.

She sighed, looking down at the burn, plashing and leaping over the grey boulders. There was that story about the kelpies; her grandmother rarely spoke of them now. Were there really no kelpies—no brownies? And yet——

A step behind her made her start violently, and she gave a sharp cry. A man's tall figure was there, not ten yards off, and there flashed across Ishbel suddenly the thought that perhaps, after all, it was all true, for this was a ghost! And if there were ghosts, why not wee folk and kelpies?

"I believe it is Ishbel, herself. Do you not know me, Ishbel?"

He spoke in a new voice. The fluent Gaelic was gone, and the stiff, translated English; he spoke easily, with a strange accent. And yet, ah! she knew him at once! It was Rory! Rory, well-dressed, handsome, upright, with a different and more independent carriage, but Rory all the same!

Ishbel rose and stood quite wordless for a moment. And then—"You are a great stranger," she said. "It is a very long time, I believe, since you hef been in Skye."

He almost smiled. He was looking down at her earnestly, intently. Was it possible that she should be so little changed? Had the five years been a dream? Just as he remembered her—with the pale, clear skin, the deep sloe-eyes, the ruddy crisp hair, the little droop of the head! Ishbel! The girl he had turned his back on, and been furious with, and quite forgotten—oh, yes! quite forgotten, though he had come back to the Winged Island—well, just to see how all the old folks were!

"It is five years," he said deliberately, "five years! Are you—are you married, Ishbel?"

The girl raised her eyes and looked at him. It was getting dark, and the burn was beginning its night-song. Ishbel noticed that, and remembered just how the water used to sing, quite suddenly. The lovely, indescribable breath of the muir wind swept in their faces. How sweet it was—how entrancing! And oh! me, the velvety deeps of her eyes, the little half-sad, half-humorous mouth!

Was she married? Was she?

He repeated the question, but with a new and eager ring in his voice, and Ishbel shook her head.

"Though there will have been a good many marriages since you left. There was Mari MacLæan and Dougal Nicolson, and there was Colin——"

"What about MacLeod, your cousin?"

"He is to be married this year," she said, "to an English lass."

"So you did not marry him, after all, Ishbel?"

"Who said that I would?" she cried, as if stung. "You knew better than that! Who said that I would?"

"He did; and that you would go with him that night, if he asked you. And you did, Ishbel! It was very cruel, but——" Rory paused then, and suddenly spoke in Gaelic, as if it all came back to him. "But I am beginning to think that I was cruel, too. Was I?"

He waited, watching her.

Ishbel nodded gently. She also spoke in Gaelic, as if they had parted only yesterday.

"Yes, you were cruel, Rory, and you were very hasty. It is true that I was a foolish lass, but you might have given me another chance. I believed in my grandmother's stories. I wanted to see the good folk." She looked away, and sadness and disillusion crept over her face. "But I do not believe in them any more, not any more."

"Poor little Ishbel. Poor wee lassie!"

It could not be five years. It could not! They had only parted yesterday!

"But it does not matter," Ishbel said, rousing, "and now perhaps you will call and see my grandmother? Are you on your way to Uig?"

He did not answer that.

"Ishbel," he said, "I was very cruel, and

I was just as angry as a man could be, and for five years I have been mad and sore; but deep down, deep down, I never forgot you. I hated him, but I loved you. I will come and see your grandmother; but—first—first, will you give me a kiss, Ishbel, for the sake of the old days?"

Would she? Perhaps, after all, he did not wait for her consent. He had her in his arms, and they closed round her, and Ishbel's head fell on his shoulder with a little sob that was an epitome of all the five years' sorrow and heartache.

"*Muirnean* (darling)," Rory whispered, when he told her that he and Ishbel were to be married, after all. He could look after the croft, she said, or buy Colin MacDougal's farm, just above, if he had money enough. Would he have money enough? For Duncan kept her very close now. Rory laid a packet smilingly in her lap, and said he thought he had money enough.

Next forenoon Catriona saw him coming up the road; Ishbel ran to meet him, and together they wandered off to the burn-side. They came back by-and-by, and Ishbel stood smiling in the cottage door, her arms full of rowan branches; Rory had a spray in his



Catriona heard his story in silence.

"I love you; and when I leave Skye, you will come too, or I will be staying on here with you. You shall choose Ishbel—you shall choose; and to-morrow I will buy you something better than the claymore brooch that I was cruel enough to throw away!"

They walked down to the cottage, and Catriona, who was never surprised at anything, shook hands sourly with him; she heard his story in silence, and nodded consent

coat, and the red berries nestled under her chin.

"I have brought you back luck," the girl cried happily. "We found the rowans down by the pool. And Rory says that there are maybe good folk in the world, after all! Who knows, grandmother?"

Catriona's peat-brown old face was bent over her wheel. She allowed there might be one or two, with a half-grunt of satisfaction.

THE REAL EAST LONDON.

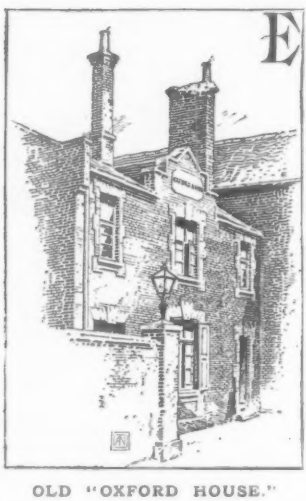
By the Lord Bishop of Stepney.



(Photo: H. V. Hornsille, Gauber Street, E.)

THE "MOTHERS'" GARDEN PARTY GROUP.

(Showing the Bishop in the Background.)



OLD "OXFORD HOUSE."

EAST LONDON is a very different place from what many people expect it to be. There are not a few who still think that they will have their throats cut if they venture into it, and I remember one visitor who turned up very late for dinner one night at Oxford House, and gave as the reason for his lateness that his landlord had got one side of him and his landlady on the other, and had held him by his coat-tails to prevent him coming to be murdered in Bethnal Green.

As a matter of fact, East London is probably, by daylight or by night, one of the safest parts of London, except in a very few selected streets, well known to the police; and one of my predecessors, the much-lamented Bishop Billing, was quite right when he used to say to the West-End mother, anxious about her daughter's safety, if she came to work in East London, "See her as far as Temple Bar, and then she will be all right."

What strikes one at first is the extreme brightness and cheerfulness of the people, often under very adverse circumstances. I remember giving a series of garden-parties when I was Rector of Bethnal Green, in the little garden attached to the rectory. There was not much room for anything, and the only amusements were skittles and races, whilst tea and cake and bread-and-butter were the simple

refreshments; but not only—as you will see by the photograph—were the visitors very content with themselves, but one of them, from one of the poorest streets, met me the day after a "party" and said:

"Rector, we did enjoy ourselves yesterday."

"I am very glad of it," I replied.

Holiday Fund, which sends about thirty-one thousand each year for a fortnight into the country—but still nothing daunts their spirits or dims their affection. Often have I been cheered through an afternoon's visiting by a group of children who would spend their half-holiday afternoon in waiting quite quietly outside a sick-room in order to knock at the door of the



Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.

"OXFORD HOUSE"—THE PRESENT BUILDING.

"But we very nearly didn't come."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh! You see, a man down our street, 'e said, 'Don't go—the Rector only wants to show you a few old gravestones.' But we tell 'im now we couldn't have enjoyed ourselves better if we'd been at Marlborough 'Ouse."

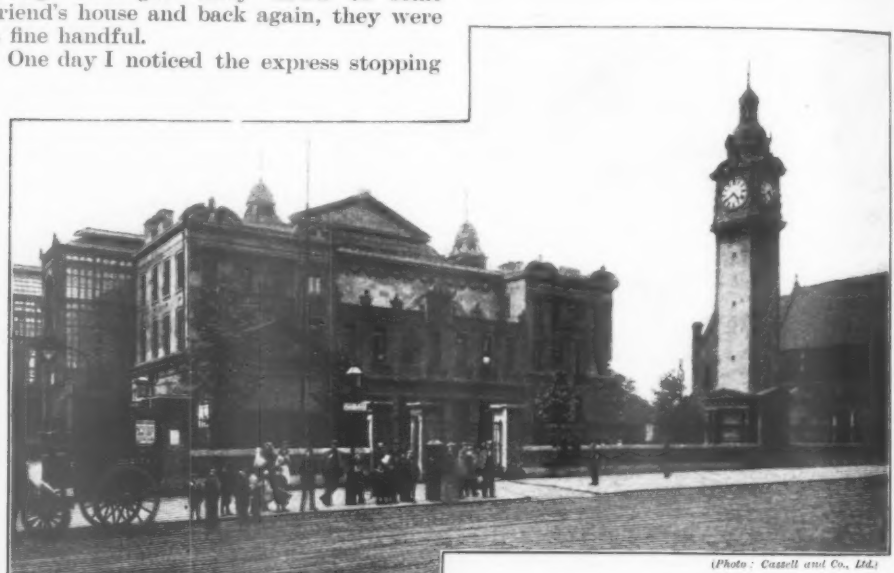
Then the children of East London are truly delightful. Poor little bairns! they often get pale enough spending the year in those crowded courts and alleys—and few things are doing better work in London than the Children's Country

next sick case to which they were quite 'cute enough to know that I was going, and so on right down the street. Many of the clergy organise Band of Hope entertainments, and teach the children to act little plays of their own, and there are no quicker and apter pupils than the children of East London, as the prizes carried off yearly at the Crystal Palace will show.

The East-End boy, again, is quite a character: we had four hundred at Oxford House in one club, besides some hundreds of others in brigades. When

you told an East-End mother that fact, she would generally say, "My word, I find *one* quite enough!" And certainly, on a Whit Monday, when one had at least a hundred and fifty to convoy to London Bridge and get safely down to some friend's house and back again, they were a fine handful.

One day I noticed the express stopping pretty often, and wondered why, as it was not advertised to stop anywhere. At last the guard came to see me at a wayside station, with a very red face, and said he would hold me responsible for what my boys were doing; he said that they had pulled the danger connecting-rod three times. I went round to see what was happening, and asked whether any of them had done it. "Oh, yes," said a little chap at once; "it was me; *I was only 'anging my 'at up on it!*"



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Few things abash the East-End boy. At the end of the journey, my friend, who lived near a very magnificent house, was showing us through the rooms, and I heard a little boy say confidentially to his neighbour, without meaning to be overheard, "*'Em! just like our little back parlour at home!*" The good result of all the trouble which such expeditions involved, was shown by the contempt they displayed—as they marched back crowned with flowers, with horses curveting round them, and cabs charging through them, in consequence of the inspiriting notes of the band—for the groups of drunken men and women we used to meet, who had spent their Bank Holiday in quite another way. Once implant in a boy the love of a "better way" of spending a holiday, and you have got a long way on the road to make him love "a better way" of spending his life altogether. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, but if those hands are employed in handling a musket, or playing a flute, or clinging on to a horizontal bar—they have ceased to be idle at all.

But space will soon fail me if I go through all the component parts of the population in detail. The young girls, with their limbs aching for active recreation after long confinement in factories or workshops, have been graphically depicted by Sir Walter Besant, and few people are doing more good in the district than those ladies who, at great trouble, often with real self-sacrifice, are running girls' clubs every evening for the girls after their work.

As, of course, is well known, it was one great object of the People's Palace to provide this sort of innocent recreation

for the people, and though it has thrown its strength lately rather into its excellent technical classes, it has not left out of sight its original mission.

The gymnastic instructor at the People's Palace told me a year or two ago that he had no better and more spirited class than a large factory girls' class; and I have seen the magnificent Queen's Hall filled to overflowing for a nigger entertainment on a Saturday night, and more than half-full for a sacred concert on Sunday afternoon.

When one is asked, then, what is the matter with East London, and what lies behind those great thoroughfares, which look so broad and inviting on a fine summer's afternoon, one can only reply by taking one's questioner away from the broad thoroughfares into the crowded streets and alleys which lie behind them and between. Here is a photograph of a crowded back street, which gives an idea of what is going on, say, of a Sunday morning during the Bird Fair in Slater Street, or the Dog Fair at the top of Bethnal Green Road, or the old clothes sale down by Petticoat Lane. We are too thick on the ground, that is what it is; the census does not rise, because it *can't* rise: we are crammed so full that we can take no more.

I remember once a young ladies' school used to send roses once a week from a pretty suburb of London; they used to bring them to school in the morning from their gardens, make them at twelve into bouquets, send them up by three, and they were in East London homes by five. As I used to take the bouquets of beautiful flowers round on trays—followed, I may say, by a mob of children yelling for a flower, for old and young have a touching love for flowers in East London—I always found that I required four bouquets for each house, for each house contained at least four families. This is a fact which escapes the notice of the casual visitor, who sees a harmless-looking house outside, but does not know what is inside.

We are overcrowded, and what overcrowding means from the point of view of health and morality only those who reside in the district and the local medical officer really know. I used to have sent me by the excellent Medical Officer for Bethnal Green—Dr. Bate—the death-rate each month compared with the death-rate for the whole of London, and there is no reason that I know of to account for the 22-27 per 1,000 registered for Bethnal Green compared with the 18 per 1,000 of the rest of London, except the overcrowded and sometimes insanitary conditions in which the people live.

Things, however, are much better than they used to be. The London County



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A CROWD IN PETTICOAT LANE.

Council has done a good deal in pulling down rookeries and rehousing large areas —as, for instance, the famous Boundary Street area between Shoreditch and Bethnal Green. The Mansion House Council for the Dwellings of the Poor has done much through its local committees to stimulate local effort; and the district authorities are far more active than they were, and alive to the responsibilities which fall upon them.

Many an afternoon have I spent with the Sanitary Committee of the Vestry of Bethnal Green, condemning insanitary property, and many are the sad sights which I have seen when I have been round with them.

I remember vividly one or two large houses abutting on a little court. As we went with difficulty through the narrow passages and looked into the different rooms, we found women sitting silent and patient, too busy to say much to us, pasting match-boxes together, for which they were to get twopence-farthing a gross. Needless to say that these houses had to be condemned; but the difficulty is by no means over when such dwellings are condemned. As a man said caustically and truly at a meeting held on the subject, "A rat in a hole is better than a rat out, any day"; and great consideration has to be shown in not turning out too quickly those who have found these poor tenements their home before provision has been made elsewhere for them.

If those in the West-End and other places who have property in the slums would only look after it themselves, and not be content with taking the rents without seeing that the places for which they take their money are fit to house men and women, and not mere animals, great progress would be made. We should be happy to show them the best models on which to rebuild their houses, or they may see for themselves by observing the pretty two-storeyed houses now built, which constitute Hart's Lane, abutting on the Bethnal Green Road, and which, being always in demand, pay, we hope, the intelligent landlord who built them.

But it is not merely that we are too thick on the ground; for a long time we were too much left to ourselves. Those that ate jam lived in one place and those that made it lived in another, and naturally therefore the "city of the poor," left to itself, generated standards, habits, and traditions of its own, some of which are the reverse of edifying.

Take, for instance, the prevalence of drink and gambling. A young man came to me one night in East London with a face as pale as death. I had known him as a boy, but he had dropped out of our club system on growing too old for the boys' club, and had got drawn into a drinking set. "Save me!" he cried, as he fell upon his knees and took my hand. He had, he said, been led in the public-house to put his money on horses of which he knew nothing, and had finally spent nine pounds belonging to a shop club, of which he was treasurer. He had to meet his mates next morning; he was only twenty-one, of respectable parents, and engaged to a respectable girl, and with only three months to run out of his apprenticeship. "If you don't help me, sir, I am ruined for life!"

I did lend him the money, to be repaid by instalments, but the story will show the dangers to our young population, and the need of strong and definite work among them from their earliest years. With a public-house at every corner, and a bookmaker's clerk waiting for them during dinner hour, what chance have the poor lads and girls unless someone will go down and live among them and teach them better things? I remember running-in a man who had the insolence to stand outside Oxford House and take money from boys and girls, as well as men and women, during dinner hour, and though he was fined five pounds at once, he had more than twenty pounds on him in coppers and small silver. The fine ought to be raised, as the present maximum—five pounds—is easily paid, and they think nothing of it, and go on again just the same next day.

It was no doubt the growing necessity of bringing a higher standard of life into the "city of the poor" and bridging over the gulf between rich and poor, establishing counter-attractions to the public-house and the gambling-hell, which led Canon Barnett, some fifteen years ago, to suggest the formation of settlements among the poor. His visit to Oxford in 1884, backed up by Bishop Walsham How and Miss Octavia Hill,



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE GREAT HALL AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

led to the establishment of Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel, and later on in the same year of Oxford House in Bethnal Green. Of the former excellent institution, which still owes so much to its founder and present Warden, Canon Barnett, much has been written in past years, and, as space is limited even in THE QUIVER, I have only room to say a few words more about Oxford House. It was founded on a definite Church basis, and its workers were and are members of the Church of England, but it threw open its clubs and its doors to men of all creeds and all kinds.

When I was myself called to be Head of the House in 1889, it was situated in a back street in Bethnal Green, and consisted of a disused Church school knocked into rooms. As residents increased, we found so small a house quite inadequate, and the present Oxford House was built on a disused site in the next street, and opened by the Duke of Connaught five or six years ago. It has had a full complement of twenty men ever since, and the acquisition of the rectory of Bethnal Green when I became Rector of Bethnal Green in 1895, enabled us for some time to have thirty workers—all laymen with the exception of myself.

The residents do whatever work is entrusted to them by the Head, in the daytime working at the Charity Organisation offices, Children's Country Holiday Fund, Sanitary Aid Committee; in the evening running boys' clubs and men's clubs and Church Lads' Brigades, visiting in the London Hospital on Mondays, visiting the sick and others in the parish of St. Matthew's, now specially connected with the House, and doing innumerable odd jobs for the parish clergy round, with whom they are all on the most friendly footing.

And that brings me lastly to the definitely religious work of East London. It is here that the result of leaving for so long one million people to themselves shows itself in the most disastrous form. The habit of church-going or chapel-going has been almost entirely lost, and it is only after the most patient efforts on the part of the clergy and others that it can be brought again into the district. After sampling on several occasions eighty men (invited to the garden parties spoken of above) out of different streets taken in turn, I discovered that only about one in eighty went either to church or chapel, and out of a thousand boys of the age of fourteen or fifteen



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

A VIEW OF BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.

who were questioned on entering one of our large boys' clubs, nine hundred were found to have "g.n." written after their names, which means "goes nowhere." Now, to the readers of The Quiver I know that this will seem a very appalling thing, and will show that we have what is practically, from a religious point of view, a pagan population at our very doors.

On whom, then, does the great stress and strain of converting this pagan population fall? Let us give all credit to the good work done by Nonconformists in the district, with whom we are on excellent terms: let us acknowledge the wonderful gatherings in Mr. Charrington's Hall: and in the Pavilion, under the preaching of Mr. George Nokes; the good work by Dr. Stephenson in his Children's Homes; and by Dr. Barnardo in his boys' work at Stepney Causeway; and by other workers scattered up and down the district; but I think all would admit that the great strain and stress of the work falls upon those who actually live in the very midst of the people, each of them with their seven thousand to ten thousand, and sometimes twenty thousand, souls to look after.

It is they whose door-bell rings continuously; it is they to whom everyone comes in the hour of distress, whether they attend the church or not; and it is they and the band of workers they have gathered round them who are laying deep the foundations of the future City of God, and who are working, with a few exceptions, day and night to bring wanderers into the fold.

The people are not irreligious, only non-religious, and all they need is patient and loving work in their midst. To attend a parish gathering is like going to a happy family party, on such excellent terms are the clergy and their workers with the people, and when in some churches you find five hundred East-End communicants in the early morning on Easter Day, no one can question the self-sacrifice and earnestness of those who have once been thoroughly converted.

The great need, of course, is more workers and it is to supply more workers that the East London Church Fund exists. It is spent wholly on workers, not on buildings at all; and it is my earnest desire, with the help of the Bishop of Islington, who is an experienced East-End worker himself, and who has now taken over the North London district, to raise that fund to £20,000 this year to meet the urgent appeals for more workers which come to us from the poorer parts of East and North London. The Fund covers an area of 1,800,000 people, most of whom are poor.



(Photo: C. E. Fry and Son, Gloucester Terrace, S.W.)

CANON BARNETT.
(Warden of Toynbee Hall.)

Such, then, so far as it can be described in a short article, is East London, with all its virtues and its vices, its aspirations, its hopes, its possibilities, and its failings. It is a land flowing with milk and honey, with the milk of human kindness and the honey of human love; but, like the old Canaan, it is not yet fully occupied by the host of God. When Christianity is, however, fully "in possession," we shall see a great deepening and ripening of all the good that lies there, and the East London Church of the future will have a character of its own, and will shed a new glory on the Christianity which has slowly converted the world.



By Katharine Tynan, Author of "A Daughter of Erin," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

"ANTHONY MUST KNOW."

"AND you liked her, Kitty?" said Anthony Trevithick.

It was the morning after his return, and Lady Jane had left them alone.

"I liked her amazingly," said Lady Kitty; "and, what is more surprising, she liked me."

"It would be surprising if she didn't, Kitty" — looking at her with brotherly fondness. "Do you know, Kitty, I used to like you because you were pretty, and couldn't help being charming?"

Lady Kitty made a mocking bow.

"But still there is some change in you of late. What is it? You have given up being smart and cynical and all that. You are ever so much lovelier now than I remember you."

Lady Kitty laughed, but her eyes softened.

"I'm glad you think I'm lovelier, Anthony."

He looked at her sharply.

"What is it, Kitty?"

"Something that must not be told yet, Anthony."

"Oh, it is *that!*"

His voice had an incredulous relief in it.

"It is really *that*, Kitty?"

Lady Kitty laughed up at him out of her chair, and her glance was at once shy and proud.

"Yes, it is that, Anthony."

"Do I know him, Kitty?"

"Very well, Anthony. But no one knows yet—only he and I."

"Who, Kitty?"

"Ask Mr. Leslie, Anthony."

"It isn't Jack, Kitty? You don't mean to say it is Jack! Why—you deceitful little person!—Jack was just the one man you never tried to make captive to your bow and spear; at least, so far as I could see."

"My poor Anthony, you never saw very far where I was concerned."

"No, then, Kitty, I didn't."

His face was a little rueful as he said it.

"But I am glad beyond measure," he went on. "There is, perhaps, only one thing could make me happier."

He stooped and touched Lady Kitty's soft cheek with his lips.

"You can tell Jack, Kitty," he said. "We are like sister and brother, aren't we?"

"I am very fond of you, Anthony. Next to your mother—excluding Jack, of course—I think I'm as fond of you as anyone."

"I'm glad you're fond of my mother, Kitty. She doesn't care for many people."

"I've been trying to get up courage to tell her, Anthony. I hate to keep her in the dark."

"It will be a blow to her, Kitty."

They both laughed and blushed a little consciously.

"Yes, I'm afraid it will."

"But Pamela, Kitty—tell me about Pamela. Did she ever talk about me?"

"I can't say that she did, Anthony."

"I suppose she wouldn't," said the lover, a little disappointed, nevertheless.

"You're fond of her, Anthony?" said Lady Kitty, looking up at him with eyes of alarm. "Really fond of her?"

XUM

"I love her and she loves me. As soon as I have established Uncle Wilton comfortably with Knowles to look after him, I shall go to claim her."

"She *knows* you love her, Anthony?"

"Oh, yes, she knows."

The young fellow laughed happily, and there was no shadow of doubt or of apprehension in his eyes. He had begun to walk up and down the room now, impatiently, as if he wanted to be off.

"Why didn't you claim her before you went off to nurse your uncle, Anthony? Uncertainty of that kind is hard on a girl."

"I did write. Not, indeed, to her, but to her father, and gave him a broad hint of the state of the case. I have often wondered he never sent me a word: he was such a good sort."

"He has been very ill, Anthony."

"Ill? My mother never told me."

"He was at death's door, but is out of danger; he must be getting strong again by this time."

"My poor little Pam—and all of them! They adore their father, and they had no one to help or comfort them!"

"Why didn't you write to Pamela herself?"

"My mother asked me not to till I came back. But now all that is over. I am going to her at once."

"You say you wrote to her father, Anthony? Do you know I have a kind of idea she said you had not written?"

"I wrote, Kitty, all right, and put it in the letter-box in the hall the night before I left. You must have mistaken what she said. Of course, her father's illness explains his not having written. And now there is no use in writing. I can be there almost as soon as a letter.'

Lady Kitty's face was troubled as she looked at him.

"You're quite sure you posted the letter, Anthony? Perhaps they didn't get it. Letters sometimes go wrong, don't they?"

"Not one out of a million. What are you thinking of, Kitty?"

Lady Kitty jumped up out of her chair and went to him.

"My poor old Anthony," she said, "there's something horribly wrong. I wish I hadn't to tell you. Pamela's engaged to a Lord Glengall."

Trevithick looked at her as if he could not take in what he heard.

"You are mad, Kitty," he said slowly. "She is engaged to me."

"I have her word for it, Anthony. There is something wrong, I am sure. She has just written it to me."

"Show me the letter, Kitty."

She went to an escritoire in the corner of the room, found the letter, and brought it to him. He read it with staring eyes.

"She won't marry him," he said when he had finished.

"My poor Anthony!"

"An engagement is nothing. She was



"My poor old Anthony, there's something horribly wrong."

engaged to me. She let me kiss her. He is a man with money—I remember now. Do women sell their souls for money, Kitty?"

"Some women might, Anthony, but I don't think Pamela would. There is something wrong, Anthony, I am sure of it."

"I am going to find out, Kitty."



Something in the attitude smote her.—*p.* 446.

He turned his angry, miserable young face upon her, and her heart was wrung for him.

"I am going over there to-night, Kitty."

"You will do nothing rash, Anthony?"

"If I find that anything but her own will has come between us, I will do my best to win her back from him. I have the right, Kitty. I was the first, and she let me kiss her."

"You say she was engaged to you, Anthony? Do you mean formally?"

"Everything *but* formally. Ah! I wish I had settled it then—put a ring on her before them all. It was my mother. She made me promise to do nothing till I came back."

"Oh! she knew, then?"

"I told her, Kitty, and she was bitterly angry. And I, mad that I was, I yielded to her will. Afterwards, when I heard she had found them out, and got Pam over here, I thought her heart had softened to me after all those years, and that she was helping me towards my happiness."

"Why did she make you promise that?"

"I am ashamed to say it, Kitty — because she persuaded me you cared for me, and ought not to be told suddenly. I beg your pardon, Kitty; I was not ass enough to think it of myself!"

"Ah!" said Lady Kitty again, and her eyes were thoughtful, "and poor little Pam was miserable. I don't believe they ever had that letter, Anthony."

"If she was miserable for me"—and the lover's face lightened—"she loves me still, and she must give up the other man for me. If she loves me, he has no right to her. I am going to find out, Kitty."

"Where are you going now, Anthony?"

"There are twenty things to be done. I have to see Uncle Wilton and tell him I am going. Knowles understands what to do for him, and to call Dr. Berners if he were ill."

He took up her hand and kissed it.

"You've been a good little girl to me, Kitty," he said. "Afterwards I am going to fight for my love."

As the door closed behind him Lady Kitty went thoughtfully upstairs and knocked at Lady Jane's boudoir door.

"May I come in, Auntie Jane?" she said; "are you very busy?"

Lady Jane looked up from her books with an air of expectation, as if there might be something pleasant to hear; but her expression changed immediately.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" she asked.

"A good deal. Anthony has been telling me that he is in love with Pamela Graydon."

"My darling——"

Kitty lifted her hand.

"It only affects me in so far as it affects Anthony. Pamela is engaged to Lord Glengall."

"I remember him. I saw him when I was there. He looked like a ploughman, and I thought he was one. I suppose she marries him for the title."

"She marries him—if she does—because she is in love with Anthony, and thinks he has played her false."

"You are too romantic, Kitty."

"It is the first time I have been called so. Forgive me for something I must ask you. Are you at the root of the mischief?"

"What do you mean, Kitty?"

"I begin to have a glimmering of why you brought her here."

"Kitty, tell me first. Do you not mind at all about Anthony?"

"Not in the way you mean. He never cared for me, not in that way. It is no use trying to bring these things about."

"It has been my dream, Kitty, since you were quite a little girl. I never loved Anthony: but if you were his wife, I think I should begin to love him. I thought you cared for him always."

"I should not have let you think that. Some of all this trouble is my fault. It is better to be open all the way through. I kept it from you because I feared the sharp disappointment it would be to you."

"That you did not love Anthony?"

"More than that, Auntie Janie, I loved someone else. I couldn't help it. I would have pleased you, if I could, but it did not seem to be in my hands. There is a fatality about such things. We might have cared for each other if we had not always known you wanted us to."

Lady Jane looked about her with a bewildered air, as though her world were crumbling.

"I have thought of it for so many years," she said at last, "that I cannot realise how, between you, you have destroyed the one solid hope of my life."

"I love you so much, Auntie Janie, that I think I would have married Anthony, without love, to please you, if there had not been someone else."

Lady Jane turned and looked at her, and her face was tragical.

"I would not have wished that, Kitty. A marriage without love! You don't know what it is, child, especially if there has been—or might have been—someone else. I only wanted you to have the wish of your heart, and to bind you closer to me at the same time."

"Nothing can ever undo our love, Auntie Janie—nothing, nothing."

"Wait till your husband intervenes, Kitty. Who is it, by the way? I have seen no sign of such an one in our circle."

"It is Mr. Leslie," said Lady Kitty with bent head.

"Anthony's friend? Yes, I know you liked him, but I thought it was for Anthony's sake."

"I am so sorry," Lady Kitty said again. Then she went on, with a timidity foreign to her: "Anthony is very unhappy, Auntie Janie. Can nothing be done?"

Lady Jane turned away her head.

"What do you expect me to do, Kitty?"

"He is your own son, and he loves Pamela Graydon. She loves him too. Why, it was written on her face, if only I had had eyes to see. Yet she has engaged herself to another man! What is the meaning of it?"

"I am bad at riddles, Kitty."

"Anthony will unravel it—unless you will. Forgive me, Auntie Janie, but he had better know—that his letter to Mr. Graydon remained unposted. I do not know if there is anything else, but there is that."

"How do you know that, Kitty?"

"I couldn't help knowing it. A few days after Anthony had gone you sent me to the little inner drawer of your desk to find Madame Lefevre's address. Anthony's letter to Mr. Graydon lay on the top with the address uppermost. I never thought of it again till to-day."

"What do you want me to do, Kitty? It is quite true that I abstracted the letter from the hall-box before it was emptied for the night-post. If you go to my desk again you will find the letter there with its seal unbroken. I guessed what it might contain. Curiously enough, the habits of a lifetime kept me from opening the letter, though I had stolen it."

Lady Kitty made a deprecating gesture, but the elder woman went on coldly:

"I wrote myself to Mr. Graydon—a merely formal letter explaining Anthony's absence. Afterwards I made an excuse of the Verschoyles—people I had almost forgotten—to go myself and see for myself. They lived in a barbarous way, as I thought they would; and I mistook Miss Graydon's *fiancé* for an elderly mountain farmer. Then I asked the girl over here with the design—which you frustrated to some extent—of making her detest us. I also told her that you and Anthony were to be married, and that you had always been lovers."

"Auntie Janie!"

"Yes, Kitty; you may as well know the full extent of my wickedness."

"But how could you do it? I have always known you as a proud and honourable woman."

"I did it first of all for your sake, Kitty. I did think you cared for Anthony; and I thought that if this entanglement were out of the way he would care for you. I was mistaken all round."

"I ought to have spoken, Auntie Janie. Ah! I see now how much trouble can come from even a little deceit."

"What do you want me to do, Kitty?"

"Anthony must know."

"You have no thought but for Anthony."

"The wrong must be undone — if it is possible now."

"He will turn his back on me for ever."

"He will remember that you are his mother."

"I have given him no motherhood. All I had I gave to you—and I have lost you, too."

"You have not lost me. Whatever you did we should be the same."

"You think that now. But we can never be the same. However, about Anthony. I daresay I can live without Anthony. What do you want me to do?"

"He must be told. Shall I tell him, Auntie Janie?"

"No, I will tell him myself. You had better keep out of it. I shall tell him as soon as he comes here. Where is he?"

"He went to let his uncle know he was called away. He will soon be back."

"Send him here when he comes in. And now, Kitty, go. I have business to do."

Lady Kitty went to the door slowly, and, as she turned the handle, looked back at the tall figure standing in the middle of the room. Something in the attitude smote her. She went back impulsively, and flung her arms round Lady Jane.

"If you love me at all as you loved me yesterday, be comforted," she cried. "I know it all came through your love for me, and my wretched deceit, and I shall always love you, always."

She could not say if there was an answering caress.

"Things will come right," she whispered, "and Anthony will forget his anger. We have all need of forgiveness."

"I shall never ask Anthony's," said Lady Jane. "And I do not pretend to repent. But he will marry that man's daughter in spite of me, and I shall be punished. Go now, Kitty. If Anthony has come in, send him to me."

Lady Kitty went. As the door closed behind her, after a last glimpse of the erect figure, she had an odd fancy about a picture she remembered to have seen of a ship going down at sea with all its flags flying.

CHAPTER XIV.

"IT IS TOO LATE."

BUT as the days passed the happiness which Pamela had expected did not come. Perhaps at first the atmosphere of approval in which she lived made a species of false happiness; but in a very short space of time things became workaday, and the future, with a husband old enough to be her father, showed itself naked of glamour.

Her soul was loyal to her betrothed, though her heart betrayed her. She kept perpetually within her sight his unselfishness, his patience, his simple-mindedness, his devotion. And yet, if her bridegroom were to be no paladin at all, but a certain ordinary young gentleman of ordinary good looks and good qualities, instead of Lord Glengall, how wildly happy she could have been! It was something she dared not think upon—what might have been, instead of what was going to be.

It was another hot summer, and Pamela's step grew languid, and her eyes had heavy rings about them. Her white cheeks, that were so firm and full of health, lost something of their glow.

She spurred herself up to be brisk and cheerful, and apologised for her flagging energy with accusations against the weather. And all the time Lord Glengall watched her with the anxiety of a loving dog in his eyes.

They were to be married at the beginning of September, to have a month's honeymoon at Killarney, and then to take Mr. Graydon abroad, that so he might escape the damp of the Irish winter.

In August, Pamela was to go to Dublin to see about her frocks. They were not to be very many nor very magnificent. Afterwards, said her bridegroom, there would be a visit to Paris, and plenty of shopping.

Pamela loved pretty things as well as any girl, and none the less because they had never been within her reach. But now her interest in such matters seemed feeble. The times when she derived a certain quiet happiness from her engagement were when she talked with Lord Glengall about what was to be done for the others.

"Is there nothing for yourself, Pam?" he asked once; "you never ask for anything for yourself."

And then he stroked the soft pale cheek with a loving finger, and the concern in his eyes grew deeper.

Once he said to Pamela that he wished it were all done, and that he was free to take care of her; but as he said it, putting a protecting arm about her, he felt a quick shudder run through her.

"What is it, Pam?" he asked anxiously.

XUM

"Someone walking on my grave," said Pamela lightly.

"Don't talk about such things, child," he implored. "You have all your life, the life that I am going to endeavour to make so happy, before you. What have you to do with graves?"

And yet another time he said to her that he could almost wish that he might give her his love and his care and his fortune without marriage.

"I suppose I couldn't adopt you, Pam?" he said lightly, yet his mood was a serious one.

"Ah! don't talk about such things," said Pam, in her turn, and her heart was sore lest she had grieved him. "No girl could have a happier fate than to be your wife."

And since she felt what she said for the moment she contrived to set his fears at rest.

It was the most humdrum betrothal from the point of view of young and romantic persons. Lord Glengall was no ardent wooer. His manner was more the manner of a father than of a lover, and his moments of greatest contentment were only marked by a deeper quiet. While Pam and he were much together, their talk, unlike the talk of young lovers, was of everything but themselves. Lord Glengall had plans for the disposal of the great wealth he had brought from the goldfields; but they were plans in which personal ambition had no share.

Mr. Graydon was still languid after his illness, and during those summer days a great quietness seemed to have descended upon Carrickmoyle.

"Sorra 's in it!" said Bridget, complaining. "T is as if there wasn't a bit of young life about the place. 'T is more like as if there was goin' to be a funeral thin a weddin'."

"I 'll tell you what, Miss Sylvia," she protested to her prime favourite; "there 's one-legged Grady the gardener, above at his Lordship's, an' his mouth is dry axin' me. I declare I 'll take him, if only to make a bit av a stir. They say he used to bate the first wife wid the wooden leg, but he 'll not look crooked at me, never fear."

Sylvia, too, shared in the depressing quiet, and even the dogs lay and blinked all day in the hot sun, and were too lazy to go out on the bog for a dip in the icy-cold water.

Sylvia had her troubles. Her friend Miss Spencer, to whom she was oddly attached, was failing. No illness of a violent kind, but simply a wasting away and decline had seized upon the poor little spinster; and it was a case in which doctor's prescriptions were of no use. Miss Spencer's time had come.

Sylvia visited her friend indefatigably, sitting with her long hours daily, within doors if the weather were bad, by her wheeled sofa on the lawn during the fine hot days. She took her grief with a certain bitterness of wrath against that man of long ago who had wronged the poor little lady so irreparably. It made her curt of speech, and little disposed to notice what was happening where other folk were concerned, and her engrossment made Pamela's lot more lonely.

Sylvia's court had in no way diminished its loyalty or its numbers, but just for the present the young men were put on one side, and accepted their position. They were able to sympathise with one another, for their lady had never bestowed a mark of preference on any one over the others, that jealousy could be excited. But their absence from Carrickmoyle, while it sensibly brightened other houses, made that more lonesome.

Pamela had not seen Miss Spencer for some time, when one day Sylvia announced to her that the old lady wished to see her.

"You must go, of course," she said, with the brusqueness of grief. "I shall come afterwards and relieve you, so that you will be at home in time for Glengall."

Pamela went over after lunch, and found Miss Spencer on the sofa on the open lawn of Dovercourt, with its delightful views of the distant hills.

"It is a fine world to be leaving," said the old lady, nodding at the distances, when she had made Pamela take the low chair beside her.

Pamela had noticed at once an indefinable change in Miss Spencer. The old, half-crazy, brooding look had disappeared, and though the face seemed vanishing and melting away in its wasting and fragility, the eyes were clear, as if a film had rolled off from them.

Pamela said nothing. The change in Miss Spencer, even since she had last seen her, shocked her.

"There, there, child!" said the little woman, patting her hand. "Why talk about gloomy things on such a day as this, and with your great day approaching? But what is the matter?"—scrutinising her closely—"you don't look very bride-like."

"It is the heat," said Pamela languidly; "I haven't felt very lively since it set in so hot."

"I remember the time I would have danced at my wedding in the crater of Vesuvius. Things are not the same nowadays. There, child," she went on kindly, "you will have some tea? I shall have more made for Minx, when she comes. She told you I wanted to see you?"

"Yes," said Pamela, "and I shall like the tea, Miss Spencer. It was hot crossing the bog. I shall go home through the woods."

The tea was brought, and when Pamela

had had hers, Miss Spencer, who had been watching her with kind intentness all the time, said suddenly—

"I made my will yesterday, Pam."

Pamela looked up in surprise.

"I have provided for Minx. I have left her this place, and a good deal of money. She will look after my poor for me."

Pamela nodded her head.

"I've left you nothing, Pam. But I've given Mary what will start her in housekeeping. *You* are going to marry a rich man."

"You are good to think of Mary."

"It is easier to do now than if I had lived longer. Between my legacy and what Glengall will do she need not want."

"She deserves to be happy."

"But what is the matter with you, Pam? Why aren't you happy?"

"I am happy."

"With that face, child! There was a woman once—perhaps you know her—whose lover went away and never came back. Perhaps he was dead; perhaps he had forgotten. You look as if your lover had never come back."

Pamela covered her face with her hands.

"There, child! I don't want to distress you, but I am in trouble about you. What if he came back, after all?"

"He never will."

"He looked as if he would. Anyhow, if he never did, it would be better to be like that woman—a little cracked, perhaps, and always expecting her lover, till she woke up one day dying, and in her right mind—it would be better to be like her than to marry without love."

Pamela trembled, but her face was hidden.

"Tell me, Pam. You won't mind confiding in an old woman who has only a few days more to live. What did you do it for? It wasn't the money, and all it could bring, attracted you?"

"No, oh, no!"

"I thought not. What was it?"

"You don't know how good he is."

"That's not enough, Pam, though it might serve if your heart were free. What is that to make you give up your life, your freedom to think, to hope, to pray? It will be one long struggle, Pamela. You will be like a creature in prison, for whom the free world were paradise enough."



"Tell me, Pam. You won't mind confiding in an old woman."

"I know Glengall is good," she went on. "Another girl might come to love him, in spite of his grey hairs, but not you, Pam. One sees clearer when one is going to leave all this. Why did you do it, Pam?"

"It is too late to ask."

"Why, Pam?"

"Partly because my father must winter abroad and we had no money. Partly, too, because I was angry with—with someone I loved, and I thought I would get rid of the anger and the thought of him if I were married."

"Minx would have taken care of your father. It was a useless sacrifice, Pamela."

She looked at her a minute hesitatingly.

"My people, those of them who survive, are rich. I could take care of you, too, Pam."

"It is too late to make any difference."

"It is not too late while you are yet free."

"You don't know how good he is. And he has ordered his future life so that I shall always be the centre of it. I can't break his heart."

"If Lord Glengall knew, he would be the first to set you free."

"He would, because he is all unselfishness. But he will never know."

"How will you keep it from him?"

"I shall learn to love him."

"My poor Pam!"

"Ah!" cried Pamela sobbing. "Don't try to turn me back. Because I am unhappy, and a burden to myself, would you forbid me making another person happy, and he one worthy of all happiness?"

"It is not too late, Pam."

"It is too late. And here is Sylvia. See how punctual she is. She grudges me this half-hour alone with you."

Sylvia looked curiously at her sister's haggard and tear-stained eyes, but made no comment. She had little sympathy with Pamela's languid looks this summer. She was one who had never felt a wound, and so had scant comprehension of the troubles of her sister, whose lot, indeed, she considered a highly desirable one.

After a few minutes Pamela stood up and took her leave.

She went by the shady paths through the woods, and Pat, who had accompanied her, scurried hither and thither in pursuit of many a pair of bright eyes and many a white scut. She was in no hurry to get home. After the disturbance of her conversation with Miss Spencer, she dreaded the meeting with her *fiancé*.

It had been a shock to her to learn that, if she had not been so precipitate, her father would still have been safe; for Miss Spencer's life was to be counted by weeks, and Sylvia's tenderness for him could be trusted.

The green glades of the wood were exquisite. She looked about her—at the roof of branches against the blue-and-white sky, at the green moss, dotted with harebells, and flecked by broad patches of sunlight on its velvety shade. The birds were singing their last love-songs, and the wood was full of the music of many waters.

Ah! With an overwhelming revulsion of feeling it came upon the girl that if she were only free, with her life in her hands, the beauty of the free world were, as Miss Spencer had said, paradise enough. If she were but free, if she were but free!

She had come to the Wishing Well in the wood. She put up her hand to her throat. Round it was a slender little chain of jewels and gold which Lord Glengall had given her. It was choking her.

She took it off stealthily, and laid it on the moss at her feet. Then she took a bracelet—his gift also—from her arm. Then she drew off her engagement ring of diamonds and emeralds, and added it to the glittering heap. If only she could remove those other bonds as easily! And all the time she hated herself for the wish.

Mechanically she stooped down, and, taking the water in her hand, drank of it. She wished she might forget what had happened here, and the poisoned sweetness of glances and words during those months of last winter.

"I must forget—I must forget," she wailed, half aloud. "It lasted such a little while. There was no time for it to take hold upon my life."

And then her hands fell to her side, for there was a quick step beside her, and, turning, she saw Anthony Trevithick.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WOOD OF STRANGE MEETINGS.

"PAMELA!"

He had come back, and his eyes and his voice were full of fire.

"Pamela! What have you done to yourself, my sweetheart? You are not the Pamela I left."

She had turned towards him as irresistibly as the needle to the pole. But at his words a quick shiver ran through her. Her eyes turned from him and darkened. Her head drooped.

"You have come too late," she said, almost under her breath; and her voice was cold.

"Look at me, Pam. I have so much to tell you that you must hear. You must not be angry with me. We have been cheated and tricked. I wrote to your father to say I would come and ask for you, Pam, the road being clear."

"He never had your letter."

"It was not posted, Pamela. I must tell you, Pam, though it is hard. You have a right to know. My mother intercepted the letter."

"She detested me. I knew it from the first moment her cold eyes rested upon me."

"She does not like me, Pam, much. But that will not part us."

"Ah!" said Pam, and her voice was almost a cry. "But we *are* parted. She could not do it, but I have done it by my own act."



The young man flung the jewels on the ground.

His foot knocked against the heap of trinkets on the moss.

"What are these, Pam?" he asked wonderingly.

"Give them to me," she implored. "They are mine. And you must go away, Sir Anthony, and never come again."

"Why, I see"—holding the jewels in his hand—"they are his gifts. But you have thrown them off!"

His eyes blazed suddenly.

"It is an omen, Pam. Let him follow his jewels. What right has he to buy you? You had given yourself to me."

"Ah!" cried Pam, still stretching out her hands for the jewels. "You don't know what you are talking about. He is the best man in all the world; and our wedding-day is fixed, and my wedding-dress is ordered."

The young man flung the jewels on the ground.

"There," he said, "let them lie where I found them. Why should we think of them? It is all a bad dream, Pamela, but not so bad as it might have been—not so bad as it might have been. Why, you are talking folly, Pam, about wedding-days and wedding-dresses. It is our wedding-day you must think of, and the wedding-dress you will wear for me."

He held out his arms to her imploringly, and for a moment, with a dazed look, she seemed as if she must come. Then she pushed him off with a gesture of her two hands.

"No," she said. "Love is not everything—love is not everything. There is honour, there is loyalty, there is faith. And you—you have your cousin to think about. She is sweet and lovely. I felt it, though I——"

She broke off suddenly.

"Though you loved me and were jealous"; and he laughed masterfully. "All wrong, my Pam! I never cared for Kitty in that way, nor she for me. She is going to marry my chum, Jack Leslie. They have been in love with each other for years."

"Your mother told me——"

His face darkened.

"I know. I shall forgive her when you have yielded your will to mine."

"That will never be."

"Never, Pam? Ah! yes, it will. If I had come here and found that you loved this other man, I could have done nothing but leave you. I came full of anger and fury. All through the journey I had been goading myself to a jealous madness; but the minute I saw you here beside the well where I told

you I loved you, I knew you were mine. I can afford to forgive Lord Glengall."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I shall go to the house and explain to your father about the missing letter. I was on my way there when I turned aside to the Wishing Well and found you."

"My father loves Lord Glengall."

"He loves you better, Pam. He will not want you to marry him, loving me."

"You take too much for granted."

"Oh, no, I don't, Pam! You are not the girl to love me seven months ago and love another man to-day. And your eyes betray you, darling!"

"And if my father chooses Lord Glengall before you?"

"Then I will tell him the choice does not rest with him. I will go to Lord Glengall himself."

"And if he should refuse to listen to you?"

"Then I will come to you, Pamela, my beloved."

She suddenly turned on him her beautiful, stormy eyes, and her face was full of tragedy.

"And I shall send you away," she said. "It is no question of loving. I shall not see you any more, Tony"—using the familiar name unconsciously—"never, I hope, after to-day. And I love you; I do love you, and if I might love you for ever I should be the happiest woman on earth. No, don't come near me, for I am saying good-bye to you. I decline to purchase my happiness, and even yours, at the cost of unhappiness to the best man I ever knew. Ah! go now, my love, and do not tempt me any more. You will soon forget me."

She turned as if to go, but before Anthony Trevithick could make any effort to detain her, a quiet voice spoke beside them.

"I came to meet you, Pamela. I expected to find you alone. Who is this gentleman?"

Pamela turned quickly, and put her hand into the hand of her betrothed.

"It is Sir Anthony Trevithick, Lord Glengall."

The two men bowed coldly.

"I will take Miss Graydon home now," said Lord Glengall, drawing her hand through his arm. "I am grateful to you for having taken care of her."



"I will take Miss Graydon home now," said Lord Glengall.

The two stood looking at each other, and the air was as if charged with a storm.

"I am staying in the neighbourhood," said Sir Anthony stiffly. "I shall hope to see your lordship later on."

"Come," whispered Pamela to her betrothed, "come away. I will explain to you."

She stole one glance at the hot and angry face of her young lover. Then, without a word, she passed out of his sight down one

of the wood paths, still clinging to Lord Glengall's arm.

They walked in silence for a few minutes. Then she lifted her eyes to her companion's sad face.

"You heard what I said," she half-whispered. "I am not afraid of you; I was loyal."

"Yes, you were loyal, Pam, in the spirit, but loyalty without love is poor comfort. It is not enough for me."

"I do love you."

"I believe you do, Pam, but there are different kinds of love. Is this that other you once told me about?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. You have had few opportunities for meeting men in your quiet life. This is the lad who was your father's pupil?"

"The son of his old friend, Sir Gerald Trevithick."

"I ought to have met him when he was here. But I was finishing up in Australia. He is honest, Pam—is he?"

"I am sure he is—now. Before I thought he was false."

"How did it come that he went away like that, having made you love him?"

"He was called away to a sick uncle. He wrote to father to explain, but the letter never reached him."

"You are sure he wrote?"

"Yes, he has told me. His mother——You saw her once?"

"A frozen-looking woman, dressed like an empress, who came one day. She was so haughty to me that I very soon removed myself."

"That was her."

"My poor little Pam!—that was the woman you went to visit afterwards? I had not realised it. I never thought of her after that day."

"She made me very unhappy. From the first she had a quiet way of making me feel not of her world, and afterwards she was horrid—about papa. She told me—falsehoods, too."

"Why didn't you come home, Pam?"

"I wouldn't let them know that the visit had been so horrible. Papa was pleased for me to go. Then he fell ill, and I came away."

"What did she tell you, Pam?"

"She told me Sir Anthony was engaged to his cousin. It was she who intercepted his letter to papa, in which he said he would come back."

"Ah! there are such women. But why didn't he speak fully and frankly before he went?"

"I do not know. There was some reason. He spoke of something that stood in the way."

Lord Glengall frowned, with his eyes on the ground.

"I shall find out the reason," he said.

"Ah! no," cried Pamela, clinging to his arm. "Let it be. I have told him he must go away. I belong to you, and not to him."

A little spasm of pain passed over the irregular features.

"Don't try me too much, Pamela, or I might take you at your word."

"I want you to take me at my word."

"I am sure you do—at this moment."

"Now and always."

"My little Pam! Still mine till I give you up of my own free will. You will trust me to do what is for the best?"

"I will trust you for ever. You are not going to give me up?"

Again his face contracted.

"Not unless I ought to, Pam. Not unless the lad is straight and can prove himself worthy of you. If I feel he can make you happier than I can, I will give you to him. If not, I will keep you in spite of yourself, and trust to my love to make you forget him."

"I think that might easily come true."

"Don't make it hard for me, Pam, if I have to cede my right to another. Pamela"—she had lifted her hands to him in her emotion—"where is your ring?"

Pamela wrung her hands in her trouble.

"Do not be angry with me," she entreated. "I took it off in the wood, there where you found me. It is there still."

"Pamela," his voice was stern. "Did *he* remove your ring?"

"No, no. A thousand times, no! How could you think I would let him?"

"Forgive me, child—I ought to have known you better. But why did you take off the ring?"

She looked to left and right, as though seeking a way of escape, and answered nothing.

"I see," said Lord Glengall, and his face had a look of suffering. "You took it off because it irked you to wear it. You wanted to be free."

"It was only a mood."

"A bad mood for me, child. Why could you not have trusted me, and have told me I had asked too much? It would have been kinder."

"I shall never forgive myself," cried Pam.

"I am going back for the ring, Pam. Run away home now, and I shall bring it. Run now—I can keep you in sight till I see you within the door of Carrickmoyle. I shall not be long."

"The ring is on the ground, by the well," said Pamela, her head hanging like the head

of a sensitive child caught in the act of wrongdoing. "You will find it there, and my necklet and bracelet also."

Her voice stumbled as she made her full confession.

"Poor Pam!" said Lord Glengall.

"Ah!" she said, "if you would only forget about it. There was never any man like you. If I do not love you now, it is only because he came first. I shall love you in time. I could not help it."

"Kiss me, Pam, before you go. I have not asked you for kisses when I might."

"I have done nothing but hurt you," she cried, conscience-stricken. Then she lifted her face for his kiss.

"And I have been hurting you, quite unconsciously, all the time. It is the old story of May and December. But, thank God! it is not too late."

He lifted his hat again, with the reverential gesture characteristic of him. As he stood bare-headed, a glint of the dying sun fell on his hair and forehead. It made him look old and dusty and tired.

Then Pamela went away slowly across the park to the house, while he stood watching her. When she had entered the house, he went back down the wood path.

As he went slowly and sadly, he felt something thrust against him. He looked down. It was Pamela's dog, Pat, who had remained behind, hunting an elusive rabbit, and had only just come up with their trail. The dog jumped about him with demonstrations of joy.

Lord Glengall stooped down and patted the rough head.

"I am not to be your new master, after all, old fellow," he said.

Pat licked his hand vigorously, and then looked up inquiringly into his face.

"She has gone home," said Lord Glengall in answer, "and I should be a bad substitute."

But Pat manifested very unmistakably that he was going to accompany this friend of his back into the woods.

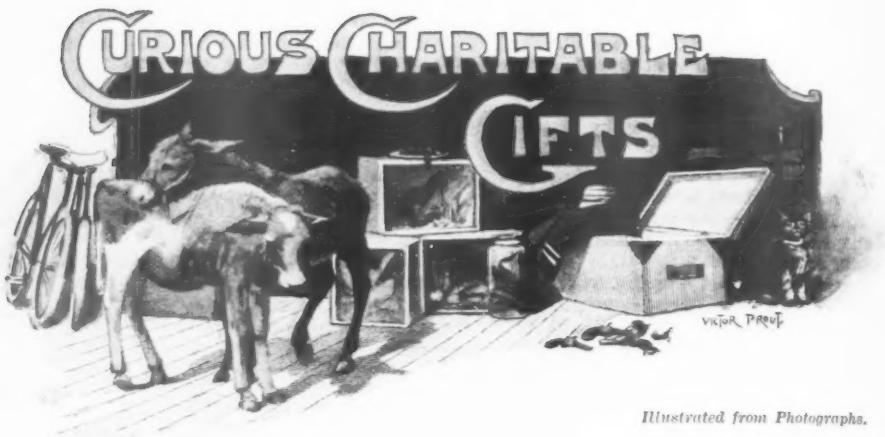
"Ah! good little beast," said Lord Glengall, oddly comforted. "It is good to have a dog sorry for one, Pat."

[END OF CHAPTER FIFTEEN.]



"I have done nothing but hurt you," she said.

CURIOUS CHARITABLE GIFTS



Illustrated from Photographs.



IT is a well-known and pleasing fact that several millions of pounds are annually devoted, throughout the kingdom, to the purposes of public charity, but few people are aware to what a great extent charitable gifts in *kind* are nowadays sent to philanthropic institutions. These "donations" vary in value from a few pence to hundreds of pounds; and although the greater number consist of ordinary articles which are easily disposed of, yet some most extraordinary gifts are frequently received, of which the outside public hears little.

Quite recently two mummified hands—one with the forearm attached—both authoritatively stated to be over 3,000 years old, were sent to the Church Army by a West-End physician, who brought them from Egypt, and they will doubtless be the means of an appreciable accession to the funds of the organisation when disposed of.

The Salvation Army also receives some curious articles at times. Jewellery of various kinds often finds its way to the Headquarters, and some little time ago a deaf-and-dumb convert presented a perfect model in cork of one of the barracks, showing the soldiers marching in and the roughs gathered around; whilst a travelling showman who recently joined the Army begged to be allowed to hand the officers his stock-in-trade, which included two remarkable-looking effigies used in his ventriloquial entertainments.

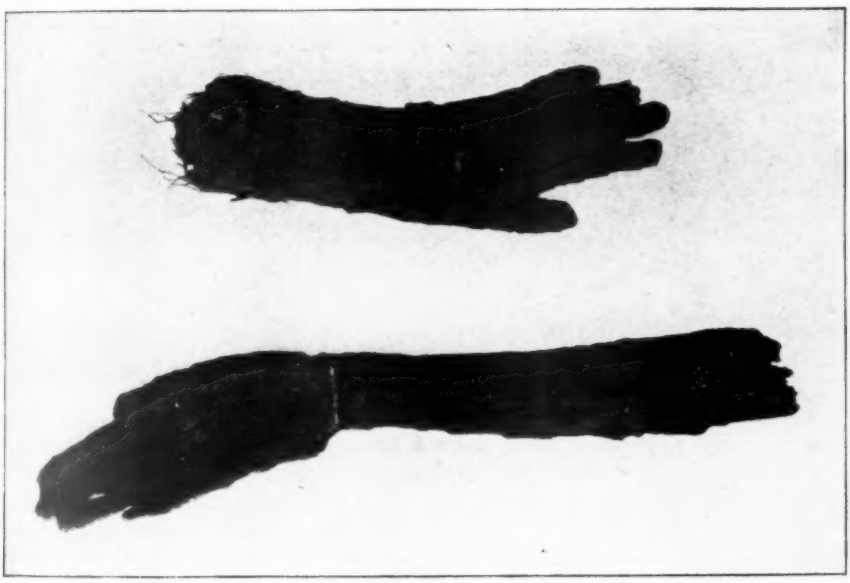
The most singular donations received by the Army, however, are presented at the harvest festivals. General Booth's followers are exceptionally energetic at such times, and it is no uncommon thing for the proceeds of the gifts collected for a festival service in a poor neighbourhood to amount to some seventy or eighty pounds, half of which is retained for the local funds, whilst the remainder is sent to Headquarters as a donation towards the general expenses. An impromptu barn is frequently erected in the meeting-room with the front open to the audience, and in this the gifts are displayed to the best advantage.

In addition to fruit, flowers, and vegetables, presents of live stock are often made which are not *always* acceptable. For instance, at one place a calf was given, and was accommodated in a temporary stall on the platform. But it did not appear to enjoy the service. Whenever

the band played, it made such a terrible noise that eventually it had to be escorted to a quiet corner outside. Birds of many descriptions have also joined in these services; and a Russian cat which was presented on such an occasion kept up harvest celebrations during the night, we are told, by devouring a pound of beef sausages, which represented another, though humbler, gift.

Many people will question the advisability of allowing live stock to be present at such services. The important fact remains, however, that gifts of this nature frequently serve to attract large crowds of the very people the Army officers wish to influence. But difficulties sometimes arise through the thoughtlessness of enthusiastic donors. At Chester recently a live donkey was led up four flights of stairs to the barracks, and handed over as a free-will offering. the patient animal did not suffer any ill effects from his attendance at the service.

Some most curious articles are also occasionally received by the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, which, as is well-known, does a most useful work by making grants in money and clothing to clergymen in temporary distress, and to the widows and children of clergymen who are left insufficiently provided for. These articles comprise revolvers, respirators, artificial teeth and wigs, feeding-bottles, military and naval uniforms, silk-worm cocoons, and bicycles, and all are turned to account either by direct gift or by realisation at a jumble or auction sale. An amusing incident, the secretary states, recently occurred in the clothing department in connection with an involuntary gift. The matron was filling a large bag for a poor family whilst a carpenter was in the room



MUMMIFIED REMAINS PRESENTED TO THE CHURCH ARMY.

When the service concluded, it was discovered to be impossible for the animal to walk down again; and, to use the words of the officer, they "had to tie the thing up in a knot, wrap it up in a sack, and lower it gently and gracefully over the banisters!" We may hope that engaged on some repairs. He had placed his cap—which was a good one—on the table, and the matron, thinking it part of the stock, promptly annexed it and despatched it with the other things. It was gratefully acknowledged! Of course, the carpenter had to be provided with

a new cap, which he has since been careful to place in his pocket when working in the building.

But the institution which receives the greatest number of gifts in kind is undoubtedly Dr. Barnardo's well-known Home for Waifs and Strays in Stepney Causeway. During last year alone 9,651 parcels were delivered from various supporters, containing in the aggregate over 97,000 articles of various kinds! When it is also stated that the sales of these goods realised, in the same twelve months, the grand total of £1,850, some idea will be gathered of the enormous number of articles dealt with every year, and the welcome addition which they bring to the income of the Homes.



(*Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*)

A STACK OF OLD CLOTHING.

(*At the Offices of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation.*)

The gifts come from all quarters of the globe. Even such far-distant countries as India, China, Corea, Burmah, and Japan contribute their quota, and many a pathetic history and much amazing romance is embodied in the articles received.

One of the most valuable, and certainly one of the most remarkable, of the donations which have found their way to Stepney Causeway was ex-King Theebaw's ivory throne, sent a year or two ago by a gentleman in Rangoon. The throne was somewhat in the form of a large armchair, and was ordered by the king in the palmy days of his despotism. According to his edict, only the very best craftsmen were employed to fulfil the commission, and only the finest and soundest tusks were used. The design was exceedingly elaborate, and both time and special talent were needed for the task, which it took years to accomplish. But, such is the irony of Fate, when the work was practically finished the king was deposed, and the completed throne never passed into his possession. After some little time it came into the hands of the Rangoon donor who so generously presented it to Dr. Barnardo. This interesting piece of furniture was estimated to be worth some £500. The detail of the work was exquisite, a delicate tracery covering nearly the whole, with some most



A HANDSOME PIECE OF INDIAN NEEDLEWORK.
(Worked in Gold and Silver Braid and Sequins.)

beautiful and elaborate carving in high relief lying behind it. The little figures inside appeared to be executed with the utmost thoroughness, and the chair was an eloquent testimony to the genius and patience of the native workmen.

From the same country a number of quaint silver goods are constantly received from a resident Englishman and his native wife, both of whom take a very keen interest in the work of saving the waifs of the slums. Owing to the extensive fluctuations in the value of the rupee, and to the low rate of exchange in England, they find it more advantageous to purchase native goods which will realise good prices in London than to send their donations in cash.

Dr. Barnardo has little difficulty in disposing of such gifts. There is a special trade department at Stepney Causeway, consisting of a show-room and several large and airy stores. These storage rooms, which are not open to the general public, contain a most extraordinary collection of gifts, including such articles as bedsteads, false hair and teeth, old pictures, jewellery, a microscopic cabinet, a three-manual organ, an oak lectern, boxes of geological and ornithological specimens, air pillows, sewing and sausage machines, a bottled snake, as well as a great variety of clothing both new and secondhand.

Amongst the more valuable of the articles which have recently been received may be mentioned a number of exceedingly dainty and costly Eastern shawls, and a cape constructed entirely from birds' feathers, which is supposed to be the only one of its kind in England.



A GROUP OF CURIOUS GIFTS.
(From Ephesus, New Zealand, and India.)

This handsome cape originally belonged to a Spanish lady, and is now more than a hundred years old. Each feather was worked in separately, and the various colours are so beautifully blended that the worker must have possessed considerable artistic talent as well as great patience, for it contains some thousands of tiny feathers of various hues. Another piece of work that must have entailed an immense amount of time and care is a sample of Indian needlework, of which we give a photograph. The ground is coarse black cloth, but the design is so cleverly worked in gold and silver braid and sequins that the result is a most handsome example of native embroidery, which needs to be seen to be fully appreciated.

From India also come the two models of native types photographed in the group shown on the preceding page. They are most delicately moulded, every detail being scrupulously attended to. The figure on the left is ten inches in height, and represents a grass-cutter, whilst that on the right depicts an Indian water-carrier, and both bear the name of the modeller—Buckshar Paul of Krishnagar.

A different form of Indian work may be seen in the candlestick in the same illustration, which is moulded in brass in the form of a serpent, and forms a curious and certainly not inartistic ornament. Standing beside this is an ordinary-shaped box with a diamond design on the lid, and this article is specially interesting, owing to its having been constructed of sixteen different varieties of wood grown in New Zealand. It is a far cry from this fertile colony to the historic city of Ephesus, but we are carried thither in order to explain the presence of the two odd-looking pieces of ware (representing an ancient vase and lamp) to be seen in the forefront of the same photographic group. They were selected at random from a number of such articles which Dr. Barnardo has in his possession awaiting a remunerative purchaser. The extraordinary character of the gifts received at the institution is



THE RECEIVING ROOM AT STEPNEY CAUSEWAY.

well exemplified in these articles, which were actually discovered in the ruins of the Temple of Diana by the well-known antiquarian, the late Mr. F. Wood. Each piece is authenticated by the signature of the excavator, which is affixed, and they were presented to Dr. Barnardo by Mr. Wood's widow about three years ago.

A striking instance of the wonderful changes wrought by time is shown in the generous gifts in money and kind recently received from the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. Here is romance pure and unadulterated, and Dr. Barnardo may well have said that the following letter which recently came into his hands read like "something out of a book." It appears that the captain of a British vessel wrote to him from Australia as follows: "I called in our passage through the Pacific at Pitcairn Island. A number of the natives came off, and when they learned I was bound to Great Britain, they desired me to take some presents for you, consisting of a case full of fancy articles made by themselves. I have already despatched this case to you, and I now enclose postal orders for £5 10s. 8d., being the cash, less a spurious two-shilling piece, which the islanders had collected for your institution." The case contained six walking-sticks, eighty cocoanut-shell baskets, as well as a quantity of shells and a large number of bananas. These gifts form undoubted evidence of the Christian and philanthropic spirit of the present Pitcairn Islanders, and at the same time bear valuable testimony to the world-wide appreciation of Dr. Barnardo's life-work.



A CORNER OF THE CLOTHES STORE.

(At Dr. Barnardo's Homes.)

A walk through the storage rooms is amply repaid by the number and the limitless variety of the articles to be seen therein. Here is an organ constructed by an amateur after seven years of assiduous work. It is unique in its way, the pipes being made of cardboard; but whether the gift of the ingenious organ-builder was an altogether disinterested one is

not for me to state. I heard it whispered that the cleverly constructed instrument refused to work properly, and was somewhat of the nature of a white elephant to the present owners. Another example of tireless ingenuity is to be seen in the three large brass models of engines which adorn a corner of the same room. The mechanism of these engines is perfect in every way, and the models are of considerable value.

In close proximity to them is a dinner service of Worcester china, dated 1794, and consisting of 150 pieces. This will doubtless soon be "discovered" by a lover of old china, who will also see another "find" near by equally worthy of attention. I refer to a dessert service of seventeen pieces, which originally formed a wedding present before it found its way to Stepney Causeway. The service is more than fifty years old, and its chief value lies in the exquisite pictures to be found on each plate. The design is different in every case, and when it is added that the pictures are hand-painted the munificence of the kindly donor will be recognised.

But it is impossible to give an adequate idea of the curiously mixed contents of the stores. Cumbersome articles such as mail-carts, rocking-horses, Bath-chairs, and water-beds will be found adjacent to billiard balls, pipes, samples of inlaid ebony work and other "small" goods; whilst near at hand will be found piles upon piles of articles of dress of all sorts and conditions. It is not surprising that a number of assistants are kept constantly employed in receiving, listing, sorting, and selling these miscellaneous gifts, which are sent by a grateful public as a small donation to the good and beneficent work which has for so many years been carried on by means of the Homes.

A. PALFREY HOLLINGDALE.



CLASSIFYING THE MISCELLANEOUS GIFTS.

(A View at Stepney Causeway.)

HIS STRANGE REPENTANCE.

AN ADDRESS TO YOUNG MEN.

By the Venerable Archdeacon Madden.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry., Baker Street, W.)

ARCHDEACON MADDEN.

IT was close upon midnight. I was alone in my study, busy clearing off a pile of letters that had been waiting all day for a "leisure moment." In the midst of my work a vigorous ring of the door-bell resounded through the house, followed by such a peremptory *ran-tan* at the knocker that I jumped to my feet and rushed to the door to see what was the matter. There I found two rough-looking men, who lost no time in stating their business. "We want your reverence," they said, "to come and see a poor young fellow who is dying; the doctor has given him up, and he is crying out for a minister to come and pray with him." I could not refuse such an appeal, and off I started with the men. They led me to a narrow street in my parish and into one of the most dingy houses in the street. After groping my way, by the aid of lighted matches, up a dark flight of stairs, I found the dying man in a dirty back bedroom.

He could not have been more than thirty years of age. He was propped up in bed, and the grey look of death was upon his face.

As I entered he turned eagerly to me, and, holding out his hand, said, "I'm dying, and I am not ready—*not ready!*"

Just as I was about to speak he suddenly gasped out, "John, John! hand me those things on the table." John came forward and laid upon the bed a sporting paper, a pack of cards, a set of dice, a bottle of whisky, and some race lists.

There was a deliberation about the whole business which convinced me that the matter had been talked over between the men. When all were spread out in due order, the dying man again turned to me and said, "Look, vicar, those things have been the ruin of me; and they have been a curse to me, and I want to turn my back upon them all—I want you to help me to do it." Again I was about to speak, when suddenly, stooping down, he gathered them all up and thrust them into my hands with the words "Shove them up my back." I was so staggered by the request that I stammered out "What—what do you mean?" "I want you," he said, "as God's minister to shove them up underneath my shirt. I want to put them behind my back. I want God to see that I have done with them for ever." I did not know whether to laugh or cry. It was all so absurd and yet so pathetic. The man was in dead earnest. He had evidently thought over it, and meant it as an "act" of true repentance. He was undoubtedly a man who had "come down in the world," and it was not all ignorance.

I said to him, "I will do what you wish, but I will kneel down first, and you will repeat a prayer after me." I knelt and he repeated after me these words: "Father, I have sinned against heaven

and before Thee. I renounce all my sins —from the bottom of my heart I renounce them all. Father, receive Thy prodigal son, and forgive me for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

I then rose from my knees and carried out his wishes. To us all in that chamber of death it was a most solemn sacramental rite. I, indeed, verily believed that it was the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of a true repentance. There I held the things that had cursed his young manhood, ruined a promising career, and brought him down to poverty and a premature grave; and as I held those emblems of evil behind his back I told him of a Saviour who "carried our sins"—upon whom the Lord had laid the iniquities of us all.

Little by little he gasped out his tale of sin: the gambling, the betting, and the "horsey set" he had got amongst as a youth: then drinking and bad company: then "striding came ruin and poverty like a weaponed warrior." Deserted, degraded, he crawled into this wretched room, sick in mind and body, to die forsaken and forgotten by all his old boon companions except John.

The scene of that night has left an indelible impression upon my heart and mind. I believe the merciful God accepted that strange outward act as an evidence of sincere repentance. To the very last he would have us hold those instruments of sin between his shirt and his bare back, and as I held them there he died calling upon God.

When I passed out of that house of death into the streets and the morning light, I prayed, as I had never prayed before, that God in His mercy might deliver this fair England of ours from the deadly and degrading vice of gambling.

It is over ten years since my midnight visit to that gambler's death-bed. I remember still one sentence of the ruined man: "It doesn't pay, sir! It doesn't pay!" Aye! and even if it does pay some few, what then? Is it not ill-gotten gain? And if so, what shall it profit such a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

The vice of gambling does not stand alone. It is the mother of sins; the sordid and the sensual too frequently go hand in hand. Lying, blasphemy, impurity, dishonesty, trickery, double-dealing, follow in its train.

The gambler who, by a stroke of "luck," becomes rich in an hour, is tempted to spend his winnings in riotous living. It is with him a case of "luxury" to-day, despair and drink to-morrow.

A general atmosphere of blackguardism seems ever to pervade the race-course. Here is a cutting from the daily press of August last:—

"BLACKGUARDISM AT THE ALEXANDRA PARK RACES.—Fourteen brutal assaults, committed on the Alexandra Park race-course on Saturday afternoon, have been reported to the police, the assaults in several cases having been accompanied by robbery. One of the gentlemen assaulted was a professional man well known in the neighbourhood. He was standing at a refreshment bar in the grand stand when he was half-killed by roughs. Another person who was assaulted was a member of the Jockey Club staff; but many frequenters of the course were heard to express pleasure at this, in the hope that it would lead to some better provision being made for the exclusion of well-known roughs from the rings and stands."

I have seen more than one young man of my acquaintance stand in the felon's dock, and I know they were brought there by betting. I have heard the wail of wife and children in the court as the culprit was hurried from the dock to his cell. And what was left for him to do when he was released from prison? Who will employ a man with the stigma of "imprisonment for dishonesty" resting upon him? He sinks lower and lower, dragging his poor wife and his little children down with him in his degrading descent—down to abject misery.

"In addition, too, to the frightful injustice to wives and children caused by betting and gambling, and the results on the home life," says a recent Report of the Convocation of York, "they have an injurious effect on those who are addicted to them, deadening their spiritual life, and making them indifferent to higher joys and nobler pursuits while the passion lasts. An example of this is afforded by Greville, who, in his memoirs, says: 'Thank God! the races are over. I have had all the excitement and worry, but have neither won nor lost. Nothing but the hope of gain would induce me to go through the demoralising drudgery,

which I am aware reduces me to a level of all that is most disreputable and despicable, for my thoughts are eternally absorbed in them. It is like dram-drinking; having once begun, you cannot leave it off, though I am disgusted all the time with my occupation.'"

And it is useless, my brother, to juggle with your conscience in this matter. Gambling is a vice, whether it be for penny points or for "ponies." The question of the amount of the bet has nothing to do with the sin of gambling. The principle is what we look at.

"The wrong of gambling lies not in the excessive indulgence in an intrinsically innocent practice, but in the surrender to chance of acts which ought to be controlled by reason alone, and decided by the will in accordance with the moral laws of justice or benevolence."

Brother men! shun this vice. It is the certain road to ruin. Do not be lured to your doom by this terrible fascination. Shake off its spell, renounce its tyranny: "It doesn't pay! It doesn't pay!"

It is an accursed thing. It degrades the mind, it demoralises the whole moral being, and, if not renounced, means everlasting ruin.

This is no time for smooth words. Gambling is a growing evil in the land. Women and children, as well as men, have become entangled within its meshes, and are being dragged down to perdition. It destroys all that is noble and unselfish in the human heart. It paralyses the will, stultifies the reason, and stifles every holy emotion in the soul. The man who "prepares a table for fortune and fills up mingled wine to destiny," who makes chance his idol and gain his god, will live to curse the day of his birth. Be wise, therefore, O ye sons of men, and seek the Lord your God with all your hearts; for "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."



"It doesn't pay, sir! It doesn't pay!"

Told in Sunshine Room.]

THE PRINCE'S MESSAGE.

A Fairy Parable. By Roma White.



NCE upon a time there was a country all sweet with the honey-smell of white clover, and all full of music with the song of birds. Rain and wind swept it now and then; but, when they had passed the warm joy of sunshine came again, and the shadows of sailing, snowy clouds drifted purple over the soft green sides of the hills where the young kids played round their quiet mothers, so that all the people who lived in the beautiful country felt its loveliness thrill their hearts.

But surrounding the clover-fields and the bright gardens and the sunny meadows was a band of black darkness, and those who had passed into the darkness never came back. Everybody who sang and laughed and loved in the sunshine knew that some day their turn would come to step alone into the strange country of night that girdled the land like an impenetrable curtain; and sometimes one or another would come and look sadly and tearfully on the darkness, and then turn back with bowed head, and try to forget it. And sometimes a sound of low, sad singing would approach it, and men and women, with tears running down their faces, would accompany some dear one, whose time in the bright country was finished, to the edge of the silent darkness and watch him pass away into it, never to return; and though they held out beseeching hands after him, and strained their sight that they might perceive whither he had gone, the darkness never gave up its secret; only continued to lie, hushed and mysterious, round the land where the apple-blossom budded and the young lambs played.

Now the King of the country had seven daughters and an only son. The daughters were very beautiful, but the son was fairer than the day. His hair was as golden as the noontime of the South, and his eyes were blue and laughing as the summer sea, and his mother loved him better than life, from the day when he lay in a little white and silver cradle by her side.

The royal children played together in the gardens and courts of the palace, and sometimes the Queen gathered them about her and told them tales of the fairies and the dewy rings which they danced into greenness on summer nights; or she would tell them of brave kings who had done their duty, and loving queens whose names had been blessed by their subjects. And the children would ask questions about the dark belt that encircled the country, of which they had heard, but which they had never seen. And then the Queen would shake her head and fold her arms tightly about them one by one, but the child that she pressed most closely to her was her only boy.

But one day a great fear fell upon the kingdom, and all the palace was hushed and still. It was told that the little Prince's days were numbered, and that he must soon pass away. And a few hours later twilight fell over the land, and through the twilight came the solemn steps of mourners and the sound of tears. And the lilies bent their white heads, and the roses nestled sadly together

among their green leaves as the royal procession swept wailing by through the dusk. And for a few moments a child's voice spoke, and then it ceased as the little Prince went bravely away, alone, into the darkness, and those who had loved him were left behind.

They returned by-and-by to the palace, and the King took up his royal duties again, and the seven Princesses went back to their lessons and to their play. Sometimes they would talk, with sudden sobs, of their brother, and then they would forget him while tending to their flowers and watching the wild birds on the wing. The King, too, now and then, would rest his face upon his hands, and be very silent for a while. But his kingdom claimed him, and he had not the time always in which to mourn.

Only the Queen never forgot, for the little Prince had been her only son. Night after night she went alone to the edge of the darkness, and tried to pierce it with her longing eyes, and to beat it away with her mother's hands; but it was always motionless through the dusk, as if the spices of wild thyme were crushed out by some approaching tread; and the sleeping flowers that had hung heavily under the weight of her falling tears, lifted their faces and unfolded their closed petals, as if they were dreaming of the morning sun. And then, all at once, fragrance and warmth and light were about the Queen; and, looking up, she saw the radiant figure of a wise, quiet man.

His voice spoke to her, and she heard many echoes in it, so that it stirred her memory strangely. It was as if she listened to the notes of a thrush on a dewy morning, or to the south wind among the summer trees by night.

"Why do you mourn here, all alone?" he asked her gently.

Her tones shook as she answered him.

"I am weeping for my only son, who has gone away from me into this darkness by which we stand."

For a moment the wise man was silent; his grave, tender eyes looked down into hers.

"You try to beat the darkness away with your hands," he said by-and-by, "and you feel only that it is like solid rock to your touch. You strain your sight to pierce it, and, as you gaze, you realise its blackness,



The little Prince went bravely . . . into the darkness.

and impassable, and seemed to extend into endless night.

But one evening, as she knelt there, quiet for very weariness, there came a sweet smell

and it becomes deeper to your eyes. Why, then, do you stay upon its margin?"

"I stay because I hope and pray that, by dwelling near it, I may catch a glimpse of my only son; that I may hear his voice speak to me, or feel for a moment the warm, clinging touch of his little hands. I stay because I crave for a message from him, to tell me that he loves me still."

Then there was pity in the wise man's eyes, and it was the sweet pity of a mother who sees a child cry over a broken toy.

"Your son has many messages for you," he said, "but you cannot find or read them here; and, if you stay, your eyes will soon grow too dim to see, and the darkness will hold itself all about your heart. Turn your face and footsteps back to your people and your king, and seek there a message from your son which shall speak of consolation."

The Queen was silent then, and her feet and hands were still. She looked up at the wise, quiet man, and, as she looked, she saw that his eyes were like those of the child who had passed away, and she caught at the hem of his robe with trembling fingers.

"Who are you?" she cried. "Who are



"My sentence is—Forgiveness!"

you, with your wise words, and your eyes like those of my son, who was but a little, little child?"

Then into the face of the man came a wonderful look, so that the Queen, seeing it, bent her head and bowed her forehead upon her hands. And it seemed to her, for a moment, as if strange sweet scents blew to her, and the darkness broke away into long alleys of light and bloom. And then there was a hush, and when she looked up again the wise man was gone.

But she remembered that he had given her the sweetest promise in the world—the promise of a message from her only son; and, believing him, she went away from the belt of darkness, and turned again to the palace, to her children, and to her king.

And as she passed along the road she came across a poor cripple who had fallen and hurt himself by the way. His wounds bled, and he looked up at the Queen with wistful eyes. So she went, herself, to the nearest stream to fetch water for him, and she gave him some to drink, and bound up the poor bruises, and soothed him with gentle words. And as she tended him, she forgot for a moment the darkness into which her son had passed, and only remembered that the land, in spite of its beauty, was full of suffering and tears, and that she had her work to do among her people; and she looked with her shining mother's eyes into the cripple's face, and bade him be comforted.

And then, all at once, a wonderful thing happened. The cripple spoke, in faltering tones, to thank her; and his voice thrilled her, for it was the voice of her little son.

Wondering and grave, the Queen passed on. Some blue butterflies flew by, circling in the still air. As she looked at them her heart was suddenly stirred to reverence and gratitude and joy for the beauty of their silken burnished wings. And as the thrill of tenderness shook her, it seemed, all at once, as if a glow were across her path, and as if, through the glow, she heard the child-laughter of the little Prince who had passed away.

And so it happened, day after day, as the weeks sped by. Whenever the heart of the Queen was stirred to holiness by deeds and thoughts which were true and lovely and pure there came to her all the tender sweetness of memory and of communion, so that she knew that beyond the darkness her little son still sent his thoughts to her in love. But whenever she went to the belt of gloom to weep his voice was silent, and it seemed to her as if he had gone away for ever.

And one day there came a strange beggar to the palace gates, with wild, wicked eyes and hatred of all men in his heart, and he had sworn to injure the King because the King was great and good. He kept his vow, and struck at the kind King as he was passing through the gates. But the Queen saw the raised dagger, and sprang in front of her husband, so that she received the blow herself.

Then the Queen lay in strange silent illness, and the court met to judge the deed. The beggar crouched, terrified and trembling, before them; but, ere sentence could be given, a sweet woman's voice bade those who condemned him to pause, and the judges saw that the Queen had risen from her bed of sickness and stood among them.

"Wait!" she cried, "wait! I, who have borne the pain, must speak the sentence."

She paused, and, crossing to the beggar, laid her hand upon his head.

"My sentence is—Forgiveness!"

Her voice rang out like a sweet silver trumpet in the court-room, and everybody was very still. Then, all at once, the beggar burst into tears.

But nobody else spoke or moved. Only the tears of the beggar flowed down until they made a tiny crystal pool, and the Queen, who bent over him, saw into the pool as into a mirror.

And she beheld the margin of the country and the deep black fog which lay beyond; and as she looked, the fog broke away into long gleaming alleys of flowers with shining mists above them, as if of a rising sun, and, among the bloom, the face of the little Prince smiled fully upon her once again.

Then, all at once, she heard the voice of the wise, quiet man, and she perceived that he stood again by her side.

"What does it all mean?" she asked him breathlessly; "what does it all mean?"

The beggar, whose face was pressed to the hem of her robe; the court, who still remained hushed and motionless; and the King, whose eyes reverenced her, all waited for the wise man's reply. It came to them softly, like the murmur of pine needles in a south wind.

"There can be no Death where there is Love."

Our Roll of Heroic Deeds
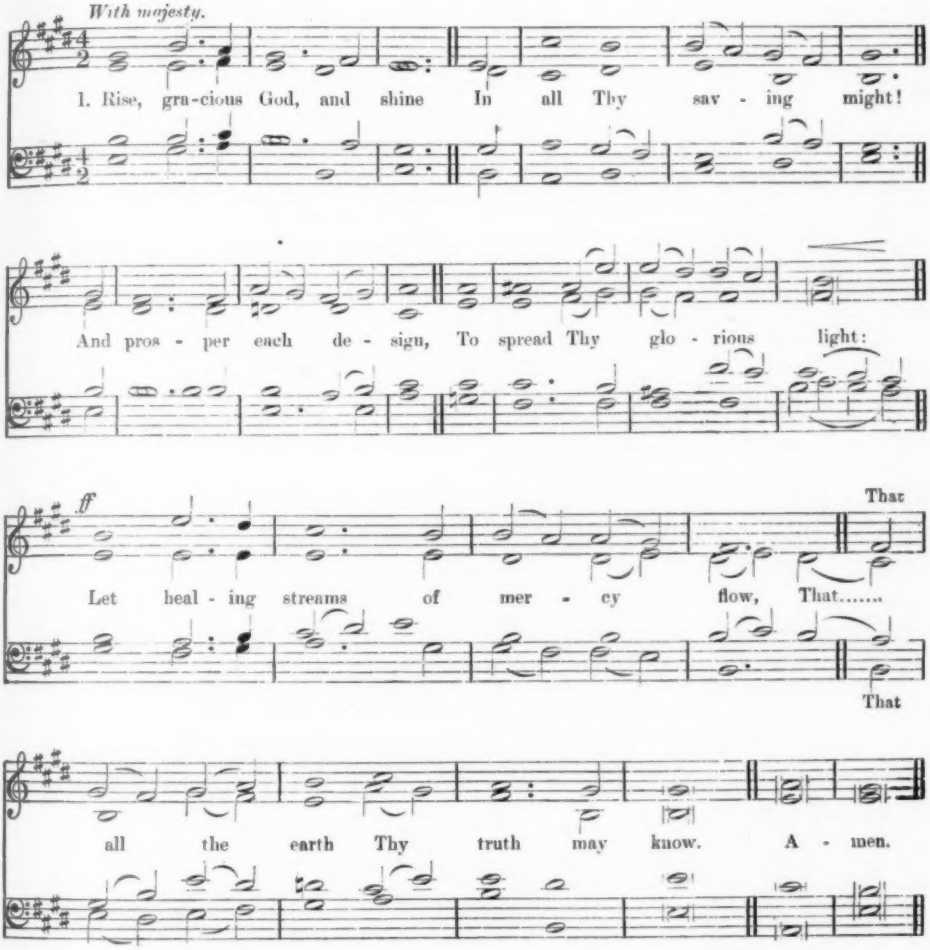


WE record this month a signal act of heroism which took place a few years ago in a coal-pit near Dalkeith. The mine was suddenly flooded, a vast volume of water rushed through the workings, and it was only after some hours of dangerous and most difficult work that the imprisoned miners were rescued. It was then discovered that Walker, a boy of twelve, had been left behind, and immediately James Nolans volunteered to save him. Nolans had to be forcibly pushed through the rushing torrent by some of his comrades; then he had to grope about under the water to find a rail which he used for the purpose of guidance, and, after narrowly escaping death from drowning, he eventually discovered the terrified lad. Even then it was doubtful whether they would escape alive; but after a plucky dash through the water, and by the help of some old ladders hastily fastened together, they managed to regain their comrades, who never expected to see them again.

Rise, Gracious God, and Shine.

Words by WILLIAM HURN, 1813.

Music by H. WALFORD DAVIES, Mus.D.
(*Organist of the Temple Church.*)



2. O bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear
And learn Thy gracious ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3. Put forth Thy glorious power;
The nations then will see!
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee.
God, our own God, His Church will bless,
And earth will teem with fruitfulness.

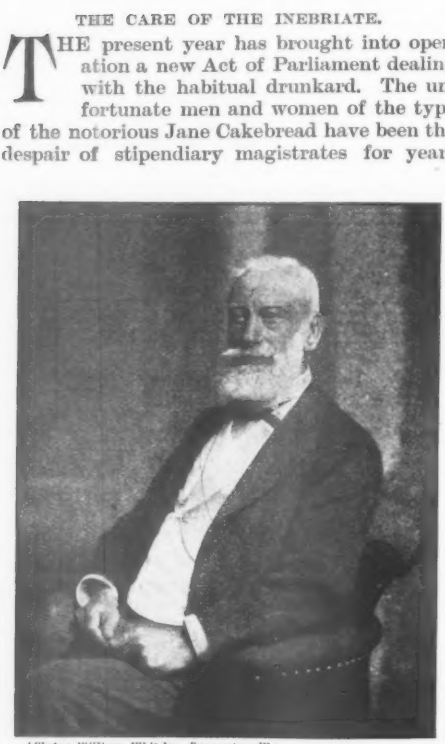
N.B.—The last verse should be sung *ff* in unison.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

THE CARE OF THE INEBRIATE.

THE present year has brought into operation a new Act of Parliament dealing with the habitual drunkard. The unfortunate men and women of the type of the notorious Jane Cakebread have been the despair of stipendiary magistrates for years past. At the time of writing the working of the new Act has not settled into shape, so it is all too early to forecast its probable results. Meanwhile we tender our congratulations to Dr. Norman Kerr, F.L.S., for it is to this humane and philanthropic physician we are indebted for anything like an intelligent treatment of the confirmed dipsomaniac. Dr. Kerr was born at Glasgow in 1834, and graduated at Glasgow University in 1861. While yet a student he took a keen interest in temperance and established a society for his fellow-students. From that time to the present, his active services to the reform have been steadily maintained. He takes a prominent part in the work of the Church of England Temperance Society, the United Kingdom Alliance, and the National Temperance League. It is, however, as an authority on dipsomania that he is best known. He is the founder and President of the Society for the Study and Cure of Inebriety, and it was at his instigation that a highly successful Colonial and International Congress on Inebriety was held in Westminster Town Hall in July, 1887. Dr. Kerr has written largely on the subject, and his learned work on "Inebriety: Its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment, and Jurisprudence," speedily passed into several editions. He is almost as well known in the United States as at home. The gist of Dr. Norman Kerr's views may be best indicated by the opening sentence of the volume referred to. He writes:—



(Photo.: William Whiteley, Bayswater, W.)

DR. NORMAN KERR.

"No *disease* is more common than inebriety, and yet none is so seldom recognised. No *disease* is more widespread. In the whole circle of even an extensive acquaintance it may happen that no member has been known to have suffered from any of the leading diseases which prevail in our islands, that no one has been laid low by phthisis or cancer. But there are very few families in the United Kingdom which have not had at least one relative who has been subject to inebriety."

ANOTHER GOOD IDEA.

The latest new effort to popularise temperance amongst women is a scheme prepared by the Durham and Northumberland County Union of the British Women's Temperance Association. It takes the form of a summer school to be opened at Barnard Castle, where ladies may study temperance in its scientific aspects, and receive various aids as to the methods of imparting this knowledge. The forenoons will be given to lectures, the afternoons to recreation, excursions, etc. Full particulars may be obtained from Mrs. Richardson, The Gables, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BEER IN THE HAY AND HARVEST FIELDS.

This is an age of specialists, and Mr. John Abbey is certainly the specialist of the temperance propaganda in relation to agriculture. The son of a yeoman, he very early turned his attention to the importance of "soberising" our harvest fields. By his writings, his speeches, and the invention of teetotal drinks called Stokos, Hopkos, and Cokos, he has gradually produced a wonderful change in agricultural circles. It is Mr. Abbey's habit to go the round of the agricultural shows in their season, where he pitches

his tent, in which he dispenses his drinks, distributes his literature, and discusses "the why and because" of his movement with all and sundry. From the many letters received by him, we are permitted to quote one from a correspondent who farms seven hundred acres:—

"I am glad to tell you that we have done harvest without a drop of beer being given to the men, and they appear to like Stokos better this year than ever. They usually had eight gallons or more a day, and worked well with it, and throughout the excessive heat we had not a man ill. Years ago the men would get beer into the field, and there was a great deal of drunkenness among them, but now I am thankful to say that Stokos has, by virtue of its excellent qualities, practically *driven the beer out of the field*, and work goes on delightfully."

It may be mentioned that this agricultural work is only a detail of Mr. Abbey's life, for he is the Organising Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society for Norwich Diocese, having previously held a similar appointment for many years in Oxford Diocese.

COMING EVENTS.

On April 13th a concert will be given at Stafford House, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of York, in aid of the Church of England Temperance Society Juvenile Union. On April 19th the annual meeting of the Guild of Hope will be held at Grosvenor House, the Duke of Westminster in the chair. On May 1st the annual meeting of the National Temperance League will be held in Exeter Hall, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding. In July there will be two fêtes at the Crystal Palace—one on the 5th by the National Temperance Choral Society, and the other on the 29th, under the direction of the Church of England Temperance Society.



(*Photo: A. E. Coe, Norwich.*)

MR. JOHN ABBEY.

"GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE."

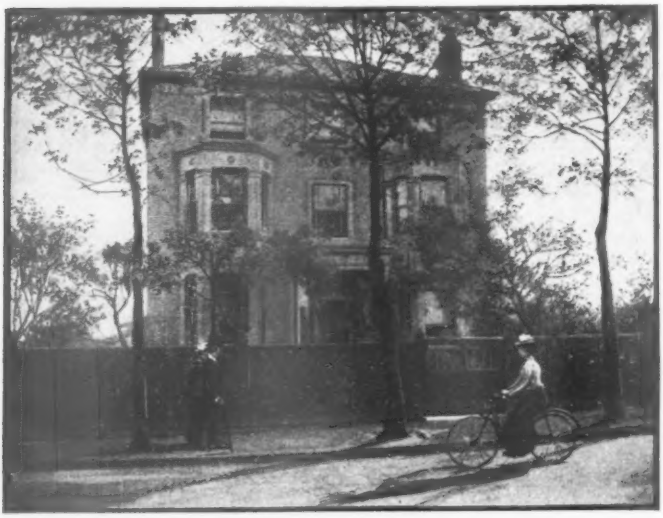
During the past decade the Church of England Temperance Society has developed



MR. ABBEY'S TENT AT THE NORFOLK AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

(*Distributing Temperance Drinks.*)

a wonderful leaning towards practical effort. Its Police Court Mission has been of incalculable service, and has received the hearty recognition of such able magistrates as the late Mr. Montagu Williams, Sir John Bridge, Mr. A. de Rutzen, and others. The Police Court Missionaries have for some time been gravely concerned as to what to do with young boys brought up for their first offences. Last June the Church of England Temperance Society established a Boys' Shelter Home at Gunnersbury. To this institution boys are now remitted instead of to prison. Here they have a chance of learning some useful industry, situations are found for them, and they are thus given a new start in life. The Bishop of London opened the Home, which is managed under the direction of a small sub-committee of the London Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society.



THE BOYS' SHELTER HOME.

(Established by the Church of England Temperance Society for first offenders.)

AMONG THE RAILWAY MEN.

One of the most interesting, and certainly one of the most useful, temperance organisations, specially catering for a distinct class of workers, is the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union. It commenced in a very humble way in 1882, and in a sense owes its origin to Mr. S. Cutler, an earnest man employed by the Metropolitan Railway Company, who approached the Church of England Temperance Society to see if something could be done to bring together the different railway men who were in sympathy with temperance work. As the result of a conference, the Union was started, and it has remained in connection with the Church of England Temperance Society ever since. To-day it has branches on nearly every line of railway in the United Kingdom; and every grade of the service, from the influential director down to the humble bookstall lad, is represented in the membership. The railway men were fortunate in securing the interest of Mr. Robert Sawyer, Recorder of Maidenhead, at the commencement of their operations, for besides contributing very largely from his purse, Mr. Sawyer, as President of the Union, practically devotes his life to the interests of railway men. He is literally "in journeyings oft," and has a most able lieutenant in Mr. A. C. Thompson, the first and only Secretary of the Union. The railway men run a little temperance journal of their own, appropriately entitled *On the Line*. One has only to glance through its attractive pages to see that the Union is very much alive. For those who are employed on railways temperance is certainly an excellent thing, and there can be no doubt also that the safety of the travelling public is helped not a little by the hard work of Mr. Sawyer and his cheery comrades.



(Photo: Debenham and Gould, Bournemouth.)

MR. ROBERT SAWYER.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

INTERNATIONAL SERIES

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

MARCH 19TH.—Christ the Good Shepherd.

To read—St. John x. 1—16. *Golden Text—Ver.* 11.



LAST lesson showed Christ as source of *light*—giving sight to the eyes and heart of blind man; to-day's shows Him as "Love," the Good Shepherd, giving His life for His sheep.

I. **Christ the Door of the Fold** (1—10). *Connection* with healing of blind man.

Pharisees were bad shepherds—he found the true. They drove him away—Christ the Good Shepherd took him into His fold.

Explanation of the different parts of the parable. The sheepfold—Christ's Church on earth (ver. 16). The door—Christ Himself, the only way to God. The sheep—the people of Christ (Ps. c. 2). The shepherds—God's ministers, feeding and leading the flock (1 Pet. v. 2) in the right way. The porter—God's Spirit opening hearts to Christ.

Illustration: Christ is as a Good Shepherd. How? He comes to the sheep in the fold. He calls by name, and goes before to lead them. They recognise voice, trust Him, and follow.

Contrast between Christ and the Pharisees. They are robbers (St. Matt. xxiii. 14, etc.), blind guides, hypocrites, leading men to ruin. Now thirsting to kill Him. Christ is the way of salvation. Thief *takes* life; shepherds *protect* life. He *gives* life, here and hereafter.

Application. Whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life.

II **Christ the Good Shepherd** (11—16). *His name.* Good, *i.e.* beautiful, noble, loving. He is *perfect* in contrast with imperfect ministers; *true* as opposed to false; *good* as giving His life. Mere hirelings desert the flock in danger.

His work. Knows each intimately—cares for wants. Dies that they may be saved. Seeks wanderers. Folds all safely in fold at last.

Lessons. The privileges of Christ's flock.

1. *Safety* in the fold of His Church.
2. *Succour* in time of want and danger.
3. *Sympathy.* They know Him, and He knows them.

Christ the Door.

It is said that the ancient city of Troy had but one way of entrance. In whatever direction the traveller went, he would find no way into the city but the one which was legally appointed, and the only one which was used by those who went in and out. There is only one right way to the favour of God, to the family of God, to the presence of God in prayer, and, finally, to the City of God in eternity, and that one way is Christ. "I am the way," He declares, "and no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

MARCH 26TH.—Review Lesson.

Golden Text—St. John x. 27.

CHRIST'S divine nature been seen in twelve lessons with the results ensuing therefrom.

I. **True Light** (i. 1—14). Showing Father's eternal glory, power, wisdom. Dwelling as man among men to lighten their souls.

II. **First Disciples** (i. 29—42). Divinity testified by God's voice at His baptism. Faith shown by new disciples who saw Lamb of God

III. **First Miracle** (ii. 1—11). Divinity shown by almighty power and glory in sympathy.

IV. **First Convert** (iii. 1—17). Christ as Teacher unfolds divine mysteries. He knows for He has seen. Nicodemus, a Pharisee, believes.

V. **First Samaritan** (iv. 5—26). Divinity shown by omniscience. Gives water of life. Samaritan woman and others believe.

VI. **First Child** (iv. 46—54). Christ gives fresh life to sick child. Nobleman believes.

VII. **Christ's Authority** (v. 17—29). Shares Father's counsels. Appointed Judge. All men honour Him.

VIII. **Multitude Fed** (vi. 1—14). He Who made world, supplies His people's wants. As God, He multiplies food; as Man, cares for and sympathises.

IX. **Feast of Tabernacles** (vii. 14, 28—39). Christ as God, gives life, also refreshment (like water) to soul by Holy Ghost. Thus, Three Persons in Godhead share work of man's salvation.

X. **Freeing from Sin** (viii. 13, 31—36). Divine power alone can free from bondage of sin and Satan. This Christ gives. Many believed on Him.

XI. **Healing Blind** (ix. 1—11). Christ's divine light opens eyes and heart. Blind man saved.

XII. **Good Shepherd.** Christ, Himself God, the way to God. Gives life by laying down His life. One fold, one flock, one Shepherd.

Lessons. 1. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

2. No man cometh to the Father but by Me.

3. Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief.

Christ, Lord of All.

During the last moments of a godly woman, speech had left her; but she managed to articulate the word "Bring." Her friends, in ignorance of her meaning, offered her food, but she shook her head, and again

repeated the word "Bring." Thinking she desired to see some absent friends, they brought them to her; but again she shook her head; and then, by a great effort, she succeeded in completing the sentence—

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all"—

and then passed away to be with Jesus.

APRIL 2ND.—Raising of Lazarus.

To read—St. John xi. 32—45. *Golden Text—Ver.* 25.

GOSPEL began with miracle at joyful family gathering. To-day's lesson tells of sad gathering of family and friends at a funeral. He would again show divine power.

I. **Death Triumphant** (32—37). *Scene of sorrow* at Bethany, two miles from Jerusalem. Little family, Lazarus and two sisters. Had received Christ before (St. Luke x. 38). Now the bread-winner has been taken ill and dies. Sickness, death, bereavement, all causes of sorrow and sadness. Had sent for Christ, but He had delayed to come (ver. 6). At last He arrives, but body had been buried. Martha meets Him first (ver. 21), then Mary. Both utter same reproach—had He been in time, their brother need not have died. Their faith weak. Thought of Him as Good Physician—did not fully realise His almighty power. How did this affect Christ? He was troubled, He sighed, He wept. His best friends not yet learned Who He was and what His power. To them sorrow, suffering, death, seemed to have triumphed. Was it so?

II. **Death Vanquished** (38—44). *Scene of joy.* A Conqueror of death is there. See actions of the different people. *Christ* commands removal of stone. *Martha* remonstrates—the body begun to corrupt—four days dead (no coffin, only wrapped in linen). Showed unbelief, after Christ's words (ver. 23). *Mary* watches in silence, trusting in Christ to do right. *Jews*, expectant, roll away the stone as bidden. Then Christ speaks; thanks God for hearing His prayer; cries aloud to Lazarus. The dead man comes forth, is released from grave-clothes, and restored to his home. Death is swallowed up in victory.

Result. Many of the Jews believed. God's glory is manifested.

Lessons. 1. *Christ a loving Friend.* Can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

2. *Christ a living Saviour.* Taught Martha, comforted Mary, restored Lazarus. Gives eternal life.

Faithful unto Death.

In the excavations made at the buried city of Pompeii, the remains of a Roman soldier were found at one of the gates. Embedded in the once molten lava which swept down upon the doomed city was found the skeleton of the soldier whose post of duty was at the gate, still grasping a sword in its bony fingers. When the panic came upon the city, and those who could made good their escape, he had remained faithful to his sense of duty, and with resolute courage faced a fearful death. The Christian soldier can face death with equal courage, for he has obtained victory over sin and death through Jesus Christ his Lord.

APRIL 9TH.—The Anointing in Bethany.

To read—St. John xii. 1—11. *Golden Text—St. Mark xiv.* 8.

CHRIST again at Bethany, preparing for His sufferings and death. Chief priests and Pharisees took counsel to kill Him (xi. 53). His friends gather in numbers to give Him a public welcome.

I. **Christ's Friends** (1—3, 7—9). *The feast.* Took place at Bethany, at house of Simon, once a leper. The family of Bethany all present—showed their regard for Christ in different ways. *Lazarus*, honoured guest, at the table with Him. *Martha* giving of her skill in house-keeping (St. Luke x. 38). *Mary* giving a costly present.

The anointing. Mary comes behind Christ—having fetched an alabaster box full of precious ointment—breaks the box, pours it on His head (St. Mark xiv. 3) and His feet (ver. 3), wiping them with her hair. The house is filled with sweet smell. Why did she do this? *It was an act of love.* Christ had done much for them—stayed with them, above all restored their brother to life. Another reason: Christ had lately spoken of His death as soon coming. This thought quickened her love to intensity. She must give it outward expression. She had kept it for His burial (ver. 7), but gives it now. *It was an act of self-denial.* Did not stay to count the cost, to think how little she need give. Gave the best gift she had. Would keep back nothing from Him. *The act was approved and accepted.* She did what she could.

Lessons. 1. Christ's death draws men's hearts (xii. 32). Therefore send the Gospel to all.

2. True love delights in self-denial. Deny self, take up cross and follow Christ.

3. Offerings accepted by God. Alms as well as prayers come before Him (Acts x. 4).

II. **Christ's Enemies** (4—6, 10, 11). *Judas* grudges the gift—calls it waste—professes zeal for the poor. What was his real motive? Covetousness. Had been made treasurer of monies given to and spent by Christ and apostles. Hoped to get something out of it for himself. Was it waste? Gifts given to Christ cannot be wasted. Others will take note and copy. This loving gift has led multitudes to do what they can. Missionaries to give up lives for Christ, many to give money, work, service, etc. Even cup of water only given for His sake rewarded.

Chief priests. Consult out of envy to kill Lazarus. His rising led many to believe in Christ. Their power became less.

Lesson. Take heed, and beware of covetousness. Which are we: friends or foes of Christ?

Give the Best you have to God.

It matters not how poor the offering, if given in the right spirit. A legend tells how once a little boy in church had no money to place among the offerings. So he gave a rosy apple, the only gift he had it in his power to offer. Presently, when the alms were removed, there was found among them an apple of gold. The simplest gift is in the sight of God as pure gold.

Short Arrows
Notes of Christian Life & Work.

Our New Waifs.



JOHN HARRISON.
(The new Quiver Waif at Dr. Barnardo's Home.)

IN accordance with the announcement in our December number, we left it entirely to our readers to select the new QUIVER waifs. All the votes have now been received and arranged, with the result that Rose Heelis heads the list of the candidates for Miss Sharman's Orphan Home, whilst John Harrison is the successful candidate for Dr. Barnardo's Home. Our readers will doubtless be interested in the portrait of each to be found on this page, but it is unnecessary to repeat the particulars concerning these little ones which were given at the time we invited the votes. The support of the new waifs will involve a total annual expenditure of £31 (£15 for Rose Heelis and £16 for John Harrison), and for this amount we are relying upon the generosity of our readers. Contributions to the special Waifs' Fund will be gladly received, and duly acknowledged month by month in our pages. Such contributions should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. A list of the donations to the fund during the month of January will be found on page 480.

Stooping to Conquer.

A PECULIAR feature connected with the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston is that each officer, at the end of his term of command, which lasts a year, returns to the ranks as a private; thus there are something like a score of gentlemen who have had full control of the regiment, and who are now once more content to obey. Here is a lesson for those who serve in the Church Militant. We cannot all be colonels and generals—there must be a few private soldiers!—and it is certain that he who cannot obey is not fit to command. Much energy and temper is wasted by those who fight against sin and sorrow through unwillingness to take what is called a subordinate position. Surely this is to forget the Saviour's words—"If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all."

The "Welcome."

SIXTEEN years ago, the first restaurant for women in the City of London was started at 16, Jewin Street. The "Welcome" was opened in a five-storeyed house in the very midst of factories. It



ROSE HEELIS.
(The new Quiver Waif at Miss Sharman's Home.)

is now the centre of help of every kind for a class brought before the public in Sir Walter Besant's "Children of Gibeon." Hundreds of women frequent this place to refresh their jaded and chilled

bodies with soup and bread at three halfpence or excellent meat-puddings at twopence. In cases of distress and starvation free dinner tickets are granted. Who can tell how many women this aid has saved from crime when hunger has driven them to the verge of stealing? The work of the "Welcome" is not limited to care for the bodies of City toilers. Three rooms are used for dinner and tea, three others for evening classes of various kinds.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

IN THE "WELCOME" CLUB AT MIDDAY.

From six to half-past nine clubs, musical drill, sewing and improvement classes, services of song, missionary or Gospel temperance meetings, attract an attendance averaging from 270 to 300. The largest number come on Thursday evening, which is devoted to Bible classes. To many whose days are spent in hot workrooms the shady gardens lent on Saturdays by kind friends are like a new world. One girl asked if she could see the strawberry trees; another, why the bunches of grapes were tied to the top of glass-houses. The revelation of a new world outside their own limited sphere helps to raise the ambition to live a new and higher life.

"Nobody's Own."

MANY regiments in the British army are called after and said to be owned by this or that prince or princess. There is "The Princess of Wales's Own," "Princess Charlotte's Own," and so on. One regiment, however, rejoices in the nickname of "Nobody's Own," because it is not named after anybody. It is a grand thing to think that no Christian can be called "Nobody's Own," for we are all called after Christ and owned by our Father in heaven.

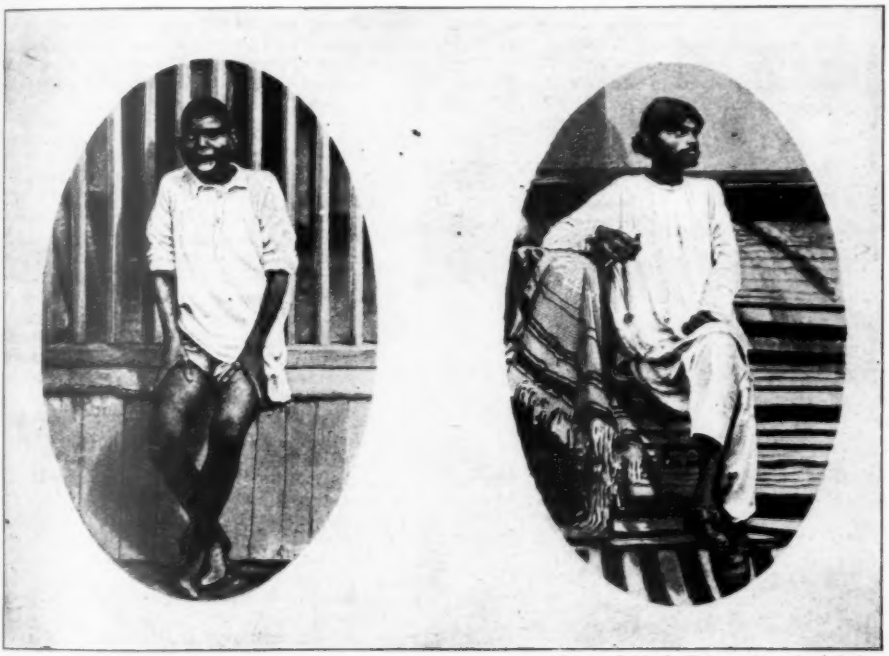
New Books.

ELSEWHERE in this number will be found an illustrated article on "Childish Memories of Lewis Carroll," and we venture to think that readers of those reminiscences will require no pressing to turn to the biography of this universally favourite author, just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin under the title "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll." Mr. S. D. Collingwood, who is responsible for the work, frankly admits that it is impossible to give a really adequate presentation of the extraordinarily complex character of his late uncle. He has, however, produced a most able and interesting sketch, which includes many characteristic letters, and is profusely illustrated.—Quite a different life-story is also before us in the form of the Rev. George Adam Smith's biography of his friend, the late Professor Henry Drummond (Hodder and Stoughton). No one could lay down this book without feeling that Drummond was in every sense a great man—with a great intellect, a great heart, and a constant, burning desire to be about his Father's business. It is true that he made mistakes, that he put forth certain theories not generally acceptable, and which he himself modified in later years, but throughout his life his honesty of purpose was unquestionable. His influence and

power as a preacher and teacher were remarkable, and many of those whom he reached through his addresses and books will feel indebted to Dr. Smith for this critical and comprehensive story of his life.—From Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company comes a new story from our own contributor, Katharine Tynan, entitled "The Dear Irish Girl," of which we need say no more than that it is the love story of a most winning Irish lassie, written in the bright, entertaining style so well-known to our readers.—"Helps to Godly Living" (Elliot Stock) is the happy title of an excellent little work which consists of helpful and comforting extracts from the writings and addresses of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, selected and arranged by the Rev. J. H. Burn, B.D.—A pathetic interest attaches to the two dainty volumes of poems by the late Dr. J. R. Macduff, entitled "Matin and Vesper Bells" (Cassell), in that the author did not live to see their completion. Many of the poems have been already published independently in various forms, but we believe that this collected edition of Dr. Macduff's tender and inspiring verse will be heartily welcomed.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a tastefully produced volume entitled "The More Excellent Way" (Henry Frowde), in which the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell has carefully arranged the choicest extracts from the works of ancient and modern authors on "The Life of Love"; a collection of addresses on the Beatitudes by the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., entitled "The Master's Blesseds" (Hodder and Stoughton); an interesting and instructive work on medical missionary work amongst the blind in India, entitled "They Shall See His Face" (Bocardo Press, Oxford); "Aids to Belief" (Elliot Stock), a series of studies on the divine origin of Christianity by the Rev. W. H. Langthorne; and a volume of sermons by the late Charles H. Spurgeon, which have been published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster under the title "The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit."

A Wolf-Boy.

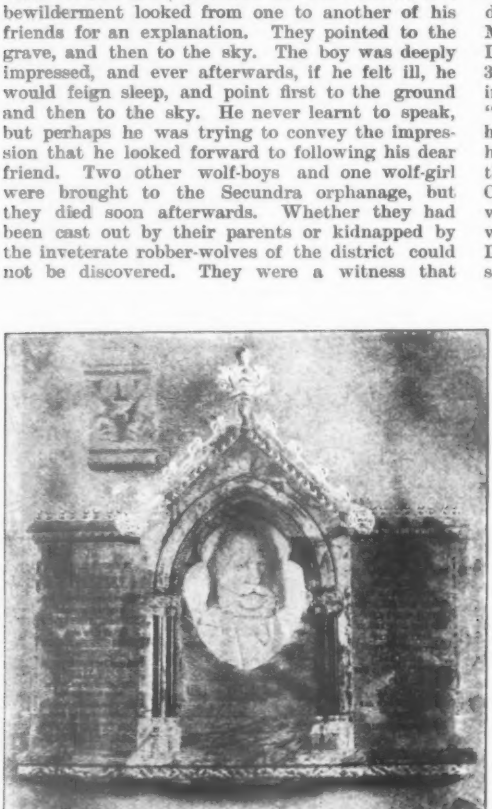
WHAT was to be done with such a boy! The magistrate sahib of Bulandshahr had heard of Romulus and Remus, but rational people rejected the legend of their infancy. Yet here was a child of five or six years of age, crawling on the ground before him, and the statement of several witnesses that he had been smoked out of a wolf's den could not be disputed. These men were natives of India. Whilst travelling in a jungle of the Bulandshahr district, they saw a queer though undoubted specimen of humanity crawl into a hole. By the magistrate's order a fire was lighted at the mouth. Out sprang a snarling and indignant mother-wolf, which, after scattering the bystanders, fled for life. Behind her ran on all fours a little boy, who was speedily secured and conveyed to the magistrate. He was imbecile. He



(Photo supplied by the Missionary Leaves Association.)

AS A BOY. **THE WOLF-BOY OF SECUNDRA.** AS A MAN.

would eat no food but raw meat, and he tore any clothing placed on him into shreds. The magistrate sent him to the Church Missionary Orphanage at Secundra, a refuge for between four and five hundred children, nearly all infants picked up in the streets or by the roadside. There this child, who was found on Saturday, February 4th, 1867, grew up into manhood. On the same principle that Robinson Crusoe called his man Friday, the wolf-boy was named Sanichar, or Saturday. By degrees a certain amount of intelligence and a decided religious instinct developed. He became gentle and sociable, and ready with cheerful unselfishness to share the many little presents he received with his companions. He attached himself with great affection to one of the caretakers. On the death of this man, Sanichar in dumb sorrow and bewilderment looked from one to another of his friends for an explanation. They pointed to the grave, and then to the sky. The boy was deeply impressed, and ever afterwards, if he felt ill, he would feign sleep, and point first to the ground and then to the sky. He never learnt to speak, but perhaps he was trying to convey the impression that he looked forward to following his dear friend. Two other wolf-boys and one wolf-girl were brought to the Secundra orphanage, but they died soon afterwards. Whether they had been cast out by their parents or kidnapped by the inveterate robber-wolves of the district could not be discovered. They were a witness that tenderness, too often lost in heathenism, may be found in one of the most rapacious beasts. With hundreds of little outcasts under Christian care, they tell of a Father above who remembers even though parents may forget their children.



THE LOCKHART MEMORIAL.

(In Lewisham Congregational Church.)

Memorial to a Medical Missionary.

MEDICAL missions have come into deservedly increasing prominence of late years; and a few months ago a beautiful tablet was erected in Lewisham Congregational Church to the memory of Dr. Lockhart, the first Protestant medical missionary to China, who went out about the year 1838. The tablet is a beautiful piece of work in alabaster and marble, and is carved in the form of a triptych, *i.e.* in three panels, the medallion portrait occupying the centre. On the left hand panel appears the following inscription:—"In affectionate memory of Dr. Lockhart, first medical missionary to China, founder of hospitals at Macao, Shanghai and Pekin, who served the London Missionary Society with untiring zeal for twenty-six years in the mission field, and with unabated devotion in England to the last day of his life. Member of this church for thirty-seven years. Deacon and Church Secretary. Born October 3rd, 1811. Died April 29th, 1896." The following inscription appears on the right hand panel:—"This memorial is erected by those who admired him as a strong man, loved him as a friend, hold his services in grateful memory, and who pray that his zeal for missions and his devotion to the Church may inspire all who shall ever worship within these walls." The tablet is placed on the wall of the church near the vestry door, where Dr. Lockhart used often to stand before the service, watching the people enter.

Self-control.

A MAN who lately came over from America told the writer that on board the steamer one of the passengers went up to another in the smoking-room and asked him to have a drink with him. The man thus invited continued reading a newspaper and made no reply. The other man again asked him to drink with him. No answer again. A third invitation was then given in these words: "Sir, I have asked you in as friendly a way as possible to drink with me, and each time you went on with your reading, and had not the civility to answer me. Now I ask you for the third time if you will drink wine, whisky, or anything else with me?" The man then put aside his paper and answered very quietly: "Do you see that glass, sir? Well, if I were to take even a quarter of it, I could not leave off until I had drunk all the liquor on board. This is why I would not drink with you." All present admired the man's self-control, and learned a striking lesson on the danger of putting temptation in a brother's way.

An Ever-Recurring Question.

TWO friends of the writer were sitting in a close carriage, discussing the problems of life—where we came from and whither we are going. The driver of the carriage went rather too near another vehicle. "Where are you going to?" shouted the driver of the latter. The occupants of the carriage looked at each other and remarked,

"That is just what we were wanting to know." So it is that the great problems of life cannot be ignored, for they are reflected in the small incidents of daily existence. Particularly is this the case with the question whence we came and whither we are going. This can never be shelved.

The Circulation of the Bible.

FEW people have any idea of the enormous number of Bibles published annually in this country. Mere figures of so many millions mean little to most folks. But it may give some more adequate idea of the vast number to put it as follows: The British and Foreign Bible Society, of Queen Victoria Street, alone publish above a million and a half of Bibles every year, or more than 4,100 every day. Now, if each of these 4,100 Bibles was of the average thickness of one and a half inches, they would, if piled upon one another, reach to a height of 6,150 inches. As the top of St. Paul's cross is about 364 feet or so above the level of St. Paul's Churchyard, this huge pile of Bibles would reach to a height nearly one and a half times as great as the top of the famous cross! Or we might represent the whole lot by one immense Bible, which would be 66 feet by 47 feet by 14 feet, and would reach from the steps leading to St. Paul's right to the top of the pillars there! And this would but represent the output for a single day of only one of the great Bible circulating mediums of this country!



A BIBLE 66 FT. BY 47 FT. BY 14 FT.

(Representing one day's output of the British and Foreign Bible Society.)

OUR INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF PEACE.

WE are glad to be able to report that requests for forms are steadily being received, and a goodly number have been returned filled with signatures. To those of our readers who are striving to obtain the distinction of being the first to send in a thousand names (for which a prize of Ten Pounds is offered) we would say that it is not necessary for all the signatures to be given together. They should be forwarded in batches of fifty or a hundred, and credit will be given for every name so sent. The following letter which we have received from a correspondent at Birmingham is of interest, as it emphasises the fact that the Ten Pounds we offer will not only act as an incentive to activities on behalf of peace, but may also at the same time benefit some local charity. "Please send me," the correspondent writes, "some sheets of the International League of Peace. If I am fortunate enough to get the Ten Pounds, I am going to give it to some good society—whichever our clergyman thinks best. Trusting to hear from you by return."

The following is the form in which our memorial has been issued:—

> **"We, the undersigned, desire to express our earnest sympathy with the peace proposals contained in the recent Rescript of his Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia, and hereby authorise the attachment of our names to any International Memorial having for its object the promotion of Universal Peace upon a Christian basis."**

This may be copied at the head of blank sheets of paper, and the signatures placed beneath, but we shall be very pleased to send (post free) any number of printed forms on receipt of an application addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

The objects of our League have already been endorsed, amongst other prominent men, by the **Lord Bishop of London**, the **Rev. Hugh Price Hughes** (President of the Wesleyan Conference), the **Rev. Samuel Vincent** (President of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland), and **Pastor Thomas Spurgeon** of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from January 1st, 1899, up to and including January 31st, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* R. Hutchinson, Boston Spa, 2s. 6d.; Readers of *The Christian*, per Morgan and Scott, £5; Miss Renée Benson, Grenoble, 1s. 6d.; J. J. E., Govan (134th donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (104th donation), 1s.; E. A., 2s. 6d.; R. S., Crouch End, 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* A Scotch Lassie, 5s.; Baby George, 2s. 6d.; J. R., 5s.; E. H., Devon, 2s.; Gertie, Finsbury Park, 3s.; M. A. C., 5s., An Irish Girl, 10s. 6d.; Madame Scaravaglioné, 10s.; A. K., 5s.; A Warwickshire Lass, 5s.; Anon., 2s. The following amounts have been sent direct:—R. H. B. P., 4s.; A. H., 10s; M. M. Q., £5; E. A. H., 7s. 6d.; A. W. C., 4s.; M. M., 5s.; M. E. B., 15s.; J. H. W., 5s.; "Inasmuch," 6s.; T. P., Leamington, £1.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund:* Madame Scaravaglioné, 10s.; J. and E. H., £1.

For *Miss Weston's Homes, Portsmouth:* J. and E. H., £1.

For *The Robin Dinners:* Alice Bishop, 3s.

For *St. Mark's Hospital, City Road, E.C.:* A Thank-offering, 1s.

The Superintendent of the St. Giles Christian Mission asks us to acknowledge the receipt of a parcel of clothing from Oakham, Rutland.

OUR FINE ART PLATES.

DOUBTLESS many of our readers are interested in the announcement which has been appearing for several months past on our wrapper to the effect that certain coupons will entitle the holder to receive a set of Fine Art Plates for a trifling sum. We desire to supplement that announcement by stating that the pictures will be of sacred subjects, and will, moreover, be printed on specially prepared plate paper in order to obtain the best possible results. The selected paintings are by Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Edward Armitage, R.A., Ford Madox Brown, W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., and William Dyce, R.A., and the series will form an admirable selection of the best-known works of these famous artists—well worthy of a permanent place in every home.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** and **Presentation Bible** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Durham** (for which applications were invited up to January 31st, 1899) have been gained by

MR. JOHN J. BAILEY,
Newgate Street, Barnard Castle.

who has distinguished himself by **fifty-six** years' service, principally in the Sunday School of the Barnard Castle Parish Church.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

DEVONSHIRE,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before February 28th, 1899. We may add that **Kent** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being March 30th, 1899. This county, in its turn, will be followed by the territorial county of **Cheshire,** for which the date will be one month later—viz. April 30th, 1899.

The names of members recently enrolled will be found in our advertisement pages.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

49. From what parable of our Lord do we gather that the sheepfolds in ancient times were large and surrounded by a high fence?

50. By what illustration does our Lord teach us that it is through Him alone we can be saved? Quote passage.

51. In what way does our Lord contrast His care of His people with the neglect shown by the Jewish teachers?

52. Quote passage which shows that Jesus had never attended any of the public Jewish schools?

53. In what words does our Lord speak of the Scriptures as God's revelation of Himself to man?

54. What were the two miracles performed by our Lord at Cana of Galilee?

55. What was especially remarkable in the miracle of raising Lazarus from the dead?

56. What reason did our Lord give for His delay in going to Lazarus when he was ill?

57. What was the effect of the miracle of raising Lazarus?

58. What reason have we for supposing that Simon the Leper was the husband of Martha, the sister of Lazarus?

59. What information does St. John give as to the character of Judas Iscariot?

60. What prophecy concerning our Lord was delivered by Caiaphas, the High Priest?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 383.

37. In a desert (or uninhabited) place near Bethsaida on the north-west side of the Sea of Galilee (St. Luke ix. 10).

38. It was known as the Sea of Chinnereth (Numb. xxxiv. 11; Josh. xii. 3).

39. Because St. Philip was a native of the district of Bethsaida (St. John i. 44, and vi. 5).

40. The Jews thought that Jesus was the son of Joseph the carpenter, and born in Galilee; whereas they had been taught that no one would know of the birthplace or parentage of the Messiah (St. John vii. 27, 41; St. Luke iv. 22).

41. They sent officers to arrest Jesus (St. John vii. 2, 32).

42. Because on the last day of the Feast special sacrifices were offered for all Israel, and the priest, having taken water from the Pool of Siloam, poured it upon the altar (St. John vii. 37).

43. Because they understood that, as the "Light of the World," Jesus claimed to be the Messiah (St. John viii. 12; Isaiah ix. 2, and lx. 1).

44. "When ye have lifted up the Son of Man" (St. John viii. 28).

45. Jesus appears to have made the Jews unable to see Him, and so passed out of the Temple, going through the midst of them (St. John viii. 59; 2 Kings vi. 18).

46. That the disciples believed in the doctrine of "transmigration of souls," which was taught by the Jewish Rabbis at that time (St. John ix. 2; Josephus, "Ant." xviii. ch. 1, sec. 3).

47. By telling him to go and wash in the Pool of Siloam (St. John ix. 7).

48. The Jews excommunicated the man whose sight Jesus had restored—that is, they shut him out of the synagogue—thus depriving him of all religious privileges (St. John ix. 22, 34).



(*Drawn by Percy Tarrant.*)

EASTER BLOSSOMS.

THE CENTENARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

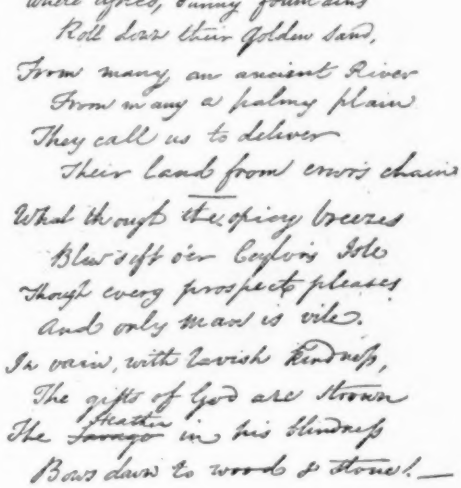
By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



MRS. J. A. BAILEY.
(The first lady missionary of the Society.)

AT "The Castle and Falcon," in Aldersgate Street, on April 12th, 1799, there met, in all the solemnity of a public gathering, sixteen clergymen and nine laymen. They founded there and then the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East. That Society keeps its Centenary this month; no longer an inconspicuous organisation expressing the hopes of a godly few, but a great Society which has girdled the earth with its missions. When, in November, 1898, its Estimates Committee surveyed its position, they found that its roll included the names of 802 European missionaries, of whom 295 were ladies, whilst, of the 802, no fewer than eighty-four were serving altogether or in part at their own expense. Some of them represented the missionary enthusiasm of Australia and Canada; a fair proportion were duly qualified medical workers, men and women.

With the exception of South America, there is no considerable quarter of the globe in which they are not represented. They may be found ministering to Esquimaux within the Arctic Circle, and to the Indians of the vast expanses of Canada; they are shepherding the Maoris of New Zealand; in India their stations may be discovered alike amongst the wild tribes of the northern frontier, the strange aboriginals found here and there in the continent, and the milder races of the south; in Africa the Society begins in Egypt, but goes no farther south than Uganda, though it is both on the east coast and the west; it is strongly represented along the coasts of China, as well as in the inland province of Sze-Chuen; it works both amidst the Japanese themselves and that strange people the hairy Ainu; it is domiciled in Ceylon and Mauritius; it has not forgotten Persia. From Madagascar it has retired, and it has shown a wise indisposition to enter upon new fields whilst the old are still insufficiently manned. It has ever been known for the strictness with which it observes the comity of missions; and it may fairly be said that the zeal with which its friends have worked in behalf of foreign missions has reacted on all the missionary



From Greenland's Icy Mountains,
From India's Coral Strand
Where Afric's Sunny fountains
Roll down their Golden Sand,
From many an ancient River
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their Land from Error's chain

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle
Though every prospect pleases
And only Man is vile.
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown
The Heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood & stone!—

BISHOP HEBER'S MISSIONARY HYMN.
(Facsimile of part of the Original MS.)

agencies which have their origins in Great Britain, as well as upon some which express the zeal of America and the Colonies.

The Church Missionary Society was really one of the fruits of the Evangelical Revival, though when the Society was born that movement was no longer young. Its first leaders had passed to their rest; it was their successors amongst whom the Church Missionary Society took its origin. They were, as history judges them, no mean persons, though in their own day they fell, for their religious zeal, under the condemnation of polite society, whether ecclesiastical or social.

That meeting in Aldersgate Street did not include some of those to whom the foundation of the Church Missionary Society must directly be referred; but, if we look at the circle they represented, we shall find that it was one of rare distinction in the religious history of the country. It included William Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, Charles Grant, James Stephen, and Henry Thornton on the lay side; Charles Simeon, John Newton, Thomas Scott, Richard Cecil, and William Goode amongst the clergy. The impulse which moved them was moving others, for the Baptist Missionary Society had been founded by Carey in 1793, and the London Missionary Society in 1795. The Religious Tract Society also began its existence in this year 1799, and the Bible Society was founded in 1804. It was a fruitful epoch. Yet it has to be remembered that it began under ecclesiastical discouragement, and amidst such popular contempt of missions to the heathen as was reflected in Sydney Smith's essay.



THE BOARD ROOM AT THE MISSION HOUSE.

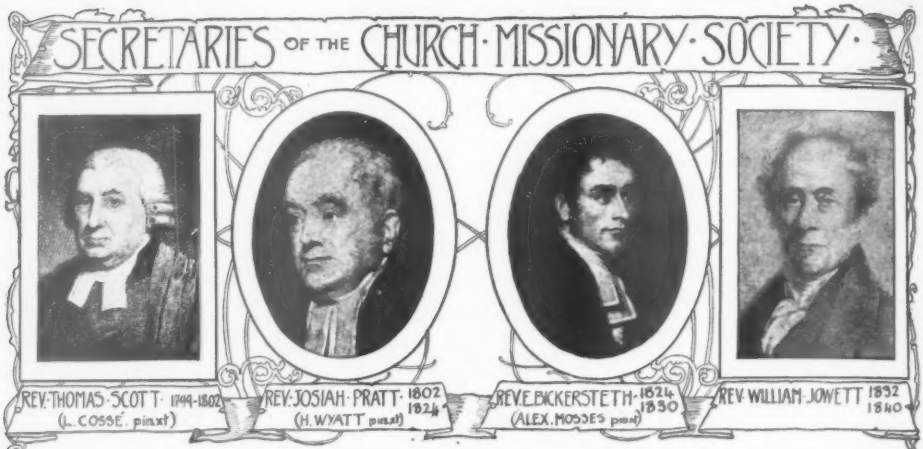
I do not propose to trace in detail the history of the Church Missionary Society: within the space of a magazine article such an attempt could do little more than produce a list of names and dates. It

may be more useful, as well as more interesting, to look at some of the Society's great workers at home, at some of its heroes in the mission-field, and at some of the romances which diversify its history.

Of the men who helped to found the Church Missionary Society the first place must be given to Charles Simeon. He was not at "The Castle and Falcon" meeting, but it was he who, at the gathering of the Eclectic Society in March of the same year, when missionary plans were again under discussion, urged immediate action. "There is not a moment to be lost," he said; "we have been dreaming these four years, while all Europe is awake." The precise old bachelor, fellow of his college at Cambridge, and incumbent of Holy Trinity Church in that town, was not a person easily daunted by obstacles. As an Evangelical he had had to face the most strenuous opposition in his own parish. But he had been deeply stirred by plans and hopes for missionary work in India; he was the friend and mentor of Henry Martyn. He was able in time to wield at Cambridge an influence which the late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth compared to that of Newman at Oxford. Later generations somehow came to think of him as something other than a Churchman; but they were quite wrong. A careful scrutiny of Simeon's works, letters, and diaries will show that he was consistently loyal to his Church and her formularies. Of his influence upon foreign missions it is difficult to speak in exaggeration; but one or two illustrations may serve to show its extent. Henry Martyn was the first Englishman who offered to go out under the Church Missionary Society. But Simeon was especially anxious about India, and so Martyn went there as "Chaplain." His brief work in Persia, the example of his singularly beautiful character, and the swift end of so promising a career, still influence the minds of young and old. And the influence of Martyn, is, in a sense, the influence of Simeon.



THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S MISSION HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE.



Less popularly known than Henry Martyn, but in some respects of wider power, were the others of the famous "Five Chaplains" who went out to India, the fruits of Simeon's zeal for that land. These men left an indelible mark upon the English in India during their time, and did much to prepare the way of the missionary. Thus Claudius Buchanan helped more than any other man to create the public opinion which opened India to missionaries, and led to the consecration of the first bishop for all India, the Bishop of Calcutta. Thomas Thomason was the father of James Thomason, who, as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, ruled (and taught others to rule) in the fear of God, and with the warmest sympathy for missionary enterprise. Through him, when the Punjab was annexed in 1849, it felt the influence which had flowed from the rooms of Charles Simeon at Cambridge.

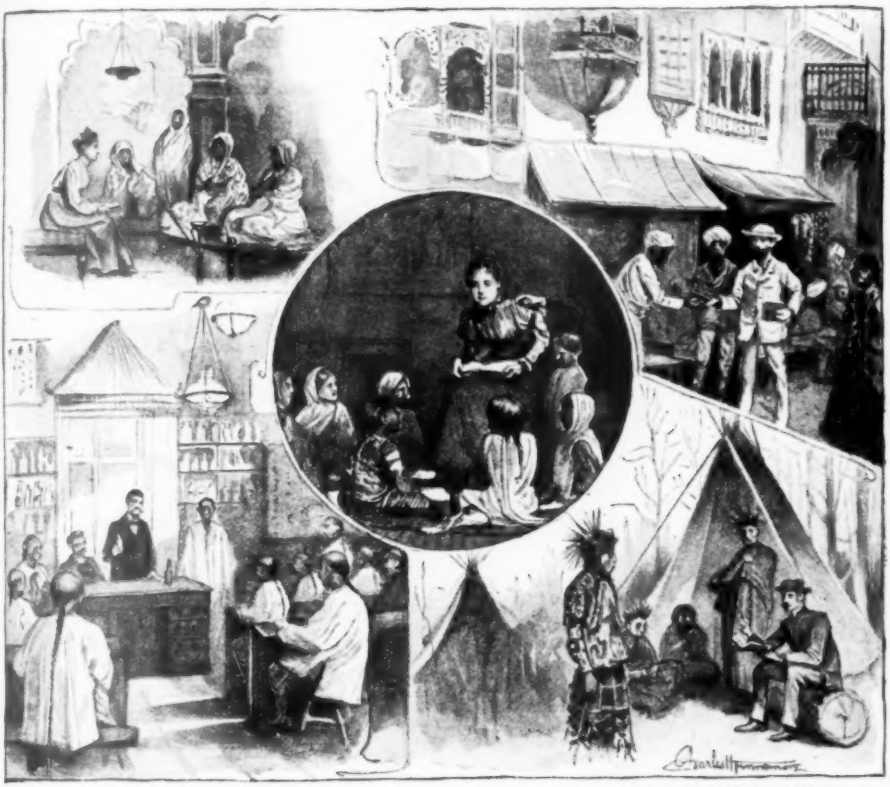
The name of Edward Bickersteth seems a natural succession to that of Simeon. The influence of both is still unexhausted. When the Church Missionary Society kept its second Jubilee in November, 1898, the sermon was preached by Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, the son of Edward Bickersteth. And the influence had been wider than the limits of any one Society, for Bishop Edward Bickersteth, of Japan, who died in 1897, represented another generation



in this line of truly apostolic succession.

Edward Bickersteth had been a solicitor in prosperous circumstances when zeal for missions led him to take holy orders, and join the Church Missionary Society as Assistant Secretary in 1816. Almost at once he was sent to examine the Society's work at Sierra Leone. There he admitted the Society's first African converts to the Holy Communion. In 1824 he succeeded Josiah Pratt in the Secretaryship of the Society. He was never an autocrat in the sense that Henry Venn was; but his work for the Society in the country was enormous. It has ceased to be the kind of work which is mainly done by the Honorary Secretary of the Society, but at that period it was work which was of inestimable value. It was the more important because public opinion at home still presented a front of mingled contempt and indifference to missions, whilst abroad the outlook was far from hopeful.

A greater figure than that of Edward Bickersteth in the annals of the Church Missionary Society is that of Henry Venn. Here, too, the name appears in more than one generation. The first Henry Venn belongs, with Wesley, Whitfield, Romaine and others, to the beginnings of the Evangelical Revival. Then comes John Venn, who took the chair at "The Castle and Falcon" meeting. Then, in 1834, Henry Venn the younger, the son of John Venn and grandson of the first Henry Venn, began regularly to attend the



ZENANA WORK. TEACHING THE YOUNG. BIBLE SELLING IN EASTERN BAZAARS.
LECTURING TO CHINESE HELPERS. ITINERATING THROUGH THE VILLAGES.

SOME METHODS OF WORK.

Society's Committee. He was Hon. Secretary in 1841, and held office for thirty-one years. He is the standard by which, doubtless, for generations to come, Hon. Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society will be compared. He was a strong man in every sense; a statesman and an autocrat. But, like some other autocrats, he clung to his work too long. He resigned only a few months before his death, and left the Society in a condition of discouragement, from the failure both of candidates for the mission field and of means for carrying on the work.



(From Photo: supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S TRAINING COLLEGE AT AGRA.

(*With students in foreground.*)

Under his successor, Henry Wright (who was drowned in Coniston Lake in 1880), the Society began almost at once to enter upon new life and activity. Here again the hereditary influence, so manifest in the work of the Church Missionary Society, is evident, for four of his children went to the mission field. His successor, Frederic Wigram, was one of the most munificent benefactors the Society ever had. He died, after resigning office, worn out by its responsibility and toil. He, too, has sent children to the mission-field. In his successor, the Rev. H. E. Fox, the hereditary impulse is manifest again. Mr. Fox's father was one of the founders of the Society's Telugu mission, and one of the most devoted of its workers in the foreign field.

And now let us glance for a moment at some of the Society's agents abroad. The task of selection is difficult. There are names on the list that all men who care for missions have heard of. Samuel Marsden, Samuel Crowther, Valpy French, Pfander, John Horden, James Hannington, Alexander Mackay—these, to name but a few, and many others, are familiar far outside the limits of the Society's own friends. But there are more, less widely known, whose work deserves not a whit less to be had in remembrance.

Amongst these was William Johnson, one of the first missionaries to Sierra Leone. He went out in 1816, and began an extraordinary work amongst the slaves released by British cruisers and landed at Sierra Leone. He died on the voyage home to England at the early age of thirty-four. Those were the days in which to face work in Sierra Leone meant facing a peril so imminent that each volunteer needed the courage of those who go upon a forlorn hope.

There was William Williams, first a surgeon and then, after graduating at Oxford, ordained for work in the Colonies. He

went to New Zealand in 1825, when its people were a race of cannibals, not one of whom professed Christianity. He lived to see the whole country more or less fully evangelised. His wife died as recently as 1896, and his son, baptised in 1829 with the children of one of the most savage of the Maori chiefs, became Bishop of Waiapu in the land the father did so much to open up. William Williams had a brother, Henry Williams, who preceded him in the field. So great was the influence he won that, on the news of his death reaching two Maori camps, in which rival tribes were preparing to meet in battle, they at once proclaimed a truce, attended his funeral, and settled their differences in peace.

There was Ludwig Krapf, whose name, with that of John Rebmann, should ever be joined with the origins of our growing empire in Eastern Equatorial Africa. He began his missionary work in Abyssinia, had to leave as the result of French intrigues, sailed down the East African coast in an Arab boat, and in 1844 settled at Mombasa. From the knowledge of the interior gained by Krapf and his companion, came the chain of African discovery which issued, as long afterwards as 1875, in the



(Photo: G. P. Abraham, Keswick.)

MR. EUGENE STOCK.

(Editorial Secretary of the Society.)



(From Photo: supplied by the Church Missionary Society.)

THE LIBRARY AT THE MISSION HOUSE.

publication, through Mr. H. M. Stanley, of Mtesa's appeal for missionaries for Uganda. How little could Krapf ever have dreamed of the vast results, political as well as spiritual, that would flow from that early disappointment, his expulsion from Abyssinia!

There was David Hinderer, who, upon the other side of Africa, did so striking a work in the Yoruba country. The prosperity of his evangelistic labours, the virtual imprisonment in which he and his wife—half-starved and in deadly peril—were for five years in the town of Ibadan, and the ultimate discovery that their work stood the severe tests of isolation and persecution, go to make up one of the most interesting chapters in the history of African missions.

There was George Maxwell Gordon, the pilgrim-missionary of the Indian frontier, a pioneer who saw little direct fruit of his labours, yet left missions where none had been. Acting as chaplain to the British forces shut up in Kandahar, he was killed, when seeking to succour the wounded, in August, 1880.

But this is a list that might be almost indefinitely extended, and still would seem invidious. Let us come to some striking pages in the Society's history; again, of necessity, passing by many of the most impressive as well as some of the most familiar.

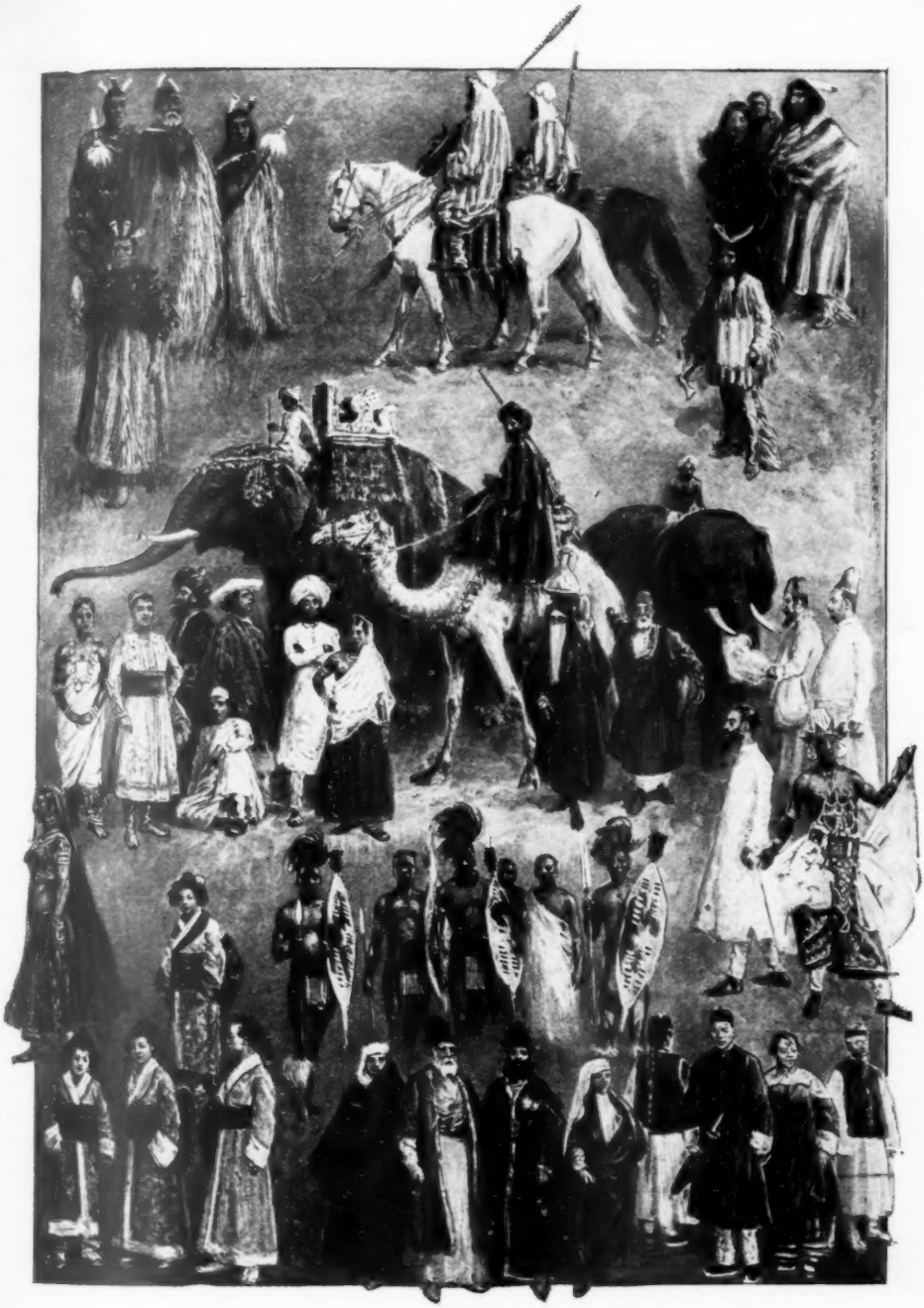
The city of Peshawur, upon the Afghan frontier, has long been a centre of missionary work. The fanaticism of the people when it was first occupied by British troops seemed to make missionary enterprise impossible. One Commissioner—he afterwards fell by the hand of an assassin—refused permission for missionaries to come, on the ground that they would excite the fanaticism of the people to a dangerous pitch. The arrival of Herbert Edwardes changed the situation. A meeting of English people, military and civil, was called in Peshawur itself; a sum of £3,000 was raised, a memorial sent to the Church Missionary Society, and, in response, missionaries provided. Here is an example of what is so often forgotten by critics of Indian missions, that they in a large measure owe their origin and support to men actually or formerly engaged in the administration of India. The Church Missionary Society has been peculiarly happy in the number of men of high distinction in the Army and the Civil Service who have served on its Committee. Now from the Punjab men are pushing still farther afield; Quetta has long been occupied, and the medical missionary has found a welcome from the Afridis themselves.

Let us take another mission founded in answer to an appeal from without, and that an appeal from a layman. People who recall the missionary meetings of a generation ago will remember that no more thrilling story was told at them than the history of William Duncan's early work amongst the Tsimshean Indians of the North Pacific coast. It was a marvellous example of courage, tact, and patience, rewarded by the conversion of savages of a singularly unapproachable type. It was a naval officer, Captain Prevost, who suggested that mission to the Society, carried Mr. Duncan thither, and landed him at Fort Simpson in 1857. In ten years' time he had baptised nearly three hundred adult converts. In 1862 the Christian community was moved to Metlakahtla, where the spectacle of a cannibal and violent people living in peace and industry was long deemed one of the marvels of missionary enterprise.

I pass by such striking histories as those of Uganda, of the attempt of J. A. Robinson and Graham Wilmot Brooke to reach the Soudan from the Niger, and of the massacre of English women at Hwa-Sang in Fuh-kien, to recall romances of another kind. What could be more moving than the careers of some of the Society's converts? Is there any more striking history of its kind than that of the Rev. Dr. Imad-ud-din, a learned Mohammedan, who had sought the peace of God by every available means, and at last found it in Christ? Or what would they who distrust converts say to the career of that once notorious Border bandit, Dilawar Khan, baptised in 1858, who served as an officer in the Guides, and died in Chitral whilst in the service of the British Government?

But it is time to leave these things and to speak of some aspects of the Society's work which concern all missionary enterprise

Twice in its career the Church Missionary Society has definitely committed itself to a policy of faith as it has committed itself to sending out all who offer and are found qualified. It is a policy which, judged by the most secular standard,



"IN THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH."

(The peoples amongst whom the C.M.S. Missionaries are now working.)

must be accounted a success. The growth of its staff in recent years, under this system, has been most striking. The Society has had its periods of stagnation and disappointment; at times its directors have felt driven to retrenchment. Thus in 1859 the number of European missionaries on its roll was 226; ten years later it was only 228. But, whereas in 1880 the number was 360, in 1898 it had risen to 802. During the first ten years the Society sent out five agents; in the ten years ending with its Jubilee the number was 119; in the nine years ending 1898 it reached 719. The income of 1848 was £92,823; the income of 1898 was £331,598. Its latest statistics show that there are about 240,000 natives associated with its missions, and of late it would seem that its clergy baptise on an average about twenty adult converts every day.

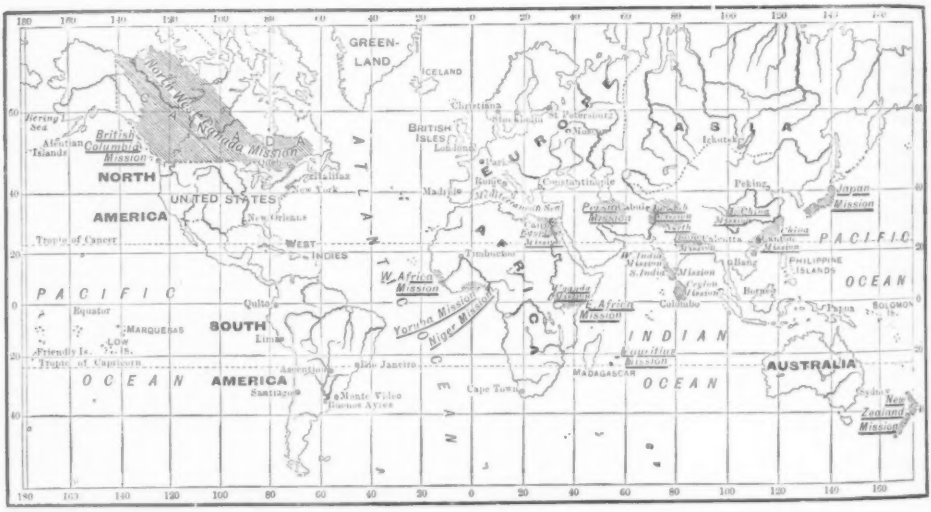


(*Photo: A. G. Carlile, Exmouth.*)

SIR JOHN H. KENNAWAY, M.P

(*President of the Church Missionary Society.*)

In this month of April all round the world—from North-West Canada to New Zealand, from Palestine to Japan, from Central Africa to the Indian frontier—men will be keeping the centenary of that meeting at "The Castle and Falcon," in Aldersgate Street. For a hundred years of work, considered in relation to the power and the wealth and the responsibilities of our nation, there may be little to show; but, for such as there is, men of many races, and once of many creeds, will, with one accord, give thanks to God.



THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S MAP OF THE WORLD.

(*The shaded portions indicate the present-day fields of work.*)



A COMPLETE STORY.

By Margaret Westrup, Author of "They Furriners," Etc

He stopped in the shade of the high old wall and listened.

A smile shone in his blue eyes as the sweet, childish voice sounded clear and high in the still, scented air.

"What now, Jeannette, shall the mistress of Ancelles fall in love like an ordinary mortal, then?"

There was mischief in the pretty voice, but there was pride, too.

"But yes, mamzelle! Love comes to all—high and low—and spares no one its pangs."

"Pangs? Ah, bah! it shall have no pangs for me!"

"Ah, mamzelle! do not be rash."

"How will it take me, Jeannette? Tell me, that I may be prepared. Will it come like a fiery dart to my bosom, bringing a light to my eyes, and a colour of roses to my cheeks? Or will it take me sadly, rendering my cheek pale and my spirits low? Tell me, Jeannette."

"Not the last way, mamzelle"—the voice was slow now—"for you are too proud."

"You are right, Jeannette, I am too proud! 'Tis not I who must be pale and afraid. 'Tis the other. Love must come to me humble and suing—to be glad or sorry at my will. Is it not so, Jeannette?"

"How should I know, mamzelle?"—sadly—"I dread its coming at all."

"Bah! what matters it? And why should it come? I, for one, do not want——Ah! do not scream so, Jeannette—it is a man—he is hurt."

The man scrambled to his feet, and tried to bow, but his face was ghastly.

"I beg your—pardon——"

"You are hurt, monsieur. Do not try to apologise. Jeannette, help him to the house. Follow me."

The man leant on Jeannette's stout shoulder, and followed the stately little figure through the sunny, twisting paths,

sweet and rich with their wealth of roses, up to the old château with its narrow windows gleaming in the sunshine.

"Here, Jeannette," said the little mistress of the roses and the château. "Monsieur, you will rest on the sofa."

He obeyed the wave of the small white hand and lay down.

"Jeannette, send for Dr. Raunay."

Jeannette departed.

The man opened his blue eyes.

"I am so sorry——"

"You must not speak," eyeing him with grave, dark eyes. "You will keep quiet till the doctor comes."

He submitted.

Jeannette returned immediately.

"Are you thirsty?" asked his little hostess gently.

"No—thank you."

"You want for nothing?"

"No, thank you."

She sat down and waited.

Then later—"Jeannette, lower the blinds. Make no noise."

"Thank you," said the man.

"Do not speak!"—frowning.

He smiled a little.

"Mamzelle, suppose he dies?"

"Jeannette, how *dare* you?"

"But his face is white; and"— her suspicions bursting out—"how came he to fall into mamzelle's garden?"

"Jeannette, leave the room!"

"That I will not! No, I will not! Jeannette knows what is owing to her mistress, and to leave——"

"Well, well"—quickly—"but do not dare to utter another word."

Jeannette mumbled rebelliously, but retired to a corner vanquished.

The man opened his eyes as a soft wave of air was wafted across his face.

A pair of soft, dark eyes looked down pityingly into his.

He shut his own with a murmured word of thanks, and let her fan him. Jeannette came ponderously across the room.

"Mamzelle, it is not fitting——"

"Did I not forbid you to speak?" said the haughty young voice.

"Yes, but Jeannette knows what is due to mamzelle, and——"

"Mademoiselle also knows."

Something in the tone stopped the old servant's words, and once more she retired vanquished.

The man smiled to himself.

Dr. Raunay came and pronounced a bad sprain of the left arm to be the only injury the man had received.

The doctor's sharp, black eyes were full of questions, but Mademoiselle Stéphanie met his gaze calmly, indifferently, and he dared not put one question into words.

"Monsieur, of course, will be our guest," she said when the doctor had taken his departure.

The man reddened slowly under his tan.

"I—really——" He raised himself on his right elbow.

Jeannette eyed him with sharp suspicion.

"Of course, you will stay," said mademoiselle, with her little imperious air.

"But I am quite well enough to go to an inn——"

"There is not one within five miles, and that—well——" A little expressive wave of the small hands and a whimsical smile finished her sentence.

"I do not like to trespass——"

"It is not trespassing," with pretty warmth; "indeed, monsieur, you must accept of our hospitality."

"Then thank you very much."

"And—your luggage? Is it with friends? They will be anxious—we will send——"

She was too courteous to ask with whom he was staying. Yet she wondered much, for, beyond poor cottages, there were no dwellings within many miles of Ancelles.

"I am alone," he answered; "I have walked from B—— to-day."

Jeannette snorted. She plainly did not believe him. B—— was thirty and more miles distant. The suspicion in her stare grew deeper.

"Oh," said Stéphanie.

"My luggage——" He hesitated; yet what could he do without it? "It is only a small bag—it is—er—outside your garden wall," he finished desperately.

"Jeannette, please see that it is fetched at once."

No faintest spark of surprise appeared in his hostess's small face. She seemed quite used to having strangers tumble over her wall into her garden, quite used to luggage being left outside the wall.

The man was distinctly amused, but he was touched too.

An old manservant, with a faint, indescribable old-world air, that fitted in with the château and the garden and

the roses somehow, brought food to the stranger, and, after he had eaten, showed him to his room.

The stranger looked round him with interest.

It was a large apartment, large and bare and old—but everything at Ancelles was old.

But the curtains to the bed, faded now, had once been rich and handsome. The tapestry across the door of a smaller room leading from the other, was still beautiful though worn with age.

Hugh Michelhurst shivered a little as he stood there in the dim, dark, old-world chamber. There was something pathetic in the tale it told of bygone splendour, something sad and forlorn.

Then his eye fell on a bowl of vivid red roses standing on his dressing-table, and he smiled.

They at least were not old. Their splendour was undimmed. There was nothing faded in their fresh, glowing beauty; and who had put them there?

He went closer; he bent over them and drank in their sweet scent. And as he did it the old, sunny garden rose before him again. The little twisting paths, the roses so thick and luxuriant that they trespassed forward from their beds; the old broken fountain, with the water nymph bending eternally in graceful readiness to dive, and amongst them—the roses, the sunshine, the queer paths, and the old fountain—the little mistress of them all, slim, childish, with soft dark eyes, with pretty lips made for laughter, with the sun caught in the waves of her brown hair. His hands wandered gently over the roses as he stood and thought what a gracious little hostess she was! How sweetly she had welcomed him, asking no questions!

A wave of colour surged over his white face.

But he smiled as he sank down on to a chair.

His entry into the sweet, old-world garden had been supremely ridiculous. Moreover, he was terribly ashamed of himself as well as rueful.

But his sense of humour was strong enough to save either feeling from overpowering him. His arm began to pain him badly again. He shut his lips tightly and sat still.

Outside he heard a gay young voice. "It is a pity, Jeannette, that the sun does not shine into his room now. See how glorious is its setting to-night."

A pause.

Hugh Michelhurst guessed how the pause was filled by his little hostess's mocking answer:

"Why, Jeannette, how cross you are! And, anyway, in the morning the sun will wake him."

"It may rain, mamzelle."

"Rain?" with a little burst of prettiest laughter. "Why, where are your eyes, Jeannette? Rain? With that sky—that sunset? Ah, no! Even *ma tante* would not say that, and she always predicts rain, you know."

"It is her rheumatism, mamzelle; she feels it in her bones."

"Yes," carelessly. "Jeannette, he will need assistance—how careless I am! It is that I am so unused to entertaining a guest, and yet once Ancelles was noted for its hospitality——"

The pretty voice died away into the distance, and a few minutes later there was a discreet tap at the stranger's door, and the faded old manservant appeared, and, with an air, offered monsieur his humble services.

Two mornings had Stéphanie's prophecy been fulfilled. Two mornings the sun had wakened her guest, and now he was wondering if he dared stay and let it wake him a third.

"Madame ma tante" had put in an appearance once. She had welcomed the stranger with a stiff yet courteous stateliness that was as old-worldly as the garden and the château and everything pertaining thereto.

She was a confirmed invalid, and, till she sallied forth to welcome her niece's guest (Ancelles belonged to Stéphanie), had not left her room for nearly two years.

Hugh Michelhurst was duly presented, and made a favourable impression on "Madame ma tante." In half an hour the impression had faded. In an hour it was gone. "Madame ma tante" had forgotten his existence.

He was sitting now on the old, worn steps leading to the second terrace. His right arm rested on the step above, close by his hostess's dainty little feet.

The air was sunny and warm, and sweet with the scent of roses.

He wondered dreamily what had become of the world——

A little breeze came and scattered the rose leaves in her lap—the soft, fragrant heap that she had gathered for *pot-pourri*—and roused the man.



She smiled softly at his words.

He stooped to gather them up, but she stayed him.

"There are plenty more," she said.

"Yes," he said; "what a lovely old garden it is!"

He watched the pink deepen in her cheek, and the little dimples come and go as she smiled softly at his words.

Then he sighed.

"My arm is better," he said. "I"—doubtfully—"must go to-day."

"Must you? Will you not stay a little longer? It"—wistfully—"is nice to have a guest."

He looked up at her with his blue eyes full of love.

"It is good of you to say so," he said earnestly.

"Ancelles cannot offer much," she said, with a little stately air, "but it offers you a true welcome, monsieur, and one that will never fail you so long as you will stay with us."

"I have never," he said slowly, "had such a true welcome before."

His eyes made her restless.

She crushed the rose leaves in her hand, and scattered them abroad.

He picked them up and kept them.

"Do you never wonder," he said, "how I came to fall into your garden?"

"We are only glad that monsieur so fell, except for the sprained arm," answered the little mistress of Ancelles.

"I heard your voice," he said, looking up into her face. "I stood and listened, and then—I wanted to see the owner of the voice, and I climbed to the top of the wall and then—I fell."

"I thought only schoolboys behaved so," she said, but her pretty lips parted and her eyes smiled, in spite of herself.

"If I had been a schoolboy I should not have fallen."

"Why?"

"Because a schoolboy does not lose his head as I did, mademoiselle."

"And your footing, monsieur."

"The one was an outcome of the other."

She looked away across the sweet, smiling sunshine.

"Monsieur"—suddenly bending her gaze upon his face—"how came you to lose your head?"

He glanced at her in swift surprise. He was no chicken-heart, yet something

in the proud little face made him hesitate.

But he was proud, too.

"Because directly my eyes fell upon you I loved you," he said steadily.

Stéphanie started to her feet.

"Monsieur, you outrage my hospitality," she said haughtily,

He got up and faced her.

"Never!" he cried. "I did not mean to say it—yet, but——"

"You insult me, monsieur!"

"Pardon me, mademoiselle"—his tone was cool as hers now—"but the offer of a man's heart and home can never be an insult!"

"An honour, perhaps?" mockingly.

"It is at least his best, mademoiselle."

"And seemly within a two-days' acquaintanceship, monsieur?"

Her pride, the haughty little smile curling her pretty lip, maddened him.

He bent towards her.

"Seemly or unseemly," he said in low, tense tones, "you shall love me!"

Her dark eyes flashed.

"I shall not, monsieur!" she cried, and shut her small teeth closely.

With a haughty inclination of her pretty head, she left him — left him amongst the roses, in the sunshine, but cold at heart at what he had done.

He wooed her persistently. He was persistent by nature, and all his life he had never wanted anything as he wanted her. He bore the discomforts of the little inn without a murmur, and every day the roses on the little twisting paths found him among them.

Mademoiselle was proud and cold; mademoiselle was proud and mocking, proud and wilful, proud and laughing, proud and non-comprehending — every mood in the world, one after another, was mademoiselle, but proud always—proud with them all. And at last he lost heart.

So there came a day when the scent of the roses sickened him, when the twisting paths maddened him, and he stood before the little mistress of them all, white, stern, beaten.

"I have come to say good-bye," he said, and the tone of his voice had changed.

"Good-bye?" she repeated, and she gave him her hand without another word.

"I would like to thank you for your kindness to me," he said dully; "but—well, perhaps some day you will understand what I feel now. I know you are too good for me. I don't see why you should ever have cared for me; but oh! my little Stéphanie, you are just all the world to me——"

His voice broke, and he turned away down one of the little sunny paths. But there amongst the roses love came to him at last; for Stéphanie, with a sudden radiance in her face which sent all the pride away, ran after him, and he, seeing the radiance, straightway took her into his arms, and the scent of the roses grew sweet to him again.

And all the explanation mademoiselle ever saw fit to give of her many unkind moods was — "You were so masterful, monsieur. You hammered out love, love, love, and 'you must,' and 'you shall'—till that day—then you wooed me as I would that I should be wooed."

And he, remembering the words he had overheard when he stood beneath the garden wall, smiled and thought he understood.

Not all peace was his wooing even now.

His little mistress still had her moods, and was tantalisingly chary of her soft words and caresses. Moreover, she possessed a will that had never been thwarted, and she did not understand the words "shall" and "must," never having had them said to her.

So that, sweet as he found his wooing at times his brow grew dark: for he too had a strong will, and it irked him to have to make it give way to hers.

And at last there came a matter in which he would not yield, and so they parted.

For mademoiselle declared that always must Ancelles be her home.

"When you are my wife," he said, "you must come with me to my house in town—in London, you know. What a change it will be for you, *petite!*"

And then mademoiselle, her eyes kindling, declared that never would she live elsewhere than at Ancelles.

He was aghast. For to a man, strong of limb and strong of brain, the life that was a dream amongst the roses could not suffice.

In vain he urged his views upon her. She rebelled against his tone of authority.

At last she stood before him with head erect, and eyes that flashed on him from under their long lashes.

"Choose," she said peremptorily: "London or me."

"But, child, hear me——"

"I will not hear you. Pray choose at once."

"I would have both——"

With a little scornful laugh she bade him begone.

"Stéphanie——"

She waved her white hand towards the gates of Ancelles.

"You have chosen. Adieu!"

She turned away with a scornful smile on her lips.

He sprang forward.

"Stéphanie, you must—you *shall* give way to me in this——"

Her small hand clenched.

"Monsieur, allow me to pass!"

He stood aside.

"You will repent," he said.

For an instant she turned her great eyes dark with pride on him.

"*Never!*" she said, and walked away.

At Ancelles the roses still blossomed, the sun still shone, though not so hotly, on the little twisting paths, the water nymph still bent gracefully for her dive, and amongst them all flitted their little mistress. In and out, gayer, more restless, swifter of foot than even of yore, she wended her way—a laugh ever on her lips, merry words tripping from her tongue, and hovering near—Jeannette.

"Life is good, Jeannette," cried mademoiselle, and gaily she made herself a crown of roses.

"Life with love—yes, mamzelle," murmured Jeannette, for she was getting desperate over the problem as to how long a young girl could live eating nothing, or next to nothing.

"Love? Bah! Jeannette, what an old sentimentalist you are!"

Yet Jeannette had heard the sharp, indrawn breath that preceded the mocking words.

And why did mamzelle have to rest half-way up to her room now?

Jeannette had seen her again and again, yet never with mademoiselle's knowledge.

For if Jeannette were with her, then, setting her little white teeth closely, mademoiselle did the flights of stairs without a pause; but Jeannette saw how the small hand, once so disdainful of the balusters, now clung to the support. She saw how the pretty throat throbbed, how her bosom heaved, and how the colour left her face; and, seeing, Jeannette's own face grew grey and lined with care.

"It is a merry world," cried mademoiselle, setting the crown of roses on her pretty head, "and love is superfluous."

"So is pride, mamzelle."

Up went the small crowned head.

"Pride superfluous, Jeannette?" haughtily. "Nay, it is but proper and right for those of Ancelles."

Jeannette moistened her dry lips.

"It can be bought too dearly, mamzelle."

"I—do not understand, Jeannette. Surely you are forgetting yourself?"

The eyes were dangerous, the lips haughty, but Jeannette's love for her charge overcame the long reserve and terror of those last months.

"Mamzelle, mamzelle, listen to me! He is a good man, and he loves you well. Without him you will pine a——"

"Pine, Jeannette? *Pine?*" Suddenly she caught the old servant's wrists between her small, hot hands. "Jeannette," she whispered passionately, "never speak so again! Do you hear? *I* pine—*I!* Am I sad, Jeannette? Answer me! Are my spirits low?"

"N—no, mamzelle."

"Do I not work and read and play as always?"

"Y—yes, mamzelle."

"Do I ever droop?"

"No——"

"Or sigh?"

"No——"

"Or weep?"

"No——"

"Then what made you speak so, Jeannette?"

"I—I do not know, mamzelle."

Stéphanie dropped her wrist. Her eyes were burning, her cheeks flushed.

"Then never dare to speak so again," she said, and turned haughtily away.

And almost directly she burst into a gay little song; and Jeannette, standing listening, felt the slow tears of age dropping one by one down her cheeks.

In London Hugh Michelhurst shouldered his way amongst the busy throng in

Piccadilly, and in the fog his thoughts turned to the old sunny garden at Ancelles. He sighed, then frowned as if such sighing displeased him. His mouth took a bitter curve as his thoughts wandered back to the last time he had stood on the little sunny paths amongst the roses, with Stéphanie at his side.

Suddenly he paused.

"Forty or a hundred, I will never give in!" he said, and his mouth looked almost cruel in its set sternness.

Spring had come. A soft, warm, early spring that brought all the tender flowers peeping out before their time.



She turned away with a scornful smile.

Perhaps it was because his thoughts so often wandered in that direction that his face seemed to have grown harder, his mouth sterner.

"Four months!" he murmured, "twelve months in a year—say, forty years—long years! Forty years like these last four months!"

"Forty years, forty years!" rang mockingly in his ears.

And in the warm, trying spring Hugh Michelhurst fell ill of a low fever.

At the end of May he rose from his sick bed, and refused to be an invalid any longer.

But his strength was gone from him.

One day he walked out into the country, and his love was strong on him, so that he bowed his head, and felt weak as a child. And suddenly a scent was wafted

to him on the breeze. He stood and lifted his head to meet it, and his face worked. On a little cottage red roses glowed before their time. He had seen none since he was in the old garden at Ancelles. He stretched out his arms. "I give in," he said, and he turned and retraced his steps the way he had come.

In a little sunny path amongst the roses he found her.

"My darling—my darling—I will live here always—only live with me——"

His voice broke; he could say no more.

With a little fond cry she nestled close to him.

"No, no," she whispered, "I will come away to your London as you wish."

They sat on the steps leading to the second terrace, and the water nymph seemed to smile down on them as she bent to take her dive. They sat side by side, and mademoiselle's pretty head rested against his shoulder.

"But, *petite*, you love your home so——"

"My home is wherever you are, monsieur."

"You did not think so once, *chérie*."

"Ah! but then you were 'shall' and 'must'"—pouting—"and now—now you are different."

He smiled tenderly. He thought he understood now.

"We will live part of the year here and part in London. There, my little one—will that do?"

"Ah, yes, perfectly!"

"Come now for a little walk," he said, for he had something in his mind.

He stopped in one of the twisting paths down which they had so often wandered, and looked at the old château.

"That ivy is too thick to be healthy," he said, "but" (sighing), "you like it—it must stop."

Now that same ivy had been the cause of their biggest quarrel before that last biggest one of all.

"It shall be cut," cried mademoiselle, smiling up at him, "and at once!"

He looked down into her eyes adoringly.

The scent of the roses wrapped them round with softest sweetness.

He smiled at her tenderly.

Yes, he understood now. He had found the way to rule her.

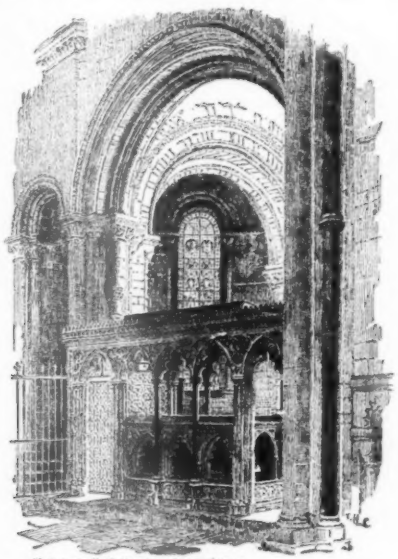


With a little cry she nestled close to him.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES.

IN APRIL.

APRIL claims an anniversary which all Englishmen are presumed to honour. April 23rd is St. George's Day, and St. George is the patron saint of England. Yet he was not, so far as we know, an Englishman. He is said to have been a centurion



(Photo: A. F. Colbourne, Canterbury.)

ST. ANSELM'S CHAPEL, CANTERBURY.

in the army of Diocletian, and to have been roasted alive for pulling down a copy of the decree ordering the infamous persecution associated with Diocletian's name. That distinction is disputed in the interests of another person; but the fact remains that St. George was held in conspicuous honour by the early Church. His particular place as the patron of the English dates from the Crusades. The story of George and the Dragon has no relation to the incident which couples him to the English. Some authorities have identified this St. George with a certain George of Cappadocia, Arian Bishop of Alexandria; but Mr. Baring-Gould rejects with indignation the proposal to confound the patron saint of England with a heretic.

We are on the ground, not of legend, but of history, in recalling St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was born about 1033. His day is April 21st.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
(*The Stratford-on-Avon Portrait.*)

St. George's Day has memories of other people than the legendary slayer of the dragon. On April 23rd, 1564, William Shakespeare was born; on April 23rd, 1616, he died. These, then, are anniversaries which cannot be overlooked by any person who values literature. Our pride is qualified by the thought that all the world of intelligence has taken hold of Shakespeare; he is the possession of educated mankind. Cervantes does not come of our stock, but in passing it may be permitted to remember that he died on the same day of the same year as Shakespeare. It was on St. George's Day, 1850, too, that William Wordsworth, poet laureate, died. The body of John Keble, the poet of the Oxford Movement, was laid



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
(*From the Tablet in Grasmere Church.*)

to rest in Hursley churchyard on April 6th, 1866. He was deeply influenced by Wordsworth, but his name still more definitely

suggests another English poet—the saintly George Herbert. He, too, belongs to this month, for he was born on April 3rd, 1593.



GEORGE HERBERT.



ROBERT RAIKES.

George Herbert was related to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose friends included Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, one of the most distinguished of English philosophers. Hobbes was born on April 5th, 1588. The philosophy afterwards associated with the names of Locke, Hume, and Priestley owed much to Hobbes. Hume himself—philosopher, historian, and servant of the State—was born at Edinburgh on April 26th, 1711. Charles Darwin, philosopher and naturalist, died this month (April 19th, 1882). Few Englishmen have attained to wider fame; few have ever more profoundly influenced human thought.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Robert Raikes, in virtue of his work in prisons and his share in the foundation of Sunday schools, deserves long to be held in memory. Born at Gloucester, he died there suddenly on April 5th, 1811. Could Raikes have looked into the future, with what astonishment and joy he would have marked the development in the extent and spirit of this work, which is indicated by the existence of THE QUIVER Medal Fund and its rewards to veteran Sunday-school workers! A more modern and a greater philanthropist also belongs to April. Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in Grosvenor Square on April 28th, 1801. In and out of Parliament, with a zeal which no opposition and no disappointment could repress, "the good Earl" worked for the cause of the oppressed, the poor, the sick, the sinful. He did much directly; perhaps more by the stimulus of his example.

Of institutions associated with the month of April, the Royal Academy is one of the most conspicuous. The Society of Incorporated Artists held their first exhibition at the Society of Arts, Adelphi, on April 21st, 1760. From this there sprang the Royal Academy. The first exhibition of the Academicians was held in Pall Mall on April 26th, 1769. The British Museum has its association with this month, for it was on April 5th, 1753, that Parliament granted the sum of £20,000 to the daughters of Sir Hans Sloane, in return for the collections which were the basis of the museum's vast treasures. The National Gallery also has its link with April, for it was on April 9th, 1838, that the present building in Trafalgar Square was completed and opened.



THE LATE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
(Photo: Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.)

April has many memories for citizens of the United States. On April 17th, 1790, died Benjamin Franklin, politician, economist, and natural philosopher; in April, 1861, began the long struggle between the Northern and Southern States; and on April 14th, 1865, Abraham Lincoln, perhaps the most striking personality hitherto produced by the great democracy, was shot by John Wilkes Booth.



A VIEW OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BROUGHT AGAIN FROM THE DEPTHS.

AN EASTERTIDE ADDRESS.

By the Very Rev. W. Lefroy, D.D., Dean of Norwich.

"Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth."—PSALM lxxi. 20.

HUMAN history had seen but its infancy when the announcement was made that man was "born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." And ever since the home of the Arab chief was devastated; ever since the day that Job's heart was broken by the intelligence of the Sabean slaughter of his sons and daughters, followed by a conflagration which stripped him of property, and made a pauper of a prince; ever since, the dreary wail of woe rends the air, and the requiem of life sobs and sighs like Eliphaz the Temanite, "Man is born unto trouble."

Nor can we allow ourselves to question the dictum. The infant's wail precedes the infant's weal. The cry of helplessness is heard in the cradle. The child's deep sigh anticipates the child's sweet smile. And although sunny childhood sometimes passes as if the pitiless law of hereditary trouble were suspended, yet no serious thinker can hesitate to accept the proposition, that trouble is in the ratio in which life's meaning and purpose are experienced, or divine love accepted and enjoyed. If a man has no trouble, it is because he has not yet practically realised the significance of existence. He is still free from those social, domestic, and personal influences, the derangement of any of which brings agony by day and sleeplessness by night. Or, again, it may be because he has learnt the loftiest and yet the lowliest lesson from his Lord, by accepting the Gospel of Gethsemane, "Thy will be done." But excepting the persons so classified by social isolation or spiritual resignation, there is not on earth an exception to the law of the human race being "born unto trouble." Yea, more. Constituted as we are, we live in the presence of the grim enigma, that the object which gave us the highest joy can give us the most excruciating sorrow. Nor can that existence be anything else than mournful whose happiness or misery depends upon any earthly object.

This statement may be illustrated by every condition in life—domestic, physical, intellectual. The genius across whose mental firmament the lights and shadows of history travelled, and by whom they were arrested, analysed, and grouped in their course; the great brain of the great worker whose intrepid excursions into the realms of the past and the present, with a view to tabulating the rise of civilisation—the patient and profound Mr. Buckle, is absorbed by mental enjoyment. He lives, and moves, and has his being in men and manners, among maps and manuscripts. He makes a grand discovery. He keeps the secret for twenty years. He repairs to Damascus to recruit for literary service. He is stricken with fever, and dies with the words of his intellectuality on his parched lips, "My book, my book! I shall never finish my book!" Here his highest joy was his keenest sorrow. So in physical life. There have been men who seemed at one time as if they were created without nerves. Their arms were brawny, muscular, and mighty. Their limbs were firm and fine. They seemed God's highest type of organic life. They rejoiced in their strength and in their youth. But disease assailed, or dissipation punished, and retribution appeared in feebleness, exhaustion, and debility. Youthful feats were forbidden. The sports of the past

recalled a youth of virtue and purity; and then came the sigh which told that, even physically, the source of our joy becomes the spring of our sorrow. And need I elaborate details to establish the place of this doctrine in domestic life? Do we not know this from the gloomy history of the orphan child, the widowed mother, the bereaved sister, brother, friend? You know that to love dearly means to have a skeleton in your house. The object of your love causes a thousand smiles to play in your eye, and to break on your countenance; but the shade of that object is mocking your mirth, and is only waiting a few rounds of the clock to compensate mirth with misery.

Nor is this all. There are sorrows far more terrible than those of sickness or the cemetery. A living sorrow defies rivalry. It has a fearful pre-eminence in woe. A wayward, wild, debauched youth; an estranged husband; an embittered, irascible, worldly wife; a stormy, or, what is far worse, a sullen home; these are amongst the darkest illustrations of the doctrine, that our sighs are in the track of our smiles; our delights become our dangers; yea, it sometimes seems as if affection became idiotic, and then, like the raving maniac, we laugh and cry together. So we are "born to trouble." This being so, it is important to listen to testimony concerning the remedy which troubled souls have found efficacious. If we have one such man, able and willing to give his fellow-sufferers a cure for care, it is surely prudent to hear what he has to say. Accordingly, let me ask you to follow me while I try to establish a cure for all afflicted souls from the experience, conviction, and anticipation of a royal mourner. I invite you to come with me to the side of a man like one of us. Listen to him struggling up the great altar-stairs of faith sustained by love, and, as he peers into the Unseen, he speaks as if to one warm with life, charged with ardent sympathy, and he says, "Oh, what troubles and adversities hast Thou shown me; and yet didst Thou turn and refresh me!"

The first step in this study is to be clear as to the nature of the troubles God showed David. There was, then, the personal and the spiritual trouble of backsliding, consequent upon his murder of Uriah for his base purpose. And here we must discriminate. The trouble of David about Bathsheba was not sent by God; God permitted it; but in the heartless and cold-blooded plot—in the tyrannical insolence and diabolical dastardliness of its execution—in the coarse, callous, and criminal height of its succeeding guilty rapture—it was of Satan, of sin, of David. For three-quarters of a year David played fast and loose with God and conscience; and it was when Nathan scared him that God showed him the trouble. Then came anguish, remorse, penitence. Then came the sorrowful sighing of the soul—all the greater in the awakening because it had slept so soundly and so long. Then came that lamentation over lost virtue, the penitential Fifty-first Psalm. It is the expression of a man lacerated by conscience. He seems to bleed at every pore. The agitation and alarm and agony are piteous beyond description. He appears in this psalm to look in every direction, and the ghost of his crime haunts him. Within, without, above, below, behind, beyond, he can see the furies of justice as the embassied troublers of his life. Original depravity, actual outrage, a heart black with the Egyptian darkness of fostered treachery, the warrior slaughtered by his mandate, the blood-guiltiness staining his soul, and then the wail ringing in the ears of God, "Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me"—all these may be compared to a spiritual chamber of horrors, in which David found himself after the startling visit of Nathan.

These were some of the troubles God showed him. And their cause introduced more of a domestic, not to say of a political, kind. The sin brought scandal and reproach on the Church of God. The enemies blasphemed. Then Jehovah, vindicating His character for justice before the world, avenging the atrocious murder of Uriah, sent a series of domestic afflictions upon David unparalleled in human experience. One scene—a nameless scene—has its miserable match in the brutal bestiality of the Empire, when the sceptre of Rome was in the hands of a corpse. But the other experiences are easily related. They are as the outcome of a curse which hung heavily on the royal house. Ammon, the eldest son, was slain by young Absalom, who waited two years for an opportunity. This severed Absalom from home for three years. He then, by a singular artifice, returned, and won the hearts of the people by his consummate and accomplished address, his handsome presence, and adroit demeanour. His aged and royal father's statesmen proved false to the king, and one in particular advised the murder of David and a revolution. At length the conspiracy grew in defiance and dimension. David was obliged to flee from the capital. His flight was far more humiliating than that of the French emperor from Paris. Napoleon had not to mourn over the treason of his son as the cause of his exile. This was David's anguish. He ascended the Mount of Olives and looked back upon the city of palaces he had founded and ornamented—the seat for a generation of his power, his glory, his happiness. He was

leaving it a miserable fugitive, driven forth by the nation he had established and the child he had reared. He could not, he did not, disguise his sorrow. With bared head and uncovered feet the exile began his pilgrimage, and every step the old king took recalled the crime and sin of earlier years, while it remained for one Shimei to load him with the bitterest and most contemptuous execrations. Then came the crisis. Such of the army as remained loyal engaged in battle with the revolutionary forces attracted to Absalom. David begged that his unhappy son might be spared in the conflict. The war began and issued in the success of the royalists. The first question of the venerable monarch was, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" He then learnt that order was re-established, but at the cost of Absalom's life. He was accidentally hanged, and while hanging he was speared by David's commander-in-chief.

These are amongst the troubles—political, domestic, and spiritual—which God permitted to fall upon David; and yet this very David has courage amid the havoc of holiness, the misery of exile, the torture of outraged parental affection, and political insurrection. That courageous confidence is in a person: he realises God. This conviction is unshaken amid his chequered life and history; indeed, all through the din of revolution, the grief of a homeless and worse than childless existence, there is one ever-recurring belief: "God my help," "God my refuge," "God my shield." In this belief he brings back to God every trouble God sent to him. Hence we have these psalms, written by David, as agony after agony swept in upon his soul. Nor did it seem to signify how different one sorrow might be from another. The old cry, the same cry, is raised to a personal God. When Saul sought his life through jealousy; when Jonathan was slain in battle; when he himself had fallen into sin, and then was aroused—now by the whisperings of reclaiming grace, now by the booming billows of divine justice; when he bowed his head in shame, and the fierce light that beat about his court gleamed on his dark soul; when he tottered up the heights of Olivet, an impotent outcast, betrayed by his courtiers, deserted by his troops, and exiled by the unnatural rebellion and heartless perfidy of his son—in these experiences, so fearful, overwhelming, and varied, he saw God showing him the trouble. As the hand that sent it was ever the same, so from the heart that received it there arose ever and anon the same plea—"Have mercy upon me, O Lord"; "Make haste to help me"; "O Lord, make no long tarrying"; "I am poor and needy"; "O be not Thou far from me, for trouble is near at hand." And then, as if realising the apostasy, desertion, and faithlessness of his friends and forces, he adds, "There is none to help."

We know how these earnest and anxious entreaties were heard: "Thou didst turn and refresh me"; "Through Thee have I been holden up ever since I was born"; "My mouth shall speak of Thy salvation all the day long; for I know no end thereof." But further. This acknowledgment of God as a "very present help in trouble" is followed by a prophecy, and that of nothing less than the resurrection—"Thou shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth"; so that David's sorrow, when brought humbly and heartily to God, was followed by divine refreshment then, and hope of resurrection hereafter. And a well-founded hope it was, because the trouble sent by God produced a grand moral result when laid before Him Who sent it. It had a purifying influence which made his mind speed on to the resurrection day. In its anticipation he was but yielding to the influence of a life higher than that he lived before his sorrow, and which sought enjoyment and exercise loftier and still loftier. This he, by faith, foresaw, in the anticipation of that rest to which his trouble sent him, and for the appreciation of which his trouble purified him.

So we have here in the spiritual world an instructive and encouraging illustration of what frequently occurs in the physical. We have purification by pain; refreshment out of ruin. So have I seen this grand law asserting the governance of its God in those Alpine crags on which the stars seem to pause. There on those storm-scalped peaks the climber feasts on the panorama spread by God's own hand, in winding river, sapphire lake, everlasting hill, sentinelled by a forest of pines, dressed in the matchless sombre of Alpine green or shrouded by the spotless snows of heaven. I have witnessed the troubles of the atmosphere. The bursting rain-cloud hangs low, the light recedes, the darkness deepens, the wind moans; and then the full-toned thunder roars, and the long lines of fire, angular and electric, leap from fissures in the firmament. The artillery of the elements is deafening, and its echoes rumble in the distance like the mutterings of imprisoned spirits. The storm is over. The calm succeeds. The clouds become brighter and brighter still. The sun peeps out here and there in a rift of the heavens. The air is fresh and keen and pure. The vegetation is bright and green. The rivulets and mountain torrents ripple and rush rejoicing. As we see this, we are reminded of the analogies of God's government; yea, if we could put a

preacher on every peak, a tongue in every valley, Nature would minister to grace, and from each would come the response of the royal poet to the call of God. The world physical would raise the ecstatic antiphon to the world spiritual: "O what great troubles and adversities hast Thou showed me, and yet didst Thou turn and refresh me!"

But these words have a still richer meaning in their bearing upon the religious fortunes of the Hebrew race, the Messianic glory of the Redeemer, and the present and future position of His believing people. I believe that Israel's troubles are to issue in Israel's refreshment, and even in national resurrection. Her captivities and dispersions, her degradation and exile, are but the preludes to her rise, return, and splendour. God has sworn it; His word is bound to it. His promise is as certain as though it were performed. But we may merely mention this as a conviction, in order to pass on and recognise in these words the history of Jesus Christ. From that cradle and cottage home; from that carpenter's bench where He toiled; from that country, with its hills and dales, and lanes and lakes, where He preached; from the Temple which He glorified and abrogated; from the cross where He died; from the tomb which He vacated; from the throne of mediation, where He sympathises, intercedes and governs; from earth below, and heaven above, the voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea, filling angelic souls with adoration, and human hearts with hope, announcing, "O what great troubles and adversities hast Thou showed Me!" He was betrayed, despised, and rejected. He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man; neither found He any to comfort Him. He was maligned and misunderstood. The malice of His enemies omitted but one sin in their resolve to blacken His character, and it remained for the patronising blasphemy of Renan to insinuate that one as possible. He was accused of deceit, though infallible; He was slandered as a drunkard, though immaculate; yea, the detraction of His foes did not spare Him the agony of being charged with the commission of a sin as disgusting as it is brutal—that of gluttony. He was arraigned as a felon, and died as an impostor. But beyond all was the sin of which these were but the symptoms. This was the trouble, "great and sore," which God showed Him. This was the agony of agonies to the sinless, spotless Lamb of God. Its fell pressure is the meaning of the tradition that Jesus was often seen to weep, but never once to smile. To this trouble we trace the overpowering experiences of the fainting, prostrate Christ in the garden; of the wailing and woe-bearing Christ on the cross. Yet there was the refreshment; there was behind it all the unchangeable love of God the Father—"Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My Life that I might take it again." There was the satisfaction of His soul, in saving the race He died to redeem by representation; there was, above all, the guarantee of that redemption in being brought "from the depths of the earth again."

And if we were to follow the history of His Church, that history would be a living commentary on the experience of David and of David's Lord: divinely sent trouble, divinely sought and divinely sent refreshment, issuing in spiritual resurrection. Is not this the account many have to give of sorrow, succour, and salvation? You were weak: you are now strong. You were "choked with cares," and sought relief in a flood of tears: you are now able to leave the burden of your cares with Him Who "careth for you"; while your eyes, once red with agony, are now bright with praise, gratitude, and hope. Remembering what you were, and now recognising what you are, you may adopt the language of David, "I am become a wonder unto many, but my sure trust is in Thee"; or, taking a fuller view and a finer tone, you will ring out the litany of deliverance, and chant the song of praise and blessing, "O what great troubles and adversities has Thou showed me; and yet didst Thou turn and refresh me."

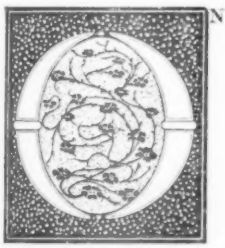
This present refreshment is a prophecy of future resurrection. It leads all the afflicted children of God on to the grand climax in sin, sorrow, and all the trouble to which we are born. Then the cup of universal affliction shall be full. The waters of our pilgrimage shall be sweetened, and changed into the bright, clear, rosy wine of immortality. Then farewell, sorrow; farewell, weakness; agony, ache, desolation, and sin, we bid you a final and a glad farewell. Then shall rise upon this scene of change and uncertainty, where pain and pleasure are so intermingled and combined, the sun that knows no setting, the everlasting day that knows no night. Then shall the children of God, the "children of the resurrection," gathered from every known and unknown region, race, and age, rise to the rapture of the saints, and, defying the immeasurable weight of all the ocean's pressure—for the sea shall give up its dead—shattering the manacles with which corruption had long bound the germ of incorruption, they shall "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," greet the Saviour Who loved them, with a greeting worthy the Lamb that was slain; worthy the grandest event in the annals of earth and heaven; while high above the din of the last crash of worlds, yea, louder than the storm which marches on the ruins of creation, shall rise the anthem of royal and even wretched and relieved experience—"Thou hast brought me from the depths of the earth again."

FOR THE SAKE ❀ OF HER CHILD ❀

By Scott Graham, Author of "The Link between Them," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

The Visit of St.



N Saturday night, in that same week, Harold sallied forth at dusk, with a bulky brown-paper parcel under his arm, containing a pair of boots which he was taking by stealth to a humble cobbler in a back alley to mend.

Just because he fervently desired not to meet anybody he knew, as he turned a corner he almost ran into the arms of May Burnside; who, on seeing him, appeared confused. He stopped and tried to conceal his parcel as well as he could, whilst talking volubly; and May stammered and fidgeted, like one detected in a guilty enterprise. Her aunt had that day presented her with half-a-crown; and, wishing to make a frock for Doris, she was on her way to buy some wonderful material she had seen marked fourpence three-farthings in a cheap, common shop she would not have cared to enter by daylight. Miss Waller would have fainted at the idea of her niece being seen going into Whittaker's, where everything was ticketed "Alarming Sacrifice!"

So, the boots weighing on his uneasy conscience, and the fourpence three-farthings on hers, they continued to blush and stammer until Harold summoned up courage to say that it was rather late, and, if Mrs. Burnside was going home, he would escort her, if she wished.

She hesitated, loth to lose the chance of bargain, and then said—

"My aunt is dining out, so I need not hurry back; and I wanted to go to a shop—Whittaker's, do you know it? I buy rubbish there occasionally."

He did know the shop, which was close to the alley wherein dwelt his old cobbler. "If you don't mind," he said eagerly, "I'll leave you a moment, whilst I do an errand hard by, and meet you when you've done your shopping."

So he went off, delighted at solving the problem of the boots; for no man appears to advantage when hugging a clumsy parcel. Having duly effected her purchase, May rejoined him, and, as they strolled towards Victoria Square, informed him that they were starting for London on Monday. "I know I shall hate it!" she added, with a sigh.

He sighed too; but what could he say or do, bound as he was, hand and foot? "July *is* rather hot for London," he answered discreetly. "Lulu wrote yesterday, and may I suggest, if you have leisure, she would be delighted if you called to see her? I will give you her address. The flat is very tiny, of course, but——"

"But infinitely preferable, I am sure, to Victoria Square!" retorted May bitterly. The burden of life seemed intolerable that evening.

"Are you, then, so unhappy there?" he asked, startled. "How I wish——"

He checked himself hastily, and May stifled a sob which rose in her throat. "Very few people are quite happy, it seems to me," she said, trying to speak calmly. "There is always something."

"Yes, but you—*you* ought to be happy, if there were any justice in the world!" he burst out impetuously. "You deserve a sunny, sheltered life, free from worry and care. Will you believe it is the hardest of my trials to be able to offer you nothing but barren sympathy?"

"It is very good of you to sympathise with

me," May murmured gratefully. "So few people do. They look at my clothes, and decide that anybody dressed as I am, and living in Victoria Square, *must* be happy. 'Lucky Mrs. Burnside!' they call me."

He remembered how enviable, in the early days of their acquaintance, May had seemed to him, and thought how mistaken are the judgments of this world. A great pity swelled his heart as she said "Good-bye"; and he tramped back to his dreary rooms doubly depressed, both on her account and his own. How he longed to be able to free her from her shackles, and offer her a happy home, independent of Miss Waller!



"Do try to look a little more cheerful!"

"I must say, May, nobody would think you were going to London to enjoy yourself. Do, for goodness' sake, try to look a little more cheerful!" said Miss Waller sharply, as they took their seats in a reserved first-class carriage on the Monday. Mr. Lang, to May's great relief, had returned to town three days before, so they were spared his company. "You are the most ungrateful girl I ever knew."

"I'm sorry you think so, aunt, but——"

"It would serve you right if I washed my hands of you entirely," continued the irate spinster. "But I am too kind-hearted; my sense of duty restrains me. I should be better off now, if I'd been more selfish and less considerate for others. But I'm well aware it's useless to expect gratitude in *this* world."

And, with a heartfelt sigh for the wickedness of this generation, Miss Waller arranged the air-cushion more comfortably at her back, and, placing her daintily shod feet on the opposite seat, commenced to study a newspaper. May sat watching the deep-green summer landscape flit by, with pretty much the same feelings as a convict might experience while going down to Portland guarded by warders. The knowledge that Mr. Lang awaited them at the end of the journey took all the colour out of the blue sky; and the sleek cattle standing knee-deep in water beneath the willows, seemed to mock her by their animal freedom from care. For herself, she cared little; but there was Doris to consider, and the thought of her helpless child harassed her throughout that miserable journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Decline

ENFORCED idleness is, to an active mind, the greatest misery conceivable. Harold Inglis had in him a vast capacity for work, and therefore found it doubly bitter to have to spend his days lounging about, waiting for the patients who never came. He was afraid to go out lest he should miss a summons, and unable to sit down to read or write, so continually did he find himself listening for a ring at the bell and Ann's voice announcing a patient. He could not even tranquillise himself with

tobacco, for he had given up smoking on account of the expense.

He returned from an errand one afternoon to find an elderly manservant waiting with the intimation that Sir Edward Vane, of The Towers, was ill, and would like to see him. He knew Sir Edward by name as a wealthy and eccentric recluse, who lived alone in a big house just outside the town, and was liberal in doctors' fees. Not a little flattered, he promised to come immediately, and was about to turn in at the lodge gate at The Towers, when he encountered Dr. Selwyn, another local medical man, with whom he was acquainted.

"Been sent for by Sir Edward, eh?" asked Selwyn, with a broad grin.

"Yes."

"Wish you joy. You may not know it, but he's already tried every doctor in Beachbourne, and quarrelled with them all in succession. I wouldn't attend him again for any money. Good-bye, and good luck to you!"

In some trepidation, Harold knocked, and was admitted through a handsome hall into a spacious sitting-room, littered with almost every conceivable object. On a sofa reclined a grey-haired man about sixty, whose tanned face, speaking of long residence in the tropics, was disfigured by a look of fretful ill-health. A retired Anglo-Indian, distinguished in the Civil Service, Sir Edward had seen more of the world than most men.

"You're not in partnership with anybody here, are you?" he asked, when Harold had examined him carefully.

"No."

"All the better. A more wretched lot of impostors than the Beachbourne doctors I never came across. For years they've been tinkering at me, and, after all, I'm worse, instead of better. What are doctors for, if they can't cure one?"

Harold was discreetly silent. Sir Edward had a complication of maladies, beyond any medical skill to remedy.

"My father lived to be ninety," continued the invalid. "And why can't I?"

"I don't think, for my part, I should wish to be so old as that," diffidently returned Harold. "It must be so sad to outlive all one's friends."

"I have no friends," was the grim reply. "Only some greedy relations, eager for my money. I've a good deal to leave," he added, looking keenly at Harold. "And when I take a fancy to people, I'm liberal—They say here that I'm always quarrelling with my doctors; but it's the doctors who quarrel with me, and will air their own particular fads, instead of trying to cure me. Are you married?" he asked abruptly.

"No."

"A good thing, too; you've more time to attend to your patients. Hewett used to bore me talking by the hour about that ugly wife of his. Do you understand fossils, and such things? My room's in an awful mess, as you see, and I should like to have the specimens arranged a bit; but I can't trust the servants."

The place was indeed crammed with all sorts of curios, many exceedingly valuable. By continually asking for one possession after another, Sir Edward had ended by accumulating all his treasures in this one room, which he never left, save for his bedchamber adjoining. A most untidy place it was; the curiosities being heaped on chairs, shelves, and the floor, without any method.

"I am very fond of fossils; and if you wish them arranged, it would give me great pleasure to help."

"Hewett wanted me to make a clean sweep of them; interfered with the flow of his precious fresh air. Like his ignorance! Did he think I wanted to sit and stare at an ugly wall-paper all day when I was tired of reading?"

"Do you read much?"

"Yes; chiefly Sanskrit. In *my* day, Indian officials had to be not only gentlemen but scholars. Well," as Harold rose to go, "I'll have your prescription made up, and shall expect you again to-morrow."

"I will come, and hope the pain will be easier then." He detailed the treatment he desired, and was giving a few final directions when the manservant opened the door. "Miss Geare has called, sir. Will you see her?"

"Oh dear!" pettishly exclaimed Sir Edward. "She'll stay an hour, prosing about her dogs. For mercy's sake, don't go!" detaining Harold. "Help me to entertain her, and get her away soon! She was to have been my sister-in-law, having been engaged to my brother Adrian years ago; and since in an evil hour I settled at Beachbourne, I've been fairly persecuted by her."

In another minute the little lady tripped smilingly in.

"Well, Edward dear, how are you now? I heard you were not well, so I just came to inquire."

"I'm better now, thank you," returned Sir Edward gruffly. "I've given Hewett the sack, and this is my new doctor—Dr. Inglis. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes, he has been attending me. I'm sure he has done me good, and I hope you'll benefit also, Edward. You can't *think* how kind Dr. Inglis was to my darling Bijou when he broke his leg!"

"Having attended Bijou, it, of course, follows that Dr. Inglis will cure me," sneered Sir Edward. "How is the amiable Miss Pepper?"

"She's waiting outside with the dogs, as you said you wouldn't have her here. She's a faithful creature; I wish you liked her a little better, Edward dear."

"I never was fond of vinegar, Catherine."

"Oh, don't be so sarcastic, Edward! I never was clever; but you make me feel like a little girl again, when my governess scolded me."

There were tears in the watery blue eyes; but they did not seem to touch Sir Edward. "The remedy, my dear Catherine, is exceedingly simple," he blandly rejoined. "I know I'm a curmudgeon, unfit to associate with such an angel as you. Why then should you inflict upon yourself the unpleasantness of coming here? Why not stay away, to enjoy the more congenial society of Miss Pepper and the dogs?"

"So you don't want me, Edward? I think you're very unkind," returned Miss Geare, evidently wounded, but with a patient dignity Harold had not expected. He noticed that ever since she entered her gaze had wandered, at intervals, to an oil-painting of a fine-looking young man in uniform which hung over the mantelpiece. "But I know better than to take you at your word. You are all I have left—my dear Adrian's brother—and——" She broke down, and wiped the slow tears of age from her eyes.

Sir Edward gave an impatient sigh, and Harold interposed. "Allow me to remind you, Miss Geare, that my patient has had a very severe attack, and the quieter he is the better. Everything depends on that. I must go home now; and may I request the pleasure of your company to the gate, if you are ready?"

"Yes, do go home to Bijou!" fretfully murmured the invalid. And Miss Geare, after bestowing an affectionate farewell on the unresponsive Sir Edward, allowed Harold to politely conduct her to the lodge gate.

"Poor Edward!" she began, as they went down the drive, "he allows illness to sour his temper, and it's such a pity! But I take no notice—he's my dear Adrian's only brother, and I can't bear to stay away from the house. Did you see the portrait over the mantelpiece?—that was my Adrian. I was young, and pretty too, in those days, though you mayn't believe it——"

"I quite believe it," said Harold kindly, touched by the spectacle of this forlorn old age.

"Adrian was so proud of Edward. He was so much thought of in India, and is very, very clever—but not equal to my Adrian—oh, no; nobody ever could be as handsome and noble as he was! When I heard he was killed in the Mutiny, I thought I should die too; I think it must have killed something inside me, for I've never been the same since. I get confused, and I can't remember things—Yes, I'm coming. Very sorry to have kept you waiting."

The humble apology was to Miss Pepper, who, with a most unamiable countenance, was standing just outside the gate. Miss Geare hastily said farewell, and Harold could hear her companion scolding her vigorously as they went down the road. But, as he thought of the faded, antique love story which had ended so tragically, he could not but feel sorry for poor little eccentric Miss Geare—it was so evident that the best part of her had been buried in her lover's grave. Her eyes must have been rather like May's, he thought, before sorrow had given them that vacant expression; and then he wondered, for the hundredth time, what Mrs. Burnside was doing in London, and whether she thought of him as often as he did of her.

CHAPTER IX.

Vanitas Vanitatum.

ARRIVED in London, all May's worst anticipations were realised; for Mr. Lang accompanied them everywhere, and she had not a minute to call her own. He assumed an air of proprietorship which made her blood boil. "You ought to do this, Mrs. Burnside—you should see that," he repeated from morning till night; and, as Miss Waller invariably pronounced all his suggestions charming, it was useless for May to rebel.

So London proved the same weary old story over again—a life of outward glitter and show, of softly rolling carriages, of sumptuous dinners, and reserved seats; and within, dust and ashes, and Dead Sea fruit! May talked and smiled, but it was mechanically; her heart was far away.

She asserted herself sufficiently, however, to declare her intention of calling upon the Inglis girls in their flat in West Kensington. She had written to Lulu, who sent her a pressing invitation to come on Saturday afternoon, when they were at leisure.

Miss Waller instantly denounced the scheme as a wild-goose chase, asserting that May was certain to lose her way. They were still discussing it when Mr. Lang came in from Palace Gardens, as he usually did first thing in the morning, ostensibly to ask what they wished to do, but really to order them about at his sovereign will and pleasure. "Well, ladies, what's the programme for to-day?" he began.

May turned round from the window of the handsome drawing-room for which her aunt was paying a small fortune, thinking, as the

morning sunlight fell upon his podgy figure, that Mr. Lang grew uglier and more common-looking every day. "I have promised to go and see my friends the Inglises this afternoon," she announced firmly.

the canvas. May considered it a most irritating production, and boldly said so; for, despite her aunt's frowns, she refused to flatter Mr. Lang. He took her criticism very good-naturedly, however, and insisted on their coming to luncheon with him at a fashionable Regent Street restaurant, where only African millionaires and such-like could afford to go.



"This is my new doctor—Dr. Inglis."—*p.* 509.

"And who may the Inglises be?"

"Some girls who live at West Kensington," returned May, colouring at his lordly tone.

"Their brother is a doctor—a very unsuccessful one—at Beachbourne," put in Miss Waller irritably. "They are very poor, and live in a poky flat. What May can see in them I can't imagine; and I'm sure she'll get lost if she goes alone."

"I can take a cab, aunt." By a perfect miracle she had a few shillings in her pocket.

"I'll tell you what," pompously proclaimed Mr. Lang. "You shall go in a cab, Mrs. Burnside, if you really must, and I'll call and bring you back in my carriage. Eh, Miss Waller?"

"Oh, what a splendid idea!" gushed the spinster, brightening; and, though May protested earnestly against troubling Mr. Lang, he was resolute. Then he carried them off to inspect a picture in a Bond Street shop which took his fancy—a seapiece, with violently ultramarine waves tumbling about

But at length May's ordeal was over, and she drew a great breath of relief as the lift deposited her at No. 18, Windermere Mansions. Lulu herself admitted her, evidently delighted to see her, and announced that just then she was alone.

"Esther isn't back yet, but I expect her every minute," she explained. "Mabel, our chum, has gone to see some friends. We don't keep a servant, but a charwoman comes morning and evening. Our flat is a mere cupboard, as you see; but, such as it is, you are very welcome."

She conducted May over it, and tiny it certainly was; only one sitting-room, a speck of a kitchen, three small bedrooms, and a bathroom. But it was very comfortable and homelike; and, though many of the articles were merely of wicker and bamboo, it was furnished with a taste which betrayed the instincts of gentlewomen.

"How I envy you!" exclaimed May, as she sank into a chair in the cosy little sitting-room. And then, to Lulu's consternation

and to her own intense disgust, she burst into tears.

Lulu looked quite alarmed: for the modern girl reserves all such exhibitions for the privacy of her own apartment, and tears and hysterics are as much out of fashion nowadays as poke bonnets and sandalled shoes. It is not that the new girl can't feel, but that she considers it undignified to cry.

"There's Esther!" cried Lulu eagerly, as a latch-key clicked in the hall door.

May had expected to find Miss Inglis handsome; but she was not prepared for such a young goddess as now swept into the room, with a stride of long, well-knit limbs which made the place seem ludicrously small. Esther Inglis would have attracted notice anywhere, with her splendid, keen-cut, dark



To Lulu's consternation . . . she burst into tears.

"Forgive me," apologised May, blushing furiously. "I'm overtired—I've been doing too much in this heat. I feel quite ashamed to be so foolish."

"We'll have tea directly Esther comes; that will revive you," replied Lulu cheerfully and she proceeded to light a dainty spirit-kettle which formed part of a most inviting tea equipage. May watched her enviously, thinking how sweet and homelike it all was. She had never known a real home since leaving her father's house. Her married life was a horrible nightmare, and Victoria Square was little better; and if she yielded to pressure and married Mr. Lang—— But no! that would not bear thinking of!

face and stately poise of head; and her family might well be proud of her.

She was better dressed than Lulu, in a plain but well-fitting gown which was very becoming.

"Tired, dear?" asked Lulu affectionately, as her sister, after greeting May, reclined her tall figure in a basket-chair.

"Rather; that is, I've a Saturday afternoon kind of feeling. The office was very hot, and the new man can't quite manage the telephone. Where's Mabel?"

"Gone to see her friends at Richmond. Give me your hat, dear."

She removed her sister's outdoor garb with a deft motherliness which charmed May.

Miss Inglis was clearly accustomed to being waited upon; but it seemed quite natural, with her splendid face and figure.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Lang meets his match.

"AND how is Harold, Mrs. Burnside?" Esther asked as they sipped their tea.

May gave as favourable an account of his progress as she could, to which Miss Inglis listened thoughtfully. "I'm afraid he has an uphill struggle before him, poor old fellow! Without capital, it seems to me, you can do nothing nowadays? Are there many doctors at Beachbourne?"

"A good many; and, of course, it takes time to make a practice."

"It's always the same old story—want of money!" sighed Esther pessimistically. "Nowadays the competition is something dreadful; and what will it be for the next generation?"

"Why, Esther, you seem in rather a croaking mood!" remonstrated Lulu.

"Well, my dear, going about daily in trains and omnibuses, and having to run the gauntlet of every man who thinks that because a girl works for her living she can't possibly be a lady, doesn't tend to sweeten one's view of life."

"I suppose there are annoyances in every lot," diffidently put in May. "But there are—there really are—worse things than being obliged to earn one's living. You must be so happy here, able to do just as you like, with nobody to worry you."

Esther's brow cleared. "Yes, it's something to be independent, nowadays. And it's too bad to bore you with my grumbles, Mrs. Burnside. I don't often indulge in complaints, do I, Lulu? We three really have a jolly time here; and my salary is to be raised twenty pounds a year, beginning from next month."

"Oh, Esther, how splendid!"

"Yes, we must go on the river, or have some dissipation to celebrate it. Oh! who can that be?" as a loud knock resounded at the outer door.

"My aunt thought I might get lost, and a friend of ours—Mr. Lang—offered to call for me," said May, flushing. "He is earlier than I expected—I hope you don't mind his coming?"

"Oh, dear, no!" nonchalantly responded Esther, as Lulu bustled out to admit Mr. Lang, who entered with his usual bumptious self-confidence. But when his eyes fell upon the superb figure of Esther, he was palpably surprised.

May introduced him; but, while Lulu gave him a friendly greeting, Esther barely condescended to acknowledge his existence. Miss Inglis, late of Mallowfield Hall, was not to be put down by a vulgar plutocrat.

"I must apologise for coming rather early, Mrs. Burnside," he began, "but I didn't quite know how long it would take to get here; I never was in this neighbourhood before. Don't you find it rather out of the way?" he continued, addressing Esther.

"It *is* rather inconvenient, especially as we don't keep a carriage," she coolly returned. A keen observer of human nature, she had taken Mr. Lang's measure in one haughty glance.

"Nice little place, though," he added patronisingly, intending to be very polite. "That drapery over the mantelpiece is a good idea. Did Liberty do it?"

"I did it myself, with a few yards of cheap cretonne and an ounce of tin-tacks."

"Really! How clever!" he exclaimed, not perceiving that Esther was covertly laughing at him. "Old miniatures, too! Are you a collector? I am; I've got some lovely Cosways."

"Oh, dear, no! these are only some of our ancestors. My father has the best ones, down in Cornwall."

"I've rather a good collection at my house in Palace Gardens. You've seen them, haven't you, Mrs. Burnside? It would give me great pleasure to show them to your young friends, if they care to call some day."

"Thank you; my sister and I are working all day, and have very little time. I am not specially interested in miniatures, except those belonging to our family," replied Esther coldly. May inwardly rejoiced at seeing Mr. Lang meet his match for once.

"I believe you have a brother out in South Africa?" presently asked Mr. Lang, turning to Lulu.

"Yes, at Johannesburg. He's on the staff of the Victorina Mine."

"I believe I've met him somewhere. Rather good-looking, with dark hair, isn't he? He must know me; I'm so well known out there in connection with the Springkloof Mine. Have you heard of the Springkloof, Miss Inglis?"

"Yes," answered that superb young lady, fixing her eyes steadily on him. "I have heard a good deal about it from Jack. He was over in England last summer."

"I'm often going backwards and forwards to Johannesburg," continued Mr. Lang; "I should be glad at any time to take charge of any parcels or letters for your brother, if you will let me know. This is my London address," and he laid his card on the table.

"Thank you, we couldn't think of troubling you."

"No trouble, I assure you. I should be very glad to oblige any—any of Mrs. Burnside's friends."

May crimsoned beneath his significant glance and the scarcely veiled scorn on Esther's fine face. How these girls must despise her for associating with this horrible man! Unable to bear it any longer, she rose to take leave.

"I hope we shall meet again before you go," Lulu said wistfully; but May dared not press them to come and see her aunt, knowing they would only meet a chilly reception from Miss Waller. "I will write and let you know," she answered hurriedly.

"Perhaps you young ladies might like a drive in the Park occasionally?" suggested Mr. Lang. "I'd be very happy to send my carriage."

"Thank you," responded Esther, who appeared to be spokeswoman on all occasions. "My sister and I work for our living, and have no time for such dissipations. I am employed in a City office."

"Then it's a shame you should have to work—that's all I can say," warmly rejoined Mr. Lang. "A woman's place is at home, in a handsome drawing-room, with every comfort about her—not jostling about in the crowd with men."

"Handsome drawing-rooms and an idle life are not within the reach of every woman, nowadays, Mr. Lang," coldly responded Esther, as they shook hands; and the next minute the door closed behind them.

"Horrid man!" cried Esther wrathfully, when the visitors had gone. "Didn't his insufferable patronage make your blood boil? He might well ask if we knew him by name; of course, we do—too well, for, according to Jack, the Springkloof Mine was a byword on the Randt, from the way in which the original owners were cheated out of the property by Mr. Lang and his syndicate. I remember he mentioned this Lang as a man who was well known at Johannesburg to have mixed in many shady transactions."

"What a pity that nice Mrs. Burnside should be obliged to associate with him! He evidently admires her; but, to tell you a secret, Esther, there's somebody who admires her even more—and that's Harold."

"Poor Harold! How can he ever afford to marry? Mrs. Burnside is dependent on her aunt for everything, isn't she?"

"Yes, and her aunt intends her to marry Mr. Lang. Poor thing! I can see she is simply miserable at the idea of it."

Esther took up Mr. Lang's card, to read the address. "He might well say West Kensington was out of the way! If he ever comes again—I don't mean to be at home." And she tore it into the smallest fragments.

CHAPTER XI.

On the Island.

"THIS is what I call perfectly delightful," pronounced Miss Waller solemnly. She looked meaningly at May, who stood near, looking her best in pale blue, with a big white hat, but her niece pretended not to hear.

A week had elapsed since Mrs. Burnside's visit to the Inglis girls; and it was again Saturday afternoon. It had been a week of absolutely tropical heat, exhausting to a degree; and Mr. Lang, noticing May's pale cheeks, had proposed a trip up the river in his steam-launch. So, with their mutual friends the Wingates, and some other people, they were now bound for an island some distance above Kingston, where they intended to land and have tea.

After the scorching and crowded streets, the river, with its green, tree-shaded banks, was indeed a pleasant change; and, had she been free from care, May would have greatly enjoyed watching the numerous gay boats and launches filled with happy holiday-makers. But the presence of Mr. Lang—vulgar, fussy, and pretentious—spoiled everything, and she avoided him as much as possible, greatly to her aunt's disgust.

The island at which they presently arrived was very small; and so crowded with people that at another time the scene would have amused May. They landed with some difficulty, amid the crowd of skiffs, punts, and canoes, which were moored to the banks; and had to walk warily, not to tread upon their late occupants, who were now grouped round every variety of tea equipage, arrayed in every kind of costume. One or two people, ostentatious like themselves, were attended by liveried servants to turn the whole thing into a burlesque; but the great mass had spread their tea with their own hands, and it was comical to see how their ideas of a picnic varied. Here would be a homely meal with thick enamelled tea-things, huge chunks of bread-and-butter, and shrimps or watercress for a relish. Next door would be an aristocratic party with a silver teapot, fairy-like china, expensive cakes, and fruit on artistic dessert plates. Here a stout materfamilias, purple with the heat, struggled to satisfy her hungry brood of eight with hastily buttered rolls; there a pair of lovers, oblivious of all else, sat partaking of nectar and ambrosia, in imagination a thousand miles away. Everywhere was good humour, laughter, and happiness.

At last, after his usual bustle, Mr. Lang contrived to secure a vacant spot for his party; though not without an angry argument with

some plainly dressed people who, with scant respect for African millionaires, declined to move their common delft tea-service to make way for his costly Dresden. Whilst the footman spread the cloth May sat abstractedly gazing over the sunlit river, when suddenly she caught a glimpse in an approaching boat of a figure which made her heart leap. Surely that stalwart young man in flannels, rowing two girls towards the island, was Harold Inglis! With consummate skill he steered his cockleshell craft to the bank, then helped his sisters out, and, carrying a basket, came to find a place to sit down.

"What a handsome girl!" murmured more than one of Mr. Lang's party as Esther advanced with her queenly gait. May, delighted, rose to greet her. "How wonderful to meet you here!" exclaimed Miss Inglis. "Harold had to come up to town on business, and we persuaded him to bring us up the river."

"So glad to see you again, Mrs. Burnside," said the young doctor as they shook hands; his honest English face flushing as his glance met hers. That glance and that handclasp seemed to throw a flood of light upon the secret places of May's soul; for suddenly she realised that she loved him better than her life. He was, and always must be, the one man in the world to her.

Miss Waller was not pleased at this addition to their party; but she could not interfere when Mr. Lang pressed the Inglises to join the circle assembled at tea. Nor could they well refuse; though independent Esther insisted on making use of the provisions they had brought with them. Harold stationed himself beside May, as a matter of course, and contrived, under cover of the lively chatter of the rest, to tell her about the new patients he had secured at Beachbourne, and hear what she had been doing in London. It was a very harmless, matter-of-fact conversation, but it drew down many jealous glances from Mr. Lang, which May perceived, but did not heed. Why should she not enjoy this brief moment of happiness?

"Shall I see you again before I leave? I'm going back on Monday," Harold observed wistfully, when the tea-things had been packed up for the return journey.

But she shook her head, knowing it was useless to invite him to call upon her aunt; nor could she promise to visit Windermere Mansions. "We shall be returning the end of next week, I hope," she answered hurriedly, sorry to seem so inhospitable. "I shall be so glad to leave London!"

"Now, Mrs. Burnside," interrupted Mr. Lang, bustling up, "your aunt's invited me to dine with you at eight; and if I'm to be back in time to dress, we must look sharp. Sorry to have to say good-bye to you, Miss Inglis," he added, turning to stately Esther with his most patronising air. "I wish I could ask you to come back in the launch with us; but there's so little room."

"Thank you, I prefer a rowing-boat. I



"If he ever comes again!"

thoroughly disapprove of steam launches on a crowded river like the Thames," calmly responded she; whilst Miss Waller gasped, open-mouthed, at such effrontery. Imagine a beggarly girl in an office daring to address such criticism to the great Mr. Lang!

The lovers had perforce to separate, for the rowing-boat would, of course, be soon left behind by the launch. May took her seat with a sinking heart at the prospect of Mr. Lang's company for the rest of the day; and Harold was so silent all the way home that Esther commented on it as they disembarked.

"So this is the end of my little treat in honour of my rise of salary!" she ruefully remarked. "I thought it would be pleasant on the river; but I feel almost sorry we came. Certainly, Mrs. Poyser was right in her opinion of 'pleasuring-days.'"

CHAPTER XII.

Reprieved.

"NOW, May," began Miss Waller in her most portentous tone, on Monday morning, "I must have an explanation with you. I'm going home this week, for it's ruinously expensive being here; and to-day Mr. Lang is coming for his answer. Without any beating about the bush, I expect you to marry him."

"Oh, aunt, don't—*don't!*" entreated May, wringing her hands. "I cannot marry Mr. Lang."

"What childish nonsense! Fancy refusing a house in Palace Gardens, and all that money!"

"I can't and won't marry him."

"Very well, then, you and Doris must find another home. I have pinched myself to keep you in luxury; but if you will be so wickedly blind to your plain duty, I wash my hands of you."

"I don't care one bit for myself, aunt; I could earn a living, I'm sure, and I'd gladly do it. Let me try," pleaded May. "I will promise never to cost you another penny, if you will only be so kind as to give Doris a home until I am able to keep her myself."

"Which will not be till Doomsday. Talk of earning your living—what rubbish! Why, you haven't even one decent accomplishment. No, if you leave my house, Doris goes, too; I won't have the little spoilt monkey left on my hands."

"But, aunt——"

"Besides, think what advantages you could give Doris if you married Mr. Lang—the best possible education, horses, carriages, Continental trips, everything! If you really cared at all for your child, you couldn't hesitate for a minute."

It was a clever argument, and it made May waver as nothing else could; and Miss Waller did not know whether to be glad or sorry that just then Mr. Lang himself was announced.

"Don't go, Miss Waller," he began, as the spinster, after a few casual observations, was about to leave the room. "I've nothing to say to Mrs. Burnside you may not hear as well. Your niece knows by this time that I am anxious to have her for my wife. I want to marry and settle down now, and I can promise you," he added, turning to face May for the first time, "a most luxurious home—you've seen it—both for yourself and your little girl. Your aunt wishes it, I know; and I hope, Mrs. Burnside—May—you'll make me very happy by saying you'll be my wife before Christmas."

He came closer, and would have taken her hand; but she started back. Her aunt's basilisk eyes were fixed on her, to add to her discomfiture; but she said as firmly as she could, "I am very grateful for your kindness, Mr. Lang; nevertheless, I must refuse your offer, for I do not love you, and I could not marry any man unless I did."

"Now, really, Miss Waller," remonstrated the plutocrat, turning with an injured air to the wrathful spinster, "I call this too bad! It was understood between us that you would prepare Mrs. Burnside, so that it might all be plain sailing. I'm not accustomed to ask and be refused, I can tell you."

"May must have lost her senses to reject such an offer, Mr. Lang," returned Miss Waller, with an annihilating glance at her niece. "She is an ungrateful, undutiful girl; and if she refuses you, I will have nothing more to do with her."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Lang, with a gulp, as if swallowing something very nauseous to the taste, "I must confess I didn't expect to be sent to the right-about like this. However, young ladies often change their minds; and perhaps, when Mrs. Burnside thinks my offer quietly over, she may alter her opinion. I've great faith in your persuasions, Miss Waller. I've just had a telegram, saying a fall of rock has damaged the machinery at the Springkloof, and I'm wanted out there, so I must sail for the Cape at once. I expect to be away some months; by November I shall probably be back in England. I give Mrs. Burnside until then to consider my offer; I won't look upon this as a final rejection. I'm sure, when she thinks of all I'm in a position to offer, she can't be so foolish as to refuse."

XUM

"How kind—how generous!" exclaimed Miss Waller, as May stood in stony silence. "I promise in my niece's name that when you come back she will accept you. I hope we shall see you again before you leave?"

"Well, no, for I've a lot to do before I go. But I'll write to you; and as soon as I possibly can I shall return for Mrs. Burnside's answer."



"How wonderful to meet you here!"—*p.* 515.

As if in a sick dream, with this threat ringing in her ears, May mechanically tendered him her limp hand in farewell. When they were once more alone her aunt said in crisp, dry tones:

"I shall return to Beachbourne on Wednesday, and make arrangements for spending August and September in visiting amongst our friends in the country. We have plenty of invitations. I have said all I need say on the subject of Mr. Lang. Meanwhile, you can choose between Palace Gardens and every luxury, and a life of starvation and beggary for you and Doris."

Despite the apparent calm with which Mr. Lang had taken May's rejection of his flattering offer, he was nevertheless in a very bad temper when he left the house and jumped into his victoria. He was not accustomed to rebuffs—which made the fact that he had just been rejected by a penniless widow, only saved from actual want by her aunt's charity, doubly galling.

"I'm mad to care so much about a pale-faced girl with nothing to say for herself; and I really ought to do better. I could easily marry a lady of title, or anybody I choose; and it would serve her right if I went straight off and proposed to somebody else, just to show her that rich husbands don't grow on every bush!"

Revenge is always the first thought of a mean mind which is smarting from a sense of injury. Mr. Lang chuckled over this idea for some time, and the result was, that when Esther Inglis entered their one sitting-room about half-past five that day, she found Mr. Lang seated in the most comfortable chair, awaiting her.

She instantly assumed her thorny manner; but it had no more effect than it would have had upon a rhinoceros. "I've come to say good-bye for the present, Miss Inglis," he

airily remarked, as if his visit were a matter of course. "I leave to-morrow for Johannesburg on business; and as I shall probably see your brother, it would give me great pleasure to take charge of anything you may wish to send him."

Esther's handsome face relaxed. Really it was very kind and thoughtful of Mr. Lang, who, with his influence, might prove a valuable friend to Jack.

"It is very good of you, and in his last letter Jack asked us to send him some collars and ties; they are such a fearful price at Johannesburg, and not good. But they are not bought yet, and you say you leave to-morrow?"

"Yes, but the shops will not be closed for some time, and my victoria is at the door, if you will honour me by using it to go where you wish."

Esther hesitated a moment; but the opportunity of saving expensive and troublesome postage, besides serving Jack, was too good to lose. Mr. Lang rose, and indicated a box lying on the table.

"I've brought you a little fruit, Miss Inglis, just sent to me from my country place near Dorking. My head-gardener prides himself on his peaches and nectarines; but I must leave you to judge."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Esther, with sparkling eyes; for she had not tasted a nectarine since leaving Mallowfield. In a moment she had undone the satin ribbon which tied down the lid, and was feasting her eyes on such peaches as she had seldom seen.

"As you seem fond of fruit, I'll give orders to my gardener to send you a box periodically," observed Mr. Lang. "Oh, don't thank me; I shall be away, and somebody may as well enjoy it. And if you'll have the parcel and letters ready, my footman shall call for them to-morrow morning."

He accompanied Esther down to the street, where his beautifully appointed carriage was waiting; and it must be confessed she enjoyed finding herself seated behind a spruce coachman and footman once more. "You will take this lady's orders," pompously commanded Mr. Lang. "Keep the carriage as long as you like, Miss Inglis, and I'll not forget about the parcel."



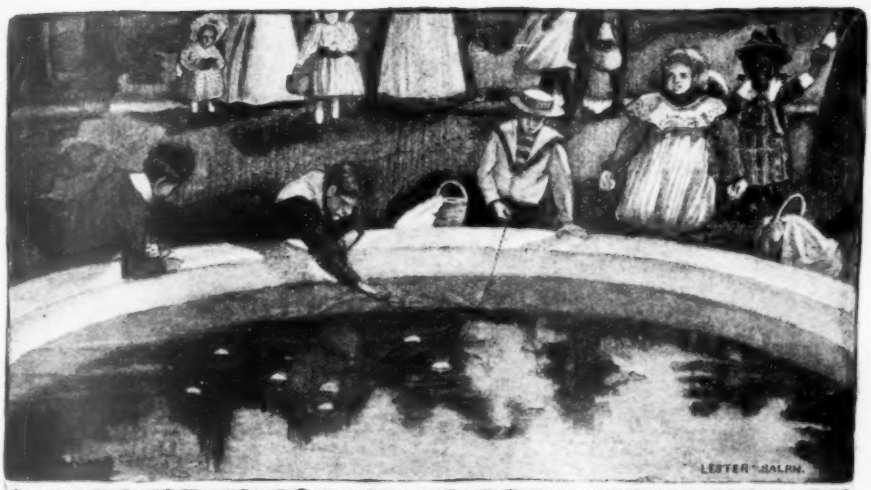
"Oh, don't thank me."

So manifest was his desire to propitiate, that Esther could do no less than bid him a civil farewell, with the hope that he might have a pleasant journey. Then she rolled away, looking so much at home in the smart carriage that Mr. Lang gazed after her admiringly.

"By Jove, how well she sets the whole thing off! Looks like a lady used to carriages all her life. May Burnside really isn't a patch upon Esther Inglis; there is no mistake about that!"

Had Miss Waller only been there to hear him, she might well have trembled for the success of her darling scheme of marrying May to a rich man.

[END OF CHAPTER TWELVE.]



EASTER EGG ROLLING IN WASHINGTON

"GOING to Mr. President's!"

That is what the hundreds of little boys and girls will tell you any Easter Monday morning, should you chance to stop them and ask their destination as they go toddling along the streets of Washington with baskets of eggs hanging on their arms and a glad delight shining in their eyes.

They make up a very "mixed" crowd, these children! There is the dainty little miss in richly embroidered frock and wide silk sash, with one tiny hand held tightly in the grasp of a big negro nurse and the other hand clasping lovingly a basket of pretty coloured eggs; there is another little girl in a very clean but much-faded gingham or print apron, trotting along at her mother's side—the mother dressed, perchance, in shabby black, belonging to the class known in the Southern part of the States as the "poor whites"; there is also the trio of little "darkey" girls, dancing merrily along the sidewalk, swinging their egg-baskets as though with intention of spilling the eggs over passers-by, yet never quite dropping them, and singing the while as they keep step—

"Tra la la la, tra la la la,
Easter Monday morning!"

There are nice, smart-looking little boys, strutting along proudly in their first pair of knickerbockers, with pockets bulging out with Easter eggs, their black nurses walking just a few steps behind them; there are the poor white boys whose clothes are patched and boots worn with toes protruding. On other days they sell newspapers, black boots, and do "odd jobbs" to earn a few cents, but on Easter Monday morning they somehow get together a collection of coloured eggs and go to see the President. Then there are the little black boys, some smartly dressed (for many of the coloured people of Washington

are well-to-do), and others as shabby as shabby can be. But no matter. Are they not provided with Easter Monday, and it is the happiest day of all the year with the children of the Capitol City. In England, of course,



THE INVASION OF THE PRESIDENT'S LAWN.

Monday eggs and going up to the White House to see "Mr. President," who every Easter Monday gives over his beautiful lawn to as many little boys and girls as like to go and see him, and roll their eggs over the grassy slopes that look out over the Potomac River?

On no other day during the year does Washington present so interesting and picturesque an appearance as on Easter Monday is always a Bank Holiday, but not so in the United States. In New York and other large American cities banks and shops and schools are open as usual; but in the district of Columbia, where Washington is situated, it is a legal holiday. That in itself makes it a happy time for the children. Then, add to the joy of having no lessons to learn the fact that they are allowed to take

dozens of coloured eggs to the White House lawn and play the games of "egg-picking" and "egg-rolling" as the specially invited guests of the President of the United States, and it will be easily understood how festive an occasion is Easter Monday to the children of Washington.

Not even the oldest inhabitants of Washington can remember the time when the boys and girls of the city did not celebrate Easter Monday by "egg-rolling," although the children of fifty years ago rolled their eggs down Capitol Hill, under the shadow of the magnificent Capitol building, instead of on the White House lawn. Year after year the children of former generations trudged up the great hill with their egg-baskets over their arms and had the happiest times imaginable with their Easter games.

One Easter Monday, however, about twenty years ago, hundreds of boys and girls went to Capitol Hill with their eggs just as they had done in previous years, when they were astonished to be hustled off the grounds by special messengers and policemen from the Senate and House of Representatives, who declared that the distinguished Senators and Congressmen in convention assembled had made up their minds that their "door-yard" was no longer to be disfigured for days after Easter Monday with broken eggs and vari-coloured shells! They were weary of having their highly polished boots smeared with yolks of eggs, and Easter Monday "egg-rolling" in Washington was to be ended!

Then there went up all about the precincts of the nation's Capitol a loud wail of anguish and wrath from hundreds of childish throats, in which the numerous nurses and attendants joined. Many boys and girls gathered on the steps of the building, sobbing in disappointment, some of the larger boys throwing out direful hints of vengeance to be wreaked on the heads of the nation's law-makers; but the stately Senators remained stony-hearted, in spite of it all. In the midst of the tearful hub-bub the President's carriage drove past, and President Hayes (the then head of the nation) drew up near the portico to inquire why the children wept instead of rolling their eggs on Easter Monday.

A chorus of voices informed him that the "nasty Senators wouldn't let them play any more because they messed up the grounds"; and then again from the throng of little ones confronting the President there arose fresh outbursts of grief and indignation.

"Never you mind, children," said President Hayes soothingly. "You may



"GOING TO MR. PRESIDENT'S."

come right up to my house and play in my back yard."

Then the mourning was turned to rejoicing. Every child knew that in all the city of Washington there was not so wonderful a "back yard" as that which belonged to the White House. Its beautifully kept slopes were ideal places for "egg-rolling," and then there was the great fountain in the middle of the lawn! So when the President's carriage started to return to the White House, it was followed by several hundred boys and girls swinging their egg-baskets, and singing and shouting out their gratitude to the President of the United States, who was going to let them play in his garden. I doubt if ever an American President had an escort of which he

had such cause to feel proud as that which accompanied President Hayes to



ON THE WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

the White House gates on that memorable Easter Monday.

Outside the gates they were kept waiting for about an hour, while the President gave his hurried instructions to the gardeners to put the place in readiness. At eleven o'clock the gates swung open, and from that time till six o'clock the children rolled their eggs.

Ever since then Washington children have gone regularly every Easter Monday to play in the President's "back yard," each of President Hayes's successors having kept up the custom of inserting in the Washington papers each year an invitation to all the children residents of the town to spend the day rolling eggs on the lawn.

In President Hayes's time his own children joined in the sport, and during the last term of President Cleveland the President's little girls, who were considered too young to roll eggs with the elder children, were kept on the back portico with their mother or their nurse, where they could watch the progress of the games.

Two years ago, on Easter Monday, I spent the day on the White House lawn, watching the big "Presidential children's party," as it is called. The gates were opened at a little after ten o'clock, and during the day there were several thousand children playing in the grounds. Many of the children, besides carrying their baskets of eggs, carried also their luncheon-baskets, and when tired of games they sat about on the grass, picnic-fashion, eating bread-and-butter and cakes and hard-boiled eggs. I should here mention that, although the President does not consider it necessary to make any rules for the preservation of order among his young guests—it being taken for granted that all children invited to the President's garden will behave in their very best style—he always requests that those who accept his invitation to roll their eggs on his lawn will be particular to bring with them only eggs that are thoroughly hard boiled, for in the game of "egg-picking" the use of raw or soft-boiled eggs would be, to say the least, most inconvenient!

The game of "egg-picking" is a very simple one, although it is entered into most enthusiastically by the boys and girls. The children separate themselves into groups of eight or ten, then seat themselves on the grass at the top of the slopes and roll their eggs down to the bottom. The eggs that make the descent without getting cracked or "picked" may be brought back and re-rolled, until they do get cracked or until the game is over, while those that get "picked" are placed back in the baskets. The boy who can hit his neighbour's egg and "pick" it without "picking" his own is looked upon as something of a hero. Of course, toward the end of the game many of the players drop out, all of their eggs having got "picked." Very often the players are reduced to two who show themselves particularly expert, and then there is great excitement watching for the winner.

Besides the game of "egg-picking" there are egg-ball games, egg croquet

games; but plain "egg-rolling," which consists of rolling eggs down the slopes, going after them, and rolling them again and again, seems to be the favourite amusement. Then, too, the children engage in "jumping the rope" and other similar amusements.

Although many of the children spend the entire day on the lawn, numbers of them remain for a couple of hours only. By this means the grounds are not kept so crowded as they would otherwise be. The hours between three and five o'clock, however, are considered the most enjoyable, as during that time the President always arranges to have the Marine Band to entertain the children with music, and it is at that time also that the President makes his appearance out on the back portico to greet the children. It is, of course, thoroughly understood that so busy a man as the President cannot spend his whole day with his young visitors. He entertains them by turning over his grounds to them, and they enjoy themselves in their own way without molestation.

On the afternoon of the Easter Monday which I spent in Washington President McKinley came out on the portico at about half-past three. He took off his hat and waved it to the children, who all gathered as near as possible about the portico and shouted out—

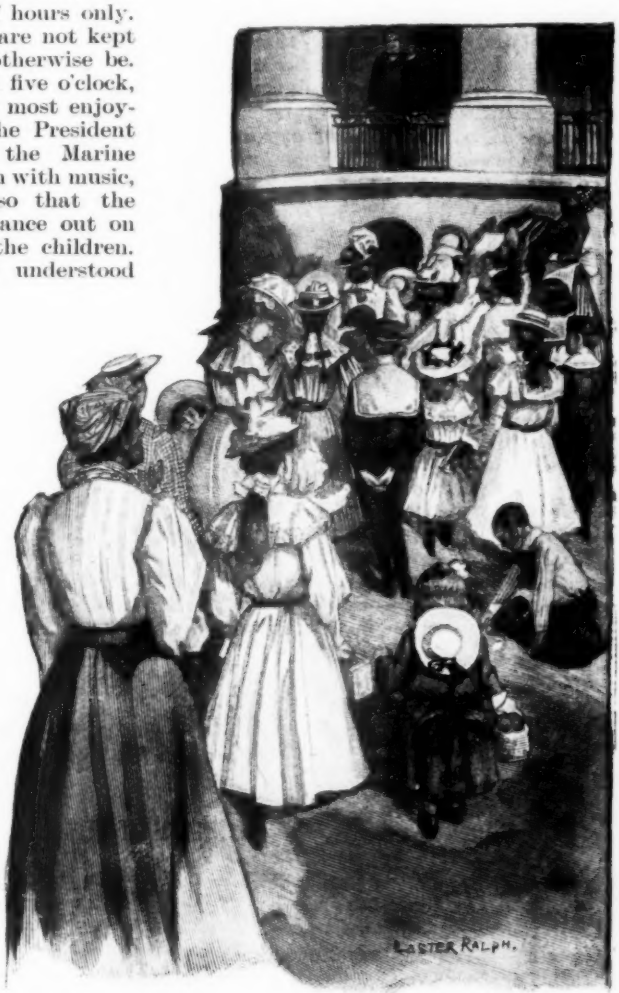
"Howdy do, Mr. President? Howdy do, howdy do?"—the boys taking off their caps and the little girls waving their handkerchiefs.

"How do you do, children? Glad to see you, and hope you are having a good time!" shouted back the President.

"Splendid time, Mr. President, and thank you for your invitation," called back the delighted little guests.

"That's right!" returned the President, laughing. "I hope you'll all come again next Easter Monday."

"Thank you, Mr. President. Good-bye, good-bye!" shouted the children. Then President McKinley went back to his duties of State and the children returned to their egg-rolling. Mrs. McKinley sat on the portico most of the afternoon watching the merriment. Occasionally a little boy or girl would edge up to the portico, and push a blue or red egg through the railings, saying:



PRESIDENT McKINLEY GREETING HIS YOUNG VISITORS.

"Please, Mrs. President, I've brought you one of my eggs to keep!"

Mrs. McKinley accepted the little presents with the sweetest of smiles and a "Thank you."

At about two o'clock in the afternoon the White House lawn looked like a large picnic ground. Some of the children had brought napkins to lay upon the grass when they should be ready to eat their luncheon, and on the napkins they spread their boiled eggs and bread-and-butter. One little girl, when I complimented her on her daintiness, explained:

"I does it so I won't get eggshells on Mr. President's grass! My mamma told me I must be careful, cos it wouldn't be very nice if the President of the 'Nited States had to go round to-morrow picking up eggshells after me!"

During the afternoon there were several slight accidents at the fountain. Some of the children delighted in digging all the meat from their eggs through the smallest possible aperture and then floating the empty shells in the lower basin of the fountain where the water was undisturbed. In trying to keep their improvised ships from sailing away, two little girls fell into the water, but they were quickly rescued by their nurses and taken home to be dried.

At five o'clock the crowd began to disperse, and at a little past six the small guests of the President had all left the lawn and were on their way to their various homes. Such a variety of homes, indeed, they went to! Some to magnificent mansions on Connecticut Avenue. Their fathers were high Government officials, Senators, members of the Cabinet, and their mothers well-known society women. Other little boys and girls went to very humble homes and minded their little baby brothers and sisters while their mothers got supper; and then there were the homes in the localities given over almost entirely to the negro population. Before the War their parents and grandparents had been slaves, little dreaming that their descendants would ever be invited along with the children of the aristocratic whites to play in the President's "back yard"!

By the way, what a sight that "back yard" did present on the morning following Easter Monday! There were four gardeners busily at work with rakes and brooms and baskets. They were gathering up the litter of eggshells, breadcrumbs, bits of paper, lost playthings, and tiny bits of muslin and calico that had somehow got torn off the dresses of some of the children. At the fountain one of the gardeners was fishing out pieces of string and floating shells. It was four o'clock when the garden was finally "picked up" and shorn of its festive appearance. It was then absolutely "spick and span," and no one could ever have guessed that the day before it had been a playground for several thousand children!

ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

FORGIVENESS.

WITHIN a spacious hall, before a fire
Whose flick'ring light danced weirdly on his brow,
Stood Peter mutely brooding o'er his vow
To die with Christ, though thousands should conspire
To wreak their vengeance, profitless and dire,
On Christ and all who faith in Him avow.
With sin the soul of Peter struggled now,
When, "Known, or not, to Jesus?" men inquire.

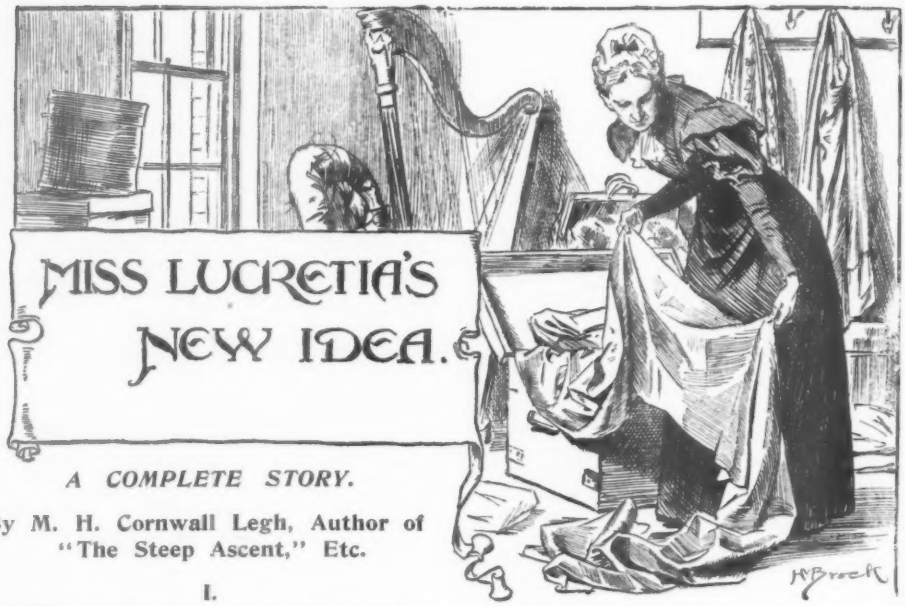
"I know Him not"—thus, falsely, thrice he swore:
And think you that because this weak man fell
The God-Man would deny him evermore?
Christ looked upon him, and that look did spell:
"For thee My soul shall on the Cross be riven,
And, therefore, Peter, is thy sin forgiven!"

LOUIS H. VICTORY.

OUR ROLL OF HEROIC DEEDS



THE above picture records a brave attempted rescue on the part of Private Frederick Lakeman Banks, of the London Rifle Brigade. When on the way to the Rainham Rifle Range some time ago, Banks and several of his companions were attracted to this spot by the cries of some bystanders, who stated that a child had fallen into the thick muddy water of the tidal creek and had disappeared. Banks immediately threw off his coat, plunged into the filthy water, and after a three minutes' search succeeded in finding the boy. Unhappily, the child was past help; but, all the same, the gallantry displayed by the rescuer was rewarded by the bestowal of the Bronze Medal of THE QUIVER Heroes' Fund.



MISS LUCRETIA'S NEW IDEA.

A COMPLETE STORY.

By M. H. Cornwall Legh, Author of "The Steep Ascent," Etc.

I.

"SO poor Annie is dead!" Miss Lucretia repeated as she laid down the black-edged letter which she had just read through for the third time and wiped her eyes with a handkerchief already damp and flabby. "Poor Annie! So soon after poor Edward's death too! And now I wonder what will become of poor little Amy?"

She repeated the adjective which seemed most appropriate as often as she liked, for she was only speaking to herself.

Miss Lucretia lived alone in a very small house, which was one of a row, all just alike, with a bow-window apiece for their glory, and a little bit of garden and a fence and a gate. They were called Primrose Cottages, despite the fact that there were no primroses about them.

Thirlambury was a very dull, behind-the-age little town, and people thought Miss Lucretia a very dull, behind-the-age little lady. She thought so herself; for she had always taken life meekly.

Lucretia was the only one of the three sisters—of whose happy girlhood together the old maid was thinking as she wiped away her tears—who had been at all meek. Constantia and Ann had both been strong-charactered, masterful girls, in accordance with the traditions of their family. With Constantia this decided turn had met with the happiest development. It had enabled her to manage to perfection a husband and family, and it was with pardonable pride that she now looked at her six successful sons and daughters, all brought up just as they should have been, physically, intellectually, and morally; of whom the last had just left the nursery for the school-room.

With Ann the family characteristics had gone in the wrong direction. Her strong will had led her to marry a very unsatisfactory little man, whom his family finally exported to New Zealand, with her and their four children, rejoicing over the happy riddance. Out there—Constantia did not like to say, providentially, though that was the adverb which suggested itself—the four children took diphtheria, and every one of them died.

When the grass had grown green on those four graves, another child was born—little Amy—and Aunt Lucretia was asked to be its godmother. And now, there was this child of five years old left without either parent. They had not been first-class parents, but Miss Lucretia did not think of that; her heart being of too old-fashioned make for such philosophy.

XUM

"An orphan, poor little dear!" she said to herself, and her handkerchief became damp again at the thought.

"Constantia has arranged already about her being brought to England," Miss Lucretia soliloquised. (Being alone, she had got into the way of soliloquising.) "How prompt Constantia always is! And now what will become of the child?"

It was not an idle speculation. Miss Lucretia was revolving something in her mind—an idea so new, so absorbing, that over it her eyes dried, and she put back the letter into its envelope with untrembling fingers.

"I am sure I could do it!" she said at last, speaking aloud this time, and with a great deal of determination. "A child of five cannot cost much to keep, and there are many little ways in which I could reduce my expenditure." Then she relapsed into silent thought again. She was making deep calculations, wondering how an income which just sufficed for her and her faithful Fanny could be stretched at the four corners so as to cover the expenses of one more member of humanity. Such a little member that in a large household she could be received and fed and clothed for some years to come without any perceptible difference in the outgoings; but this was a very small household, and the matter had to be considered.

Miss Lucretia's income was of the kind described as modest; but she was a careful manager, and, as everybody knew how poor she was, nothing was expected of her in the way of entertaining beyond a quiet cup of afternoon tea, and the promoters of charity lists went away from her door contented if she only gave half-a-crown.

She always did give the half-crown, and a penny to the organ-grinder who came round weekly, and sixpence each to the butcher's boy, the baker's boy, and the grocer's boy at Christmas; the same every year, not allowing herself any wild excursions of charity till the regular subscriptions had been provided for.

But it was not in her philanthropies that Miss Lucretia proposed making her substantial reductions. There were a great many little luxuries which could be curtailed.

Regarding food, people would have said that no one was more economical than Miss Lucretia, but Miss Lucretia herself knew better. It was true that there never was any waste in this little establishment. A pound of meat was never ordered when three-quarters of a pound would do; and every scrap of food was eaten. But the meat and the milk and the butter ordered for 4, Primrose Cottages were always of the very best. The eggs must be new-laid, and not selected. The pot of jam—"preserves," Miss Lucretia called it, with old-fashioned elegance—in which she and Fanny indulged once a fortnight, must be of whole fruit in syrup; not the marvels of cheapness in two-pound jars.

"Why," thought Miss Lucretia now to herself, "should I buy butter at eighteenpence a pound, when they say the Normandy butter, or the Brittany, is really excellent? And it does seem a sinful waste to give two shillings for tea when one can get it quite good, the Vicar's wife tells me, at sixteenpence. Indeed, I have seen phenomenal tea at a shilling." And so on.

The little lady proceeded with her reductions till she was quite convinced that Amy's coming need make no real difference in Fanny's comfort — the question which had pressed most upon her mind.

Then there were Amy's clothes to be thought of. Well, they would not cost much. There was a gown hanging up now in the cupboard which might be cut up for her.

Then there was a crimson merino dress which Miss Lucretia had bought last summer for the Vicarage garden-party—not without some misgivings as to the choice of so unwearing a colour, but with the solace to her conscience of knowing it could be dyed.

That would make a sweet little frock and cloak for Amy; for the dress had only been worn twice, and its wearer had held it up very carefully out of the dust.

Miss Lucretia went up to the little box-room opening out of her bedroom, and turned out a number of old treasures—things she had kept ever since her girlhood, carefully folded, wrong side out, and covered with tissue-paper. Here was her bridesmaid's dress for Constantia's wedding—that would cut up into a lovely Sunday frock; and here was a piece of china silk which had never been made up till Miss Lucretia grew too old for white dresses; and other things that would all come in.

Yes, she would have no difficulty in dressing little Amy, and making her look just as smart as the children at Beaconsfield Mansion when occasion arose for it. She hoped the occasions would arise, that her child would be asked to parties, like other children, and with a new interest the old woman thought of the different families of her acquaintance.

And now about a room for Amy. The little box-room must be cleared out, and that would make a charming nest for her. The old chintz with the rosebuds on it Miss Lucretia had just taken from its paper would be the very thing for curtains. A little bed would just fit here behind the door, and a washstand there, and so on. Miss Lucretia planned it all out with absorbing interest. The question was, where was the money to come from for buying the furniture? There were certain things in the box-room which could be sold. Miss Lucretia's harp; she never played on it now, and harping was out of fashion, so it would not be wanted for Amy. And that portfolio of engravings—and—— She had soon marked out enough of her treasures to make the furnishing of the little room an easy matter.

Then she went downstairs and divulged her great project to Fanny. Her co-operation was very necessary, and her mistress approached her a little timidly.

"Fanny, I am thinking of having a child to live with me."

"Bless us! ma'am, a child?"

"Yes, my poor sister's little orphan."

Fanny's heart was warm. She listened to Miss Lucretia's plans and wishes without any crushing comment, but at the end she remarked, "Well, I should have thought as Mrs. Dalrymple would have taken her: she is so rich and with that big place and all; but if she don't feel disposed that way, and you do, ma'am, well, I suppose the poor little soul had best come to us." That was quite enough, and now Miss Lucretia hurried out of the house, and into the High Street, to inquire about the price of children's beds. It was early in the day, of course, to enter into such details, but then, the whole affair was so interesting that they could not be put off till to-morrow.

As Miss Lucretia walked down the High Street, she was attracted by a toy-shop, and found herself straying into it to inquire the price of a doll in the window. It would be very silly to buy one so soon, and before any of the necessaries of life were provided for. But the temptation proved too strong for her. She went in and bought it—the first present she would give to *her child*.

Miss Lucretia spent an hour in the furniture shop. She had to arrange first with the proprietor about the sale of her own belongings, and then to choose the furniture for the room. She found she wanted only the prettiest, nicest things for Amy, though the cheapest for their solid value would have been her main object if for herself. Then there was a lovely paper, with nursery rhyme pictures all over it, which so fascinated her that she ordered half-a-dozen pieces of it to come on approval.

Altogether, it was a most exciting afternoon, and Miss Lucretia came home with a springing step, and radiant eyes, and a general bearing of youthfulness, such as she had not known for the last twenty years. A bright golden glow had suddenly overspread the grey landscape of her life, such as the sun sometimes throws at sunset, when it looks out from under a cloud at the end of a long grey day.

Before the post went out, she wrote a letter to Constantia, announcing her intention of taking Amy for her own, which gave a delightful seal of finality to her decision.

II.

"I COULD not have believed that Lucretia would be so foolish. Just fancy! she wants to adopt Amy!" was Mrs. Dalrymple's comment, as she read her sister's letter; and everyone at the breakfast table exclaimed.

"It is a very generous idea," remarked Mr. Dalrymple mildly. He had always been a mild sort of man, and marriage with Constantia had not made him less so.

"Generous! yes. Lucretia is always generous. You know the difficulty I had in stopping her giving expensive presents to the children; but it is so very foolish. I shall write her a letter, of course, and tell her that we intend to have Amy ourselves. Poor Lucretia! Fancy her with the charge of a child!"

So Constantia wrote her letter. It

contained about a quarter of the words that Lucretia had used, and was very sensible, kind and decided. There was no answer required to it.

Great was Mrs. Dalrymple's surprise, therefore, when by return of post came a reply, not of acquiescence, but setting forth the other aunt's superior claim as godmother, an idea which, as Constantia remarked, was simply absurd.

"I shall have to go to Thirlambury myself," she said: "though it is not very convenient." It was often not very convenient to go to Thirlambury.

In the meantime, Miss Lucretia had been indulging in her new day-dream, till every bit of her life had been remodelled in anticipation, and brought into harmony with her coming work and responsibility as an adopted mother. Already she attached herself that beautiful title, the missing of which had been the sole sorrow of her life. As a young girl, Lucretia's day-dreams had not been of lovers, but of marriage; the joys of children clinging round her neck, the merry voices about the house, the little feet pattering up and down.

And now she counted the days to the one coming so near, when she should feel the real warm arms of little Amy clasped round "godmamma's" neck, and fold the child in her own with the new wonderful joy of possession. She felt that she could hold up her head again among women, and that the life which a week ago had seemed to hold nothing more except advancing infirmities was full of new possibilities and ever-increasing interest. Miss Lucretia lived again.

Miss Lucretia actually bought the bed,



Then she divulged her great project to Fanny.

which the shopman had urged her to purchase at once, or it might be gone, as he had no other bedstead for a child.

As Miss Lucretia relinquished one after another of her own comforts and conveniences, the blessedness of giving grew more and more apparent to her. Nothing in life had ever given her a joy like the joy of this sacrifice.



There stood Constantia!

Four days had passed so, and Miss Lucretia was just planning which plot of the small garden space allowed to a Primrose cottage might be spared from beans and cauliflowers to make a flower-bed for Amy, when a ring was heard at the door-bell. Miss Lucretia answered it herself, as Fanny was out, and there stood Constantia!

Miss Lucretia was always delighted to see her sister, and made the most of her rather infrequent visits. But to-day a kind of misgiving came over her at the unexpected sight of Constantia's smiling face; and a sensation of defeat as Constantia uttered, in her brisk, cheerful voice, the words, "And how are you, Lucretia? You didn't expect to see me?"

Lucretia welcomed her, as usual, and took her into the little parlour, which was drawing-room or dining-room according to the time of day. It was drawing-room now, and the dining-table stood folded, with a cloth and some ornaments on it, in a corner; everything was as neat and carefully arranged as it always was; each chair in that particular spot which experience had proved to be the best for it.

"How nice and tidy you always look, Lucretia," was Mrs. Dalrymple's first remark, as she sat down with a genial laugh in the visitor's arm-chair. "You must be struck with the difference when you come to The Towers. With six children, it is impossible to keep everything in its place!"

Miss Lucretia asked after the six children, categorically, staving off the subject which she knew very well had brought her sister to Thirlambury.

"The girls are as well as possible," answered their mother, massing them, for brevity; "and they are all looking forward so much to having Amy." Mrs. Dalrymple was a person who took bulls by their horns. She always knew exactly what she intended to do with the bull—the great secret of success in life—and was quite sure about its being the best thing that could be done.

"But I intended to have Amy," answered Miss Lucretia, in almost as firm a voice, but putting herself at a disadvantage at once by her slip of the past tense.

"Yes, I know you did. You wrote me all about it. It was exceedingly kind and good of you to think of such a thing, but, of course, it was quite out of the question. As I told you when I wrote, we intend to take her."

"Didn't you get my second letter?"

"Yes, and I saw by that you did not quite understand mine to you. I wrote in a hurry, and I suppose I did not make myself clear."

Constantia Dalrymple was under the

impression that she was the most truthful of women.

"You made yourself perfectly clear," answered Lucretia, with a quiet dignity which was not usual with her. "But before you spoke of taking the child, I had made up my mind to do so. I have spoken to Fanny about it, and she is perfectly willing to accept the extra economies we shall have to practise, and any trouble Amy will give her. Of course, I shall take charge of her myself."

"How good of Fanny! I have always thought she must have enough to do with the whole work of your house, and she works a good deal in the garden, too, does she not?"

Miss Lucretia looked a trifle uncomfortable.

"I think Fanny will enjoy having a young life about the house," she replied, rather hurriedly; "just as I shall myself."

Constantia smiled. It was not exactly a nice smile, but perhaps she did not know that.

"I do not think either you or Fanny have had much to do with children," she said. "It is all very well to have them with you for a few hours at a time, when they are in their best frocks and on their best behaviour, and you have nothing to do with them except amuse them. But when you have the whole responsibility of a child, and are obliged to look after her from morning till night, it is a very different thing."

"Of course it is," said Miss Lucretia.

It was that very fact, comprising as it did the constant demand on time and thought and labour, with all the rich reward of corresponding affection from the child in its dependence, that made the sweetness of this dream of motherhood. But Lucretia could not put this into words. She was never very fluent with her deeper ideas, which were, perhaps, instincts rather than formulated notions, and she was least fluent of all with Constantia.

"And how could you ever afford it?" went on Mrs. Dalrymple.

Lucretia explained her scheme of retrenchment, and all her little plans.

"But you won't be able to go on dressing Amy with your old things for ever," said Constantia. "And, then, there will be hats and boots and shoes.

"She may be ill, too; children have to go through measles and whooping-cough, and that sort of thing: how will you afford to pay the doctor?"

Lucretia was silent for a moment; Constantia had such a very convincing way of saying things, and making all that was unpractical and visionary appear so; but she was not really vanquished.

"I think one must trust for that——" she began, at which Constantia smiled again.

"How about schooling, too? A girl's education is a very expensive thing nowadays. I am sure Edie and Gwendoline have cost us as much as the boys."

"Amy is only five now, and for some years to come I think of teaching her myself." The present tense this time, for she was on her mettle. "You know we were very thoroughly grounded by Miss Cox."

"That is a long time ago, Lucretia!"

"Yes, it is a long time, but I suppose the principles of grammar and arithmetic are the same, and I have not forgotten how to read!"

It surprised Mrs. Dalrymple to see her sister pluck up so much spirit, but this defiant attitude did not affect her. There was in her such a certainty of being in the right, and of causing the right to prevail, that she was able to take all Lucretia's opposition very quietly. It was obstinate of her sister to hold out like this—weak people always were obstinate—and it was extremely foolish, but her surrender was only a matter of time.

Lucretia went on talking, urging her suit in a way that would have struck some people as pathetic, but Constantia was not much given to seeing the pathos in life: her view of things in general was optimistic, and unless a sorrow was thrust before her she did not look at it.

Constantia let Lucretia talk on until she naturally ceased, after repeating herself a good many times, in the way that peculiarly weakens a cause. Then she brought up her reserve force.

"But do you think it would be good for the child to be by herself, just with you and old Fanny?"

Fanny was ten years younger than her mistress, and Lucretia realised how very old fifty-nine must be.

Constantia paused a moment. Then she went on to point out all the drawbacks of a bringing-up such as Amy must have with two old maids—not using the term, but dwelling on the characteristics implied in it.

"What would you do with the child if she were naughty?" Mrs. Dalrymple asked by way of a test question. "She is sure to have a strong will of her own; you know what poor Ann was."

Miss Lucretia could not answer the question, naughtiness seeming to her as multiform a thing as illness, and the treatment for either depending upon its form and cause. She replied that her idea was to bring the child up on a system of love; a vague answer which did not satisfy her sister.

"Bringing up children is not such an easy and simple matter as people might think who have had no experience." Here Constantia herself stood on a firm foundation. "And it is much more difficult to bring up one child by itself than when there are others for it to consort with."

Then Mrs. Dalrymple proceeded to dilate on the smallness of Primrose Cottage, which was certainly a very poor little place compared with The Towers. There Amy would have the grounds to play about in; she would share the girls' governess, ride on Gwendoline's pony, and Nurse, who had been so splendid with Bertram and Edie, would only be too pleased to have a child again.

"It always makes her and me quite unhappy to look at the empty nursery," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "though the children have only flown into the schoolroom."

There was a weight of truth in every sentence Constantia uttered, which made it strike like a battering-ram against the walls of Miss Lucretia's airy castle. At last she gave a little cry—a cry in words:

"Oh, don't tell me that I mustn't have Amy!"

"I do not say that you must not have her," answered Constantia. "As you say, you are the child's godmother, and the elder of us two. I leave it for you to decide. Only, I want you to think which would really be best for Amy."

Released thus, suddenly and unexpectedly, from the paws of the cat, the little mouse of Miss Lucretia's soul ran trembling into a corner, while the cat smiled, sweetly enough this time, as those may who have won the game. It was a good cat, too, which had only been doing its duty.

At this moment, Fanny came in, bringing tea, and Mrs. Dalrymple greeted her with her usual warmth and kindness, rejoicing in the anticipation of eating some of that delicious home-made cake which was always so much better than they could get their cook at The Towers to make; asking with sympathy after Fanny's rheumatism, and giving her an abundance of those smiles which were so taking; while Lucretia sat, looking old and small and withered, with a face that seemed as if it would never smile again.

She had come to her hour of sacrifice; the great sacrifice of her life. Even with Lucretia the age was not past when sacrifices may be lit up by a golden halo of romance. There had been a halo round the sacrifice of all her little comforts which she had already made in will for Amy. The love that prompted it had turned the self-denial into a part of the joy of her prospective guardianship.

But round this sacrifice there hovered no such brightness. It was only like herself, a poor, common-place, drab-coloured thing. No sense of heroism could attend it; common-sense demanded it, so Constantia had proved, but, even with Constantia's provings, Lucretia could not have offered up her precious sacrifice upon the altar of common-sense. But the other altar, which stood hard by, the altar of love, was one that she could not thus disdain. The result of the pitiful struggle was certain, or Constantia would not have given the game into Lucretia's hands; but Lucretia was not sharp enough to see that. To her the whole brunt of choosing was as real, the action of her will as decided, as if a long habit of unselfishness had not made any other course impossible.

It was better for Amy that she should go to Constantia. Then to Constantia she must go.

"I suppose you are right," she said at last, in words as commonplace as befitted her unheroic sacrifice.

"I was sure you would agree with me when you came to think about it," Constantia answered, gently now, for it was part of her system, the one, perhaps, which had made it so successful with her children, never to use unnecessary force. "I am sure a month hence you will feel very glad that you have not a child turning your peaceful life and your pretty cottage upside down."

There was no use trying to make Constantia understand; and, if she could have understood, it would have made no difference.

Miss Lucretia said nothing. It was time now for Mrs. Dalrymple to go, and, finishing her second cup of tea, she wished her sister an affectionate good-bye, with its underclothes, looking like a tiny corpse. It seemed to Lucretia like her dream of motherhood as it was now, the dead body of something that had never really lived



She had come to the great sacrifice of her life.

the promise of a hamper of game from The Towers, where they were just going to have one of their "big shoots."

"Perhaps I might have done it more kindly," Constantia thought, as she drove in her cab to the station. "But it was such a foolish idea. I am glad Lucretia saw it for herself in the end."

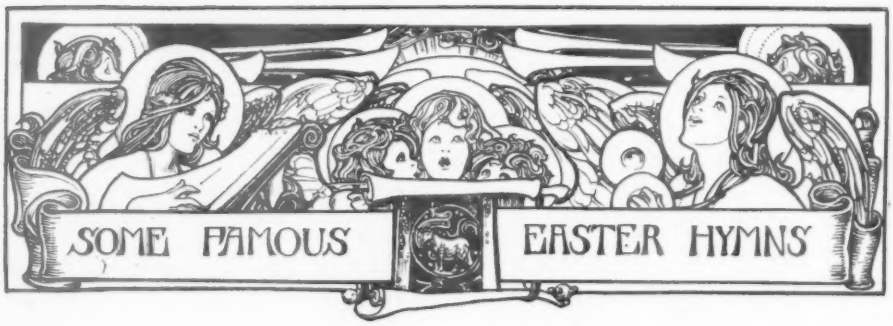
Miss Lucretia went upstairs with slow, old footsteps, after her sister had gone. The last red glow had faded from her landscape, and everything was grey again, a shade deeper grey now, as it must go on growing deeper, till the night. She went into the little room, and, as she looked at the little bed which was never to hold her child, a tear came up into each of her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

The doll lay on the bed, wrapped up in the white muslin that was to have made

She went to the window and looked out on the grey, darkening landscape, and over it there twinkled one faint star. She stood watching, and the star grew brighter, then another came out, and then another. For a long time Lucretia looked up; then she knelt down, looking up still.

The far-off light from the stars seemed to be shining on her face as she turned it to Fanny, when that faithful woman came up at last to bring her mistress down to supper.

"Miss Amy is going to Mrs. Dalrymple," she said, quietly, and with a little smile. "My sister left it to me to decide whether she should go to The Towers or come here, and I gave her up to them, Fanny. I am glad she is going to my sister. She will be happier there."

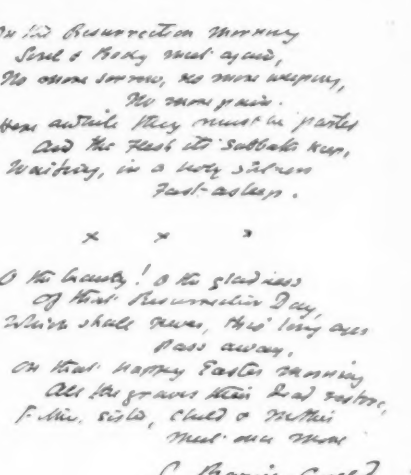


THERE can be no two opinions as to the most famous Easter hymn. In almost every church throughout the land, and in most chapels too, there arises, every Easter morning, the well-known strains of "Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!" There may be an occasional difference in the wording of a line here and there, as the hymn appears in various hymnals, but practically it is the one hymn which binds all Christian congregations together on Easter morning. It is our Easter greeting one to another, in the joy and hope of that blessed day, like the greeting of the pious Russian on the same morn, who salutes every passer-by with the words "Christ is risen!"



(*Photo: W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*)

THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.



S. Baring Gould

(*Facsimile of part of the original manuscript of Mr. Baring-Gould's Easter Hymn.*)

It is strange, therefore, that no one has even an indistinct notion as to who wrote this famous hymn. Its author is, and long has been, unknown; and, equally strange, there is almost the same to be said of the composer of its famous tune. For the tune is as great a favourite as the words, and, in fact, whilst the words do occasionally alter, as stated, the tune is ever the same one we know so well. The honour of being its composer has by some been ascribed to Henry Carey, but there are no certain grounds for the assumption, fine musician though he was. So completely has this tune associated itself, however, with the hymn that few people are aware that some collections of hymns have alternative tunes to the great song of praise for Easter Day. But even Monk's tune to it

in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," takes quite an inferior place; it is seldom, or never, used.

Possibly the immense popularity of



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

DR. E. H. TURPIN.
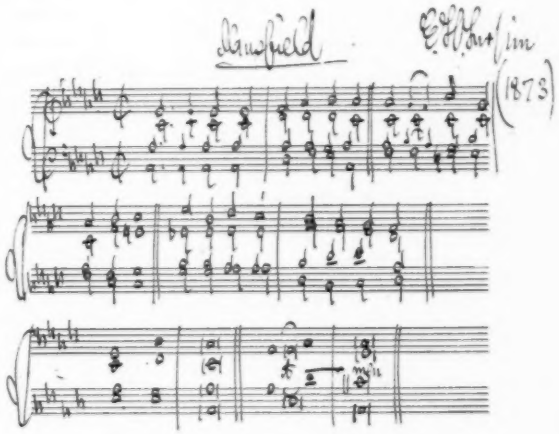
"Jesus Christ is risen to-day" depends on two things. Firstly, the words are extremely simple—a little child can understand them; secondly, the tune is one of the very best "congregational" ones of any collection.

Were I asked to name the next favourite Easter hymn, I should certainly give the palm to one of the most beautiful hymns of the Church of Christ—a hymn which has solaced and sustained the hearts of thousands in their dark hours of grief for the loss of their loved ones, just as it has rejoiced the hearts of so many loving servants of the Master at their Easter festivals. I refer to Baring-Gould's touching hymn "On the Resurrection morning."

The comfort derived from the sweet words of hope and promise in this hymn by members of the Church militant here on earth will never be known till that "Resurrection morning."

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould has kindly given me, for THE QUIVER, a copy of the manuscript of this hymn, and a few notes about it which cannot but prove interesting. It was composed on May Day, in 1864, he says; and, certainly, that is appropriate enough, for do not all poets sing of May Day as a special day for the awakening and rejoicing of nature? Horbury, that robust Yorkshire village where Mr. Baring-Gould was then the curate, was the birthplace of "On the Resurrection morning," as it was of what has proved one of the six most "popular" hymns of the world, viz. "Onward, Christian soldiers." So Horbury enjoys no mean fame. No one speaks more lovingly of Horbury than does its former curate, now so famous; and Horbury—church, chapel, and "non-connected"—is proud to a degree of Sabine Baring-Gould and of the fame he has for ever given its name by these and other noted hymns.

It will be noticed that there is a word or two slightly different in the author's copy from those of the usually printed text. In one case his manuscript is not perhaps the better. "Which shall never, through long ages, pass away," is not, in the writer's opinion, grander than "Which shall not, through endless ages, pass away." Dr. E. H. Turpin's fine tune to "On the Resurrection morning" has the merit of exactly suiting it. All can sing it, and that makes it so popular. The composer,



"ON THE RESURRECTION MORNING."

(Facsimile of Dr. Turpin's Musical Setting.)

with great kindness, has also allowed me to reproduce his manuscript of it here; and it is only fair to say that did the renown of the celebrated organist, as a

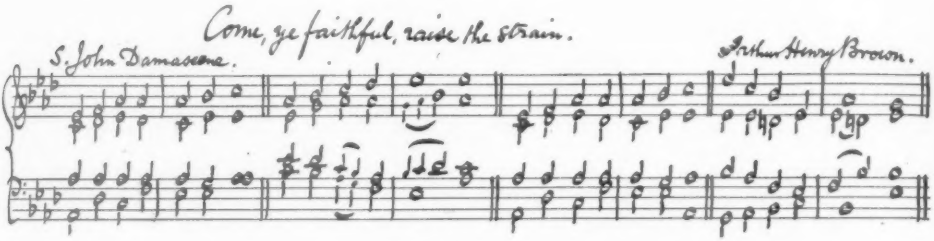
composer, depend only on this one tune, so linked to the hymn, it would not easily perish whilst joyful hearts on Easter Day, and sad hearts at the graveside of loved ones, join in singing "On the Resurrection morning."

To the Rev. J. M. Neale, who died about the time when Baring-Gould wrote the hymn just spoken of, the Christian world is indebted for three splendid Easter hymns. Of these it is difficult to say which is the finest, though perhaps, being quite original, we should give that honour to the well-known "The foe behind, the deep before." Every section of the Church of Christ sings with deep and solemn pathos those beautiful lines—

"No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallow'd into sleep,
And every grave is but a bed"—

following so closely on the joyful strain of "Christ is risen!" in the preceding verse.

To this hymn innumerable tunes have been composed by musical people of various degrees of ability; but it has always seemed to me that by far the best are the two tunes given to it in the Wesleyan hymn-book, and, curious to relate, the composers are both ministers, the Rev. Olinthus R. Barnicott and the Rev. Sidney J. P. Dunman. And it may safely be said that the singing by an average Wesleyan congregation of this fine hymn, to either of these fine tunes, will not be easily forgotten by the person who hears it for the first time.



FACSIMILE OF THE COMPOSER'S ORIGINAL SETTING.



[Photo: William Gill, Colchester.]

Arthur H. Brown.

The two other famous Easter hymns of Dr. Neale's composition were really translations from the Greek. Nevertheless, they are grand translations, if one may say so. "The Day of Resurrection"—best recognised when sung to the tune composed by Berthold Tours, the celebrated composer—is a regular favourite at Eastertide; but even more famous is the other hymn from the Greek—

"Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness."

This hymn may safely be placed amongst the most popular of Easter favourites, and, like so many others, whilst excellent in its words, it owes not a little of its fame to its fine tune. This latter was composed by Mr. Arthur Henry Brown, of Brentwood, and was called "St. John Damascene," under which name it still figures in the various Church hymn-books. Mr. Brown told me that the tune was composed in less than a quarter of an hour! But he also told me that even that was eclipsed by the tune "St. Anatolius"—does any hymn-lover not know it?—to "The day is past and over," which was composed in five minutes! Truly that was an

"inspired" five minutes, for which the Christian Church has reason to be thankful!

To the late Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth—who that knew the saintly old man did not love him?—the world is indebted for the ever-popular

"Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hearts to Heav'n and voices raise,"

which always goes with "a good swing" on Easter morn. Its tone is "victory" from beginning to end, and there are few more beautiful Easter verses than the first one of this hymn.

Sir Arthur Sullivan composed its tune—the one best known, "Lux Eoi"—and the very lilt of the music seems somehow to suggest the work of the great musician who gave us similar "swinging" tunes for "Onward, Christian soldiers" ("St. Gertrude") and for "The Jubilee Hymn." But Sir Arthur tells me that "Lux Eoi" was not composed especially for this hymn, but for another one less famous. The rapidity of Sir Arthur's composition is only equalled by that of Arthur H. Brown, already mentioned. The gifted composer of *The Golden Legend* thinks long before he puts pen to paper, and often defers doing this "till the last minute," as we say; but when he *does* get started, he goes at it as few composers can,



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

THE LATE BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

and will polish off the introduction to an oratorio in a night!

"When I survey the wondrous Cross," that splendid old hymn of that splendid old divine, Dr. Isaac Watts, is probably



(Photo: J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin.)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

one of our very oldest hymns that is at all well known to-day. Everybody sings it, for everybody knows both words and tune: Englishman, native African, Brother Jonathan, converted Chinese, all sing alike from the heart, after they have felt the real significance and power of that death and resurrection—

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all!"

"Rockingham," the tune to which this hymn is eternally wedded, was composed by Dr. Edward Miller. There is a magnificent roll and stateliness about it which suits the words perfectly, and the wonderful magnetic force which comes over one as one listens to six thousand people—led by, say, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, singing "When I survey the wondrous Cross"—was well described by the nameless slave in America, who, hearing it thus sung by a crowd, and being reproved for humming the tune as the people sang, said, "Massa, it no use; me *must* jine in!"

A living hymn-writer of no small fame—the present Archbishop of York—has given us one of the very finest of the hymns for this season. Though not popular in the sense that Dr. Watts' celebrated hymn is, yet there are few more charmingly beautiful lines, suggestive of Good Friday and Easter thoughts, than are found in Dr. Maclagan's hymn,

"Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me!"

This hymn is one of the best-known of the Archbishop's, though, of course, his most famous one is the ever-beautiful "The Saints of God, their conflict past."

We cannot pass by without notice the Rev. John Ellerton's "Welcome, happy morning," and the Rev. F. W. Faber's very sweetly sad "O come and mourn with me awhile," which, of course, is a hymn for Good Friday. The tune to this was written by the celebrated Durham man to whom the Church of England (and all denominations) will ever be in debt for some of the sweetest hymn-tunes the world has ever known—Dr. J. B. Dykes. And it was fitting that he who composed the beautiful tune to "Our blest Redeemer," for Whitsuntide, should then give us another ever-famous tune to Faber's grand words.

Let me close this brief account of some of our finest Easter hymns by just recalling one or two of our finest Easter anthems. Of course, the first, *par excellence*, is the immortal "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; and equally with it, from the same "oratorio of oratorios," is the "Hallelujah" Chorus. Of these what shall be said? Shall it be told again how Handel thought he was in heaven when he wrote them? Or shall we note that the "Hallelujah" Chorus



(*Photo: Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*)

John Stainer

is one of the three pieces of music in the world on hearing which every Briton stands up and doffs his hat? These are the National Anthem, the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and the "Hallelujah" Chorus. In the first he pays his tribute to his earthly sovereign; in the second he pays his last tribute to the venerated dead; in the third he acknowledges the tribute due to his Almighty Lord, the Sovereign of Heaven.

Apart from these two masterpieces of Handel, the prettiest and most beautiful Easter anthem is that of Dr. Stainer, composed for the cantata *The Raising of Jairus' Daughter*. In a wide experience of cathedral music and anthem-singing by our best choirs, I doubt if there is any much finer musical treat than to listen to the choir of St. Paul's, or that of York Minster, as there rolls forth that most beautiful of anthems, words and music—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and God shall give thee light." This is, indeed, a noble song for "Easter's bright morning," and well may its words be taken as our special Easter thought; for to all of us, in some way or other, they must have a special meaning.



(*Photo: T. Heaviside, Durham.*)

THE LATE DR. J. B. DYKES.

SELF-HEALING.

By The Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., L.L.D.

"Physician, heal thyself."—St Luke iv. 23.



E are accustomed to think that the healing virtue there is in herbs and trees was meant only for man: that herbs and trees were created with these virtues in them for the special purpose of curing our human diseases and ministering to our human wants, and for nothing else: that God had man in view in the beginning when He gave these medicinal qualities to plants, and apart from man's use of them they serve no other purpose.

Now this, which is a common, widespread idea, is an altogether erroneous one. For if God meant these vegetable qualities and products exclusively for man's use, the questions may be pertinently asked, Why were they so long undiscovered; and why do they occur in places often remote from human habitation, and waste themselves upon the desert air?

It is true indeed that God designed them as remedies for man's ailments, that He prepared beforehand the cures of human ills long previous to the necessity for these cures arising. But this law of mercy was a comprehensive one, and had a two-fold object in view. God in the first place created the plant complete in itself, adapted to its own circumstances and requirements; and in the second place, it is through this perfect adaptability to its own wants that it becomes generally useful in nature, and ministers to the necessities of other created things. It is because the plant heals itself first by the remedy which it grows and produces by its own powers that it becomes a medicine to the animal world, when any members of that world are placed in similar circumstances and exposed to a similar disease.

Why, for instance, does the Peruvian bark tree produce the bitter principle in its bark from which we have prepared the valuable medicine called quinine? Is it not because that bitter principle is necessary to preserve the health of the tree itself in the wet, malarial districts where it grows? The Peruvian bark tree grows its own quinine, and administers it to itself, as it were, in order to prevent a disease in itself caused by the marshy places where it is found, similar to fever in the human subject. The willow grows beside rivers and streams which are apt to cause exhalations and breed influences that are noxious to the well-being of the tree. It has therefore developed in its own bark a febrifuge called salicin, which protects it from these noxious influences and maintains its trunk and branches and foliage in vigorous health and beauty. And it is because the quinine is good for the tree itself in malarial places that it is good for the fever which human beings take in such places; and it is because the salicin of the willow guards the tree from the injurious exhalations of marshes and river banks that it is a specific for rheumatism in man, which is produced by the same causes.

The same benefit which the medicinal principle developed by itself works in its own constitution it confers upon man when subjected to the same evil. And so it is with all the herbal medicines. They have a purpose to serve in the economy of the plant that yields them before they can minister to human sickness and disease. Sugar was not meant in the first instance to sweeten man's cup, but to store up food for the plant in order to enable it to flower. Tannin is created in the bark of the oak tree, in the first instance, not for the purpose

of helping to make leather for man's shoes, but for the purpose of preventing mildew and fungous growths from settling on the bark of the tree and so decaying it. Scent is produced in flowers and shrubs that grow in watery places, not for man's gratification in the first instance, but in order to deodorise the air and make it fit for these scented flowers and shrubs to breathe and to preserve their vitality and vigour. Aromatic fragrance is yielded by the grey shrubs and herbs of the dry desert, not that the garments of the human passer-by might smell pleasantly of it, but that it might regulate the temperature, and keep the plants cool in the burning heat of the noonday and warm in the freezing cold of the night air.

Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. Indeed, it may be regarded as a rule of nature without exception that, whatever properties plants possess that are useful to man, these properties, in the first instance, are not only useful but indispensable to themselves. And it is because they serve necessary uses in their own economy that they are found so necessary in the economy of man. Each plant that grows in circumstances where it is likely to be injured by the soil or climate develops within itself the antidotes and remedies against these unfavourable circumstances. It is a physician that heals itself first of all, that adapts itself as perfectly as possible to the peculiarities of its own place of growth. Nature and it are harmonious: they help each other. The qualities that are beneficial to itself are equally in the same way beneficial to other creatures; and it helps the world because it has first helped itself. It imparts health all around because it looks first after its own health.

All this is obvious. The plant could not exist at all did it not develop those qualities which would minister to its welfare and adjust it perfectly to its environment. But in human economy we fancy somehow that the law is less strict and more irregular, and can be violated at times with impunity. We think that a man can perform the part of a physician, and cure others, although he cannot cure a trouble that afflicts himself; that he can restore others to health while he himself is unhealthy. We can separate between a man's skill and his personality; and, indeed, there are many cases where a physician who is dying slowly of some incurable disease can yet, by his knowledge and cleverness, so treat his patients that he may heal their diseases and restore them to health and strength. But we are usually suspicious of a doctor endeavouring to cure others when he himself labours under an uncured disease. We reason naturally that his first concern should be himself; and if he fails in doing good to himself by his skill and medicine, when his interests are most of all concerned and the motive for healing strongest, how can he hope to succeed in the case of others, strangers and comparatively indifferent to him? We should not accept with implicit confidence a so-called remedy for baldness forced upon our notice by a person whose own head was in that condition. We should expect him to operate upon himself in the first instance with success, and then we should feel disposed to venture upon a similar use of it. The proverb says that "He who drives fat cattle must himself be fat"; and upon the principle involved in that common saying he who would heal others must himself be a specimen of that active, vigorous health to which he wishes to restore others. In no work, indeed, is the personal equation of more consequence than in the work of the physician. Three-fourths of the elements that enter into all diseases are spiritual, and three-fourths of the remedies that must be used for them must also be spiritual. The personal appearance, character, and manner of the physician himself are most important factors in the cure of disease. Confidence in the doctor is more than half the cure; and therefore what the doctor is in himself is of great consequence.

In the spiritual sphere the physician can only heal others as he heals himself. He himself must be an exemplification of the saving health of God's countenance if he is to do good to others. It is just as true in the affairs of the human soul as it is in the case of the plant—that the quality which is beneficial to the soul itself is equally beneficial to the world. It is noticeable, however, that there are exceptions to the rule in the spiritual world as there are exceptions in the natural human world. Just as there are cases of physicians healing bodily diseases in others while their own disease is unhealed, so there are cases where a man is the means of saving others while he himself is unsaved.

It is not, indeed, a matter of supposition, but of certainty, that a man may do good while he is not good. Hundreds of instances could be given, in which persons have been the means of quickening, comforting, and building up souls in the Lord, while all the time they themselves were strangers to the power of truth and ignorant of the love of Christ in their hearts. Ministers have preached the Gospel for years, and have been wise in bringing souls to Christ, and yet have themselves been castaways in the end. Members of churches have been zealous in every good work, and yet have known nothing of godliness but the form. The very commonness of this thing increases its sadness. We

think the case of Moses leading the Israelites to the border of the Promised Land while he himself was forbidden to enter peculiarly pathetic; but its pathos is in reality far less touching than the case of the man who brings others to the fountain of life while he himself is perishing of thirst, who is like a guide-post pointing the way of salvation to others while unable himself to take a single step.

But though instances have unquestionably occurred in which signal beneficial results have followed the preaching of the Gospel by ungodly men, this is not the normal order of the Divine procedure. It is personal experience of religion as an inward life, as a living power in the heart, that imparts unction to active Christian effort, that adds conviction and power to testimony and commendation. He is the man to do spiritual good to others who is able to say with the Apostle, "That which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, and our hands have handled, of the word of life, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us." He is the man to say to others, "O taste and see that the Lord is good," who has himself tasted, and from his own enjoyment can say, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

It is an unchangeable law and constitution of our nature that we cannot desire blessings for others which we do not really desire for ourselves, the blessedness of which we have not known ourselves. When we feel the value of our own souls, and not till then, we shall feel the value of the souls of others. When we see the Lord ourselves, and not till then, we shall desire that every child of man shall see Him.

It is on this account that our Lord says to Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me? Feed My sheep; feed My lambs." If we are saved ourselves, we shall be best fitted to save and benefit others. There is a virtue in true holiness, there is a secret charm in the wisdom that cometh from above, which wins our hearts, and inclines us to embrace a religion which yields such blessed fruits. The man who eminently possesses and constantly exhibits these qualities becomes quick and powerful in acting upon the minds of those around him.

The best way, then, to do good is to be good, and to have such a Christian character as will of itself communicate good. Be yourself what you wish your family, your friends and neighbours, to be. "Physician, heal thyself." God needs physicians, many physicians; for there are many destroyers spreading the influence of their ungodly life—a deadly infection—around, and adding to the disease and misery which man's sin first brought upon the world. Let us act as fellow-workers with the Good Physician in bringing back health and strength and beauty to a plague-stricken world; and for this purpose let us qualify ourselves more thoroughly. Let us apply the Gospel remedies anew to our own case which we recommend to others, that our own profiting and healing by these may be made manifest to all. Let us ask God to search us and see if there be anything that would prevent us from doing all the good that we might, any defect of manner or disposition of heart that might cause the way of truth so far as we are concerned to be evil spoken of; and let us ask the help of the Divine Spirit to get it healed. So that thus being made every whit whole ourselves, we may diffuse a healthy atmosphere around us and make others partakers of our saving health.

The Sabbath is the best day for healing. Jesus asked the Jews, "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" The reply might have been, "Is it lawful to do anything else but heal on the Sabbath day?" That day is set apart for healing the diseases of the world. It is the day of recreation—re-creating us and fitting us anew by its rest and refreshment of worship for the toil and travail of our weekday life. Let us bring to Jesus on this Sabbath day all the old infirmities and disabilities which have been a hindrance to the growth of the work of grace in the midst of us, and He will deliver us from them, and make us new creatures; and so—set free in newness of health and strength, with our palsied frame invigorated, our withered hand restored, our lame feet made swift in the way of God's commandments, and our world-bound spirit loosed from its infirmity and covetousness, and enabled to look upward where our true treasure is—let us seek to free others from their infirmities and diseases, and to make all around us strong in faith and health in the new life of God's service.

Let the tonic that has restored our own spiritual constitution be in all our words and deeds and looks, to restore the spiritual constitution of others. Let the perfume that neutralises the drought and cold of the world be exhaled from all our character and conduct, so that it may be the means of enabling all with whom we come in contact to resist the aridity and the coldness of the world too. Let each of us be so full of Christ's healing and saving power, so saturated with His salvation, as it were, that we ourselves may be Christ's best medicines. Let the words "Physician, heal thyself" be in the very forefront of our profession and of our life throughout all the years; and we ourselves in such a case will be among the most potent influences for good in the world.

PLEDGED.

By Katharine Tynan, Author of "A Daughter of Erin," Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART."

BESIDE the Wishing Well stood Anthony Trevithick, pale and moody. His eyes were on the ground, and an old childish habit of biting his nails when he was perplexed or in trouble had come back to him.

"I beg your pardon," said Lord Glengall at his elbow. "I have returned for some things Miss Graydon left behind her."

"These?" asked the young fellow, pointing with his foot to the little heap of trinkets on the moss. But even in his anger he blushed for the unhappiness of the position.

Lord Glengall stooped and picked up the things, and stuffed them into one of the pockets of his rough coat. He turned as if to go away. Then he hesitated an instant and came back.

"There is no reason why we should be enemies," he said, advancing a step nearer.

"No?" replied Anthony Trevithick, lifting his moody eyes. "That depends."

"On what, sir?"

"On—a great many things," stammered the young man.

"You mean on whether I am prepared to stand aside and to sacrifice everything that you may have your will. I know the state of affairs, you see."

"I meant to seek you out and tell you, Lord Glengall. I ought to say, perhaps, that Miss Graydon is without reproach in this matter."

"Neither of us is likely to wrong her in our thoughts, I hope," said Lord Glengall. "The question is, whether *you* are without reproach."

"By what right——" began the younger man.

"Hush!" said the other, with a dignity that was more compelling than his words. "We are speaking as man to man. Miss Graydon has told me something of how affairs lay between you and her, but not all. Why did you leave her in the first instance in the position of a half-engaged girl?"

"Are you her ambassador?"

"She is dearer to me, I dare swear, than she is to you, though you will not believe it. There is no use in beating about the bush. If I think you can make her happier than I can, I am prepared to give her back her promise."

"Lord Glengall!"

A gesture silenced the words on his lips.

"Don't say anything, please. If I do it, I do it for her. And I shall only give her up to you if I am sure you are worthy."

"I don't say I am worthy, but I have a fairly clean record. As for that matter, I will explain. I was unwise, but I was not altogether to blame. My mother has a greatly loved young cousin. She has been in the house with us since her mother died some years ago. It was a scheme of my mother's that we should marry, though it was not openly expressed. I did not oppose it. I had no idea what love meant till I saw Pamela; but I had fetched and carried for Lady Kitty. Probably a great number of people thought we were engaged; and it seemed to me that I ought to set the matter straight before I was formally engaged to Pamela."

"It would have been better to have let Pamela alone till you were quite free."

"Yes, I know, but——"

"There; you are young. You can't be expected to be as deliberate as an older man. You meant to act straight by her?"

"I meant to come back in a week a free man. When I was called away to my uncle's sick

bed, my mother made me promise not to speak, not to try to clear up things with Lady Kitty, till I returned. I did write to Mr. Graydon, but the letter never reached him." He blushed hotly and paused.

"Yes, I know," interrupted Lord Glengall. "When you came back?"

"When I came back, I found — Pamela engaged to you, and my cousin engaged to a great friend of mine. As it proved, she had never thought of me in that way; but her affection for my mother prevented her from speaking out."

"You should have written again to Mr. Graydon. You made Pamela unhappy."

"I thought he had not written because I said I would come as soon as I could. Then I was kept week after week, till the time turned into months. I am deeply sorry that I caused her unhappiness."

"This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"It is absolutely the truth, and nothing else."

"Very well, Sir Anthony, I believe you. If you had not been straight, I should have held her to the letter of her bond against you and the world, even against herself. Now — in her heart she has chosen you, and you are a fitter mate for her than I—I resign her to you."

"Lord Glengall!"

"I do not ask your thanks, sir. Make her happy—that is all. For the rest, I have one word of advice for you."

"Whatever it is, I shall act upon it."

"Go back to-night to England."

"Without a word to Pamela?"

"Let her be. I will say what is necessary. You will have to win her again, young sir. She is not the girl to change her lovers like her frocks."

"Perhaps you are right, sir," with hesitation.

"Go," said Lord Glengall, waving him away, "go! If you speak to her in her present mood, you will be sorry. Let her be free of both of us for a while."

"You, too, will leave her?"

"I shall leave her till all this is forgotten. It will be nothing new for me to set out for the ends of the earth at an hour's notice."

"You are, as Pamela says, the best man living."

"Stop!" said Lord Glengall, with a gesture as if he could not endure the praise. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," repeated Sir Anthony, turning away.

Several times as he went homeward Lord Glengall stooped to pat the shaggy coat of the terrier who still trotted by him.

"You don't know poetry, old fellow," he said once aloud, "but there was a poet named Shakespeare who wrote something about people coming back 'to push us from our



Pointing with his foot to the little heap of trinkets.

stools.' I am not good at remembering poetry; but that young gentleman we have just left has come back to push us from our stools—to push us from our stools."

The dog, as if he understood, thrust a sympathetic nose into his companion's hand.

When Lord Glengall reached Carrickmoyle, he went straight to Mr. Graydon's room. Mary was sitting by her father, stitching a piece of fine white stuff in the twilight.

"Ah! Glengall," said the invalid briskly. "Have you come in to smoke a last pipe with me? Come and tell me what prices were like at the fair to-day. Run away, Molly child, and rest your eyes, and let Glengall have your seat."

The two men lit up soberly, and smoked away for a while, discussing prices and cattle and crops in a desultory fashion.

At last Lord Glengall knocked out the ashes from his stumpy clay against the top bar of the grate, and stuffed the pipe into his pocket.

"I wanted to talk to you about Pam, Graydon," he said.

"What about Pam?"

"Only that I did the child an injustice in wanting to marry her. I am too old."

"Does Pam say this? Are you speaking for her?"

"Poor little Pam! There were some love-passages, Graydon, between her and your pupil Trevithick."

"I guessed as much, but how far the thing went I have no idea. I don't believe in probing into those things, Glengall. It is better to let them die."

"Had you any idea that the young fellow might possibly ask for her?"

"I hoped so once, not because it would be a good marriage for Pam, or anything of that sort, but because I thought him a good lad, and I believed in his father's son. I was disappointed that he turned out so different from my expectations."

"Would you be surprised to hear that he wrote to you about Pam immediately after he left, and that his mother intercepted the letter?"

"His mother!"

"Yes; she had other views for him."

"I wonder why she came here, why she troubled our peace, and forced her hospitality on Pam, who didn't want it?" said Mr. Graydon musingly.

"To make a parting between the lad and Pam more certain. She told Pam he was engaged to his cousin; and in other ways made the child's visit miserable."

"My poor Pam! I remember she hated to go."

"I am sorry the boy has such a mother."

"Yet I remember her a very noble-looking girl. I don't think she was made for mean things."

"Ah! well, we can let her be. She is sufficiently punished, poor woman, by her son's scorn. That must be a terrible thing to endure."

"And she is a proud woman."

"However, Graydon, we are not concerned with her. The state of the case is this: The young people were in love with each other, and were parted by a fraud. Under a total misapprehension, Pamela has engaged herself to me. Now that the misapprehension is removed, what is the clear course for me to take?"

"I should ask Pamela, Glengall."

"Pamela is at this moment in a mood in which it would not be safe to take her at her word. The only thing for me to do is to step down and out."

"Glengall!" said Mr. Graydon, laying a hand on his.

"Don't pity me just now, Graydon. Frankly, I'm not equal to it."

"Have you told Pam?"

"I shall tell her. Afterwards I shall go away till the nine days' wonder is forgotten."

"Glengall, I wish this had not happened."

"There is one way in which you can atone to me for its bitterness—I don't mind confessing to you that it is bitter."

"And that way?"

"You must borrow from me what will take you abroad. You must; it is for their sakes."

"Very well; if there is no other way. I shall repay you, I hope."

"You have plenty of time before you to grow rich in. When you come back next spring, you must finish your *magnum opus*."

Mr. Graydon rubbed his hands in boyish cheerfulness.

"I shall feel equal to tackling it after a change. I'm afraid I've been vegetating, and the mosses and mildew have grown upon me. You have lived, Glengall, while I was growing into a worthless old block."

"It is you who have lived," said Lord Glengall. "You have lived naturally. When I die, it is the end of my line, and I shall have no one to close my eyes."

When he found Pam in the drawing-room alone, a little later, he drew her to him, and kissed her hair where it clustered over the white forehead.

"I have brought your pretty things, Pam," he said, fumbling in his pocket.

"And you have forgiven me?"

"I have forgiven you, dear."

He fastened the little chain about her neck and the bracelet on her wrist.

"You will wear them for me, Pam?" he

said. "I should not know what to do with them."

"And my ring?" said Pam, wondering.

"I have taken back the ring. You are free, Pam; free as air."

"But I don't want to be free."

"You did yesterday, Pam, and you will to-morrow. I have seen Sir Anthony, Pam. He is guiltless, and will come again."

arranged with your father. He is to winter abroad."

"Sylvia will see to that," she answered. "Miss Spencer has made it easy for her. At least, we need not take that from you."

"You have given me great happiness," he repeated. "And now, good-bye, my dear, good-bye."

A day or two later Carrickmoyle was



"You are free, Pam; free as air."

"I do not want him to come," cried Pam with a great sob.

"I sent him away because I was afraid if he came to you now you would make him and yourself unhappy. He hated to go, but he went. He will come again. You will be good to him, Pam, because you love him. Now, good-bye, my dear. I shall come back when you are married."

Pamela's hands were over her eyes, and she was crying quietly.

"Another thing, Pam," he said. "I have

startled by the news that Lord Glengall had sailed for Australia.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THOUGH 'T WERE TEN THOUSAND MILE."

"I WISH something would happen," said Sylvia; "it is the longest summer I have ever known."

Sylvia was wearing black for Miss Spencer, who had passed away peacefully a

few weeks after that talk with Pamela. When the legal formalities were completed, Sylvia would be *châtelaine* of Dovercourt; but her interest in her inheritance seemed very slight.

"By-and-by," she had said, "I shall be glad to know that I have money to do things with; but just at present I can only remember what it is that has made me rich."



"I thought you were going to marry him, Bridget."

"Why not have Mr. Baker or Mr. St. Quintin to tea quietly?" suggested Pam. "I am sure they are longing to come, and they would cheer you up."

But Sylvia would not. She preferred to wander from the house to the garden with the dogs at her heels, or to stray from one room to another, having a desultory chat with her father, who was now up and about, or with Mary, cheerfully sewing her bridal clothes, usually ending up with a visit to Bridget in the kitchen.

Bridget quite agreed with Sylvia about the dulness of the house, and suggested the same remedy for it as Pamela had done.

"Have a bit of company, child," she said. "Sure, her that's gone (the heavens be her bed!) 'ud be the last to grudge the young what's natural to the young, let alone that I hear young Mr. St. Quintin's that mopy that they say 't is to horse-racin' he 's took, wid the design of breakin' his neck by way of divarsion."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Bridget," said Sylvia languidly. "The horse is not born that could unseat Mr. St. Quintin. He can stick on like grim death. But I don't feel that company, such company as I could get, would be any good to me. I don't like young people, Bridget."

"Well, sorra such a house I ever was in," said Bridget, scandalised.

"Never mind, Bridget dear," said Sylvia, who had temporarily lost her taste for sharp argument with Bridget. "I suppose I was born old."

"Listen to her," cried Bridget, "an' she wid the lightest feet, aye, an' the purtiest face in the barony! Between you and Miss Pamela, me heart's fairly bruk. There's Miss Pamela, that ought to be goin' to be married a week from next Tuesday, goin' round as mopy as a chicken wid the pip. I never seen such goin's on anywhere I was."

"It certainly *is* time," said Sylvia again, "that something should happen, and, short of marrying myself, Bridget, I'll do anything to bring it about."

"Indeed, then Mr. St. Quintin's a pleasant young gentleman," said Bridget, broadly smiling, "though an imp of mischief. 'T is meself 'll not forget in a hurry how he whipped the steps from undher Grady whin

he was pickin' the morello cherries, an' never purtended he heard him bawlin' melia murther, an' the ould rogue, as he was contrivin' to slip down by the trunk, caught by a twig in his breeches an' held there! As I said to Mr. St. Quintin, I hoped he thought then on poor Mary that's gone, that often he made suffer, the crathur!"

"I thought you were going to marry him, Bridget," said Sylvia, with the same languid interest.

"Och, then, heaven forgive you, Miss Sylvia. Sure them was only my jokes. Not but what he axed me. 'The mischief bother you, man,' says I. 'Is it havin' me commit murther you'd be? Why, sure I couldn't keep me hands off you if I was lookin' at you every day, an' then I'd be tried an' hung for it, maybe.'"

"Well, I'm glad you're not going to marry him under the circumstances," said Sylvia. "But, all the same, it is time some of us made a stir."

And even then one thing that was to disturb the current of their lives was on its way.

The very morning after Sylvia's conversation with Bridget there was a large square envelope for Mr. Graydon, which somewhat exercised his youngest daughter's imagination.

"Come here, dad," she said, when at last he arrived at the breakfast-table. "I've been longing for something to happen, and I believe this is really a happening at last."

"It is my uncle's writing," said Mr. Graydon, as he took the letter and opened it. As he read it his face grew graver and graver.

"Poor old Uncle Charles!" he said, when he had finished. "His boy is dead."

Lord Downshire's letter was very characteristic:—

"My dear Archie,—I will not say you have scored again, but at least I have failed with the last card I held against you. My boy is dead. I don't ask for your sympathy or your pity. You, with your healthy girls, cannot appreciate what I suffer. I am racked in the spirit and the body, and I shall be very glad to leave a world that has lost savour for me. I heard indirectly that you were ill after you had been here; but, you see, *you* have recovered, and it is my boy that is dead. You are my heir now, and I am too sick of it all to make another attempt to frustrate you. And there is no use continuing in enmity against you, so I shall make you an allowance proportionate to the condition of my heir. I shall not ask to see you, but Messrs. Lees and Saunders, of Lincoln's Inn—you will remember Saunders; Lees died last year—have my instructions."

Mr. Graydon put the letter into his pocket when he had read it.

"Something has happened, Sylvia," he said sorrowfully. "I am Lord Downshire's heir once more; and yet I would a thousand times rather be as I was, and the old man's little son living."

But the happenings of the day were not over.

Sylvia, going her pilgrimage to Miss Spencer's new grave, was aware of a tall young figure, which had something familiar about it, swinging along towards her. Presently she recognised Anthony Trevithick.

"Miss Sylvia," he said, "I am so glad I met with you, I want to see Pamela."

"Pamela!" with oddly upraised eyebrows.

"Yes—Pamela. I have stayed away as long as I could. I promised Lord Glengall I would give her time."

"Oh! that is how it is, is it?"

"Yes; didn't you know?"

"I guessed, of course, but Pam is not the old Pam. She has been as solemn as an owl, and as secretive, ever since. . . . When was it? . . . I really think it began about the time of your going away. She used to be the best of good company."

"What is this for, Miss Sylvia?" said the young man, touching her black frock.

"Ah! You do not know. Miss Spencer died a month ago."

"I am sorry," he said, with a sympathy which at once made Sylvia his friend.

"Does Pam know you are coming?" she asked.

"No. I was afraid to announce myself. Perhaps she will show me the door."

"Perhaps she won't, Sir Anthony. She's fond of you, you see."

"Oh, Miss Sylvia!" cried Anthony Trevithick, flushing delightedly through his tan.

"Oh, yes! she's fond of you. I'm not going to talk about her secrets, but I know how it is. I knew all along. That is why I was so vexed with her—when——Never mind. You want to see Pamela, then? Well, just wait for me a minute outside this gate. I will come back with you then, and find Pamela for you."

"You are awfully good."

"Perhaps I'm glad to get rid of Pam. She's prettier than I am, though some people don't think so. Perhaps I'm afraid of her stealing my admirers."

"I believe it is only your goodness to me."

"And to Pam. She's not the same Pam she was a year ago. If you make her like her old self, I shall forgive you even that you left us forlorn and unsquired at that famous festivity for which you should have returned."

"Oh! Miss Sylvia, I shan't believe that."

She did not try Anthony Trevithick's patience by keeping him waiting long at the churchyard gate. She was gone only a minute or two before she returned, her basket empty of its flowers, and her face, which had gained

so much in character and sweetness during the year, a little overshadowed.

When they reached Carrickmoyle, she brought Anthony Trevithick through the sunny hall where the door stood, as ever, hospitably open, and into the big drawing-room. "Stay here till I find Pam," she said. She went upstairs two steps at a time in the boyish way he remembered. He listened with a smile on his face till the sound of the footsteps died away. Then he began to walk up and down nervously.

Pam sat in the window of her own little room with her chin in her hands, gazing over the summer-dark landscape, her air listless, and her eyes apathetic.

"It is lonely, Sylvia," she said, scarcely turning her head as her sister entered.

"You never used to find it so," said Sylvia. "I remember the time when Carrickmoyle held all the delights for you."

"That was when we were little girls in short frocks, and led poor Mick into scrapes."

"Many a year ago," said Sylvia. "When you struck Anthony Trevithick with the sunbonnet that was intended for the red cock——"

Pamela's heightened colour assured Sylvia of what she wanted to know.

"Pam," she said, "why don't you make it straight with Anthony Trevithick?"

"How do you know there is anything to make straight?"

"Rubbish!" said Sylvia, with quiet scorn.

"Oh, Sylvia!" said Pamela, "you don't understand. I am tired of love and lovers. I only want to be let alone. I have suffered too much."

"If you have, it's your own fault. You'd no business to take poor dear Glengall when you were in love with someone else, though how you could look at others in the same day with Glengall fairly bothers me. And now, why don't you write and ask Anthony Trevithick to come back?"

"I don't want him to come back."

"Yes, you do; you're crying your eyes out for him every night. Yes, you are. And why you let all this muddle go on without doing anything to prevent it I don't know. I could shake you, Pam!"

"What would you have done, Sylvia?"

"Well, supposing I was in love with a man and knew him to be in love with me, and supposing he went away and didn't write, I'd never think anything except that the letter was lost. If I could get at him, I'd write and ask him what it meant. If I couldn't, I'd go on believing in him, maybe till I was old and grey, and till I died, as some have done—if I really loved him, mind you."

"Perhaps you are right, Sylvia."

"There's no doubt about it, Madam Faint-Heart."

"But come," she said, after a benevolent scrutiny of Pamela; "come, you look very nice, unless you'd like to put on the pink sun-bonnet. Anthony Trevithick is in the drawing-room."

"Sylvia!"

"Yes, I know I ought to have mentioned it before, instead of talking nonsense. The poor young man's on tenter-hooks."

"Sylvia! I *can't* go down."

"Yes, you can. You shall, even if I have to use force."

"Very well, Sylvia," said Pam, rising and trembling a little.

"Come, don't think about it. Do it quickly, as we used to take our cod-liver oil long ago. Let us run down the stairs. There, you poor little thing! your hands are cold. The run will warm them."

And, half-resisting, Pamela was pulled by force down the stairs.

Nevertheless, she entered the room with her head high.

"How do you do, Sir Anthony?" she began.

"Ah, Pam darling!" cried the young man, coming to meet her. "Don't give me any more cold words or cold looks. I haven't deserved them, and if you've nothing else for me I shall go away for ever."

"No, surely," said Pam, and her sweet voice had a little surprise in it. "You didn't really deserve any blame at all."

"But you did, for I asked you to trust me, Pam. I asked you to trust me, and your faith was brittle."

"So it was," said Pam.

"Well," said Sylvia, as she went out and closed the door. "It is plain these recriminations are not meant for me. Heigho! I wish Mr. Baker would come along just now, that I might have the satisfaction of refusing him. It is easy to see that Glengall is as completely forgotten as if he had never existed."

No one could say that Mr. Graydon's youngest daughter was not loyal to the absent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PROPOSAL.

PAMELA GRAYDON had been Pamela Trevithick for three years, when one day in late summer Sylvia, still Sylvia Graydon, was entertaining a visitor in her London drawing-room.

It was Lord Glengall, a shade greyer, a shade leaner, but looking well nevertheless, and brown with southern suns.

"And so," he said, "we shall travel back to Ireland together."

"It will be a delightful and unexpected pleasure to have your company."

"You are glad to return, Sylvia?"

"Glad! It is no word for it. I am hungry for the velvety wind that blows across the mountains. I am so tired of these glaring streets, of parties, and dinners and luncheons, and functions of all kinds."

Lord Glengall laughed.

"To tell you the truth, I am amazed and amused to find your father in the midst of it all."

"She is not a day older."

"She never carried out her threat of marrying my gardener?"

"Mr. Grady is still a widdy-man, as they used to say in the dear country."

"But to return to your father. The *magnum opus* has become an accomplished fact. You see, I haven't been so far out of the world as not to have heard that."



Half-resisting, Pamela was pulled by force.

"Papa! Oh, papa is the veriest Piccadilly lounger. He has returned to it all as freshly as if he had never left it. He discovered troops of old friends—without a misgiving—as soon as ever he came in for the title."

"He doesn't pine for Carrickmoyle?"

"Now and again. When the desire becomes very strong, he and I slip away to Euston some evening, forgetting all our engagements, and, for a few days, our new circumstances, at Carrickmoyle, where Bridget cooks our chops and makes us potato-cakes just as of old."

"I am glad to hear Bridget is still to the fore."

"Yes. It has been a great success. He is as much in request at learned societies and conversaziones as he is in fashionable drawing-rooms. To think of the years he vegetated at Carrickmoyle!"

"Happy years, Sylvia."

"I could hardly hope for happier."

"He will be in soon, Sylvia?"

"About half-past five," consulting a little watch fastened to her gown. "You can endure my company till then."

"I shall try to. But am I not keeping you from afternoon calls or something? I saw a carriage at the door as I came in."

"I have sent it away. I was rejoiced to do it. Papa will be simply wild with delight at your falling from the clouds like this."

"He hasn't forgotten me, then?"

"How should he? The only drawback about Carrickmoyle has been that we could see from it the cold chimneys of Glengall."

"Ah! we shall warm them," said Lord Glengall, beaming at her. "We shall have fine jinks if only you and your father will spend six months of the year at Carrickmoyle. I am no Londoner, and never shall be. But I shall be able to endure six months of solitude if I know I am going to have you for the remainder of the year."

"You will not long be left solitary. You cheated the country the last time by disappearing again before it had had time to rejoice over you. Your return will flutter the dovecotes for thirty miles around."

"You are very kind, Sylvia," said Lord Glengall simply. "But you have not told me half the news," he went on. "How is Molly?"

"Flourishing. Mick has got his company. He wouldn't leave the service on any consideration, and I think he was right. They are as much in love with each other as ever; and they have a beautiful boy."

"Ah! that is right. Molly deserved to be happy."

"She did, and so did Mick. Mick is a dear old fellow."

"And Pam, Sylvia?"

There was no consciousness in his voice.

"Pam, too, is a success. She has been a beauty for three seasons, strange to say."

"And it is a happy marriage?"

"Perfectly happy. They are ideally well suited."

"I am glad of that. How does Pam get on with her mother-in-law?"

"Fairly well, I believe. Lady Jane keeps herself to herself, which is lucky for Pam. I never took to that lady. But she is devoted to the heir. She wouldn't strike you, somehow, as a grandmotherly person, but it is so."

"There is an heir?"

"Yes; he is two years old, and he has a baby sister of seven months."

"Ah! how you young people have been making history since I left. I shall not know this new world of your making."

"You find me changed?"

"Lovelier, Sylvia."

"It is nice to have you say that."

"Still greedy for conquest, even though it is only an old fogey?"

"Ah"—with more intensity than he thought the occasion demanded—"you never can be that!"

"You are always kind, little girl. When I look into your eyes, I fancy it is the old Sylvia I am talking to, and not a fine lady."

"It is the old Sylvia."

"The Sylvia I knew would never have worn this"—touching a fold of her dress.

"She would, if she could. It is only a Paris tea-gown. She was happier in the prints at sixpence a yard from Guirk's shop in Lettergort."

"Happier, Sylvia? What have you been doing with yourself since?"

"Growing old and faded with trying to occupy several houses at once and doing a great many things I detest."

She laughed at him from where she sat in her youth and beauty, and he laughed in answer.

"Where are the lads who used to be in love with you?"

"All married, except Algy St. Quintin; but he has long given up asking me. We are good comrades."

"No more than that, Sylvia?"

"No more than that. I wouldn't lose sight of him for anything. He is just the same imp of mischief, as Bridget used to call him. His coolness is phenomenal, and his impudence so deliciously incongruous with his cherubic boy's face."

"There is no one else, Sylvia?"

"There is no one else."

"Ah! you are so hard-hearted, child. Or is it that you will stay with your father?"

"Not altogether that. I've seen no one here I would marry."

"Yet you have met all sorts and conditions of men."

"All sorts and conditions, but not the right one."

"The right one will come."

"He might come—he may have come, and not have found me the right woman."

She looked at him an instant; then she suddenly blushed hotly, and her eyes fell and rested on the jewelled fingers in her lap. So full was her attitude of yielding and submission that it might well make the heart of a lover leap.

A sudden, bewildering idea came to the man before her. For an instant he was dazed with the shock of it. Then he stood up and paced the room in great agitation.

"Sylvia," he said at last, pausing before her where she still sat, a lovely image of submission, "Pamela was right when she did not marry me."

"She was right because she did not love you."

"How could she love me? I might have been her father."

"That is no reason. Love does not take count of such things."

"Ah, Sylvia! What has love to do with grey hairs?"

"If there is love, they are better than gold."

"Sylvia, do you know what madness you are putting into my head?"

"I cannot know unless you tell me."

Sylvia's eyes were raised to his with a flash of the old audacity.

"Perhaps I dare not tell you."

"Ah, do!"

"If I were a young man and you would do it, you might turn this work-a-day earth to Paradise for me."

"And why not now?"

why should that and the other things stand between me and my happiness?"

"Your happiness, Sylvia?"

"Ah, yes! You wouldn't see it, but I always thought there was no one in the world like you. You chose Pam before me, and even then I accepted your will, but I loved you still."

"I chose Pam because she was unhappy, because there seemed no other way. It did



He made a step towards her.—*p.* 552.

"Ah! child, you do not know what you are saying. What could you, a beauty and an heiress, see in me?"

"I am glad I am beautiful to you. But not break my heart to give her up, though it was a blow. It does not hurt me now to hear of her as Lady Trevithick. But I dare not risk the same thing with you."

"Why?"

"Because it would be so easy to forget my years, and love you with a young man's ardour, and more than a young man's faith."

"Then why not love me?"

"Ah! Sylvia, it is your kindness, your compassion. I could not endure to be thrown over now, even though I am well on in my forties."

"I shall not throw you over. Look at me, and you will see."

He looked at her, and made a step towards her.

"Then you will make the world over again for me?"

"And you for me?"

"Ah, Sylvia!"

"Yes. How hard it was to persuade you. There will be lots of people who will want to marry you once it is known you have come back. You might have liked someone better than me. And I have waited for three years."

"You fairy princess, what do you mean by condescending to a mortal's grey hairs?"

"We shall be so happy, you and I and papa. We shall lead the country life, though he'll have to come to London now and again for his serious 'frivolities.' And I shall make you care for me. Now you do not care for me nearly so much as I do for you."

"You bewilder me, Sylvia."

"Ah! yes, you will care for me. I shall not let you cheat me."

"You talk as if my youth were not flown, you lovely child."

"It is not flown. You do not mean to say you used up your youth during those hard years that lined your face and sowed grey hairs in your head? Ah! no, you were saving it up for me."

"It is *too* incredible!"

"Take time, then, to think, good gentleman," said Sylvia, with laughter dancing bewitchingly about her mouth; but her eyes were tender.

"If I take time, all this will take wings like a dream and fly away."

"Then keep it," said Sylvia.

"My life—what remains of it—will be devoted to you."

"It is time you should say that. You have been going after false fires, while I have been true all the time."

"You to me, Sylvia!"

"I to you. But if I had not almost asked you, you would have left me to single blessedness. Ah! there is papa's ring. He will be glad."

"He will think it folly, Sylvia."

"Ah! no, he won't. Dear, wise papa, he was always anxious for you to marry one of his daughters."



TIRED.

ON the weary waves of the world
To and fro
This tired life of mine has been whirled!
In the flow
And ebb of every dangerous tide
My thoughts have drifted far and wide,
As on a bleak and bare hill-side
Drifts the snow.

I sought for rest afar, afar,
But found it not;
I dreamed sweet dreams, if such things are
Sweet which we wot
Are false. I woke again to know
The weight of an unceasing woe,
And journeyed onward, bending low
To a hard lot.

At length to my weary soul I said,
"Soul of mite,
The empty restless life thou hast led.
In shade and shine,
In winter's cold and angry beat,
In summer's languid parching heat—
Poor soul!" I said, "It is not meet
Such fate be thine.

"There is a rest, oh! my tired soul,
Far away,
We soon may reach that happy goal
Beyond to-day.
Far, far beyond those darkening skies
There is a Land which Rest supplies—
Peace, endless peace, that never dies.
Come away!"

H. BROOKE DAVIES.

LIGHT THROUGH DULL PANES.

A VISIT TO THE EARLSWOOD ASYLUM.

(Illustrated from Photographs by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)



IN THE PRINTING OFFICE AT EARLSWOOD.

[This is the first of a special series of illustrated articles on representative philanthropic institutions. Each article will describe the scope and work of the institution concerned, and will in addition contain detailed information as to the methods of admission, with special reference to the "voting" system.]

THE YOUNG Queen Victoria had been ten years on the throne of England. In this decade the wheel of philanthropy seemed to turn with increased impetus. It had been set in motion before the dawn of the nineteenth century, for then asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and lunatic had been established. Now various institutions and schemes of benevolence were springing into existence in aid of other classes of sufferers. There was still something wanting, a lady maintained to Dr. Andrew Reed—a powerful friend of the afflicted and needy; she asked him to help the feeble-minded. He demurred; he doubted whether there were sufficient cases to call for a special institute. If she could find six in six days, he promised to take up the matter. Six days produced twenty eligible from their poverty and infirmity, and the well-known philanthropist kept his word. The National Asylum for Idiots was inaugurated at the Mansion House in October, 1847, and was established at Highgate in January, 1848. Since then it has received upwards of 3,000 cases, and the institution now at Earlswood has served as a model for others in different parts of Europe and our colonies.

The need of such asylums encircles the world; for wherever humanity has spread children may be born with inherent infirmity, or the "heart ache and a thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to" may cloud the brightest intelligence. The poor and sick in mind must ever appeal for help to the rich and strong and capable. The mysterious "something wanting" in intellect is a grievous calamity, even when good friends and wealth can procure all

possible compensations. In a family where the necessities of life depend on the power to work, it reduces existence to a miserable burden. It was especially for the poor that the National Asylum was established. The pleasant building standing on the breezy uplands above Redhill can accommodate nearly 700 patients; and twice a year, on the last Thursday in the months of April and October, needy cases, from five years old and upwards, are elected on the foundation by the votes of subscribers. There are generally from 130 to 150 applicants, though funds only allow the admission of about one-fifth of the number. Presentations for life may be secured, but it is a happiness to know that the term of five years, which is the rule in election, is sometimes sufficient to teach a boy a trade, or a girl to make herself useful in housework, needlework, or a laundry. Patients entered for five years may be re-elected. Lately one of them wrote to his friends, "It will be soon time to get me in again for another five years. I hope that it will be all right; I like Earlswood."

Why should a boy able to write and to take thought for his own affairs be in an asylum for imbeciles? A visit to Earlswood would be the most effectual answer to the question. It is hard to know where idiocy begins and ends.



A VIEW OF THE DINING HALL.

There are skilled workmen in the printers', tailors', carpenters', and other departments, who, to a casual observer, betray nothing wanting.

Many of their exhibits, as well as specimens of the girls' and women's needlework, were sold at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Lancaster in 1897, where a section was open to institutions for imbeciles, and seventeen prizes were awarded to Earlswood. But there are other patients whose limited intelligence renders them oblivious of their own infirmity or their own names; between the two extremes there is every degree



IN HIS OWN WORKSHOP.

of feebleness of mind. Those who consciously suffer least are likely to call out the greatest compassion. It is natural to turn away and try to forget the sight of a human creature going on all-fours, or of great helpless babies, without the charm or sweetness of infancy, sitting up with bibs on, waiting for the meal for which they cannot ask.

"It must be sad and painful to a visitor," the matron said, "to have a passing glance at the worst cases, but to live amongst them, as she had done for eleven years, was full of interest. Nearly all were capable of some improvement."

A home where everything is done to promote their health and happiness is, for the weak-minded, a new world. To be taken from conditions of continual disadvantage, and placed under the charge of guardians whose first duty is to work and watch for the awakening of soul and mind, brings hope and comfort into their life. A poor constitution is often added to the disadvantages of the imbecile; and in families where their friends cannot constantly protect them they are often exposed to teasing, and driven into fits of fury, ending in chronic bad temper, by the mischief or malice of their companions.

"No one is allowed to tease them here," a nurse remarked, in speaking of the patients' affection and their general disposition to get on well together. They are classified, so that they meet companions on equal terms. The lowest have not the spirit or independence to defy lawful authority; to the highest but refractory, degradation to a class below is the most salutary punishment that can be inflicted. They soon try by their conduct to rise to their former level. Anyone in charge giving a patient a blow would be liable to criminal prosecution. The vicious or dangerous cases are not admitted, and the authorities do not encourage the re-election of those who give absolutely no promise of



A VIEW OF THE ASYLUM.

improvement. The vacancies ought to be filled by candidates to whom care and treatment will be of use. In the great busy world outside Earlswood are muscular limbs dwindling or growing



AT SCHOOL.

stiff for want of exercise, and hands framed for skill which are only filled with mischief by the active spirit against whom Dr. Watts left an immortal warning. They need not remain idle, for special training can supply much that Nature has denied.

It requires a great deal of patience to teach this class of pupils a useful calling, as more than one instructor remarked when the doctor conducted a visitor through the various workshops. Some are unwilling to learn; in Earlswood, as in all communities, each variety of disposition is represented, as well as every degree of lack of ability.

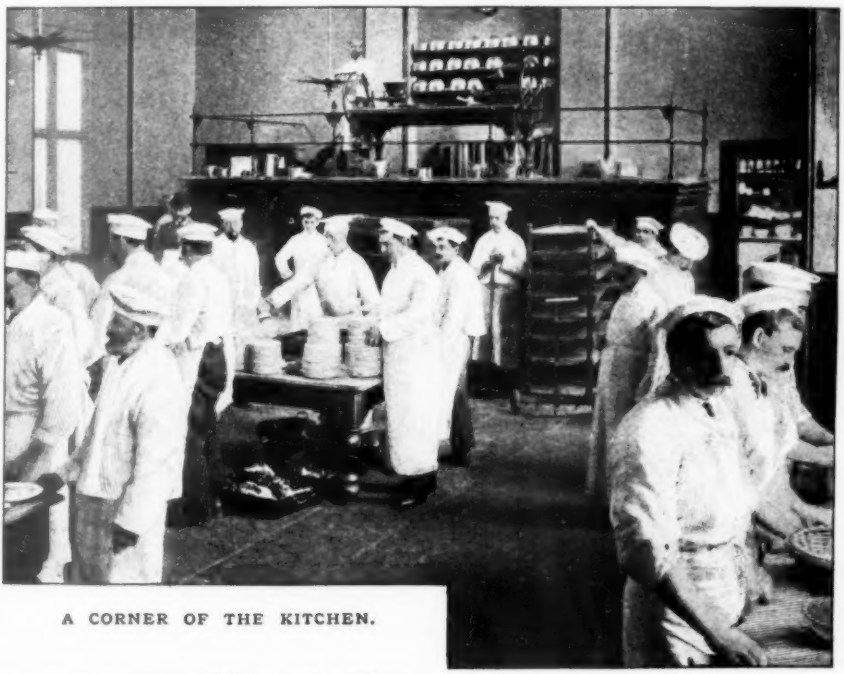
"You can't make me work, you know, doctor," one patient maintained, "for I am only an imbecile."

Happily, in this little world which, in spite of its limitations, manufactures and supplies for itself most of the necessaries of life, all are not ready to make capital out of their infirmity. The master-carpenter lamented the loss of a former diligent pupil, who had been worth one pound a week to the institution, and he showed with pride the doors and panels of another, who he said might now earn his own living anywhere. This clever young carpenter had been at Earlswood for three years, and in the workshop for two. He bore a high character, and was so attached to the asylum that, when he was at home for a summer holiday, he came back for a day. Yet before his admission his relations had been unable to manage him.

The master-tailor called one of his "best boys" to show the waistcoat he was making. A good-looking middle-aged man descended with alacrity from the table—where, in the time-honoured custom of his trade, he worked in an attitude calculated to cause persons of other callings violent cramp in the legs—and shook hands all round with great warmth and friendliness. Directly he had displayed a piece of work, in which his instructor took pardonable pride, he returned with renewed diligence to his needle and thread. This man's interest in tailoring is so keen that when he, in his turn, does duty in the kitchen, he returns to his cloth and his favourite attitude for every available moment. Seated together with the first-class workmen are others, smiling over their attempts to learn stitching or to make button-holes. They may possibly never get beyond samplers, but time will show.

In the shoemakers' shop similar degrees of skill and industry were manifest. One man held in his hand a finished boot that he had made from the beginning, whilst others could only be trusted to black and polish. So it was with the rest of the twenty-five trades and callings in which last year 198 men and boys were employed, each according to his several ability. Perhaps the highest attainments are seen in the printing department—the only one that undertakes outside work. Besides the necessary printing for Earlswood and the London office, 232 private orders were sent out last year, and a profit was made of £150. On the occasion of my visit, a young compositor was not quite ready to show his proof to the doctor, who inquired what he was doing. He had just set up the programme for a patients' party, and had made it conclude with "Musicle Chairs"; he wanted to correct the spelling before it was inspected.

One elderly man, deaf, with an impediment in his speech and afflicted in mind, had his own workshop. All around him were evidences of his artistic skill. He looked tenderly at his own drawings, but the objects of his special admiration were the various magnifiers and reflectors he had designed and made to help him in fine carving. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is interested in Earlswood, has lately presented him with some elephant tusks. It was a pleasure to this artist to display the lightness of an ivory landscape brooch. A piece of tortoise-shell at the back, with a judicious arrangement of the golden and dark blotches, made it a transparency. When held up on one side to the light, it was a sunny scene; whilst on the other it was dark, with a full moon.



A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN.

In spite of gentle manners and artistic skill, this man would probably be unable to live or turn his talents to account outside an asylum. He belongs to a class who for practical purposes never outgrow mental childhood. Years roll by. Time brings them grey hairs and other signs of his flight, but never carries them beyond the need of fatherly care. Many with far less intelligence seem to realise this.

It is pathetic to hear in some wards the cry of "Mother!" and see a smile of fancied recognition when a stranger appears. One middle-aged woman who called out "Mamma, mamma!" had some information, cheerful but incoherent, to impart. Then the name of "George" suddenly arrested her flow of trivialities, and her face puckered into a grotesque expression of distress. She raised her hand and pointed upward, saying, "George up there." The sorrowful remembrance was, however, transient; the next instant she was all smiles. The eddy on the surface of her smooth life soon caught the sunshine, but its presence was sufficient to call out fresh compassion for the poor souls whose wits may have been lost under a weight of trouble heavier than they could bear.

The sad pages in the life-history of some of the most helpless are, however, blotted out of their memory, or only

dimly recalled by a fragmentary remark. The sound of laughter in the recreation-room, sitting-rooms, and playground is almost constant. If it shows the vacant mind, it also bespeaks content. Pleasure and enjoyment are circumscribed, but so also is the capacity for suffering in mind and body. The patients have almost as little temptation to anxious thought for the morrow as the ravens or lilies.

In a narrow sphere a trifling event assumes great dimensions, and the day may be easily filled with pleasures. The delight with which one middle-aged patient said that she was going to have a new dress had all the innocent glee of childhood. A lad who called out "Tick, tick!" at the sight of the doctor was immediately made happy by being allowed to listen to his watch.

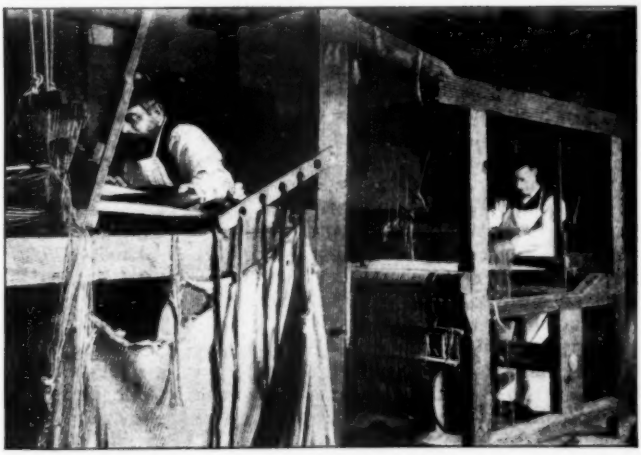
Various little treats are planned as rewards for good conduct. In the winter, those who do well are invited once a week to join in games in the recreation-room. Yet the Head Governess is of opinion that the little ones are never happier than when they are at lessons. According to their ability, they go through the course usually adopted in elementary schools, and have the same physical exercises. The elder girls are employed in housework or in the laundry. Many, no doubt, enjoy the new experience of being usefully employed, and industry and willingness are rewarded by an afternoon walk to the town, a small amount of pocket-money, and a reward at the New Year.

The sense of right and wrong, and of responsibility, develops with exercise. Of the many letters received last year at Earlswood from the patients or their relations acknowledging the good results of training, the Resident Physician looked upon one from a man discharged five years ago as the most satisfactory. But for a course of treatment the writer would probably have remained all his life as a burden on his relations. He is now earning ten shillings a week in a grocery business. After making this satisfactory announcement, he continues: "I belong to a Bible-class. I am also in a club, so, if I am ill, my mother gets ten shillings and sixpence per week, and my doctor's bill paid." With inquiries after old friends, special love to two, this patient remains a "loving friend." How many men with all their faculties do more? And how many others fall below his standard of duty and gratitude! In days of old, one out of ten to whom the same miracle of mercy brought new life



THE CHILDREN AT DRILL IN THE RECREATION-ROOM.

and health returned to the great Healer and gave glory to God, and he belonged to a class from whom least might have been expected. A good proportion of the strangers to many privileges, as the feeble-minded must ever remain, often live as examples of doing their best. A man is accepted according to that he hath.



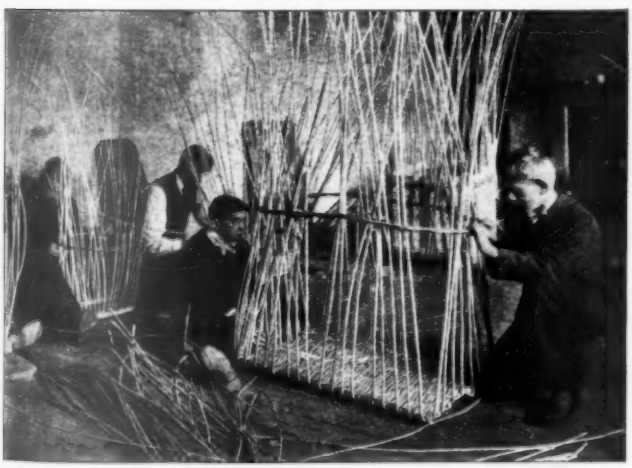
MAT-MAKING.

The highest and the only certain principle of good conduct is kept before all who enter the asylum. Twice a day they meet for prayers, and before and after meals grace, sung in the great hall to the accompaniment of a fine organ, fills the corridors with music, in which many of the patients delight. The resident Religious Instructor last year found a note slipped into his hand, addressed, "Mr. Small, from me." A patient wrote:—

"Dear Sir,—I wish to ask you, in a nice kind way or other, to have two of my hymns on the 5th of February, which is Saturday. Please have them in the evening—Nos. 590 and 532—and you may quite expect a nice pocket-book from me.—Your friend, Percy."

It is not unusual for boys to ask that their birthdays may be celebrated by singing their favourite hymns.

Their teacher finds that lessons on the life and miracles of our Lord always have a charm for the patients. Even those unable to read or intelligently follow the prayers can enjoy Sunday; then they receive pictures illustrating Bible incidents, and can, at least, hear the hymns at the evening service, which in summer is held under the trees.



SOME BASKET-WORKERS.

Methods of teaching must be adapted to the varied capacity, but the lesson of the compassion of our Lord for every infirmity is common to the 600 patients whom Earlswood now shelters, whilst 130 are waiting for admission.

One class may enter by payment, which varies according to the circumstances and requirements. The lowest payment is sixty-five guineas a year, and it includes entire maintenance and clothing for twelve months. There are no vacations,

unless the friends desire it. Private patients do not mix with those on the foundation either at meals or in the recreation-room. Some have their own sitting-rooms and special attendants.

Another class of patients may enter by part-payment. They are elected from a list of candidates whose friends fill a position that would preclude their gaining free admission, but who are unable to make the ordinary payment. The minimum sum of fifteen guineas is required annually so long as the child remains in the asylum.

A large number of subscribers' votes, 700 at least, are required to place a candidate for ordinary election on the foundation. Before canvassing, a form must be obtained from the office, 36, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C., in order to see if the case is deemed eligible by the Board, whether for free or part-payment election. For the well-being of the community in general, rules cannot be broken. Great disappointment and trouble are sometimes occasioned by an attempt to canvass before ascertaining that a candidate will be approved by the Board. The receipt of parish relief at any time disqualifies a candidate. Certain regulations, the result of experience, have been made regarding receiving and maintaining the large family whom the authorities have taken under their care, and Earlswood is subject to the inspection of the Commissioners in Lunacy.

During fifty years the supporters of this institution have, in a very literal sense, obeyed the injunction to "comfort the feeble-minded." In spite of limp limbs and slouching gait, the weakest among the imbecile bear the image of their Creator. Can it be doubted that they are as precious to Him as the conies who, though "but a feeble folk," find, under His providence, a refuge in the stony rocks? In their helplessness and dependence, the afflicted in mind find a place in the heart and affection of their guardians; and who can tell how many have learnt, through them, to hide themselves with all their infirmities in the Rock of Ages?

D. L. WOOLMER.



IN THE SHOEMAKING ROOM.

UNIV. OF MICH.

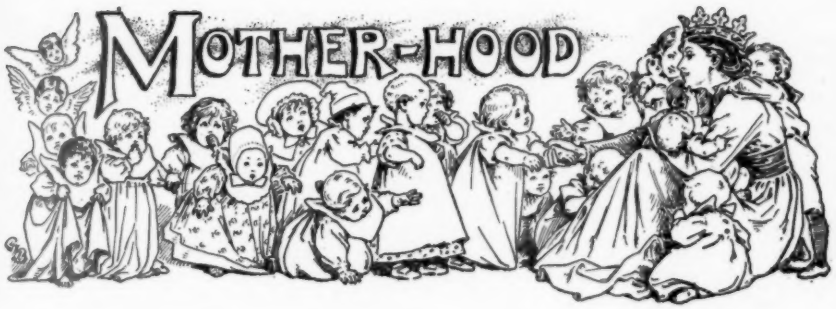


MOTHERHOOD.

After the Picture by MISS IDA LOVERING.

XUM

XUM



By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "Our Home Rulers," Etc.



"THERE is many an arrow in my quiver, full of speech to the wise, but for the many they need interpreters."

So wrote Pindar long, long ago; and I, having gathered many arrows of help and knowledge from the quiver of books around me, would fain pass them on. In this paper I string these barbs to the bow of motherhood, and trust they may pierce to the joints of the harness.

Perhaps there is no subject absorbing more attention at the present time than that of motherhood and heredity. Never has the cult of maternity been better formulated—never has the practice of it been more carefully studied. "In these days of pressure," writes Lyttleton, "it is a mother's first duty to her children to secure for them a full seven years of passive life." "The best and first service a mother can do her children," says another writer, "is to maintain the standard of her own life at its highest—

"'Allure to brighter worlds, and *lead the way.*'"

"It is a mother's first duty to provide for each newborn soul an environment which will foster its highest development," says another. "To praise is a part of a mother's first work in the world on behalf of her children," adds a fourth. "I consider it to be the first and most important part of the education of childhood to lead them early to think" is Froebel's opinion.

The importance of a mother's influence during the first few years of existence is repeated in Lord Macaulay's well-known aphorism, "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and let who will take the rest"; and by Froebel, when he says, "The most important period of human education is before the child is seven years old."

We mothers, who are God's special servants—His instruments, as it were, for the particular purpose of carrying out His will for the wee individuals confided to us—are apt to think too little about those first years of a child's life. Our children, from two to five, are often left to self-education. Very little scientific care is expended on them. Yet beauty of body and soul would not be so seldom met with, or so transient as it is apt to be with us, if we truly educated persons took our children in hand from their *babyhood*, instead of leaving them to the most ignorant class of the community.

"It is usual to speak of the Greeks," writes Peabody in his "Primary School," "as if they were of exceptional organisation. Their organisation was only exceptional because it was more carefully treated *in infancy* than ours is apt to be."

"The laws which govern the growth of the human mind are as definite and as general in their application as those which apply to the material universe," and we know the basis of all development is a *good foundation*. This must be laid in early youth, both as regards the body and as regards the mind. "It is so fatally easy to do mischief" in those first seven years. The limbs of a sapling are not more easily bent than the budding desires of the infant. "The soul instinctively expects love" from the first, and only a mother's exclusively cherishing tenderness ought to be the rule in a nursery. "The true educational instinct is but the mother's instinct and method clearly understood in all its bearings and carried out intelligently."

This last word opens out a wonderful vista. "Parents should make the care of their children an object to study physiology and psychology," says Peabody; and thus we find education is always mutual. According to Goethe, "the child teaches the parent what the parents omit to teach him"; and, as Plato adds, "man cannot propose (or woman either) a higher or loftier object for his study than education and all that pertains thereto."

Before leaving this branch of the subject, it is well for all mothers clearly to understand the difference between education and instruction. The former (training of the heart) belongs exclusively to the parent. The latter (training of the intellect) to the governess. As Renan puts it, "Instruction is given in the school. Education takes place in the father's house; the masters are the mothers and sisters."

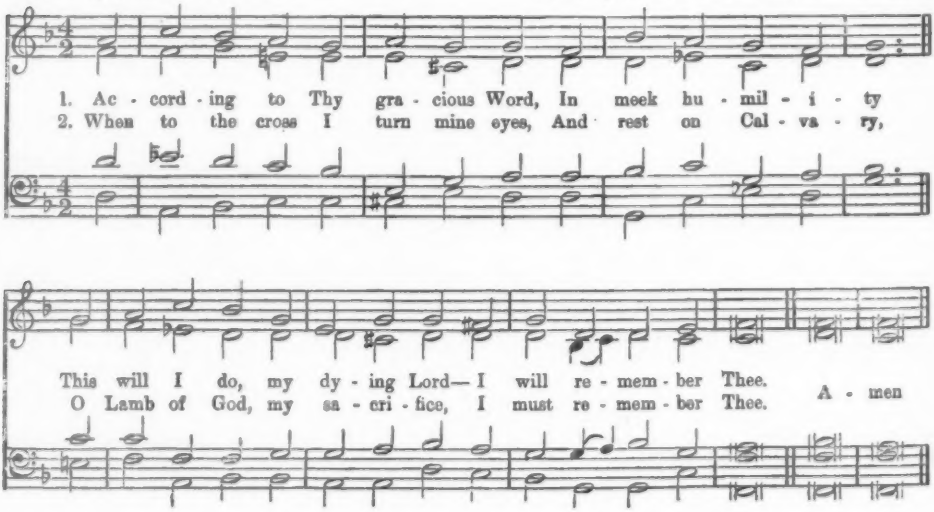
Well for us if we remember that education is always going on, whether we will it or not. Our life, our morals, are affecting our children for weal or woe, whether we realise or shirk the fact. "Every human life is lifted or lowered by the home it is born into." That magic and omnipotent gift of a mother's influence "is an hourly, unconscious, emanating force" exercised on those around. "We always know when we are instructing. We do not always know when we are educating." The realisation of this amazing power is enough to stagger the bravest heart. "A mother has to be convinced that the great function of motherhood is not only to guard her child, to exhort him, to train him, but to live her life in the presence of that child as a pattern of what the child should aspire to become."

A mother's influence should certainly be at its strongest during the early years of life. It "depends on what she is, and only in a subordinate way on what she does." Therefore, she can carry altruism too far. A mother is of as much value in the sight of God as is her child, and "the path in which she has to walk is plainly that of self-sanctification for the sake of" that child. This implies seasons for culture, rest, prayer, and the preservation of her body in health. To quote Miss Mason on this point, "Health is a duty, and any trifling with health, either vicious or careless, is really in the nature of suicide, because life is held in trust from a supreme Authority."

Will the years be wasted if we spend them mastering the science of education in our nurseries? Nay! even our personal charms will be amplified by the most entrancing study in the world. "The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in memory of happy and useful years full of sweet records" (Ruskin). Verily we shall have our reward.

Remembrance.

Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY. *Music by* GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus.D. Oxon.





A FAIRY PARABLE.

By Howard Angus Kennedy.

ONCE upon a time there were ten little Red Indians, and they lived in a school-house built of logs on the banks of the River Saskatchewan; and, if you cannot pronounce the river's name, just try till you can. The reason they lived in a school-house was that their fathers had gone hunting in the woods, and their mothers were dead, so the wigwams were very lonely; but the children were as happy as they could be, and enjoyed their schooling as much as any white children enjoy their holidays. The teacher was a sweet white lady from down beyond, who mothered them all so well that they never even thought of being bad. At least, only two of them did: and they never got beyond thinking about it, as long as the teacher was with them.

Down at the bottom of the river, in a deep, deep hole, there lived a wicked wizard; and one morning very early he was prowling along by the shore, with just the tip of his nose above water, sniff-sniff-sniffing for the scent of anyone good to eat. Now it happened that that morning the teacher had got up very early, and was sitting on a stone by the river-side, trying to think of new story-lessons to tell the children; and the wizard put up his long snaky arm out of the water and caught her by the neck and dragged her down to his cave. Then he tied her hands and feet, and waited for her to drown; but drown she would not. So he thought she must have a Testament in her pocket to act as a charm. The Testament was really in her heart, which was a great deal better. So when he saw she would not drown, he was a little frightened, and offered to let her go if she would give him one of the children instead.

"You wicked wizard," said she, "not one of them shall you have!"

"We shall see about that," said the wizard; and out he went, leaving the teacher tied fast at the bottom of the hole.

Now, when the children came down, they were very much surprised to find no teacher; but they took their morning dip in the river, as she had taught them to do. Just as they were coming out to dry themselves, a great grey fish put his head out of the water and said--"Children, the wizard that lives in the hole has caught your teacher, and he's coming to catch you."

The children jumped out of the water in a great fright. "What shall we do? What *shall* we do?" they all began to cry.

"Put on your clothes," said the fish, after he had gone down for a moment to breathe.

That was soon done, for they had very few clothes to put on.

"Now get on our backs," said the great grey fish, who had come up this time with nine others as like him as could be. Then the ten fishes humped up their great grey backs, just

keeping their heads under water to breathe with and their tails to swim with; and the ten children got on, and the fishes carried them across the big river in a twinkling.

"Now, children," said the chief of the fishes, "strike into the wood as straight as you can go till you come to the old brown bear, and he'll tell you the way to Fruity Hollow, where you'll get your dinner; but don't speak to the grizzly bear, for he's the wizard's son. Then go on till you come to the old grey wolf, and she'll tell you the way to the otters' cave; but don't say a word to the red wolf with the squint, for she's the wizard's daughter."

The fish was quite out of breath when he got to the end of this speech, and disappeared in a hurry.

Then the ten little Indians marched off into the woods, Indian file; and they all kept close together, one behind the other, except the two little boys that sometimes wished they did not have to do what they ought; and they dawdled behind. Pretty soon the children got to where the poplars end and the pinewoods begin, and there they saw the grizzly bear sitting on his haunches beside the path, with his arms folded smugly across his chest and his cruel face trying to smile.

"Welcome, little darlings!" the grizzly bear said, in a voice as sweet as honey. "Would you like me to take you to Fruity Hollow?"

The children shut their mouths tightly, and went straight on, and the grizzly gritted his teeth in disappointment; but when the two bad little Indians came straggling along he sat up again and put on his smirkiest smile and said—

"You poor little dears! What a shame it was for the others to leave you behind! How hungry you must be! Would you like me to show you the way to Fruity Hollow?"

"That I should, indeed!" said one of the boys. And the grizzly bear sprang upon him, and caught him up, and hugged him till the breath was nearly out of his body, and strode off with him; and the other boy ran on as fast as he could to catch up his companions.

Meanwhile the eight little Indians marched steadily on till they came to the old brown bear; and he was so fast asleep they could only wake him by pulling his fur, but they took care to pull it respectfully.

"All right," said the old brown bear in a mumbly voice, "I know what you want. First turning on the right, over the big tree that blew down last winter." Then he went to sleep again before they could say "Thank you, sir."

When they came to a big tree lying with its roots in the air, but with its needles still green, they scrambled over it and followed a winding path down into a narrow valley just full of wild raspberry- and gooseberry- and currant-bushes, and they picked and ate and picked and ate till they could eat no more. Then they made baskets of big leaves and twigs, and filled them with berries for supper, and climbed back over the big tree and trudged along up the path.

Soon afterwards they came upon the squinting red wolf, straddling right across the track.

"Here we are, you sweet little redskins," said she, with a grin two feet long. "The otters have asked me to show you the way to their cave."

The little redskins turned almost white with fear, but they shut their mouths tightly and pushed right on, and the wicked red wolf had to jump out of the way in a hurry, for she did not dare to touch children who remembered and obeyed. Presently the dawdler came up, very hungry and tired—for the brown bear had been much too fast asleep to tell him about Fruity Hollow—and burst out at once, without thinking, "Please can you tell me the way to the otters' cave?" Then the red wolf leapt upon him, and knocked him down, and picked him up by the back of his clothes and carried him off at a trot through the scratching brambles.

Just where the pinewoods end and the poplars begin again, the eight little Indians came upon the old grey wolf, curled up with her nose on her tail; and she put up her head for the children to scratch her neck. "Across the meadow and round the slough," she said when she had been scratched enough; "and down the stony creek."

So when they got to the edge of the wood they struck right across the meadow, wading knee-deep in the long rich grass; and then they found a path leading through another patch of poplar wood to a wide green slough—or "sloo," as they call it in Canada—half-lake and half-swamp; and they trod lightly round the narrow edge till they found the place where the water oozed out into the creek. Down the creek they went, with the stream purring beside their feet like a kitten in the sun, and the mosquitoes humming over their heads, and the silly loose-leaved poplars rustling all around them, wind or no wind.

"Listen!" said the biggest little Indian. And through all the purring and humming and rustling came the long low swishing sound of a big river. Then the eight little pairs of feet climbed out of the creek-bed, and crossed a corner of land till they stood almost on the edge of the river's earthen-cut bank.

There was a bustling and a scurrying under foot, and then a row of furry brown little heads popped up from the edge of the bank. "Come in!" barked all the otters in chorus; and, scrambling down the bank, the children followed the otters into their cave. There was

plenty of room, though the door was rather small, and a big bed of prairie hay was spread on the floor.

"We've been expecting you, you see," said the mother otter, when the eight little Indians were squatting on their hunkers and eating berries. "The fishes told us to look out for you about this time."

"Have you made friends with the fishes, then?" asked the biggest boy.

"No, we're not exactly friends, only allies. We hate the wizard more than we hate each other, so we've joined to fight him. But I wish it was all over, so that we could go fishing again. Gophers are dreadfully dry food, and they do burrow in such dusty holes."

After supper the eight little Indians lay down in a row, and all the little otters spread themselves out into a big fur counterpane to keep the children warm. But the big otters sharpened their teeth as soon as it was dark, and swam down and down and down, with fiery eyes, till they came into the River Saskatchewan; and then they swam up and up and up till they came near the wizard's pit; and there they climbed out and hid just under the edge of the bank.

Presently they felt a heavy silent somebody tramping over the grass from the wood, and they knew that the grizzly bear was coming, and one of them slipped down to the water's edge to tell the great grey fishes, who were lying just inside the river.

"Well," said the greatest of the fishes, "what do you want us to do?" For he knew that the otters must take the lead when fighting had to be done.

"You must pretend to be the wizard," said the otter, "and tell the grizzly to come into the river up to his waist. We can fight much better in the water, you know."

So the fish put up his head, and called out, imitating the wizard's voice as well as he could, "Is that you, my son?"

"Of course it's me," grumbled the bear; "and a precious hard run I've had with this little wretch. I'd a good mind to stop on the way and eat him myself."

"Never mind, my dear," said the sham wizard. "I'll pay you well. Just bring him in, will you? The water won't come above your middle."

The grizzly grumbled something about the water being cold, and he thought his father might as well have come ashore; but he waded in, all the same, and the otters dived and swam after him. And when the water was up to his middle the fishes swam in between his legs and nibbled his toes, and hit him hard on the legs with their great tails, and toppled him right over; but still he held on to the boy with one arm, while he clawed savagely at the fishes with the other. Then the otters sprang at his shoulders, and bit right through the fur and the flesh, so that he dropped the boy in the water; and the fishes and otters kept up such a splashing and a jumping and a biting that the bear could not see a foot in front of him, and the boy dashed back to the shore and huddled shivering under the bank.

"Help, help, help!" yelled the grizzly. "They've stolen the boy! They're cutting off my toes! They're tearing off my ears! They're flaying me alive!"

Then the wizard awoke, and leapt out of his hole, and came flying to the rescue, raking the water and the air with his long snaky arms, and screeching horribly. But before he got to



"Help, help, help!" yelled the grizzly.

where the grizzly was rolling over and over in a whirlpool of mad otters and fishes and foam, he heard the voice of his daughter, the red wolf, who had just arrived and was calling out (as well as she could with a little Indian's clothes in her mouth) to ask what was the matter.

"If I've lost one, I'll make sure of the other," the wizard thought; and he seized the

boy from his daughter's mouth and plunged down into the pit, leaving his grizzly son to look after himself.

"We must save the boy!" cried the head otter.

"He's not worth saving," said the fishes; "haven't we done enough for one night?"

The otters did not condescend to answer, but swam hotly after the wizard, and the fishes followed without another word, leaving the grizzly to hobble ashore and lick his wounds.

None of the otters had ever dared to descend the wizard's pit before, and none of the fishes had ever ventured within a hundred feet of its mouth: but now the otters' blood was up, and they dived like a flash, and caught up the wizard before he got to the bottom, and fastened on his heels, and dug their teeth into his calves. The wizard flung himself round and gripped an otter in each hand; but they gnawed his wrists till their teeth met in the sinews, and the rest of the otters swarmed round his neck and cut his head right off.

"The boy is drowned, all the same," said the head fish, who swam bravely down into the pit when he heard the otters' scream of victory.

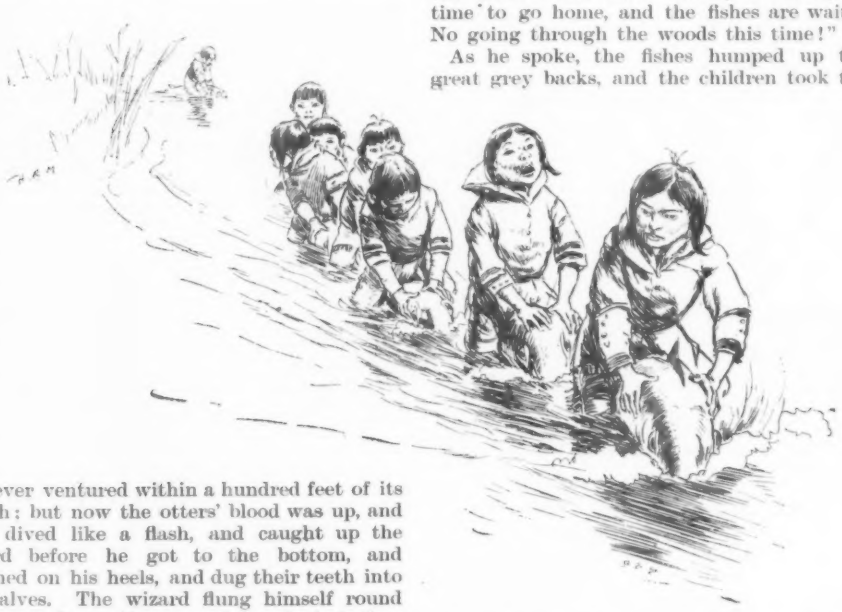
"Not a bit of it," said the head otter; "it's only his badness that's drowned; the boy will be righter than ever if you hurry ashore with him."

So the fishes pushed him up to the air and rolled him ashore; though it was rather difficult, as he had not the sense to hold on, and they had no arms to hold him by.

Meanwhile the otters had gone down to the very bottom of the pit, and bitten through the teacher's cords; and she kissed their wet foreheads and left her dark prison, and the rising sun flung her a rosy welcome as she stepped out on to dry ground. The squinting wolf shut her eyes and howled, and fled into the wood with her tail between her legs.

The eight little Indians were having a fine romp with the little otters when the big otters came back, tired and wounded, but proud with glorious news. As soon as the story was told, the head otter said—"Now, children, it's time to go home, and the fishes are waiting. No going through the woods this time!"

As he spoke, the fishes humped up their great grey backs, and the children took their



The procession never stopped till it came to the school-house.

seats, and the procession never stopped till it came to the little school-house, where the best of all teachers stood smiling welcomes at the door and two shamefaced little Indians pretended to be very busy at their sums inside.

Then there was a great hugging and kissing and laughing and crying for joy, while the little otters turned flying somersaults over the desks and played catch on the grass outside, and the fishes looked on through their water-window, till the children were tired of play and begged for lessons to begin.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

A MODEL TOWN.

"COULD we but do away with intemperance, the conditions of living would become so changed that we should hardly know ourselves," said John Bright on a memorable occasion. What would the country be like without public-houses? We can form some idea of the altered state of affairs by taking a trip to the model town of Bessbrook in the county of Armagh. Here we shall find a thriving, populous community without any public-house or place for the sale of intoxicating liquor. It owes its origin to the philanthropic prescience of the late John Grubb Richardson, a wealthy member of the Society of Friends. In the early 'sixties he purchased an estate of some sixty thousand acres, and there erected the factory which is now world-famed as the Bessbrook Flax Spinning Mills. Approaching the town from Newry, the spinning mills form the most prominent feature in the view. The immense range of lofty buildings is of noble proportions, and for massive elegance compares very favourably with similar erections in the Lancashire and Yorkshire factory districts. When the mills are in full work, occupation is afforded for about five thousand hands. The chief feature of the model town is a



THE TOWN HALL, BESSBROOK.

handsome square. There are several shops in addition to the co-operative stores, and the houses are well built, varying in size, every family being accommodated with three to six rooms, according to the number of its members. There is an institute with a capital



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A VIEW OF BESSBROOK.

library, a recreation room, a dispensary, excellent schools under the supervision of the National Board of Education, a savings bank, and half-a-dozen places of worship, the respective congregations supporting the current expenses. The sale of intoxicating liquors is entirely prohibited, and, as a consequence, there is not only an absence of drunkenness, but a general freedom from the legion of evils which seem inseparable from the liquor traffic. There is no resident police officer, and it is only quite recently that there has been any police perambulation of the model town, this latter being due more to political disturbances in the near neighbourhood than to any outbreak of crime on the part of the inhabitants of Bessbrook itself. The North of Ireland thus furnishes an excellent example of how to make the working classes thrifty, sober, industrious, happy and prosperous.



THE PROPOSED TEMPERANCE CLUB FOR EMBLETON.

A VILLAGE EXPERIMENT.

The Rev. W. E. Bolland, M.A., vicar of Embleton, Northumberland, has, in conjunction with some friends, launched a scheme for a model club and hall for the village. The plan contains some novel features, inasmuch as it embraces a working men's club, a public hall available for meetings, entertainments, etc.; a café and refreshment rooms, specially catering for cyclists and visitors; bedrooms for summer visitors, and also a public laundry. The catering will exclude the provision of intoxicants, and it will be seen from the illustration that the architect has planned a very attractive looking house. This village scheme will be closely watched, and, if it should succeed, there can be no doubt that the enterprising vicar of Embleton will have many followers.

THE BLUECOAT BOYS.

In a very short time London will be deprived of one of its most picturesque sights—namely, the tramp of its seven hundred or more Bluecoat boys to the Mansion House on Easter Tuesday to pay their respects to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and receive a monetary gift, and a bun and a glass of wine. The Grecians are given a sovereign and a shilling each; the junior Grecians a half-sovereign and a sixpence; the monitors half-a-crown; and the other boys a shilling each. The removal of this famous school to the country will possibly put an end to the function. The glass of wine has become a diminishing quantity in recent years; for, thanks to the activity of a friend at court, lemonade was introduced as an alternative a few years back, and now the teetotal boys have no hesitation in availing themselves of this beverage. The preacher of the Spital sermon this year is to be a life-long abstainer, the Bishop of Carlisle.

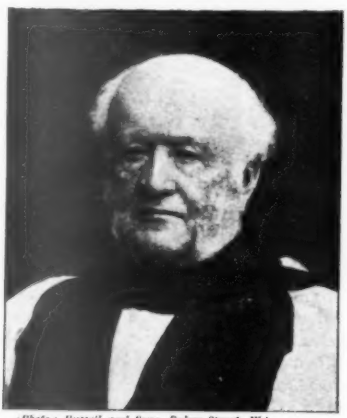
COMING EVENTS.

The programmes for the May meetings are now nearing completion. The Church of England Temperance Society announces as speakers the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Chichester, the Bishop of Thetford, and the Rev. Dr. Ridgeway; the National Temperance League relies upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., Mr.

John Colville, M.P., the Rev. George Hanson, B.D., and Miss Agnes Weston; while Sir George Williams will preside for the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The annual meetings of the Scottish Temperance League will be held in Glasgow on April 17th; the annual meeting of the Sussex Band of Hope Union will take place at Lewes on April 26th; a social meeting of the Young Men's Auxiliary of the National Temperance League will be held in Sion College on April 21st; the Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union will give a reception in honour of its new President, the Dowager Countess of Errol, on April 29th. The usual open-air demonstrations in the London parks, promoted by the United Temperance Council will take place on Saturday, June 17th. The Rev. F. B. Meyer will preach the annual sermon of the Congregational Total Abstinence Society. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple will give a Garden Party at Lambeth Palace on July 1st to meet the official advocates of the temperance movement. The Norwich Diocesan temperance anniversary will be held at Norwich from October 17th to October 24th inclusive.

TOTAL ABSTAINING BISHOPS.

A few weeks ago the Lord Bishop of Llandaff agreeably surprised the temperance workers of Cardiff by announcing that he had definitely decided to try total abstinence.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

It may not be generally known that the Right Rev. H. J. Foss, who has recently been consecrated Bishop of Osaka, is an abstainer, and has been an active temperance worker during the whole of his twenty years' residence in Japan. The Bishop of Islington and the Bishop of Southampton are also total abstainers.

THE FIRST TEMPERANCE HALL IN THE WORLD.

The city of Bradford claims to possess the first Temperance Hall in the world. The foundation stone was laid on Monday,



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE BRADFORD TEMPERANCE HALL.

March 13th, 1837, and the building was opened on February 27th, 1838, by the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Longley (who in succession became Bishop of Durham, Archbishop of York, and Archbishop of Canterbury). This famous building is still in regular use, the Bradford Temperance Society being one of the most vigorous associations in the country. A unique feature of the hall is a very handsome painted window in memory of the late John Priestman. It is a four-light window, and contains four female figures robed in mediæval costumes, and representing "Religion," "Temperance," "Health," and "Prosperity." Above the central light is an effective portrait of Mr. Priestman. Mr. George Field in his interesting "Historical Survey of the Bradford Temperance Society," says:—

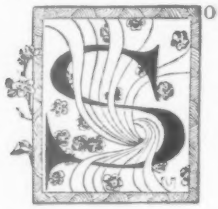
"The hall of this, the first temperance society in England, has been a battle-field for many conflicts with drink, and some of the greatest orators have made its walls re-echo with their oratory. It has had amongst its friends and workers some of the best men and women of Bradford. By its agency many a degraded sot has been rescued and restored to respectability in society, but while the curse of drink remains the work will have to go on."

SCRIPTURE·LESSONS·FOR·SCHOOL·&·HOME
· INTERNATIONAL · SERIES ·

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

APRIL 16TH.—**Jesus Teaching Humility.**

To read—St. John xiii. 1—17. *Golden Text—Ver.* 15.



SO far have had Christ's *active* life coupled with His teachings. Come now to His *passive* life just before the close. To-day's lesson—a sort of active parable—teaching His giving up Himself for man.

I. **The Washing** (1—11). *The time.* Just before Christ's last Passover. Supper being "at hand" (Revised Version); washing taking place before a meal (St. Mark vii. 3). Always known as the "Last Supper" or Passover Feast. His "hour" for showing Himself fully as the Saviour was now come.

The cause (ver. 1). Love passing all knowledge (Eph. iii. 19). Shown by its *greatness*—loved to the uttermost; its *comprehensiveness*—including even Judas; its *lowliness*—doing a servant's work.

The act. Disciples began to dispute which should be the greatest (St. Luke xxii. 24). Christ shows by His action what His opinion is. The greatest in His kingdom are they who serve most. Takes towel, water, basin; washes feet of each in turn. Who declines to accept the act of service? But unless Peter submits to Christ, can have no part with Him. He dreads separation from Him, therefore is eager now to be wholly washed. Christ tells him two things—

(*a*) He cannot understand meaning of this act but will hereafter—will add to his faith, virtue (or valour), and knowledge (2 Pet. i. 5).

(*b*) He who is washed, *i.e.* bathed (Greek), in Christ's atoning blood (Zech. xiii. 1) needs only to "wash" or be washed from daily sin to be kept clean and holy.

II. **The Meaning** (12—17). *Equality* in Christ's service. He is their Master, but delights to serve them. Followers must copy His example.

Service. The spirit of His example to be followed—feeding hungry, teaching ignorant, visiting the sick and sad (St. Matt. xxv. 35, 36).

Knowledge. Life's mysteries to be cleared up hereafter. Duties now, rewards future.

Lesson. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

Kindness to the Poor.

The great general, Sir William Napier, once met a little girl in a country lane sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped it after taking her father's dinner, and expected to be beaten for her carelessness. Suddenly a gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. "You can mend it, sir," she said, "can't you?" Sir William explained that he could not mend it, but could give her sixpence to buy another. It chanced, however, that he had no money with him, so he promised to meet her at the same time and place the next day with a sixpence. On his return home, he found an invitation to dinner the next day to meet someone whom he specially wished to see. What was he to do? He could not do both; but the child had trusted him. He must do his duty to the poor before thinking of his own pleasure. So he declined the invitation and helped, as he had promised, Christ's little one.

APRIL 23RD.—**Jesus the Way, Truth, and Life.**

To read—St. John xiv. 1—14. *Golden Text—Ver.* 6.

DISCOURSE with disciples at Last Supper continued. Peter, boasting of his steadfastness, been warned of his coming fall, that very night (xiii. 38), but comforted by thought of heaven to all who come to God by Him for pardon.

I. **The Many Mansions.** What they are? Abiding places (Greek). This world passes away—heaven endures. They are many in number—room for all. Also prepared by Christ for all who believe in Him. Christ by His death opened heaven to man, and waits there to receive His people.

II. **The Way to Heaven** (4—7). *Christ the Way.* Came to reveal this. None else could make atonement. God's holy Son alone could, by dying for sin, open way to heaven for sinners. He alone lifted up, gives eternal life (iii. 14, 15).

Christ the Truth. Yet charged that night with blasphemy, worst of all falsehoods, making Himself God (xix. 7). Yet was the perfect truth. Exposed hypocrisy of chief priests, hollowness of Scribes and Pharisees (St. Luke xi. 39, 44). Taught the spirit of the commandments in Sermon on Mount (St. Matt. v. 21, 22, 28, 39, etc.). Acted truth in His own perfect life. Taught God's truth to men.

Christ the Life, though put to death day following. Author of life; the world made by Him. Gave natural life once more to three dead persons. Gave spiritual life to Nicodemus, who became disciple; Samaritan who accepted His teaching (iv. 42). Raised Himself from the dead, and gives eternal life to as many as believe.

Lesson. He that believeth in Me shall not die.

III. **The Father Revealed** (8—14). Cannot be seen by mortal eye (i. 18), but is seen in person of His Son. Christ reveals the person of the Father full of love and pity to those in need; full of anger against hypocrites, liars, etc. (viii. 44). Christ also reveals works of God, miracles of mercy. Same, and even greater, power of working miracles promised to His disciples after His departure. Also answers to prayer made to the Father in His name.

So the revelation of the Father shows Him as a

XUM

loving Person, a Giver of power, a Hearer of prayer. What more can Philip need?

Lesson. "Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring."

"Is that All?"

A wounded soldier in a hospital was visited by a clergyman, who saw that his life was fast ebbing out. "Young man," said he, "you are soon to die; are you saved from sin?" "No, sir," was the reply; "what must I do?" "'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" "Say that again," said the soldier. It was repeated. Steadily looking at the minister, the soldier said, "Is that all?" "Yes, that is all. No man goeth to the Father but by Him." Closing his eyes for a few moments, the young soldier opened them again and, raising his right hand, exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, I surrender." Instantly his face shone with brightness, and in a few days the new-born soul went home to God.

APRIL 30TH.—**The Comforter Promised.**

To read—St. John xiv. 15—27. *Golden Text—Ver.* 16.

CHRIST continues to comfort and teach His disciples ready for the time when He must leave them.

I. **The Comforter** (15—17). See the order in the spiritual life. First faith to believe in Him (ver. 1), then love to cling to Him, then obedience to work for Him. He will help them. He must leave them, but will not forget them. Will send Another to be with them always—the Comforter.

His person. Divine in nature; equal to the Father and Son (Acts v. 3, 4).

His name. Holy Ghost, or Holy Spirit of God.

His work. To aid Christ's people. How does He do so? By helping their prayers (Rom. viii. 26). By giving counsel, *e.g.* showing how to speak to adversaries (St. Matt. x. 19, 20), of which Stephen is an example (Acts vi. 10). By strengthening their souls to do right; hence called the Comforter or Strengthener. Also by revealing the things of God.

II. **The Result** (18—27). Consolations of Christ's people. *Comfort* by His continual presence. *Life* present and future because of union with Him.

Lessons. 1. Fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.

2. If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.

MAY 7TH.—**The Vine and the Branches.**

To read—St. John xv. 1—16. *Golden Text—Ver.* 5.

THIS parable one of two only in this Gospel. Spoken in court of Temple after leaving Passover Feast.

I. **The Parable** (1—8). *The Vine* itself must be good and true, planted in soil prepared for it. Husbandman places, cares for, and watches over it. Unfruitful branches must be cut off, fruitful ones purged—to produce more fruit—dead ones burned. Much fruit redounds to glory of husbandman.

The meaning. Christ Himself is the true ideal Vine, doing always such things as please God. The husbandman is God, who placed Him in the world (iii. 16) and watched over Him (St. Matt. iii. 17). The branches are believers joined to Him by living faith. Fruit—the graces of a Christian life.

What are results of union with Christ the Vine? *Life* to the soul from life of Christ. *Fruit* outward result of inward life. *Answers* to prayer. Christ and His people alike heard. *Glory* to God the Father.

II. **Results of Union** (9—16). Metaphor dropped. Christ urges disciples to continue in His love. Then they will have *full joy*; *love* to all arising from love to Him; *friendship* of Christ as evidenced by His death for them; *knowledge* because of revelation of Father. *Permanence* of results.

Lesson. Are we truly joined to Christ? What fruit is seen in our lives?

Joy through Faith.

Bunyan, in "The Pilgrim's Progress," pictures Christiana as saying to Mercy, "What was the matter that you did laugh in your sleep last night?" And Mercy said, "But are you sure I laughed?" When she told her dream, Christiana said, "Laugh, ay, well you might to see yourself so well." She laughed because she dreamed that she had been welcomed into glory. To faith this is no dream. Saved by grace, adopted by the Father, united to the Son, taught by the Spirit, we have joy in the soul now and a good hope of glory hereafter.

MAY 14TH.—**Christ Betrayed and Arrested.**

To read—St. John xviii. 1—14. *Golden Text—Is. liii.* 3.

CHRIST'S hour now come—has finished teachings—must go forth to die. Path of sorrow to be trod—He does not shrink.

I. **Christ Betrayed** (1—11). *The place.* The garden or olive orchard of Gethsemane. Note that Christ went forth of His own will, knowing all before Him. Also He went not for concealment, but for prayer.

The band. Judas, His disciple, their leader. A band of Roman soldiers to prevent a tumult, and officers of the Temple police supplied by chief priests. Also chief priests and elders, and a mixed rabble (St. Luke xxii. 52). All had common hatred of Jesus of Nazareth.

The incidents. Jesus comes forth with His three disciples, Peter, James, John. He asks, "Whom seek ye?" Soldiers fall back in surprise. He asks again—they answer. He asks that disciples may go their way. Request granted; He lost none. St. Peter with sword wounds Malchus. Christ heals his ear (St. Luke xxii. 51) and rebukes Peter. Note the forbearance and majesty of Christ; the loving impetuosity of St. Peter; the malice of Judas and the gratified hatred of chief priests.

II. **Christ a Prisoner** (12—14). The soldiers close in. Prisoner bound because of attempt to rescue. The captain secures Christ, leads Him to Annas, chief of priests and president of Jewish Sanhedrim.

Lessons. *From Judas.* Beware of covetousness.

From St. Peter. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal.

From Christ. He loved me and gave Himself for me. What have I given Him?

Christ Loved Best.

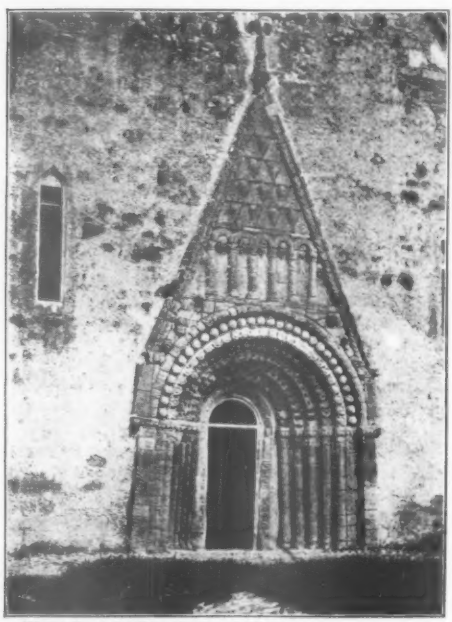
A martyr was going to be burned for Christ's sake. His friends brought out his wife and young children, and made them kneel in a long row and ask their father, for their sakes, to deny the faith and live. But as he kissed them one by one he said, "I would do anything for your sakes that I might live with you, but since it is for Christ my Lord's sake, I must tear myself away even from you." So he went to the stake.

Short Arrows

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

A Remarkable Church Doorway.

CLONFERT CATHEDRAL, in County Galway, can boast a very remarkable and ancient doorway, which is regarded as one of the finest specimens of Hiberno-Romanesque work now in existence. The shafts and piers present an astonishing variety of decoration; every inch of its surface has been worked by the sculptor's tool. Above the rounded archway rises a triangular space filled with many carvings, while the archway itself consists of several decorated semicircles, one within the other. Norman and Romanesque porches may be found of grander proportions; but Brash, in his "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," declares that "in point of design and execution" he had not seen this beautiful porch "excelled by any similar features in these islands," and specially mentions its beauty of design and fertility of invention. The Cathedral itself has had a long and interesting history. It was founded by St. Brendan in the year 558, and suffered greatly from the Danes. It was burnt six times between 744 and 1179, and was plundered thrice between 949 and 1065. In 1541 it was almost destroyed. Repaired by Bishop Wolley in 1664, it was subsequently altered and improved to some extent, but no general work of restoration was done, and consequently it is in great need of repair. To this work Canon McLarney, the present rector of Clonfert, has set his hand. Though small, the building is very beautiful, and is now used as the parish church, the parish of Clonfert being very large and measuring twenty-seven Irish miles in circumference. The work of restoration is proceeding in sections as funds are provided by the public. The chancel has already been restored, and Canon McLarney hopes to collect a thousand pounds to complete the work on the nave. One need not leave the British Isles to see very ancient and interesting structures, and a writer lately said it would be worth a pilgrimage to Connaught to see Clonfert doorway alone.



(*Photo: Mr. A. C. White, Clonskea, Dublin.*)

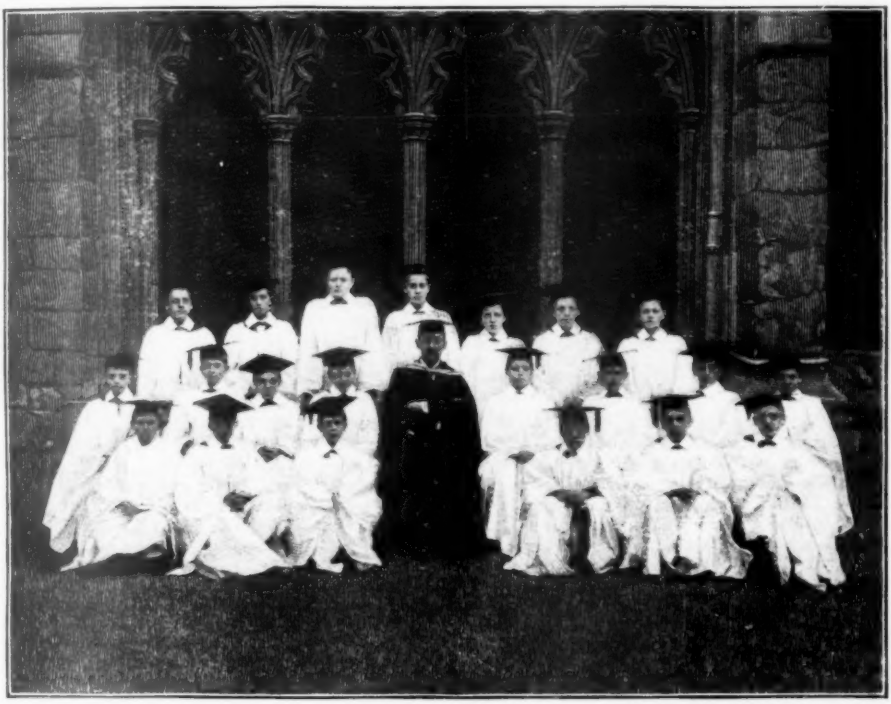
A TWELFTH-CENTURY DOORWAY.

The Westminster Choir Boys.

NOWHERE in England do the trained voices of a choir seem to harmonise more perfectly with the surroundings than in Westminster Abbey. Architecture, as an old German philosopher once described it, is but "frozen music" after all. The noble anthems that rise soaring upwards amongst the fluted columns and giant arches, the hymns of praise that roll through the long aisles seem, as we listen to the sacred music, not only to give thanks to Him who "made the earth so bright," but to Him who gave England such men as lie in the sculptured tombs around us. Not far from the Abbey—some three minutes' walk, in fact, through Dean's Yard—stands a tall, red-brick building. It is the choir school, where live the twenty-four boys of the choir under the headmastership of Mr.

XUM

Arthur Hore. To gain admission, a boy must be at least eight years of age, possessing a good voice and the knowledge of the rudiments of music; he will also be expected to read and write fairly. His examination on these points will be conducted by the master of the choristers, Sir J. Frederick Bridge, or someone appointed by him. If he passes satisfactorily, he will become a probationer, paying £10 a year towards his expenses; at the end of three years, however, he will become a recognised member of the Abbey choir, and no further charge will be made. The internal arrangements of the choir house are excellent. On the ground floor are the big class-room and the dining-room. To see the youngsters attacking a joint of roast beef is a conclusive proof that the boy who sings like a young seraph is, nevertheless, far from being the wishy-washy individual that he is often represented to be in some poems and sentimental novels. On the second floor is another big class-room containing the school library. Walter Scott is there, and rows of well-thumbed volumes of Henty. Many years ago Princess Alice gave a present of books to the school. For some time they were kept ceremoniously shut up in a glass case. The present headmaster, however, recognising that the kind donor would have strongly objected to such a foolish use being made of the volumes, placed them in the library for general use. On the third floor are the plain, clean dormitories with their rows of little iron beds and the regulation striped rugs over all.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

DR. BRIDGE AND THE WESTMINSTER CHOIR BOYS.

A Chinese Y.M.C.A.

Amid the discouragements which the recent revolution in Pekin has occasioned to those concerned in China's welfare—for the movement in question is manifestly anti-reform, anti-foreign, and consequently anti-Christian—there are many signs that such opposition cannot radically hinder this country's enlightenment. Such a sign is the progress of the Y.M.C.A. movement among Chinese youths, which is assuming considerable importance, especially in connection with mission-schools. It was found desirable to invite from America an experienced worker in this department; and though it will be some time before this gentleman can speak Chinese, there is no difficulty in the matter of interpreters, native or foreign. Yesterday in our large Shanghai mission church—says a correspondent—there were gathered 200 Chinese boy-scholars from various mission stations in and near Shanghai, all of whom were either members of the local Y.M.C.A. or willing to join it. Earnest addresses were given and prayers offered, both in English and Chinese, the English addresses being admirably

translated by a Christian Chinaman; while the bright hymn-singing of these strong young voices was a delightful sound. At the close of the morning meeting papers were distributed to the boys



(Photo: A. H. Poole and Co., Waterford.)

THE "METAL MAN," TRAMORE.

containing questions to be answered in writing, and a form of Christian engagement to be signed. At the afternoon service many of these were returned most satisfactorily and intelligently filled in. Such assemblies have recently been held with much interest and zeal, and apparently solid results, at Nanking and other centres of missionary work.

The "Metal Man."

AT Tramore, near Waterford, a place where the Atlantic breakers dash with sublime fury against the rocks, there are on one of the headlands three towers, and on the middle one stands what is called "The Metal Man." This is a figure made of metal, and painted to resemble a sailor. With his finger he points to some very dangerous rocks that are to be shunned. There are rocks in life's troublesome sea that are ready to shipwreck the bodies and souls of the young. These we should point out to them with as much diligence as does the metal man when God has saved us from being shipwrecked upon them.

A Saint's Rest.

RICHARD BAXTER was all his long life physically weak, and for fourteen years had scarcely a waking hour free from pain. He felt himself continually "at the door of eternity." At the close of his life he said, "Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; I am going now to see that for which I have lived and studied." His death was a fitting end to a life of pain and patience—a fulfilment of his own words: "After the rough and tempestuous day we shall at last have the quiet, silent night—light and rest together; the quietness of the night without its gloom."

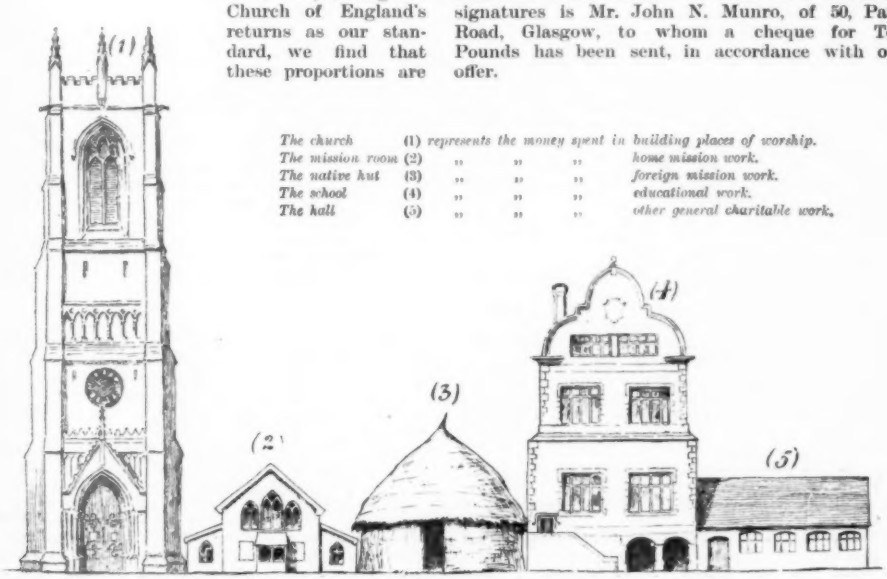
The Quiver Pictures.

THE six beautiful plates which the readers of THE QUIVER have the opportunity of acquiring, and the last coupon for which is contained in this number, are representative examples of the work of some of the most notable exponents of sacred art among modern British painters. The names of Leighton and Millais are now familiar in every household, and great interest attaches to the works from their hands included in this series of pictures. "The Star of Bethlehem," by Lord Leighton, was painted in 1862, when the artist was thirty-two years of age, and four years before his election as Associate of the Royal Academy. The main figure represents one of the magi on the terrace of his house, gazing at the miraculous light which led him and his fellows to search out Him, "who was born King of the Jews." "Christ in the House of His Parents" is one of the most wonderful pictures painted by Sir John Millais. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1850, when the artist was but twenty years of age, and, as related in the article on "Pictorial Sermons" in our last number, aroused a storm of discussion among the critics. The work is a veritable parable in paint, and, as its allegories are all fully explained in the article referred to, we need not repeat them here. The picture has great interest, apart from this, as being one of the best specimens of the work of the artist's Pre-Raphaelite period. "Christ Washing Peter's Feet," by Ford Madox Brown, which was presented to the nation by a body of subscribers, and now hangs in the Tate Gallery at Millbank, is a typical painting, and one of the most beautiful examples of this artist's work. Exquisite in colour, it is a perfect specimen of what a picture dealing with a sacred subject should be. Full of reverence and piety, it yet illustrates the subject fully; the rugged figure of the apostle, expressing withal the penitence produced by the rebuking words, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me," contrasts strongly with the humility of the Master kneeling to His self-imposed task. "The Remorse of Judas," by the late Edward Armitage, R.A., is another picture to be seen at Millbank, and is, perhaps, one of the strongest works produced by this artist. The terror of remorse is expressed in every line of the face of the betrayer, while the cold indifference of the priests, now that their work is accomplished, is admirably portrayed. "The Raising of the Widow's Son of Nain," by W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., was shown at the Academy in 1868, and fully explains itself. The joy of the mother and the surprise of the beholders of the miracle are well rendered; but the main interest of the picture, of course, centres in the boy. His gaze is fixed upon Him whose voice has recalled him from the "valley of the shadow." The

last picture of the series, by W. Dyce, R.A., was recently added to the national collection, and was removed from Trafalgar Square to Millbank when the new gallery was completed. It represents the Apostle John taking Mary to his own home after the death of their Lord. Mary carries on her arm the crown of thorns, and in the background may be seen Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who are just leaving the garden which contains the sepulchre. Mary Magdalene and the "other Mary" are seen seated at the mouth of the grave. The picture was painted in 1860.

Public Charity.

ACCORDING to a recent calculation, the amount given during the previous year by Churchmen towards Christian work of all kinds, such as Church Building, Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Education, etc., was over £5,750,000. The various Presbyterian Churches contributed during the same time for similar work a sum of £1,600,000, and the Wesleyans gave over £500,000; the Calvinistic Methodists about £228,500; the Baptists over £200,000; and the Primitive Methodists over £100,000. Of the Congregationalists and the "Friends" no such statistics are available, and it is estimated that other branches of the Christian Church in England gave an aggregate of not less than £150,000 towards the same work. Generally speaking, all the different bodies contribute in a fairly equal proportion, directly or indirectly, to the different kinds of Christian work—at any rate, sufficiently so for the comparison we wish to make here. So, taking the Church of England's returns as our standard, we find that these proportions are nearly as follows, 1 being our unit:—Church Building and Repairs, 35; Home Missions, 7; Foreign Missions, 10; Educational Work of all kinds, 20; various Charitable Works of other kinds, 6.



The church (1) *represents the money spent in building places of worship.*
The mission room (2) " " " *home mission work.*
The native hut (3) " " " *foreign mission work.*
The school (4) " " " *educational work.*
The hall (5) " " " *other general charitable work.*

DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING PUBLIC CHARITY.

A New Quiver Heroine.

THE latest recipient of the Bronze Medal of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund is Annie Healand, a servant in the employ of Mr. Frederick Latham, of Sledmere. On the afternoon of January 28th last, two little boys and a girl were suddenly immersed beneath the ice whilst sliding on a pond. On hearing of this, Annie Healand, who is herself but fifteen years of age, immediately rushed to the rescue, and, plunging in, succeeded in bringing the little girl to the bank. She then endeavoured to find the two boys, who were still under the ice, but was at last reluctantly compelled to give up the search, through being overcome by the intense cold. The bodies of the lads were afterwards found, and the coroner congratulated the brave girl for the very plucky manner in which she had rescued one of the party and attempted to save the others.

International League of Peace.

WE are still daily receiving the names of numbers of new members, and one roll of signatures which has just come to hand measures thirty feet in length. Any number of blank forms will be gladly sent, post free, to those requiring them. We may take this opportunity of announcing that the first member to send in a thousand signatures is Mr. John N. Munro, of 50, Park Road, Glasgow, to whom a cheque for Ten Pounds has been sent, in accordance with our offer.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** and **Presentation Bible** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Devonshire** (for which applications were invited up to February 28th, 1899) have been gained by

LOUISA JANE LARGE,
Cross Street, Northam, Bideford,

who has distinguished herself by **sixty-two** complete years' service in Northam Church Sunday School.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

KENT,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before March 30th, 1899. We may add that **Cheshire** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being April 30th, 1899. This county, in its turn, will be followed by the territorial county of **Somersetshire,** for which the date will be one month later—viz. May 31st, 1899.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

THE following letter, received from the Devonshire Silver Medallist, of whom particulars are given above, will doubtless be interesting to all our readers, and especially to Sunday school workers:—

"In sending the enclosed certificates I should like to add that I began my career as a Sunday school teacher at the age of ten, with a class of four little girls, and proud enough I was. That was some time in the year 1836. From that date to the present (1899), I have been teaching continuously in the same school, except when occasional illness or absence from home for a few Sundays made a break. I am now teaching the grandchildren of former scholars. Many changes have I seen; such a difference in the teaching and general management of Sunday schools since 1836! Only two or three individuals are now living who were with us when I began my work."

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from February 1st, 1899, up to and including February 28th, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* J. J. E. (135th donation), 5s.; Anglo-Indian, 5s.; M. R. B., Ipswich, 4s. 2d.; C. E. H., 3s. 6d.; A Glasgow Mother (105th donation), 1s.; E. A. W., Petersfield, 2s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* An Irish Girl, £1; E. J. L., Glenageary, 10s.; X. J., 10s. 6d. The following amounts have been sent direct:—A Well-Wisher, £2; Lila Noel, £1; G. C., 8s.; P. P. O., 5s.; Ruth L., £1.

For *The Hospital for Women:* A Thank-Offering, 1s.

For *The Leper's Mission Fund:* Two Jersey QUIVER Readers, 4s. 6d

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

61. What did our Lord do as a rebuke to His Apostles when they disputed among themselves as to who should be the greatest?

62. In the discourse at the Last Supper, what did our Lord say is to be the distinctive mark of all His disciples? Quote passage.

63. In what words did Jesus warn St. Peter of the temptation which awaited him?

64. By what promise did our Lord seek to comfort His Apostles on the eve of His crucifixion?

65. Which of the Apostles seems to have been very slow in comprehending the divinity of our Lord?

66. Quote some words from our Lord's answer to St. Philip in which He clearly declares His Godhead?

67. What does our Lord say is the true test of our love to Him?

68. What is the great blessing Christ gives as the result of the influence of the Holy Spirit in our hearts?

69. What is the general purport of our Lord's parable of the Vine?

70. What does our Lord give as the greatest proof of true love?

71. What was the position of the garden of Gethsemane?

72. From what circumstances do we gather that the Jews expected great difficulty in arresting our blessed Lord?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 480.

49. In the parable of the Sheepfold our Lord speaks of a porter who had charge of the door, and of a thief climbing over a fence (St. John x. 1-3).

50. St. John x. 9.

51. Our Lord speaks of Himself as the Good Shepherd, who giveth His life for the sheep, while the Jewish teachers, as hirelings, cared not for them (St. John x. 11-14).

52. St. John vii. 15.

53. St. John v. 39.

54. Turning the water into wine and healing the nobleman's son (St. John ii. 1-11 and iv. 46-54).

55. The fact that the body had been buried three days.

56. That it was done to increase the faith of the Apostles by showing them that there was no limitation to the power of Christ (St. John xi. 15).

57. So many Jews believed in Christ that the chief priests thought of killing Lazarus as well as Jesus (St. John xi. 47-53 and xii. 10, 11).

58. Because it would seem that Martha was hostess at the house of Simon the Leper, where Mary, her sister, anointed our Lord with the precious ointment of spikenard (compare St. John xii. 1-3 with St. Mark xiv. 3).

59. St. John tells us that Judas Iscariot acted as treasurer for our Lord and His disciples, but that he was a thief (St. John xii. 6 and xiii. 29).

60. Caiaphas prophesied that Jesus should die (St. John xi. 39).



A MAY QUEEN AT WHITELANDS. *Queen Edith Desborough's Coronation, 1896.*

THE MAY QUEENS OF WHITELANDS.

(Illustrated from Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

"The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo flowers,
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows grey,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May!"

THE May Queen's song is like the carol of a bird in springtime. It rises, with a chorus of rural music amid its natural surroundings, free and joyous—not from a cage hemmed in by a network of streets. Yet now, even in the country, Tennyson's poem seems but an echo of romantic gladness belonging to a bygone era. Merrie England has grown more serious with age and growth since the days of Chaucer. Then, he said, on the first of May, "Forth goeth all the Court, most and least, to fetch flowers fresh and braunch and bloom," and it is well known that Henry VIII. and his Katherine and all their Court partook in the holiday-making. With the rolling centuries such innocent diversions came down in the world, until, in London at least, they reached the level of chimney-sweeps. At last, after the death of their friend, Mrs. Montague, these humble revellers appear to have caught the work-a-day spirit. Jack-in-the-Green survived only to tell the tale of departed glory.

To Mr. Ruskin's love of beauty the ceremony of bidding welcome to spring made an irresistible appeal, and in 1880 the loss of a friend, who had maintained this link with the days of the Druids, inclined him to revive the custom. He talked over his idea with the Principal of Whitelands Training College. His wish became father to the thought, and grandfather to generous action, and in 1881 the first Ruskin May Queen ascended her throne. Since then May Day has been to students of this institution, as it was to Tennyson's May Queen—

"Of all the glad new year, the maddest, merriest day."

This gala day transports old-fashioned delights of the country into modern London. Whitelands itself, a bit of old Chelsea surrounded by the new, is a link with the past. It was probably standing in its present position at the date of a record that mignonette was first grown in the neighbouring Botanic Gardens in 1752. It was a school in 1772, under the Rev. John Jenkins, A.M., who lectured on "Female Education and Fortitude under Affliction." Later on it was a boarding school kept by the Misses Babington. Though long associated with learning, its neighbourhood was more famous for culture of another kind. It inspired Samuel Jackson Pratt with a poem on "Flowers and Fashion," which begins—

"Where smiling Chelsea spreads its cultured lands,
Sacred to Flora a pavilion stands,
And yet a second temple neighb'ring near
Nurses the fragrance of the varying year.
Of Davey this, of Colvill that, the care,
While both the favour of the goddess share."

After explaining how Fashion's suppliants "throng to these gay Edens," he concludes—



THE FIRST MAY QUEEN (1881).

"Thus, strange to tell! near London you behold
The age of Fashion, Beauty, and of Gold."

The two nursery grounds to which the poet refers have gone; Butterfly Alley, which divided them, has become Keppel Street. Flowers and fashion together with the stocks, the cage, and the ducking-stool, that in 1705 Lord Cheyne was "amerced" for failing to repair or renew, were swept away from "smiling" Chelsea, and business and 'buses reigned supreme. Whitelands remained, but it assumed a new character. Its conversion into a college was due to the dawn of this century's ambition for advance in education. The young Queen Victoria's coronation heralded many new ideas, amongst them an impression that the children of the poor needed instruction somewhat in advance of the lore imparted, with the help of birch-rods and fools' caps, by dames in their kitchens.



THE PROCESSION FROM THE CHAPEL.

Queen Elsie (1897) leading the way.

In 1839 the Rev. Wyatt Edgell gave £1,000 to the National Society as the nest-egg of a fund to start a Training College for Teachers of Elementary Schools. The need was evident, and the Society's appeal for further help proved successful. In 1842 the sum in hand enabled the trustees to purchase the lease of Whitelands for the purpose, and to convert a small manor house into a lecture room. Under the direction of Mr. Henry Clutton, the architect who restored the Chapter House at Salisbury, new walls gradually grew up over the old ones. In 1847, when the Rev. Henry Baber, Diocesan Inspector for the Archdeaconry of Stafford, was appointed chaplain, the college had established its reputation for providing efficient teachers. In that year Mr. Kay Shuttleworth (afterwards Sir James P. Kay Shuttleworth, Bart.) started the pupil teacher system. The students at Whitelands have been supplied from this source. They enter after passing the Queen's Scholarship Examination. Numerous awards are open for competition. The Baroness Burdett Coutts, one of the former benefactors, instituted a system of prize-giving for needlework. With characteristic energy and attention to detail, she attended all the lectures in turn and looked into the domestic management. Distinguished visitors sometimes accompanied her; Mr. Gladstone and Père Hyacinthe among the number.

Encouragements to cultivate gifts of intellect and generate ability were not lacking. It remained for Mr. Ruskin to reward "the lovablest and the likablest." It was his wish that

the May Queen should be elected by the popular vote for these two qualities. The prize is judged by between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy students after one year of daily intercourse. The life-work of teaching little children, for which these girls are preparing calls for sympathy, sweetness of temper, and many other graces of character. These cannot be tested by an examination, but quickly make themselves felt in intimate companionship. The friction of diverse dispositions may rub off a varnished surface, but it adds finer polish to solid material that will stand the test. May Day brings to light the impression that girls have produced on each other during twelve months' acquaintance.

On the Eve, Whitelands College teems with expectation: "Who is to be the Queen?" All is ready for the coronation. The corridors are a flowery vista; the schoolrooms dressed *en fête*. A sweet scent of flowers fills the air. "If you're waking, call me early," would probably be an unnecessary request from girls who lie down at night with the excitement of the morrow upon them. The presence of spring gladness awakens the day. It begins with prayer and praise. The service in the chapel is of a special character. One petition is for the giver of the festival, "God's aged servant," who has a claim on the prayers of the young, and especially of those who benefit by his gifts. All around the worshippers are reminders of the love and gratitude of students who have gone before them. The chapel cost the college nothing except the walls. The east window is the memorial given by the pupils to a head governess, who was killed in a carriage accident. The lectern is in memory of Miss Pratt, who died when head of a Training College in India. Each year, from the inauguration of the May Day holiday until 1891, the girls added a window designed by Burne-Jones. It is impossible to look on the twelve classical representations of women saints without increased admiration for the devotional artist of whom England is justly proud. Since they were completed the students have each year filled a space between them with a mosaic designed by Mr. A. G. Walker and made in Venice.

The service is over, and at 9.30 the procession winds out of the chapel, through the corridors, and round the gardens. Voices, fresh and young and trained for sacred use, raise a hymn of praise. The hymn "All is bright and cheerful round us" fitly described the scene as, in 1898, they passed out of the chapel into the full spring sunshine. The reigning Queen leads the way, attended by her maids of honour, and followed by the ex-Queen. Cream-coloured dresses with bright ribbons and chaplets of ivy add to the gaiety that Nature's floral handiwork has already given to Whitelands. The Queen wears for the last time the crown that was placed on



QUEEN MABEL OF 1889.

(With bouquet given by the Rector of Chelsea.)

her head the year before. Then it was apple blossom; now the foundation of soft green moss only remains. Her reign ends as the hymn and procession come to a close. She makes a short speech of thanks and congratulation to her "faithful subjects," and one of her three maids of honour removes her faded crown. Then they adorn her with a wreath of forget-me-nots and place a basket of the same turquoise blossoms in her hand. In the language of flowers she is assured of remembrance. A pledge from herself that she will not forget her college life is not required. Would any woman forget the royal year, coming at the impressionable age of nineteen or twenty, when, out of about eighty first-year students, she has been openly acknowledged as the favourite? The breadth of this wide world may separate the friends who work together. The foreign mission-field has claimed some. Three have died at their posts in India. Others are in China, Africa, Australia and New Zealand, and one at

the Ladies' College, Half-Way Tree, Jamaica. In the far-away countries the old English custom, or any part that they themselves have taken in it, must be an undying memory.

The Principal announces the abdication of the Queen and the name of the one elected to fill her place. "Always surprised" is the condition of mind ascribed to the chosen Queen, who is congratulated and led away to prepare for her coronation. A girl whose modesty and unselfishness have won the hearts of her companions would naturally find it hard to realise her good fortune; but the evidence of her senses tells her that there is no mistake. Loving hands have woven the wreath of apple blossom, the Rector of Chelsea has provided a bouquet, and the dress is ready. For one May Queen, Miss Kate Greenaway designed a frock, which was worn for several years. When the artist came herself to the College on May Day, 1896, for the coronation of Queen Edith Desborough, she saw the dress with its worked heartsease border.



A MAY-DAY GROUP IN THE GROUNDS (1897)

But before the new May Queen enters upon her dignity she has a duty to perform. Responsibility awaits her. It is Mr. Ruskin's custom to present annually to the students forty or fifty copies of his works bound in white vellum or purple calf, and Her May Majesty is called upon to distribute them. She is given a corresponding number of slips each with a motto, and it is for her to assign a book to the companions whom she believes these mottoes best suit or describe. "It took me about an hour and a half," Queen Ellen of 1898 said, "to fit the mottoes to the different girls and to write my name and theirs in the books."

Whilst this is going on, the revels begin. Some students discourse music; all listen to an address from the Principal. Last year he reminded them that, whilst only one of their number could gain the honour of sovereignty at Whitelands, all might be queens. "It was their province to reign in their homes in the dignity of womanhood." Serious reflections are followed by a gay scene. Sixteen senior students with white wands decked with daisy chains or garlands of the flowering smilax execute a minuet. Sixteen more from the junior class sing—

> "Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
> And away to the Maypole hie."

and in time to this lively old English ditty they foot it round the Maypole. They twine the coloured ribbons; they plait them into a basket pattern, they weave them into a spider's web; it is impossible to say what more the Maypole may not produce, but a

herald gives warning, and all fall into line for the state procession.

The new Queen appears. Her predecessor welcomes her with a sisterly embrace and then retires to fill the second place.

The May Queen, as she leads the way, attended by her maids of honour and followed by her late sovereign, may well imagine that she is dreaming. Flowers everywhere! The corridors and class-rooms are draped with garlands. The new green ivy, the sweet spring cowslips, the bluebells like fragments of fallen sky, have transformed the classrooms and recreation room into Fairyland. She passes through them all, threads her way between the pillars and back by a different route to the training room. Here her bodyguard divide. They form two lines, face each other, and then raise their wands and cross them. Under this flowery canopy she passes to the daïs and to her throne brilliant with flowers. One of her attendants carries on a cushion Mr. Ruskin's gift in its blue velvet case. All the Dowager-Queens present have lesser thrones assigned to them; the bodyguard stand at the back, and the rest are grouped around.

Her subjects do her homage and receive her gracious acknowledgment; but the supreme moment is when she receives the founder's special gift. Each year Mr. Ruskin presents the May Queen with a gold cross and chain. This gift is always a new design by Mr. Severn after a pattern of May blossom. Royal hands have fastened the chain round the Queen's neck. On May 2, 1892, the Duchess of Albany performed this ceremony, and in 1893 the Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. In 1898, when Mrs. Creighton did the honours, she reminded the girls that on that day they had had evidence of Mr. Ruskin's love of beauty. But their knowledge and advantages were a responsibility; they were called upon to use them for others.

A minuet follows the presentation, and then comes the distribution of books. Mr. Ruskin assigns a copy of "The Queen of the Air" to the heroine of the day, and, having received it, she gives away the rest. Each girl advances on her name being called, and in courtly fashion she kisses the hand that makes her happy. The Queen is expected to give her reasons for her awards. These are many and various. She has dignified one student simply as her greatest friend, but royal judgment and discrimination as well as affection are called into exercise by suggestive mottoes. It is easy to guess the character of a favourite on whom is tacked the couplet—

> "A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile—a.'

A pleasing idea is formed of another, whose disposition contrasts with the line "There's beggary in love that can be reckoned." Queen Ellen of 1898 entered into a more elaborate explanation of her selection of the winner of "The Eagle's Nest." It was "because Mr. Ruskin says that, 'to the fact of his having had to learn by heart a few verses of the Bible every day, he owes much of his general power of taking pains, the first cultivation of his ear for the sound of good English, and all that has stood him in good stead all his life,' and she believed it." A copy of the same book distinguishes one student on account of her "courage to endure and obey." Another becomes possessor of "Fors Clavigera," because her life illustrates the motto "Power hath not half the might of gentleness," whilst "Sesame and Lilies" goes to a companion who is "faithful to Whitelands."

And so the merits of the constant, the

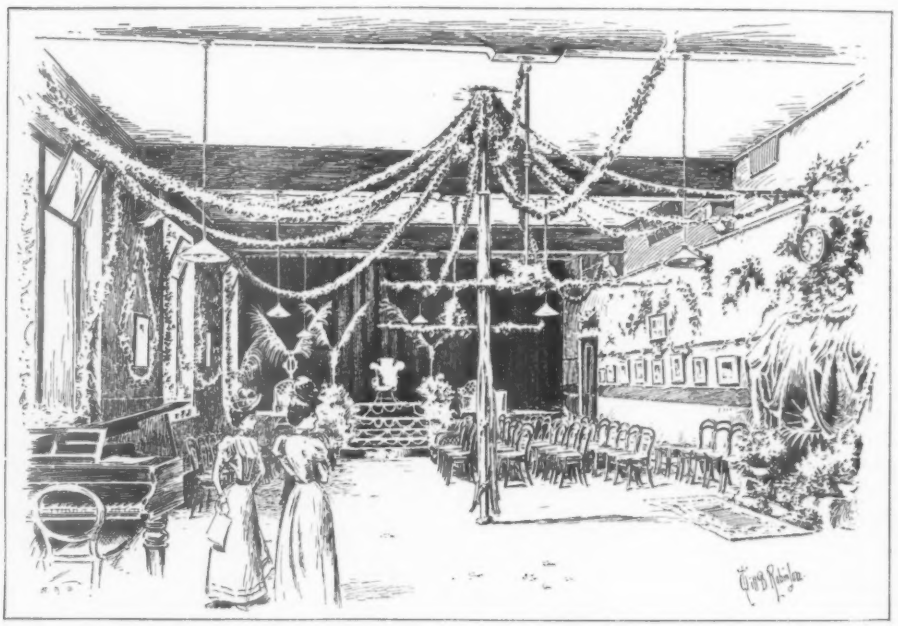


THE QUEEN, ELECTED MAY, 1898.

cheerful, the persevering, the girls who walk worthily of their high vocation in the sight of those around them, are recognised in this festival. The Queen bears a weight of responsibility; no doubt will be thrown on the conscientiousness of one who calls upon a subject to receive a prize because "She always does her best," and adds the qualification, "at least, nearly always." In this

judgment, which, after all, is praise of a high standard, candour and kindness struggle for the mastery and finally kiss one another.

Before the coronation ceremony is over a telegram arrives from Ireland. "The Ruskin Rose Queen salutes her May Queen sister." Sister Rose of the Emerald Isle owes her dignity to the appointment of Miss Martin, a former student and governess at Whitelands, to be the Principal of the High School for Girls at Cork. She wished to institute the same kind of annual fête there as she had enjoyed in Chelsea. She consulted Mr Ruskin, and he gave her his advice



THE THRONE-ROOM AT WHITELANDS.

in carrying out the idea and from its foundation accorded his generous support. In 1897 the Rose Queen's message was extended. Nine Dowager Queens assembled at the school for her coronation united with her in congratulation. The May Queen and six of her predecessors at Whitelands—combining in all the perfect number, though falling short of the goodly company across the Channel—replied suitably.

At last the Queen is duly enthroned, and she issues her first command. "Let her loving subjects undecorate the palace and distribute the flowers amongst the eight nearest hospitals." During the afternoon her order is obeyed. The flowers have already added gaiety to scenes of rejoicing, now they start on a mission of comfort. They go where longings fill the heart such as found expression in Tennyson's May Queen as her one year's reign and her life together drew to a close—

"O sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise.
And sweet is all the land about, and all that flower blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go."

It is well that streams of sweetness should bear a refreshing breath of spring from a centre of life and health, and holiday gladness, to weary, feverish sufferers; and who knows that the flowers may not speak to the sick and dying of the care of the Father of all, and of the Land where "everlasting spring abides"?

The college, though stripped of its garlands, does not for this day resume its air of serious work. The evening is given up to social enjoyment. Friends and relations meet, old students return to familiar scenes, old Queens confer on affairs of government. For one year the leader whose "lovableness and likableness" have won the sceptre exercises a mild sway, and enjoys certain privileges.

The eighteen who have reigned at Whitelands are all living. One is on its teaching staff, others are engaged in the work for which this college prepared them, and five are married. In homes of their own and in school work, the beauty of life and character, which the May Day festival encourages, has equal value. The worth of its influence on the children of the poor may pass unrecognised; the world is unconscious of its debt of gratitude to teachers who freely give their best and magnify and idealise their office. But the effect will live on as generations succeed one another.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, only four months before the close of his life, sent a message to students of Whitelands and kindred institutions which showed plainly his recognition that a teacher's spirit is even more than a teacher's subject—the dedication of heart and life greater than gifts of mind and intellect. He wrote—

"*Lambeth Palace, S.E.*

"I have asked the Archbishops' Inspector to be so kind as to deliver a brief Message to the Students of the Training Colleges.

"It is this: to assure them that I regard their life-work as a service which none can render to Christ and to His Church as they can who are trained for it, disciplined in it, and dedicated to it by religious hearts and habits.

"The teacher's spirit is even more than the teacher's subjects. True teaching is compounded of the spirit and the matter.



QUEEN ELIZABETH OF 1892.



ROUND THE MAYPOLE.

"I trust, therefore, that every advantage and disadvantage, every blessing and every trial in their lives (no life is without disadvantage and trial), will be equally taken by a calm and modest temper as an instrument of training and so of progress.

"In mind, in health, in spirit, may the Love and Peace of God in Christ through the Holy Ghost be always theirs.

"ED. CANTUAR."

The unconscious heroism of perseverance was illustrated in a Whitelands' student who, in 1853, took charge of a large school in Castle Street, Long Acre, Seven Dials. Until 1891 she stayed on, resisting every inducement to leave this district, at one time a disgrace to London. Dr. Wellesley, when Dean of Windsor, offered her the post of mistress of the Queen's School at Buckingham Palace; but she loved her work too well to give it up. As one consequence of her self-devotion, the Queen's School was, during many years, always offered to Whitelands' students. It may be that a faithful, persistent spirit in teachers and other workers for God has been a powerful factor in transforming the character of many parts of our great city, which were not many years ago stigmatised as dangerous. It is by quiet and gentle means that the spring advances and takes the place of winter. The welcome to the season of life and gladness is but a picture of the victory of light over darkness. The oldest Song of Spring awaits its prophetic fulfilment: "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

D. L. WOOLMER.



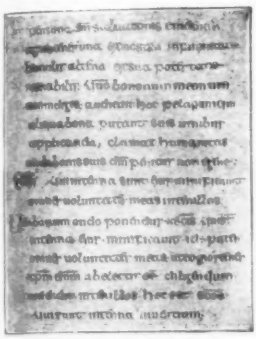
THE 1898 QUEEN, THE DOWAGER QUEEN, AND THREE MAIDS OF HONOUR.

(With their Ruskin gift-books.)

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN MAY.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



A SPECIMEN OF BEDE'S HAND-WRITING.

(From the "Commentary of Cassiodorus" in Durham Cathedral.)

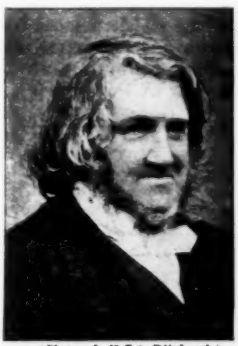
THREE names great in the early ecclesiastical history of England belong to the month of May. For May 26th is the day of St. Augustine, Apostle of the English and Archbishop of Canterbury. Comparatively recent celebrations have recalled to the public mind his services, and renewed old controversies as to the influence we are to ascribe to his work. But no controversy can ever displace him from the front rank of those who helped to evangelise our island. May 27th is the day of the Venerable Bede, though it was originally kept on May 26th. He has told us in his "Ecclesiastical History" much about other people and little about himself. Enough, however, is known to set before us the picture of a man who, at a very early age, was equally remarkable for learning and for piety; a man of singular humility and of patient industry. On May 19th, 988, died Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as Mr. J. R. Green reminds us, "stands first in the line of ecclesiastical statesmen, who counted among them Lanfranc and Wolsey, and ended in Laud."



ISAAC BARROW, D.D.

Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Cambridge, one of the most learned of English Church divines and one of the most remarkable of her preachers, died this month at the comparatively early age of forty-six. He was Professor of Greek; as a mathematician it has been said that only Isaac Newton (his pupil) was his superior; he was a very ardent theological controversialist — and a great smoker.

The Duke of Wellington's birthday is in much doubt. By certain authorities it is put down as May Day, by others as May 12th, whilst cautious biographers (like Mr. Hooper) prefer to date it generally as "some time in the spring of 1769, either in April or May." It was in May that he achieved his striking success over Soult at the passage of the Douro; in May that he foiled Masséna's desperate effort at Fuentes de Onoro, and in May (1814) that he was created Duke of Wellington.



(Photo: J. Moffat, Edinburgh.)

SIR J. YOUNG SIMPSON.

There are few people to whom suffering humanity owes more than to Sir James Young Simpson (who died May 6th, 1870). Impressed by the horrors of the operating theatre, he set himself to discover an effective and harmless anæsthetic. Chloroform itself was discovered in 1831, and again independently in 1832; but it was in 1847 that its value as an anæsthetic was proved by Sir James Simpson. Apart from this fact, he was a physician of European reputation, and distinguished as much for his goodness as for his professional skill. Women's work in philanthropy has had no more conspicuous example than that of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who was born on May 21st, 1780. By birth a Gurney, and related to the Barclays, she was reared in an atmosphere of piety

and good works. Her labours on behalf of prisoners extended to the Continent; almost everywhere her enthusiasm and her investigations moved the authorities to some reforms.



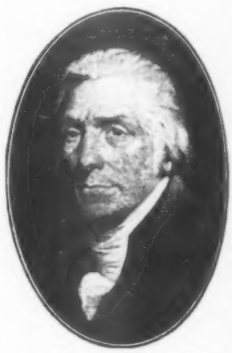
ELIZABETH FRY.

One name always to be associated with America has several links with the present month. It was in May, 1494, that Christopher Columbus, on his second expedition to the New World, discovered Jamaica. On May 30th, 1498, he sailed on his third voyage: in the same month in 1502 he set out upon his fourth voyage, and on May 20th, 1506, he died. The Spanish nation, which treated him ill in life, has since shown due reverence for his memory and an anxious desire to retain possession of his bones. In view of the growing interest in the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, we may as well remember in May the Treaty signed at Washington in May, 1871, agreeing to submit the *Alabama* and certain other claims to arbitration. The arbitration tribunal met at Geneva in the following year, and in September, 1872, the award was agreed on. A year later the money was paid.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
(From the Engraving by Mercurio.)

May, so long associated with the anniversary proceedings of the religious and philanthropic societies, has seen the birthdays of some of them. The Religious Tract Society, which keeps its centenary this year, dates its birth from the morning of May 9th, 1799, when some forty persons met at St. Paul's Coffee House in St. Paul's Churchyard. To them the Rev. George Burder, of Coventry, explained his plan for a new agency "to promote the dispersion of religious tracts, which should develop more fully than Mrs. Hannah More had done, in her excellent Cheap Repository Tracts, the evangelical doctrines of the Gospel." The meeting was adjourned until the following morning, and ended in the formation of the Religious Tract Society. The London City Mission is not so old as the Religious Tract Society, but it is of more than respectable antiquity. This, too, was projected at an early morning gathering, for the three people who, on May 16th, 1835, resolved to found the Mission met at 6 a.m. on that day in a small house on the bank of the Regent's Canal at Hoxton. A much younger agency for foreign work, the China Inland Mission, looks upon May 26th, 1866, as its birthday. Although younger than most of the missionary societies, its growth has been exceedingly rapid. Amongst the philanthropic institutions, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children also keeps its birthday in May. The work of these organisations associates itself more or less intimately with the Bible. It may not be inopportune, therefore, to recall the association of the Revised Version with this month of May. It was in May, 1870, that the Revisers were appointed; in May, 1881, the Revised New Testament was issued, and in May, 1885, the Revised Version of the Old Testament.



THE REV. GEORGE BURDER.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

COLINA'S ISLAND.

By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "The Pride of the Family," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

OLD COLIN McVEAN.

"I WOULD give the whole world to know! And he torments me as a cat does a mouse! Well! I hadn't an idea I'd ever figure as the mouse in the parable!"

He roused himself then, and turned from the window. The winter sun was setting over the loch—one of Scotland's loveliest—and, as the house stood on an island, Cosmo McVean might have been excused for lingering to watch the scene, even though behind him on the pillow lay the blanched and furrowed face of a dying man. He had no desire, however, to do so. I doubt if he even saw the flashing water, stained blood-red, and the glorious mountains which engirt it. If he only knew, if he only knew, what was in his uncle's mind—what was in his will—and where the will was!

And Colin McVean would hide his secret—torment him to the last! Why had he, Cosmo, made that fatal confidence, and betrayed the fact that Lilliard was a penniless lass, possessing, alas! no "lang pedigree" to cover the enormity of that unforgivable poverty?

"Can I give you anything? Shall I call Sheila?"

He turned round at last.

"I want for nought, I thank ye."

The grim voice was the same. The old man's cold eyes watched Cosmo with an air



The old man's cold eyes watched Cosmo with an air of triumph.

of stifled triumph. He knew so well how impatient the young man was—how the questions burned on his lips!

"When did ye send Dougall for McLaren?"

"About three. There is not time for him to be back yet." And Cosmo walked to the window again, where he stood, restlessly twisting the cord of the blind.



"It is altogether bewildering!" Lilliard said.

"Cosmo," said the gruff voice, which even death-weakness only made husky, never soft, "what do you think you would be doing in the world, lad, if you had just as much money as you could spend?"

For a moment Cosmo's heart leaped up and his cheek flushed. It was an odd speech! And yet, could his uncle really mean——? Could he have forgotten his half-threat? He gave a nervous laugh. "I think I could do very well, uncle," he said.

The old man gave a curious sound. It was almost like a grim chuckle, and disturbed Cosmo.

"And what do you think you would be doing as chust a ferry poor man? What will your own little income be, Cosmo, by-the-bye?"

The terrible old man! The hateful old man! Cosmo writhed mentally. "I suppose I would make the best fight for it that I could, sir!" he said, trying desperately hard to be cool and dignified. "You never brought me up to expect to work. But, if I had to, I suppose I could earn money. My brains are fairly average."

"Average!" And the old man scowled fiercely. "It will be more than an average supply of brains that will be needed to make money nowadays! Yes, and to keep rogues and cheats in check! The world is full of them, and of simpletons! Old Tam Carlyle was right. It's chock full of them!"

It was a dismal belief, a dismal faith; but Cosmo did not regard the words. His mind was still engrossed with the one absorbing question, Was he disinherited or no? And if so, by whom?

"You told me once you had others who had a claim on you as well as I, sir," he said; and Mr. McVean's eyes glittered maliciously. "Is he or she poor?"

"It iss an odd thing that you will not remember your own relations, Cosmo!" the old man remarked. "The next in kin to you is a girl, just a bit girl; and she wass called after her mother, Colina; her mother hass been called after me."

Was this to be the heiress? Was it? He was almost inclined to ask boldly, when his uncle resumed: "She will be as near to me as you—this lass. I hef never seen her. You are my grand-nephew; she is my grand-niece. But I think I hear McLaren. He need not peck and cough like a grumpus! Send up Màri, and go down yourself, and bide till I send for you."

Cosmo had to go and sit downstairs like an obedient school-boy till the lawyer looked in as he passed.

"I think your uncle is inclined to sleep," he said, after shaking hands. "And I do not like his look at all, Mr. Cosmo—no, not at all!"

Cosmo dared not ask any questions. He

only nodded dumbly, and saw the lawyer out with never a word. He could see the boat pass the window. Mr. McLaren seemed to be reading a letter. What had passed in the room upstairs? If he only knew! Was he a beggar? Or owner of the island—one of the West Highland proprietors and chiefs at last? His own master, free to marry Lilliard?

That night Colin McVean died in his sleep, and, when the will was read, Cosmo heard in baffled despair that he was not even mentioned in it, and that the Island was left to Colina McVean! It had been made three months ago, just after his confession and request with regard to Lilliard. He was penniless!

* * * * *

"And the best of it all is that you need not teach, Lilliard! You dislike it so much, my poor darling! Instead, you shall be my companion, and come with me to the Island!"

"It is altogether bewildering!" Lilliard Maynard said, her pretty, peach-like face all smiles; "I did not even know you had anything to do with Scotland! You never spoke of any Scotch relations. Of course, your name——" She broke off then, and seemed to think a moment, Colina resuming brightly.

"Yes, I know. I feel dazed still! Oh, Lilliard! it seems like a dream! My cousin wrote so nicely, and I feel so sorry for him—disinherited like this, when everyone thought he would succeed! Of course, I have asked him to stay on, and I shall make him take at least half of the money! And that reminds me—I am just going off to tell Miss Anne Dalrymple she must be our chaperone! I couldn't take anyone but Miss Anne."

"But will dear Miss Anne consent to leave her beloved fowls?" Lilliard's voice was perhaps just a trifle constrained. "If the cousin necessitates a chaperone (you are so generous, darling!), can't we think of anyone else? I mean solely for Miss Anne's sake—and the fowls'?" and she laughed musically.

Colina, however, was bent on Miss Anne, and Miss Anne alone, and Lilliard had to let her go presently, with many kisses and loving words of thanks.

Alone, she stood a moment flushed and smiling, in the dreary boarding-house drawing-room. "To be clear of it all! And she is the soul of generosity! Not to have to teach day by day! Oh, Fate is kind at last! The name is odd. And in the Highlands, too? I had not time to ask her cousin's name! It would be such an odd coincidence! True, there must be hundreds of McVeans. But the world is full of such odd coincidences! Is this the very oddest of them all?"

CHAPTER II.

MISS ANNE.

"MISS ANNE, I know it's past your tea-hour, but my cabby was fearfully stupid, and could not find the Dovecote! And I have such an important errand—you got my letter?"



"Heilanders are rale wild and fearsome."—*p.* 592.

"Sit doon, bairn, and tak' your tea! I'll hear your errands, and your news, when you've feenished. Why did ye no tak' the Underground?" Miss Anne had a great dislike to any extravagance. "Fleeing aboot i' hansoms

'll rin awa' wi' a' the rents you 'll tak' in a' the islands o' the West. Colina, I hope it s a' richt, and the place is really yours? I ken auld Colin McVean! A queer, dour, fykey, ill-tempered carlie! He 's dead, puir mon, so we'll let him rest—but dinna ye be set up till ye hear it 's a' *sure!*" Miss Anne had poured out the tea, and set the dish of scones before her young friend, and now she went back to her own chair.

"I was rale glad, of course, and, if it 's true, you 'll no mak' a bad mistress, gin you 're weel guidit; and I 'm sure the Lord 'll help ye. But, as I say, dinna be ower sair up-lifted till it 's a' made fast and sure! For I mind fine o' auld Colin's aince saying tae me, i' Edinburgh, that he'd made a heap o' wills i' his time! 'It 's a kind o' a ploy for me, Miss Anne,' he says; 'and keeps a' my folk i' a fine fluster—and on their guid behaviour, forbye!' That was rale like auld Colin! He was a queer, ceenical man—aye ready wi' his gibe and his sneer! Mindit me aye o' Tam Carlyle, without Carlyle's grand brain!"

Colina had eaten her scones, and drunk her tea, listening to all this with interest. She had heard much the same story from Miss Anne before, for Miss Anne had known all her "forbears."

"I think it is all right," she said, "for the lawyer—a Mr. McLaren—wrote quite positively. But I do feel so sorry for Cosmo McVean! He wrote me such a charming letter. I've brought it with me, and will leave it. You see, Miss Anne, it must have been so dreadful for him"—and Colina's cheeks flushed—"to be brought up as the heir and then disinherited for a freak—and for a girl like me."

"Hech sirs, lassie, ye were the same kin tae the auld man as he was! For the matter o' that, *you* micht hae thocht yersel' ill-used, for he took nae notice o' you while he was leeving! It was a' he could dae tae mind ye, dead! And, as for it 's being 'dreedful,' the man has brains and airms. He can work! Work is a grand thing, Colina!"

"So could I!" Colina persisted. "And he was brought up as the heir! No, I think it was a shame! I wanted him to take something, but he wouldn't, and he wrote so kindly. But he has promised to stay 'on, and tell me about the estate, and show me everything! And that is what I came to you about, Miss Anne. The idea came into my head, when I heard you say you were wearying for a breath of the North. You are just going to leave the Dovecote to Maggie and Jeanie, and you are coming to the Highlands to be our chaperone!"

She burst this proposal upon Miss Anne, standing on the grey bearskin rug, and all the old lady said was "The bairn 's daft!" comprehensively.

"Oh, no, I 'm not!"—and Colina got down on the rug, and leant her red-brown hair against the old lady's knee—"because, as you know, I haven't a relation in the world, and very few friends, and you said yourself I needed to be guided! Miss Anne"—and she lifted her bright eyes to the wrinkled old face—"it has all been very joyful and exciting, to think of that lovely place, and all; and yet—do you know?—I can't sleep at nights! I feel as if God had put me in charge of a vessel, and we are setting out, and the great wide ocean is all around, with all sorts of perils and hidden rocks! And I haven't anyone near me! Miss Anne, if you 'd come—if you 'd only come—there would be someone to turn to!"

The old hands Colina had clasped twitched restlessly. There was a queer, old-fashioned, shabby ring on one finger—two lovers' hands, clasped, and no one in all the world knew that it was Colina's grandfather who had given Miss Anne that ring, and that a hard fate had parted them. When Colina gazed up, she did so with hazel eyes, cruelly like those which had once looked love into Anne Dalrymple's, long, long years ago! The old lady had thought, often, that Colina's had the same witchery; and there was something in the words that touched her. And yet to leave her little house—her conservatory—her fowls! How could she?

"Bairn," she said, "I couldna' picture mysel' settin' off there at my years! Highlanders are rale wild and fearsome! They 're no like the canny Scotch o' my ain kingdom o' Fife! They 're rale wild and regairdless."

"I believe you 'd love the place," Colina said, "and, as for your years, why, you know you are younger and brisker than any of us! And you always know how one should act, Miss Anne!"

"Wha 's tae bide wi' ye?" And Miss Anne considered. The bairn was young, and generous, and unsuspicious. And she would be rich! She was very friendless. Captain Dougall McVean's eyes seemed to plead with her. He was of Highland blood, and had so often spoken to her of the West. What if, in her old age—an old, old woman—she saw the loch and the muirs, and the Bens he had loved! It would be as if he came back from the silence and touched her hand!

"I am taking Lilliard Maynard. You remember her?"

"Aye, fine"—Miss Anne's tone was non-committal—"a bonnie lassie, wi' a sugary tongue."

"Oh, didn't you like her? And she thought *you* so charming!"

"Colina!"—and Miss Anne was almost

wrathful — "for peety's sake dinna' gar me scunner! I was niver ca'ad 'charming' i' a' my life, and I'm no aboot tae begin noo! I'll no say aught against the lassie, but you'll get nae help frae *her!*"—she thought a moment—"and you'd need somebody. But an auld body like me——"

"She is giving in"; and Colina kissed the old hand. "That will be delightful! Mr. McLaren said the former servants were all staying till I saw what I should arrange. And I told them just to go for orders to Cosmo—he knows all about the farms and everything."

"And he bides on? I kent his mither."

content. There was still a good deal to arrange, but Miss Anne's answer came at last, and came satisfactorily. Jeanie and Maggie had proved amiable; the niece, amazed and delighted, accepted the house. She herself had no doubt at all that she was "daft," still she would go.

"Maybe the Lord sent her to me," the old lady had thought that night as she closed her Bible. "It's no muckle I've ever been able tae dae for Him—and Colina, wi' a' her riches, may need the help o' even an auld body like me. She's a bairn i' heart, and there are clever folk, and cauld, worldly folk, aye ready to tak' advantage! I'm no fond o' her beloved



He turned suddenly to McVean with a look of keen interest.—*p.* 595.

Miss Anne was ruminating. "She was a fine-looking leddy, wi' a great eye to the main chance; but I'm feared we a' hae that. Weel, bairn, I'll think ower the subject, and let you ken! There'll be Maggie and Jeanie tae consider; maybe I could just gie the hoose as it stands to that puir peekit niece o' mine, Dora Neil. She's four bairns in lodgings, i' Notting Hill, and they've nae room tae move! But I'm no saying I'll *promise*."

With which provision Colina went off

Lilliard, though I never daur say it—and she's the most unsuspicious o' naturs! I'm loth tae leave my bit house, but I'll gang—I'll gang."

There was an old miniature, in a gold frame, of a very red-cheeked young warrior, on the wall beside Miss Anne's bed. He had auburn hair, and merry hazel eyes. Was it possible that more than fifty years ago he gave her that miniature? That her life, like a tale that is told, lay between the roses and the apple-blossoms of that last parting in the

Scotch garden? She went up and looked at the miniature. We are not romantic at seventy-five, perhaps—we do not weep—but ah, me! ah, me! love and the sacrifices for love's sake are eloquent still!



"Yon iss a fine man! He hass learnt well at the college"—*p.* 596.

And Miss Anne's red-cheeked soldier seemed to smile as she laid her grey head on the pillow.

For his sake she would go to Colina's Island.

CHAPTER III.

ANGUS CAMPBELL.

"I WONDER what sort of a girl she will be?"

Angus Campbell was seated in his boat, his strong hands resting upon his oars, looking down the loch. It was evening, and he generally tried to see the sunset from the water. The manse stood on the loch's edge, and the old-fashioned garden climbed up to the muir behind; the architect who chose the spot did well for the ministers of many generations. Cruachan, most stately of mountains, towered behind; the lonely loch, now steeped in burnished gold, reflected every island, every hill, and it stretched away, the hills encircling and narrowing it lovingly, lower down. A marvellous loch—never the same for two hours; as variable, Angus would tell you, as the sky; with as many moods as the giant mountain itself, and Angus had a theory that Cruachan never looked the same for an hour.

He had travelled, after he left college, as tutor to a young Scotch aristocrat, and thus could compare the loveliness of other lands with his own.

"Come, what do you say to Loch Awe now?" Lord Dalbaith had said as they rowed on the sunlit Como, but Campbell only shook his head. "It's lovely, but it's like a drop scene in a theatre!" he said; "I keep expecting the footlights to go out!" And he would not be rapturous at all. Como smiled, but her smile was the set, unvarying smile of an acknowledged beauty—Loch Awe was variable as the wind, as changeable as the Scotch skies.

Campbell was looking at Colina's Island now, and thinking of the changes there. The red chimneys of the house showed above the trees on the island: the place was green and bowery, and primroses grew thickly in the grass, with wild hyacinths and irises interspersed. Angus Campbell's artist friend did not come to the West for months yet, and they told him that June's "crude greens" were "horrible"; Angus would smilingly listen. He loved the autumn, too—on into

chilly November there was beauty everywhere, and he was thinking now how lovely the girl would find her inheritance. "If she cares about these things? I wonder if she will? Lady Muir-Gordon always rushed off to London in the loveliest part of the year, and seemed only to think of the shooting. She talked as if Scotland had been created for the sole purpose of providing her with grouse muirs!"

As the sunset was at its full he was rowing slowly by the edge of the loch, when a boat drifted past him, and a very handsome man nodded lazily, and a trifle patronisingly, as he glanced up.

"Jolly night, isn't it? Won't you be up at the station? My cousin comes to-night, you know."

"Yes, I know," Angus said. He spoke with the slow Highland intonation. "No, my uncle is to be there; I shall not go. I heard they were to decorate the 'Caledonia.'"

Cosmo McVean shrugged his shoulders. "The people love a fuss! McNeill wanted refreshment for the men, but I vetoed *that!* A pretty thing if she arrived to an accompaniment of hilarious and roystering reels! I told them she wouldn't care for a row. Probably she detests the pipes. I am certain that I do. Upon my word, Campbell, what a lot of humbug there is in the world! There's that Bond Street bootmaker, Jackson, at Kilvrain, has set up a piper! And he is dressing that drab-coloured boy of his in the kilt! I believe this fuss over the Highlands is all humbug and snobbery! People don't care a bit! We have good fishing and shooting, and that's all they really care about."

Campbell was rowing slowly, his eyes on the Ben's side. Cruachan was withdrawing himself slowly into a thin misty veil—he was stately, and far off, and chill; only the pink clouds rested lovingly on his twin peaks.

"Good fishing and shooting!" he echoed slowly. "Yes, and the English tourist patronises us tremendously, and the ladies talk about 'dear Scotland,' and quote 'The Lady of the Lake,' with interludes of William Black's novels!" He laughed almost merrily. "It often makes me think of the real old times, not so far off, after all—of the real Highlands in the old days—robbed of all Scott's witchery! The perpetual and savage fighting, the sudden revenges and outrages, the insane, meaningless murders, and horrible reprisals! Scott's genius bathed it all in glory, and people come down nowadays and see it all, over the footlights still. The terrible and the miserable, and the grotesque and the savage, did not appear—or only as a dramatic interlude—and that was the *real!* They were not all merely picturesque. I wonder—if your cousin knows anything of her future home?"

He had turned suddenly to McVean with a look of keen interest; Cosmo was letting his boat drift and was lighting a cigarette.

"She's full of romance, if that is what you mean," he said. "And, of course, knows absolutely nothing about business matters. I shall see to all that for her. She has asked me to stay on and advise her a bit about things. I shall have to go over to the remoter islands with her—there is a lot of property there. And the people are all idiots! Positively, they *won't* cut the peat! Did you hear about that? But I mustn't stay now. It's later than I thought."

He had rowed off, after looking at his watch; and Angus, crossing the loch more slowly, gave a sudden sigh. "So he stops on! It's a pity. McLaren hoped he would be able to induce her to do something—but if McVean gets her ear first! And, however much Cosmo quarrelled with his uncle on other matters, they agreed over the rents and the cheese-parings. It all depends on the girl herself. Well, I needn't worry over that till she comes. Better go and do a little weeding!"

He drew up the boat and fastened it, and then strode on to the manse. In a week he would be sole master there and minister of the parish. His uncle, an old man buried in theological lore, rarely stirred from the house, and the congregation in the little kirk on the hill, which was called "the Angels' Knowe," had dwindled to a pitiful pewful or two of yawning farmers, who came to the "Estaiblisht" because their forefathers had done so before them for long generations, and for no good that they got, or expected, or even much desired.

Angus had come here a year ago, and the atmosphere of the place had gone to his heart. He found a parish which drifted along exactly as it liked. An empty, cold, bald little kirk, with a romantic history, and a graveyard full of Highland chieftains—listless, discontented, poverty-stricken people, who were born and married, and died, under his uncle's dreamy stare, and were looked after and visited, never! There was a theological diatribe on Sunday which floated above their heads as high as the clouds on the Ben, and was as remote and unheeded—a manse unvisited, a manse garden in which the nettles grew above the wall, and the fruit-trees and bushes, lichen-covered, dropped their stores ungathered. Inside the study Dr. McDermid sat among his books and took vast notes, and when Angus tried for the post of assistant-successor he shook his head and told him he might do very much better.

That he could have had more salary in a town Angus knew. There were popular and

populous city churches only too willing to secure the grave-eyed young Scot, whose sermons were so simple and yet so eloquent, and who had been a prizeman and a noted student; but Angus held to his purpose. The kirk on the Angels' Knowe drew him with cords: the stony, indifferent, yawning people, the little crofters away and away on the purple muirs, who never asked or sought help, and to whom even beauty seemed to mean nothing, all attracted him.

"No, I shall try and weed the manse garden," Angus had thought. "It's a far-off, unheard-of little spot, but they are my own Western people, and God knows all the stony patches in His garden as well as the luxuriant vineyards. I must work amongst the stony places."

He had preached once or twice even before his trial sermon, and the people stirred restlessly, gaped, stopped yawning, and sat up. The farmer's wife forgot her cheeses, and her Sunday cloak, and the children's schooling; the farmer forgot his deadly rage against Cosmo McVean—a rage which a dirk-thrust would have settled some years ago—and hatred and revenge and malice died out of him, and he seemed lifted to a higher, freer air.

"Yon iss a man," one of them said to his wife on the muir, going back, "that I will hope to see in this pulpit on many and many a day. Yon iss a fine man! He hass learnt well at the college, though I wass not thinking so much of that, either. He made just a ferry pretty example about the bog-myrtle. And it iss true, all that he will be saying—every word. Quite true! He believes it himself; and if he will try for this kirk, I, for one, will say that he hass it!"

His wife was thinking that it had never occurred to her before to imagine that God understood all her difficulties—that it had never struck her before that anyone in the world cared how they fared at all! It was really a bewildering idea!

She felt as if even the Ben was more beautiful, that it was somehow nearer her. What was that about the mountains being there, even in the dark? And that God was there—even if we got lost in the bog, with darkness between us?

So Angus came back and was appointed assistant and successor, and before his uncle left the weeds in the garden were all dug up and thrown away. Sundry mothers got big apples from the manse for the first time in years. Someone saw Campbell pruning the trees, and digging. The parish stared!

A malicious person said he meant to make money, and sell the fruit. Angus laughed when he was told, and did not seem one whit angry or abashed. Then he mended the boat, and the gate, and trimmed the grass, and planted flowers, and showed his activity in countless ways.

Another Sunday now, and he would be the minister; but Dr. McDirmid had gone to meet Colina, and he dined at the house, and when he came home it was later than he had been out for some years. He was quite conversational and aroused.

"Cosmo has got a new cook," he told Campbell, who had been sitting on the loch-side with a book, till it grew too dark to read, "and there was a great dinner! The house looked very nice indeed. There is a good deal of change, and I hear she will be very gay. She is very pretty—a very well-favoured young woman."

"You wouldn't, of course—she wouldn't ask any questions?" Angus asked doubtfully. "Gregor a'Thing said he had written to her himself, for Cosmo declares he must go. She would not, of course, refer to that?"

"As if we would talk about Gregor a'Thing on a night like this! You are really absurd, Angus!" And the Doctor took off his spectacles indignantly. "Gregor a'Thing, indeed! A most objectionable and reprehensible man! He has not entered the kirk for twenty years—although he was brought up by most respectable parents. No indeed! But she is to buy a copy of my 'Luther and his Time!' She took a note of it. We had a little chat alone, together, while Cosmo and the other young lady went out to see the loch. She is delighted with the idea."

"Of your book or the loch?" Campbell spoke a little wearily.

"The book, of course! She is very pleasant. They are Episcopalians, but she said she would attend the kirk. I must say it will be a relief for you, Angus, to have a house like that to go to. There is an old-lady aunt. And, of course, being the parish minister, you will take your proper place—they quite see that, I'm sure."

At which Angus Campbell's sallow cheek flushed a little. There was Highland pride about him, after all.

"I don't think I'll go much to the Island, uncle," he said. "Cosmo and I didn't hit it off over that poaching business. He was very unfair to poor Sholto, and the young wife has since died. I hope Miss McVean will take an interest—an intelligent interest—in the people! Old Colin McVean thought only of his money-bags, and I don't know what Cosmo thinks of; and for years their landlord has done nothing—positively nothing—for the people!"

He got up then and walked after his uncle into the house. All next day he packed for the Doctor, and great cases of

books went off by the carrier. Nobody came to say "Farewell." People looked with dull eyes when Angus told them the old man would preach for the last time on Sunday, and that they must turn out well.

It was a very tiny church, though it had its romance and its story. It was built on the "Angels' Knowe," the holy place where a saint had had his "kil" or cell, and where the Beltine fires had gleamed; the saint



She looked a child—it could not be her.—*p.* 598.

They merely remarked that the young lady would be there, and "it would be a ferry good thing for the place that there would be a change in the Island."

They were much more interested in seeing her than in hearing of the minister's plans, and how he was to write a series of Church Defence articles in a well-known quarterly. They had always said he was "book-learned," a "ferry great student," but his book-learning had never helped them a step on life's rough road or taken one thorn from their path. They had grown stolid and indifferent. He went, another came. All life came and went.

Angus took no share in the service, but he sat in the manse pew, from the corner of which he could see through the window some sheep straying up the hillside — the golden-brown, shaggy coats of a group of Highland cattle—and, above it all, the grey peaks of the Ben, piercing the azure of the sky.

had died and been buried in the kirkyard, and there was a tombstone to a great McCallum Mohr, erected by the present duke, and the crumbling crosses which covered many a chieftain from the loch-side, and from far Lochaber. The Angels' Knowe and St. Crenan's cell were well known, and of high repute. And inside the little kirk, before the worm-eaten pulpit, there was a loose slab under which the regalia of Scotland had once been hidden in stress of a fierce warfare, and where it had rested unsuspected till the chief in whose charge it was could carry it safely away. The woodwork was old and worm-eaten and shaky, the pulpit ugly and bare, the walls whitewashed, the pews made one's bones ache and one's back weary. The people faced the pulpit, and lifted their heavy eyes now and then when the Doctor clenched his argument by a mighty bang on the reading-desk. They really did not know

what knotty point he was proving so triumphantly, and they cared about it nothing at all. Even poor Angus, with that row of listless faces before him, felt as if he hardly cared. Stones — stones! And they wanted bread!

The party from the Island came late; the waggonette drew up after the bell had clanged the English congregation in and the Gaelic out. As the Doctor preached in Gaelic in much the same style as in English, his Gaelic hearers were not numerous. Miss Anne Dalrymple came first; then Lilliard, in a London hat, her delicate Greuze face under a white veil; then a girl in a simple white dress, who looked brightly and eagerly about her, and finally Cosmo, in his Bond Street coat.

They were singing "I to the hills," and presently Angus could hear a sweet true treble lilting above the rest; he wondered if the pretty girl in the white lace veil was the heiress and mistress of the Island—she was dressed most finely, he thought. His eyes wandered to the singer's face—it was so fresh and happy, so eager and young. She looked a child—it could not be her!

When the sermon opened, at first she seemed eager and interested—then the hazel eyes clouded—her attention wandered—her gaze followed Campbell's own, out to the Ben. Nobody listened in all the bald little kirk, and outside the bees droned over McCallum Mohr's cross, and the sheep browsed on the hillside, and the shaggy cattle made unconscious pictures for Rosa Bonheur's brush, standing against lichen-covered boulders, which the heather would deck with purple fragrance in a few short weeks.

It was over, and they were all outside, looking down on the village. Dr. McDirmid joined them, and Angus was introduced. Miss McVean was the fresh-faced girl, and his heart lightened at once.

"Your uncle told me you knew all the legends about here," she said frankly, while the old minister showed them the chieftains' tombs. "I find my cousin lamentably ignorant. Tell me, do the people here believe in the fairies still?"

"The 'good people'?" and he smiled. "I know several who do. If you are fond of legends and stories, I shall introduce you to Silis McDirmid—they say she is a witch. She was telling me only yesterday of a woman who was stolen by the good people."

"And what happened?" Colina asked.

"I don't believe Mr. Campbell thinks it correct to tell legends on Sunday," Lilliard put in, with her pretty smile; and, when the young man turned and looked at her, she was thinking she rather liked his dark eyes and his curious, high-pitched voice. "I'm sure Miss Anne doesn't, but she is safely out of earshot. What is the story, Mr. Campbell?"

He was showing the way down the steep path. Cosmo helped Colina very carefully.

"Silis said the mother returned the Sunday after her death, to care for and dress the children, while the father was at church. She had been carried off by the 'Fey people'—the *Daione Seth*. She told them she could only escape for an hour or two, and that, if her coffin were opened, it would be found to contain merely a withered leaf. The husband laughed, and would not listen; and he said the children were romancing, and he locked the door so that next time she should not get in."

"And then?"

"Silis says the fairies killed him in revenge, and that his body was found at the foot of Dunbhulg."

"That is the hill just behind the Island," Colina said, looking round. "Is it a fairies' hill? Cosmo, you did not tell me that."

"I have not had time," he said. "I have so much to tell you."

The party separated then, and the McVeans and their guests got into the waggonette which awaited them.

Miss Anne Dalrymple was shaking her head over the kirk and the sermon.

"Yon was an awfu' lot o' clavers," she said. "Mair nor my puir head could tak' in! An awfu' heap o' larnin' aboot naething!"

"Yes, the Doctor is desperately learned" —Cosmo had taken the reins, and they were bowling down a steep road—"though I really think I prefer him to the cleric-elect! Campbell is a regular Highlander—obstinate as a mule—and one never gets to the bottom of him!"

"Is he? I liked his face," Colina said, rather disappointedly. "And the servants seemed pleased about his getting the place. How lovely the loch is! To-morrow you will row us for tea to one of the islands, Cosmo?"

"With pleasure. It is ideal weather for the loch," he said. "But I see I must get up the stories for you, Colina!"

He bent over her, and Colina's face flushed as she met the handsome eyes. How kind he was, how anxious to please her! How delicately and gracefully he had yielded her all her rights! She was so sorry for him!

She was always thinking how hard it must have been for him, and how well he hid his disappointment and chagrin. She loved her Island already—she loved the loch and the wonderful mountains, and the muirs stretching away on every side. She loved the handsome, silent people. And he had had to give these all up—to her, through no fault of his own!

She asked his opinion on every subject, and Cosmo seemed to live only to please her.

Miss Dalrymple began to think she had been wrong in her first opinion of him, when she saw how modestly he withdrew into the background, and how delicately he helped the young heiress. "He 's no' so bad," she cogitated. "And he 's a fine figure o' a man, wi' a guid-lookin' face. But what were he and the ither lassie sae deep in conversation ower on the first nicht? And I dinna a'thegither like that saft voice o' his!"

Peerless June days welcomed Colina at first, and they were out on the muir and on the loch all and every day. Colina's face was suffused with joy—life was like an entrancing fairy tale. Her eyes shone, "beholding nothing." Cosmo's handsome face was always there before her. Already the thought had formulated, blissfully, if nebulously, in her mind: What if, some day, she could give him back all his inheritance—in one way, a way he would not gainsay?

They had driven to the Episcopal church after the first Sunday. Lilliard said her back was weak, and she could not stand the kirk pews—no, nor the odour of hair-oil on the heads of the farmers' children. They passed Angus, in their steam-launch, on the loch sometimes, and he would lift his cap gravely, seeing a flutter of parasols and hearing a ripple of light laughter. He had not been asked to the Island. After a stiff call, in which he only saw Miss Anne, he did not return.

Gregor a' Thing had received no answer to his letter, and his plea had not been heeded. The little croft was pulled down, and he took a wretched little hut on the hill, which let in all weathers, and there Angus would visit him, and hear long stories, and in vain urge him to take work again. He had really begun to mend his ways, when the decision of Cosmo's factor about the croft set him adrift, rebellious and furious. He indulged in vague threats as to how he would live when the game season began, chuckling wickedly. He would be even with the Island folk!

"And they say she will be marrying the young laird," he said to Angus one day. "And that will just be a fearfu' time for us all! And she will marry him, and I will be leaving Loch Awe for evermore! May woe and ill-luck attend them both!"

He relapsed into silence, gloomily, his rugged elbows on his gaunt knees. He was hungry and cross, old and tired.

Angus said nothing. Would she marry Cosmo McVean?

He sighed, as he thought.

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]



"They say she will be marrying the young laird."

True Nazarites.

A SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

By the Rev. E. A. Stuart, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater.

"I rai-ed up of your sons for prophets, and of your young men for Nazarites."—AMOS ii. 11.



N the ninth and following verses God is recounting His mercies toward Israel. First, He reminds them how He destroyed the Amorite from before them, and gave them victory in the battle against the giant array of the hosts of Canaan, who barred their way into the Promised Land. In the next verse He goes still further back in their national history, and reminds them how He delivered them out of the land of Egypt, and led them through the wilderness by the cloud and by the pillar of fire; then in the eleventh verse He turns from these material blessings to the far greater spiritual blessings He had vouchsafed to them as a people, and He says, "I raised up of your sons for prophets, and of your young men for Nazarites." Of far greater consequence to any nation than military success or imperial aggrandisement is the character of its young men; and when God raises up of its sons to be prophets, and of its young men to be Nazarites, we may well hope for the future, and that that nation will be blessed of God.

My younger brethren, it is our earnest prayer for our country, our church, and our congregation, that God may raise up of our young men to be prophets and Nazarites in very truth.

There are two inestimable blessings mentioned in the text—Faithful testimony and holy living.

"I raised up of your sons for prophets." It is a common error to imagine that a prophet is simply a man who predicts the future. No; a prophet is not necessarily a foreteller, but a forth-teller—that is, one who tells forth what God has told to him: for instance, in Exodus vii. 1 we read, "And the Lord said unto Moses, See, I have made thee a god to Pharaoh: and Aaron thy brother shall be thy prophet." And in Exodus iv. 16 this is explained as follows: "And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people: and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God."

Therefore there were two things necessary for every true prophet. First, he must be a seer, that is, he must experience himself what he would proclaim to others. This explains 1 Samuel ix. 9: ". . . he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer"—that is, before he can tell out the truth

XUM

to others, he must see the truth himself, and the more clearly he sees the truth the truer prophet does he become. This it was that gave Moses his pre-eminence. Comparing him with other prophets, God said, in Numbers xii. 7, "My servant Moses is not so. . . . With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches; and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold."

And secondly, "a prophet" must have the Holy Spirit. In Numbers xi. 25, when the Spirit of God came upon the seventy elders, they prophesied; and in verse 29 Moses said, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them": and upon the day of Pentecost the apostles spake "as the Spirit gave them utterance."

Now under the law prophets were unrecognised, for if the people had been faithful there would have been no need for prophets, but God would have given every fresh revelation of Himself through the appointed agents. But, alas! the priests were so taken up with worldly ambitions and ecclesiastical controversies that, instead of revealing God to the people, they were leading them far astray. Therefore God raised up prophets, who came, as it were, as a fresh breeze from heaven. Their constant theme was the utter inutility of a merely ceremonial religion. They exalted the moral demands of the law, whereas the priests had been insisting upon the ceremonial. Micah proclaims in his sixth chapter and sixth verse, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And this is the burden of the first chapter of Isaiah's prophecy. In fact, in the eleventh verse he exclaims in indignation, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. . . . Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto Me. . . . Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well." And therefore the prophets were always unpopular, and the priests were generally the ringleaders in persecuting them. Now we want prophets to-day—men who can testify to true spiritual religion from their own experience, and who will maintain that "God is a Spirit," and that "they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth"; that no outward ceremony, no ecclesiastical or national privileges, can take the place of true, heart religion before God. If God would raise up of our young men to be prophets in this sense, it would indeed be one of the greatest blessings He could bestow upon our church and country.

"I raised up of your young men for Nazarites." This is even more important, for this implies *holiness of life.* We have the laws for the Nazarite in Numbers vi., and there are three things upon which special stress is laid:

1. The Nazarite might drink no wine. I need scarcely speak of the great advantage of total abstinence to a young man who desires to live a holy life amidst the temptations of a great city. I do verily believe things are a great deal better in this respect, both in commercial life and in society in general, than they were a few years ago: but still most of us know sad cases of shipwreck through intoxicating drink. Our nineteenth century science fully corroborates our great poet when he says:—

> "O, madness to think the use of strongest wines
> And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
> When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
> His mighty champion, strong beyond compare,
> Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

But it is not only the benefit of total abstinence that I learn from this prohibition to the Nazarite to drink intoxicating drinks, for I remember our poet goes on to say:—

> "But what availed this temperance, not complete
> Against another object more enticing?
> What boots it at one gate to make defence,
> And at another to let in the foe?"

There are many other intoxicating things besides alcohol against which a young man must be upon his guard, for they rob him of his sober judgment, and

then he does that which he would not otherwise do, and which he afterwards bitterly repents. How many a man is carried away by the intoxication of gambling, or of evil society, to do things which in his sober senses he would never dream of doing! Beware of anything, therefore, which would rob you of your sound mind.

2. The Nazarite was not permitted to shave his hair. The hair was the symbol of strength, and therefore it was to be regarded as consecrated to God, and we want our young men's strength consecrated to God. We want their bodily strength consecrated to God. It is true God often uses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and Jeremiah warns the strong man not to glory in his strength; but, if God has given you a strong body and sound lungs, they are so many talents which ought to be laid out for the Master's service; we ought to present our bodies as a living sacrifice, for this is our reasonable service. The true Nazarite will keep under his body and bring it into subjection, so that it may be an instrument meet for the Master's use.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE REV. E. A. STUART.

But we want also our young men's mental strength consecrated to God. We want some intellectual giants to push their way through all the contending theories which puzzle weaker men. When God consecrated Aaron to be the high priest of the Children of Israel, He laid His hand upon both his shoulder and his heart and placed upon both the names of the tribes of the Children of Israel, as much as to say that He claimed both his shoulder of power and his heart of love for His holy service; and both are necessary. Look at our Great High Priest: He bowed His shoulders to bear, and upon those strong shoulders of power He carries home the poor lost lamb; so, young men, consecrate your shoulders to God's service, but do not forget that heart-work is necessary also—sympathy, patience, tenderness. We love to see the granite rocks piercing through the clouds, but we love to see their bases clothed with flowers; we want strong men who can go to the sick and dying and speak to them in whispers about the love of God. These are the true priests of men; and when God raises up of our young men such men—strong yet tender, Nazarites indeed, with their strength dedicated unto Him—then has God blessed our country in very truth.

3. The Nazarite was forbidden to come near to any dead body. Some say this means he was to touch no unclean thing, and no doubt this was true; but I would rather explain the prohibition by St. Luke ix. 59-60, and Leviticus x. 6, where the lesson seems to be "Christ first," and not even the mourning for those we love must detract from our consecration to God.

To sum up, these are the true Nazarites—strong, sober men who can keep themselves in control, who have dedicated their strength to God, and who will let nothing draw them away from their consecration to God.

There are two Nazarites in the Bible who stand out conspicuously before us, one as a beacon, the other as an example—Samson and John the Baptist. Samson is a terrible warning against breaking

our consecration vows. He was a remarkable man; certainly never had any man such splendid opportunities. Born at the close of the period of the Judges, the Children of Israel had sinned again and again, and God had delivered them into the hands of their enemies. At first their foes were at a distance, but gradually they were nearer home, and therefore it was more difficult to obtain deliverance from them, so we can quite understand with what joy they would hail the announcement by the angel of the birth of a deliverer; but, alas! what a wasted life was Samson's: with all his enormous strength he effected no real deliverance for his people, and he ended his life grinding corn as a blind slave in a prison-house. What were the reasons for Samson's fall which ought to be a warning to ourselves?

He used his gifts for self-display.

Look, for instance, at Judges xv. 14, when he permitted himself to be bound by his own countrymen and given up into the hands of the Philistines, and then burst the bonds and with the jawbone of an ass slew thousands of his foes: or, again, at Judges xvi. 3, when in sheer bravado he remains in the city of Gaza till midnight, and then carries off the gates of the city upon his shoulders. If he had only drilled the Israelites, he might have led them to victory and swept the Philistines away. And so with ourselves: whatever may be our gift, if we use it for ourselves instead of for God's glory, our very gift may become a curse to us.

He trifled with temptation.

The story would be almost incredible if it were not that we saw it so constantly repeated. How often have we seen the man bound with green withes go out and shake himself, and by the grace of God deliver himself from the fetters which have bound him; but, alas! he goes in again into the temptation, although he has had every proof that it is his destruction which is aimed at.

He broke his consecration.

The hair was but a symbol, but it marked him out as being not like other men. So you are called to be separate, not in appearance but in life, and if you lose your consecration you lose your strength, for consecrated men are always strong.

But the saddest thing in the story of Samson was that the Lord departed from him, and he knew it not; he went out as at other times, and there was no difference except that he was more like other men, but he had lost his strength. But the sequel was terrible—he became a slave, his eyes were put out, and although in the mercy of God he regained his strength, he was ever afterwards in the dark, and his enemies, whom he had so often confounded, now jeered and mocked at him.

Very different was the other Nazarite of whom we read in the Word of God—John the Baptist. What a high eulogy did our Lord Jesus Christ pass upon him when He exclaimed, in St. Matthew xi. 11, "Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist"! He was no reed shaken by the wind, he was no smooth-tongued court preacher, but he was a prophet—nay, more than a prophet, for he spake that which he did know, and prophesied of that which he had seen. This is the man held up for our imitation when we are bidden to pray that after his example we may constantly speak the truth, boldly rebuke sin, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake.

"THEY SEEK A COUNTRY."

O PILGRIM souls, is this your cry,
Who strive for things above,
Your blissful hope for by-and-by,
Your dream that "God is Love"?

The world may mock, but, undismayed,
Your toilsome path ye go;
Few palms of Elim shed their shade,
Or streams from Horeb flow;

Yet, though across life's desert sand
Yon mirage gleams once more,
Fear not, who claim your Fatherland
Beyond the distant shore;

Nor shrink to tread the weary way
That seers and saints have trod,
O sons of the eternal day,
Who seek your rest in God!

H. B. F.

THE CITY OF STRANGE CONTRASTS.

By F. M. Holmes.

With Illustrations Drawn from Life.

A TATTERED tramp stood looking at a strange scene. He saw more goats in the crowded streets than are to be found in many an English village; he saw numbers of small birds, which he knew had been imported from the Continent, and were now being sold for a few pence: he heard a racing prophet shouting hoarsely, the raucous voice mingling with the tones of a street preacher, while from the church near by swelled forth the Sunday morning hymn of praise.

It was the curious East-End Sunday morning bird fair at which the tattered tramp was looking. He had seen it before, but still he was gazing at it again. In all parts of London crowds of well-dressed people were wending their way to places of worship, and away to the West the Prince and Princess of Wales were passing quietly through a sedate and respectful crowd to the Chapel Royal, St. James's. It is a strange contrast—the curious fair, on the one hand and the quiet church-going on the other.

But, indeed, there is no lack of curious contrasts in fascinating London. Not only do you see immense wealth and dire poverty, not only joy beside sorrow, and sickness beside health, but one hour you may find yourself surrounded by Jews, another by Frenchmen, a third by Italians, and a fourth by dark-skinned Orientals. Now you may rub shoulders with glossy-hatted men of the Exchange, and anon you may enter an entirely different world of blue-jerseyed men of the sea. You may be frozen to the bone in the ice chambers of Smithfield, you may walk back into mediævalism in the ancient Tower, and you may become very modern in the Shoreditch municipalised electric-lighting works. In short, go where you will, you may find the most varied and uncommon contrasts — contrasts full of fascinating human life and human activity.

Our tattered tramp is still looking at his East-End fair: but he has shifted his position a little. Here at one street corner he sees several old bicycles wanting buyers: there at another a number of dogs, duly muzzled and held in leash, with Bill Sikes's bull-dog prominent among them: here stands a coster's barrow full of odds and ends of old and broken iron: and there, another barrow covered with cage birds. See how the great thick fingers of the vendor spread out the little flutterer's wing to show its feathers.

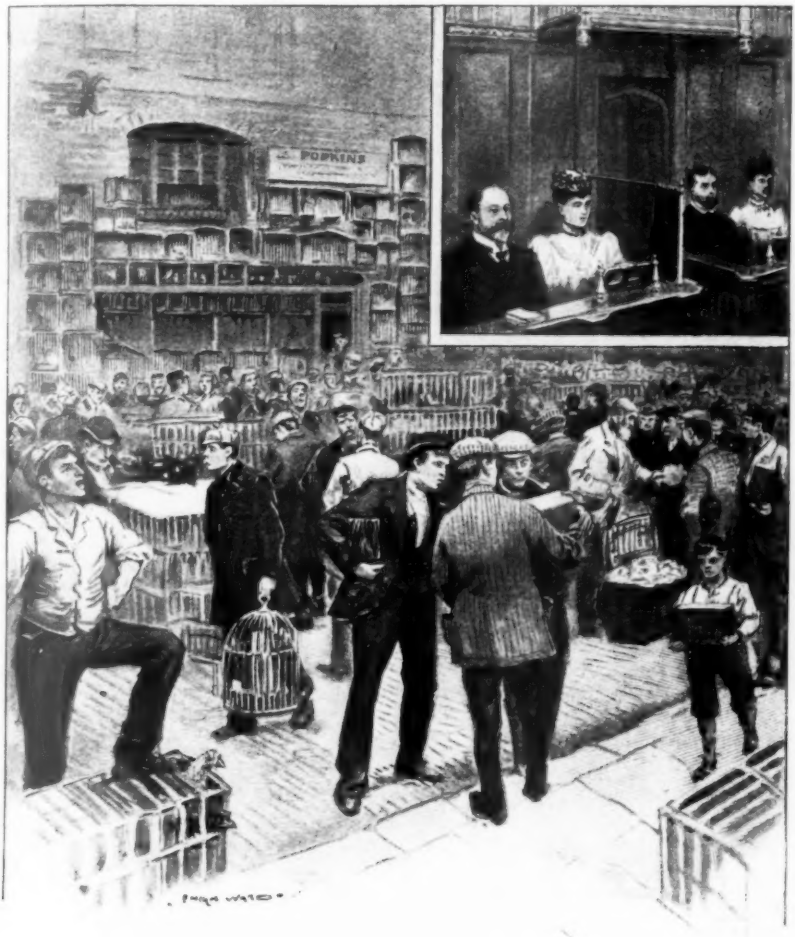
"Fine bird," he cries; "noble singer: will cheer your 'art with its bewtiful notes: dirt cheap for ninepence—who 'll 'ave it? Sold again!"

A dirty hand from the crowd holds up the money, and he pops the "noble

singer" in a little paper bag, twists the bag at the top, hands it to the purchaser, and proceeds with the next.

Our tramp moves on. Farther along down this crowded street he finds a Dutch fowls' auction in full swing. A woman is selling the birds. Standing on a cart, surrounded by baskets, she maintains her business in a thin, squeaky voice. Flourishing a couple of cackling fowls by the legs, she cries:

"Here y' are! a pair o' fine layers, cheap as can be at three bob apiece! What, you won't? Take 'em then for a bull [five shillings] and a tanner! Short o' money are ye to-day? Spent too much at the 'ouse last night? Well, there, I don't care—a round bull will do, and if ye can't pay that, I 'll make ye a present of a joey [fourpence] out of it. Ain't that enough? Well, now, I want to do business, I do, so I 'll



SUNDAY MORNING.

THE BIRD-FAIR IN SCLATER STREET, BETHNAL GREEN.

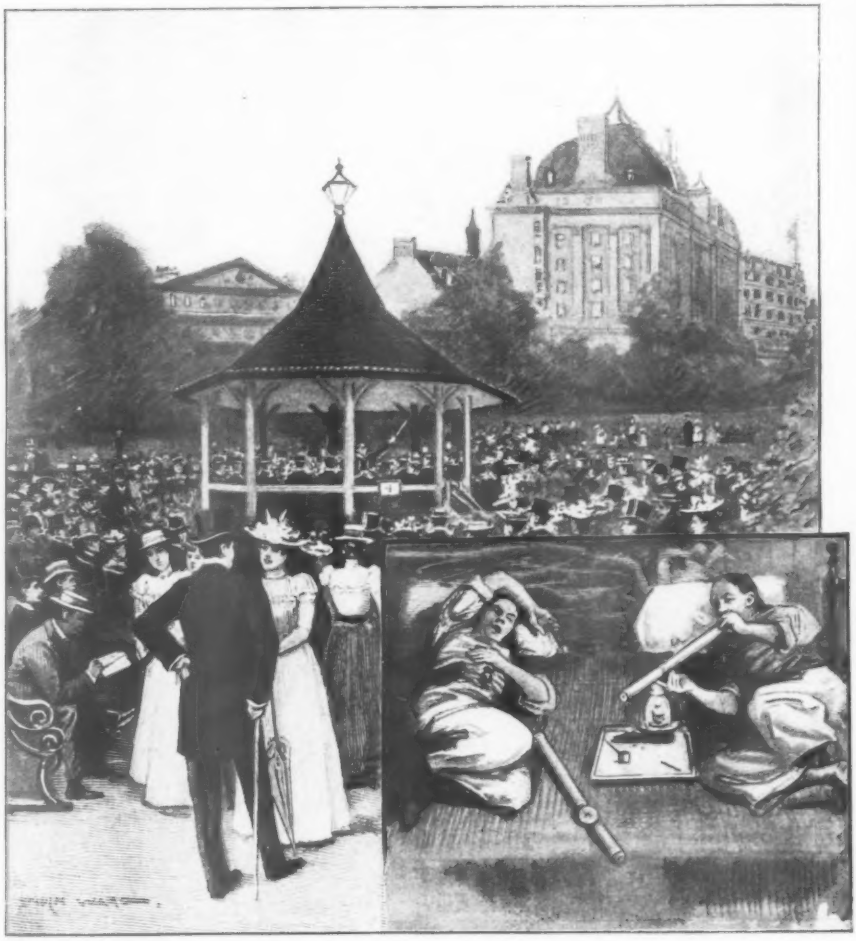
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

take a dollar, and not a farden less!" and she almost struck the two birds together in her energy and, no one responding, popped the fine cackling layers back in their basket and briskly proceeded with the next lot.

Not far distant a leather-lunged, beetle-browed individual is selling with much volubility closed envelopes containing the names of "orl the winners" for the ensuing week's races, at threepence each envelope.

"Swindling the working-man out of his browns [coppers]," growled one of the motley crowd in a low voice.

"They was orl right last week, guv'nor, and charnce it," answered a bystander defiantly; and one after another you see men in the crowd hand over their threepences to the leather-lunged tipster.



OUTDOORS AND INDOORS.

IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS. AN OPIUM DEN IN THE EAST END.

Farther off still, in one of the streets filled with barrows and stalls of all kinds, you may see great varieties of clothing for sale; and here a little hunchback dwarf has been dressed up with curious cap and gay garments, and struts up and down the

barrow, inviting all and sundry, in a piercingly shrill voice and with strange antics, to inspect the stock and buy the goods. And as for the goods of the fair, their name is legion! Cheap garments, as well as dogs, rabbits, and live stock generally, sham jewellery, dilapidated boots, chipped china ornaments, queer cakes, queerer drinks, rusty locks, strange bread, damaged lamps, smart braces, and patent medicines—all, all are here.

The Jews are in this business of the fair, but not in all of it. For centuries they have lived just outside the eastern walls of the old city, about Whitechapel and Aldgate, and they are here still. There are more Jews in London than in Palestine. The neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane—now dignified by the name of Middlesex Street—is partly the scene of the fair, and it flows up Brick Lane and Sclater Street to Bethnal Green Road, filling up some arches of the Great Eastern Railway in its course. Along some of these streets Jewish names look at you from the shop-fronts, Jewish placards adorn the walls, Jewish faces meet you in the streets. The bills are printed in Hebrew, and you seem to be for the nonce in a Hebrew town; but all around you in the big city thousands of persons are attending Christian and English places of worship.

Our tattered tramp wanders away. Whither will he lead us?

Maybe from the Jews' quarter to the Chinese. You may see plenty of Orientals at the Home for Asiatics, and you may see them also, if you can get entrance to an opium den, in the drugged sleep of the opium pipe. As fast as the police close one such place, another starts not far distant. Perhaps it is like a little general shop outside, in a Limehouse street, and if you passed beyond the door the obsequious Oriental would be ready to sell you anything, and perchance offer you a cup of tea from the ornamental teapot on the counter. You probably will not like the tea, and will think it thin and poor. But in the back room or upstairs you would see the low couches, made of matting, on which the opium smokers recline. There is a little lamp near, and the opium pipe, long-shanked and curiously shaped, lies by its side. The smoker takes the "chandu," as opium prepared for smoking is called, and places a piece of it about the size of a pea into a small cup at one end. To do this he uses a small iron instrument like a flattened pen. The opium for smoking looks something like dark-coloured wax, and is a watery extract nearly twice as strong as the original drug. The piece in the pipe being ignited, the opium is "destructively distilled," as chemists would say, and the products come off with the smoke. This is inhaled, as the smoker reclines on the settee, and breathed out slowly through the nostrils. A feeling of excitement, both mental and physical, follows in the case of Orientals—but not so much so in Europeans—an artificial sense of contentment supervenes, followed by narcosis, or, shall we say, drunken sleep.

It is a strange, almost incredible sight, to see this Chinese opium-smoking here in modern London: and the villainous cut-throat look on some of the narcotised pig-tailed Celestials is most repulsive. But hush! there is a terrible clatter of feet down the stairs. You see a half-dozen or so of Orientals—a set of as evil-looking men as may be met with in a day's march—hurrying down the steps and along the passage, and so out into the street.

What have they been doing? You mount the stairs—ah! Through the open door of one of the rooms you observe a large square wicker-work basket turned upside down, like a square hamper turned bottom upward, and the word "gambling" rises to your lips. Too often quarrels arise—a seaman's knife could easily pin a cheating hand through that wicker-work table, and the cuffs of the "heathen Chinee" could be searched. Perhaps worse follows, and while one lies gasping and wounded on the floor the rest clatter away down the street, round the high walls of the docks, and lose themselves among the shipping.

But proceed further west along the river, and what a wholesome contrast you may find! The Embankment Gardens, near the Temple. Come here on a Tuesday evening when the County Council Band is playing. You will see all sorts of English people enjoying the music, the flowers, and the calm summer air. Edwin and Angelina, of course, are much to the fore, much more so than 'Arry and 'Arriet: and if these latter are

here with outrageous colours and feathers, they are on their good behaviour. The seats are filled, many persons standing about or strolling round and round within earshot of the band, and happy children are darting hither and thither at their play. Is this really the same city as the London of the Exchange, of royalty, of Orientals, and of crime? Yes, it is the same, though



A DINNER AT A FASHIONABLE EMBANKMENT HOTEL.



THE THAMES POLICE RESCUING A SUICIDE.

here you seem in a totally different world—the world of the wholesome love-story, and of quiet domestic happiness.

Yet follow our tattered tramp once more, and he will lead you away into still another world—the world of the London lodging-houses. Ah! what a world it is—the world of those who live from hand to mouth. Threepence or fourpence pays for the lodging, another penny for a "two-eyed steak"—that is, a bloater—and another penny for a hunch of bread. The herring can be cooked at the big fire which always blazes in the kitchen and which all may use; and the lodger may also, if he please, wash his clothes in the washhouse. As he eats his savoury repast in the grateful warmth he can learn how "Shivery Bob" has picked up a shilling by carrying sandwich-boards, and has also gleaned a good handful of "hard up," *i.e.* ends of cigars and cigarettes; "Yorkshire John" has had two hours at the docks and so earned a shilling; Long Tom has gathered ninepence by "doin' glimmin'," *i.e.* opening cab doors and calling cabs; and Jimmy Snooks has beaten all by taking eighteenpence at "griddlin'," *i.e.* droning and mangling songs in quiet suburban streets.

"Now he'll go on the spree and blue it all," exclaims our tattered tramp. "I wish I 'ad a woice. 'Ow am I

goin' to pick up the price of another doss, I should like to know?"

"There's a drorin'-room ter-morrer," cries another man, who has indulged in the luxury of a halfpenny evening paper, and apparently in something more potent also, for his nose is very red. "I shall go up ter Buckin'am Palliss and see the swells."

"And maybe they'll give ye a few shillin'," sneered another.

"An' I may pick up a few browns. I've got a few bootlaces left to sell."

I'd buy a cawfee stall and git the perlice to let me stand o' nights corner o' Blank Street. I'd do a lump better nor sellin' laces."

"You'd drink it all away in a week," muttered the tramp.

"And you wouldn't never git it to drink," retorted the other, and the two ne'er-do-weels shuffled off among the crowd.

On swept the long train of carriages to the Palace, bearing the wealthy and luxuriously dressed ladies to see their



A TRAMPS' KITCHEN.



THE QUEEN'S "DRAWING-ROOM.

And sure enough on the morrow he found his way to Birdcage Walk to see the fine ladies in their costly dresses riding on their way to be presented to the Queen.

"I dessay," said he of the bootlaces to our tattered tramp, "that one of these yere gownds would pay our doss money for a whole year."

"I dessay it would," replied the tramp wearily; "I wish I 'ad it."

"So do I," said Bootlaces; "but I wouldn't give it for no doss money.

sovereign, and presently our tattered tramp turned away.

Shifting and shiftless, he found himself at night, without money for his lodging, wandering on the Embankment. He huddled his shoulders together, thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and shuffled aimlessly along. The gardens were closed, and he sank on a seat. The light streamed from the windows of the large hotels on the other side of the gardens, and the sounds of music and merriment issued forth as if to mock him in his loneliness and misery.

"Is anyone more wretched than I am?" he moaned, gripping himself as if to still the gnawing pangs of hunger.

A piercing cry struck upon his ear, and at that moment he saw in the dim light a figure fall from one of the bridges, and, striking an abutment, turn over and over in a sickening manner, until with a loud splash it was engulfed in the dark and sullen flood below.

For a moment dead silence seemed to prevail, then whistlings and cries arose, and a police boat rowed furiously fast; now it paused and paddled hither and thither, then stopped, and before many minutes had passed the bleared eyes of the tattered tramp saw the men heaving *something* out of the water—something which chilled even his dull heart, for he knew as if by intuition that by this time it must be dead. A little crowd gathered, apparently from nowhere, at the nearest stairs, and soon, in a silence solemnised by the presence of death, the poor dead body was borne along to the nearest mortuary.

And still from the large hotels streamed the bright lights and the strains of music, and, venturing near, the tattered tramp could see richly apparelled guests lingering late over their sumptuous repasts.

"What ho!" cried a voice behind him, and someone slapped him on the shoulder. It was the red-nosed man we call Bootlaces. "Sold all my stuff to-day," he added, "and got some more for ter-morrer. Why don't you do som'ink like that?"

Ah, why indeed? Was it not because the tramp was so infirm of purpose that he could never gather enough of the little money required to start him, or to make a brisk sale to remunerate him? He only sighed and mumbled, "I wish I had my money," and departed, vaguely longing for the small fortune he had recklessly squandered in drunkenness and in riotous living; now with broken will and purposeless life he drifts hither and thither, picking up a few coppers as best he may.

While Bootlaces went on to his "doss-house" the tramp wandered farther west to St. Stephen's. He was fainter and more hungry than ever. Members of Parliament were leaving the House after their evening's labours. They had been making laws for the people. In dim imagination our tramp saw the dignified scene, as he had observed it once in happy past days, and as he had read of it in the newspapers. There was Mr. Speaker, grave and sedate, presiding in the chair; there were the members, each manifesting his own characteristics, and preserving his own individual freedom, yet all uniting to respect the ancient forms of the House; everything suggesting law, order, and propriety.

As our tramp waited near the gates a member strode out with his arms full of books. "Call a cab," said he. Under the influence of the masterful voice the tramp piped up his own. Weak though it was, it attracted a watchful cabby, who drove up briskly.

"Open the door"; and the tramp found himself actually opening the cab door and helping in the member and his books.

"Poor wretch! You look starved," cried the member, and he threw the tramp a shilling.

The tramp could scarce believe his eyes as the coin gleamed in the lamp light. Oh, how bright it looked! Clasping it tightly, he shuffled away with wolfishly eager eyes to stay his hunger and thirst at the nearest night coffee-stall.

Then with a dim idea of seeking early morning work at Covent Garden Market, he bent his tottering steps thither. He passed through St. Giles's. A group of drunken people were yelling and quarrelling as they staggered to the place they called home. One knocked the tramp's arm as he reeled along, and the tramp muttered, for he feared lest he should lose the precious coins.

He opened his hand under the lamp-light to see if they were still safe. Yes, there were the sixpence and the two pennies he had received as change at the stall. An infuriated and drunken woman

yelling curses at a drunken husband, staggered near; the glitter of the coin caught her eye, and she clutched at it. Again he drew his hand away, but another miscreant gripped it, and snarling, "Why should you 'ave money when I 'ave none?" forced the coins out of his hand and flung the tottering tramp against the kerbstone.

A shrill whistle sounded. The noise and the fighting brought the police to the spot, and one signalled for assistance. In a few minutes all the fighting, cursing, drunken group were hurried off to the police station. And the tattered tramp picked himself up, and hobbled along to pursue his miserable, shiftless existence as before.

And when the morning sun shone bright he was still limping about the Embankment, while the barrister who had tossed him the shilling in the night-watches was pursuing his strenuous way to the Law Courts.



LAW-MAKERS AT WESTMINSTER AND LAW-BREAKERS AT ST. GILES'S.



A FICKLE FAMILY

A COMPLETE STORY.

By the Author of "Lady Jane's Companion," Etc.

"DON'T worry . . . GEORGE."

Lady Langstaff had untwisted the bit of paper that had fallen into her hands. It was pathetic in its way, a left-handed scribble, almost illegible—all that George, with his broken ribs, had been able to write and smuggle out of his guarded chamber.

"Oh!" she said, with a scorn that failed to hide her alarm. The boy had always been a trial. "And for whom is this extraordinary communication?"

"It was to be given to Miss Van Litter."

There was a brief pause. The aunt looked again at the straggling characters that poor George Langstaff, smashed up as he was, had struggled so hard to trace; and the trained nurse was demurely silent, standing there, drawing the patient's door shut behind her.

"Indeed?" said Lady Langstaff at last. "To Miss Van Litter?"

"That is what I understood, my lady. But he is so very weak——"

George's aunt could not spare pity for him just then: she was hardly sorry to have him laid peaceably on his back while she straightened out the tangle. She signified to the nurse that she might return, and then stood reflecting, like a soldier on guard, in the narrow passage.

It had been a sad blunder on her part to bring France Van Litter back with her from the States. The girl was very clever, a secretary beyond compare (Lady Langstaff was a brilliant writer, and dashed into many fields with her pen); but the employer had begun to fear that she might have to pay dearly for her aid, and had just arranged in a panic for her to disappear. Yet, alas! one day that the great lady had to make a speech miles away, George Langstaff (pinned to his aunt's skirts as prompter) had slipped out of the special train, hurried back, and found the secretary up to her ears in work. He flung the important papers aside in a heap, and took the secretary away with him for a drive. George, of whom it was written in the stars that he was to marry one of his many cousins!

Lady Langstaff, hoarse and weary, was the first to return. There would surely have been an earthquake: but instead of the wilful George and the American driving up side by side, flaunting the Stars and Stripes, she saw a strange little procession. A horse limping—a dogcart smashed—and France Van Litter tottering along by a shutter.

That was no time to ask what rash talk had drawn George's mind from his driving. Lady Langstaff could only lament and send for the doctor, thinking

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far down in her heart, perhaps, that Fate had put a stop to the mischief.

"Don't worry . . . GEORGE."

George's aunt crushed the little twist of paper in her ringed fingers, and stared haughtily down the passage at a girl waiting there. It was a girl who had turned agonised eyes towards the doctor, but had not been able to open her lips to ask. He, mistaking her for one of the scared relations, had patted her head and reassured her.

But Lady Langstaff's secretary should have been writing away for dear life, making up arrears in the distant study! There she was, idle, wringing her hands; and she lifted a face white and sweet and terrified to the other.

"How is he?" she asked, and her voice was not steady. This American, armed with all the pluck and charm and wilfulness of her nation, was now as sad-spirited as the daughter of any weary kingdom. Trouble had driven her vivacity all away.

"Just the same," said Lady Langstaff briefly. "He has been trying to apologise to you for the fright you must have had, as he will not see you again." And she delivered the twist of paper with a little smile of disdain.

France Van Litter took it with a glad cry she could not altogether stifle. The three written words reached her heart and shut out the significant comment that was meant to strike her ears: they were her warrant for stretching out her hands and asking with an eager wistfulness that was audacity to the affronted lady—

"Ah, Lady Langstaff, I guess you'll love me—kiss me, kiss me for his sake, and, say, won't it be my right to nurse him?"

But George's aunt was perhaps unaccustomed to the quick transitions of a republic. Her face was appalled and haughty.

"Pardon me, Miss Van Litter, but you forget you are leaving us to-morrow."

The girl started and put out her hands again imploringly, but with a certain courage.

"But—but——" she said, "can't you guess? Don't you think he said——"

The slight American accent, a quaint note in her agitation, added its attraction to her attempt; while she paled and reddened, gazing at Lady Langstaff and at the shut door behind her with pleading eyes.

"My good girl, I don't want to hear what he said," interrupted the patient's aunt loftily. "I have not accused you—— But the Langstaffs are a fickle family, and their whims don't last."

And the victory was with Lady Langstaff. Afterwards she hardly knew how she won it, and was a little haunted by a reproachful face and its last defiance. Whilst they were fighting it out in a hushed excitement the door between them and George's room remained fast shut. At last, France made a little movement towards that door.

"Do you want to kill him?" said Lady Langstaff.

The girl's lips grew white, but her eyes blazed determinedly.

"Tell the nurse to come out and speak to me," she said desperately, "or I will risk it and walk right in."

At Lady Langstaff's bidding the trained nurse came out softly, and waited very sedately with her back to the door. She had nursed often in private houses.

"When Mr. Langstaff is better," said the American girl in a calm and stately manner, although her hands were shaking, "will you kindly tell him that I wanted to nurse him, but that I had to leave; and tell him—tell him—oh, just that I will write to him by-and-by. That is all, thank you, but God forgive you if you forget!"

The nurse retreated, and Lady Langstaff drew a breath of relief.

"There," said the girl, her voice breaking at last, "you might have been kinder; for you can't part us. What's the good of shutting me out to suffer while he is sick?"

But George's aunt was not remorseful. It was not a prick of conscience that made her answer, standing at her post—

"Miss Van Litter, the Langstaffs are a fickle family, as I said."

* * * * *

"I just want to see that bride!"

The Italian guide stared right and left in a puzzled attempt at understanding what particular piece of antiquity the American lady was asking for, and shrugged his shoulders in lamentable despair.

"You tell him, France. I heard them

say there's a bride with the other party—I want to see her and what she's got on."

Mrs. Annatt was an active old lady of sixty-five, with an ever-green interest in matrimony and frocks. As the guide was dense, she signified to her bearers the direction she wished to take by a wild dab with her parasol, and they grinned and carried her in pursuit of that other party.

Sitting upright in the gay patch-covered chair on poles she disappeared round the corner, and the party she had deserted sauntered placidly on its way. France Van Litter, hesitating which to follow, was soon alone in a narrow, flag-paved street where the hot summer air was still.

Around her stretched the little roofless houses where all the hearts had stopped beating in a time of terror—where all the lives had died in the dark. Such a pitiful, silent city—a city of dead children who had played at life!

France, standing alone in the desolation, felt its shadow fall on her heart. It was not so hard to be gay in the rush of travel—her hands were always full, her mind busy, and her eyes tired. All the autumn she had been wandering with Mrs. Annatt as courier and companion—and anyone who had travelled with that old lady knew what a task it was!—and in a little while she would cross the Atlantic and try to leave all vain hopes behind the green wall of water that must always part her and—him. For she had written and written again—and never a letter had reached her yet.

Wistfully she wandered among the sad, tragic streets of Pompeii; saddest, perhaps, where there was a living garden, with chrysanthemums blossoming strangely in the sunlight, shining into houses that had been graves—behind it, horribly deserted, the little bepainted rooms.

Further, there was a mournful confusion of broken altars to the gods that could not avert; and among them a statue in collar and coat and trousers, and a man looking up with short-sighted eyes, and asking, "What god is this?"

France heard it and laughed, and then shrank away from the strangers, because she knew there were tears on her face. Hidden by the brown walls, she saw the party wandering up the street.

A hush had fallen over their chatter; some little thing had awed them: perhaps the deep arch yonder, ominous and dark as the gates of death—and they passed underneath like phantoms.

Who was that? A man walking fast—impatient.

France sprang forward. It was George, strong and well, rough with travel—George who had come at last! Her call sounded strange; he did not hear it, because it had fallen like a sob in the still air of the deserted streets—and what was the matter? Had waiting made her so weak?

When the heart that had failed her was beating again, all the strange faces—and his face—had disappeared. At the far end of the narrow way there was a thing approaching, a little wizened lady sitting up in a gay patched chair, its bearers breathing fast as if after running, and grinning agreeably at each other.

"There you are!" she cried. "It's a terrible place to hunt in; but I've had a real good time, and I had a look at the bride," triumphantly. "And what do you think? I've heard she's coming on board with us."

The girl took up her station by the side of the swinging chair, and Mrs. Annatt peered up at her curiously.

"I was most afraid you would think you had to keep running after us," she said, "and the pace was killing. You didn't? I wish now I'd asked the name of the bride, but I guess I shall hear to-night."

Then they followed that other party under the deep archway, and left the dead city to its shadows. The strangers were far ahead of them, hurrying to the train, and France had not another glimpse of—George. A little later he was sure to find her. For what had he come but that?—and she sat patiently in the train imagining how it would be, and watching the darkness gather until Vesuvius was all a terrible black and red.

It was a wild drive through Naples to the quay. There was an illumination in honour of the Prince's marriage, and a glitter of coloured lights was arching each narrow street. Their driver was

racing another driver, and whirled them in a mad fashion along the stones. Mrs. Annatt clutched France's hands with a shriek as they swung past in a flash of red lights and fireworks, and then the other carriage crashed against their wheels for an instant. There was a glimpse of faces.

"The bride!" gasped Mrs. Annatt, between surprise and panic, shutting her eyes to die. But France did not hear her exclamation. All she saw was hardly real, George's face in a flash of lights — George hurrying to the ship to find her!

The vehicles parted as rapidly as they had crashed together, with never a pause in their reckless way. The drivers were shrieking terribly in Italian, and Mrs. Annatt was blinking again, alive. France sat in her place and laughed.

"France, France! are you out of your mind with fright?"

The girl laughed again, rather wildly. It was absurd that she should have felt again that happy recklessness she had felt at first in an accident with George. Would she always be happy like that in peril?

As they reached the boat waiting for them they were helped in quickly. France stood up in the bows and gazed backwards vainly. Late wanderers hurried down the steps, thrusting their way past the flower-sellers and trinket merchants, but George was not among them: the boat made its way slowly towards the ship.



Her call sounded strange—he did not hear it.

The first officer was at the gangway. He put out his hand with a smile to help her on board, but she hardly smiled in return. After all, it was lucky—yes, it was lucky (she assured herself with a falter) that they had missed each other. She had time to dress.

"Miss Van Litter——"

She heard nothing, however. Running down to her cabin, she tumbled out all her trunk and tried the colours that George would like — the colour that matched her cheeks. Then there was a rain of hair-pins, as, all in a hurry, she brushed out her pretty hair.

There were few passengers on the deck as she reached it; they were all resting after the dust and the sun and the sights of which they were weary. France leaned against the ship's side and looked away at the transfigured city, all red-and-gold glitter, its lights rippling across the water. Under the ship there were little boats piled with fruit and trinkets, dipping to the water's rim under flowers. With the dead city so little distant and the mountain a living danger, the laughing traders were cheapening bits of lava.

France did not watch them long. A little boat was putting out from the quay, darkly slipping towards the ship past the glitter imitating the landward lights. Her hands tightened on the rail, and her breath came faster. Ah, how slowly the thing came nearer, larger and larger, and yet far away in the dark!

"France!"

Mrs. Annatt was fluttering by her side, already glistening in her black satin.

"I thought I'd like to see the bride come on board," she explained, and then, as the gangway was let down and the first officer came forward to stand on the upper step, she bent over, pinching at him with her skinny arm.

"Mr. Johnstone, the bride and bridegroom — you promised you'd get their names for me from the purser."

The boat had arrived and dark figures were rising in it. France breathed fast, and all gay with a smile, leaned forward. He was there; it was George! And the first officer glanced up lightly.

"Mr. and Mrs. Langstaff, sailing with us to Malta."

* * * * *

"The Langstaffs are a fickle family—a fickle family——"

France was repeating the words with a kind of dazed unhappiness, as if she could hardly quite understand. How had she run away? How had she reached her cabin?

A rustle of dresses was audible in the passage, and snatches of careless laughter. The dinner-bell was ringing, and as the sounds died away France raised herself and saw her face, strange and staring, queerly illuminated in the narrow glass in the wall. Was it hers, in truth, her happy, happy face? She hid it suddenly in her hands.

Then she heard the dreaded shrill accents at the door, and Mrs. Annatt put in her head.

"Why, France, you look as if the sky had fallen!"

The girl shuddered, making a lame apology for her strange behaviour, but she was only relieved of her countrywoman by the last and wilder ringing of the dinner-bell. Impossible for her to go down and eat! Never, oh, never again, could she bear to look into those faithless eyes!

The sea was murmuring in at the open ports, and far away, at the other side of the ship, Italians were serenading; their voices wailed and wandered in a heart-breaking song. France turned her face to the blackness of Vesuvius, lit by a strange red river that had meant tragedy in the past. Her own little tragedy was bitter and very near.

Was the dinner already over? She heard them crowding up, she heard them laughing and talking in the companion; and then the stewardess came in, with a little note in her hand. France could not read what was scribbled in it. She had turned out the lamp in her cabin, and in the light streaming in from the corridor she could just distinguish the signature. All that was written above that must be an insult.

"Take it back," she said, "and say there is a mistake. I do not know that person."

And when the door closed after the stewardess she flung herself across her berth and gazed at Vesuvius with bitter eyes. "The Langstaffs are a fickle family"—false and faithless. And she would have trusted him all her life!

What was that? Had she been crying, and had a stranger heard it?

There was a knock at the door, but

she made no answer, lying back terrified in the dark. To her horror the stranger was not so lightly daunted; she turned the handle and ventured in. France saw her, dimly in the glimmer, advancing, stumbling—and turning on the electric light in a vivid illumination.

"I am Mrs. Langstaff," she said. "Your head aches. I understand?"

The girl had to clutch at the sides of the berth, staring at her visitor in a kind of panic. But the bride smiled at her, with the queer little air of dignity that a very young matron wears. She was pretty—very pretty—and her eyes laughed at France.

"I'm only just married," she said, "and so, if there's any privilege, I must have it. Forgive me! Oh, I know I'm an utter stranger, but then there's George——"

She paused, and looked comically at France.



She tumbled out all her trunk.

"Why would you not answer poor George's letter?"

Astonished as she was, France found speech at last, still staring at this audacious stranger, claiming strange rights as a married woman.

"He had no right!" she cried.

Mrs. Langstaff did not flinch at the passionate anger in that cry of reproach; it seemed rather to amuse her.

"Why not?" she said. "After travelling half over Europe to find you—how that old woman must have whirled you about!—there he is now walking up and down quite frantic; and you might say

a kind word to him, even if you have changed your mind. Listen! don't you hear him there? — tramp – tramp — tramp! I've had a world of trouble to find your cabin, and George ready to kill me because I wanted my dinner first!"

France pressed her hands against her reeling brain, thinking she must be going mad, as the bride smiled at her and went on with her extraordinary remarks.



France flung off her arm with a shudder.

"Come," she said, "it must be the right girl I'm attacking. Your name is France. Bold as I am—being a married woman—I don't want to drag the wrong girl up to my unhappy George. But it's *you*, I know, and I must bring you, because he is almost distracted."

She put her arm persuadingly round the girl's waist, but France flung it off with a shudder.

"How dare you? His wife — his wife——"

The bride jumped up and ran to the door, putting out her head. France heard somebody address her, approaching quickly, and at the sound of that voice she shut her hands over her ears with a gasp of pain. The gay little voice answered him:

"Oh, it's too funny! George——"

There was a hurried whisper, and then France heard the door shut again. She had not had the courage to rush across the cabin, thrust out the stranger, and make it fast, and now it was too late; the visitor had returned. This time her face was all wild with laughter.

"You poor thing!" she said. "I understand; I'll tell you — I'm married to George's cousin."

* * * *

France hardly heard what came after: it was all a quick murmur of explanation, uttered in half a minute.

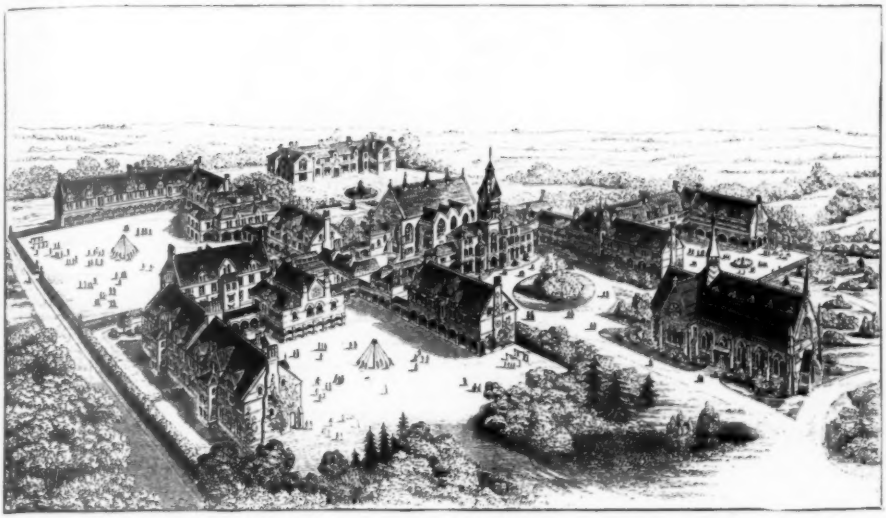
"And Tony and I were peaceably honeymooning when we fell in with this frantic George, safe and sound, hunting for somebody with the help of the postmark of her last letter—who writes a letter and forgets the address at the beginning?—and when he got on the track we came with him to see the fun. But it's no fun to my unlucky husband, mooning about on deck all alone while I am managing your affairs. Put that thing over your head and come up with me."

And the bride smiled irresistibly up at France.

R. RAMSAY.

A Home for the Fatherless.

A VISIT TO THE LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM, WATFORD.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LONDON ORPHAN ASYLUM, WATFORD

[This is the second of a special series of illustrated articles on representative philanthropic institutions. Each article will describe the scope and work of the institution concerned, and will in addition contain detailed information as to the methods of admission, with special reference to the "voting" system.]

THE mail coach to London was not overladen with passengers as it started from Coventry on a certain evening eighty-seven years ago. But it carried a heavy heart; and that heart belonged to a lonely little boy of seven years old. The meaning of being an orphan was becoming clear to him. He must go out alone into the wide world. In the dread, unknown future he was to learn that his fatherless condition was also his title to compassion. Years afterwards he found his humble name, Richard P. Hookham, associated with that of the great William Wilberforce. Owing to the influence of this national hero, the boy from Coventry was admitted without delay into a new institution, the London Orphan Asylum. The long, wearisome night journey brought him to his destination, a house in Cannon Street Road, four hours before the arrival of the two others with whom the institution opened. Last year, at the age of ninety and a half, Mr. Hookham claimed the honour of being the first orphan that it had taken under its wing, and he added one hundred guineas to what he called his yearly instalments of his debt to the London Orphan Asylum. A few months later the managers congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Hookham on the attainment of their Diamond Jubilee.

The child is the father of the man. The shivering little Coventry boy was the father of one who for upwards of fifty years has been a benefactor to other orphans in the school where he was brought up. The long night journey is still fresh in his memory, but it first started the "poor little wretch," as he describes himself, on the road to useful independence. The recollection of childhood's troubles are not lost on the servants of the God with Whom the fatherless finds mercy.

It was owing to the discovery early in the present century of the great number of destitute widows and children of respectable middle class in our great city that the London Orphan Asylum was founded. It was the first of several institutions begun by the great philanthropist, Dr. Andrew Reed. Children whose fathers had lost their lives in the Army, Navy, and Marine service were to be the prior claimants. The stormy

history of the period justifies this stipulation in the old constitution. From 1808 to 1813 "there were seldom less than from 100 to 106 sail of the line, from 130 to 160 frigates, upwards of 200 sloops, besides bombs, gun-brigs, cutters, schooners, etc., in active service. To this enormous service were added another 500 sail in ordinary, employed as prison, hospital, and receiving ships."

Is it any wonder that, at the close of these five years of warfare, an overwhelming number of children should be thrown on the mercy of the country for whom their fathers had died? It was for them in particular, and for other orphans of the middle class in general, that in 1813 Dr. Andrew Reed issued an appeal. His first patron was the Duke of Kent, who headed the subscription list with fifty guineas.

In 1815 three small boys made a small beginning of the institution. Since then upwards of 6,080 children have justified its usefulness. Times have changed. In this age of peace, orphans of officers in the Army, Navy, and Marine service, to whom special institutions are open, no longer have the first claim for admission. The great increase in candidates whose fathers were farmers and clerks tells a tale of agricultural depression, and of the struggles of men who spend and often end their lives with a quill. Under all circumstances, the Board of Managers determines the eligibility of proposed candidates, and the first step towards their admission is for guardians or friends to obtain a printed form of application from the secretary, at the London office, 21, Great St. Helens, Bishopsgate Street, E.C. Children can only enter between their seventh and eleventh birthdays. They must be sound in mind and body, and be able to read. Their parents may have followed any profession, or been masters or principals in any branch of trade, commerce, or agriculture.

It is sad that it should be necessary also to stipulate that boys and girls of this social grade should never have been in the workhouse or union, or, except in an extreme case (and then only for temporary relief), have had parochial aid requested on their behalf. The school is intended to perpetuate generations of honest, upright and independent citizens belonging to that class said to be the backbone of England. Two "respectable householders" must engage before a child's admission that on completing the term of education, or in the sad and very rare event of his becoming so seriously affected in mind or body as to be incapable of receiving instruction, he shall be removed without expense to the charity. At the same time, everything is done within the power of the Managers not only to prepare the children to gain an honest livelihood, but to place them, when they leave on attaining the age of fifteen, in a position to support themselves.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

GIRLS AT DRILL.

The Board, though it declines to become responsible for settling the boys and girls, recognises the duty of parental superintendence and interest in their welfare. According to the rules of its constitution, it gives to each orphan, on finally leaving, a Bible, a Prayer Book, Printed Instructions, and a "serious exhortation to good conduct."

Good old traditions have remained, and old scholars are proud of them; But education has marched with the times, and with the steady growth of the London Orphan Asylum. The House in Cannon Street Road where the first children were received had soon to be exchanged for a larger one in Hackney Road. The number of orphans and the means for their support so far outgrew the limits of a private house that on the 5th of May, 1823, the Duke of York laid the foundation stone of a building at Clapton. The silver trowel used on

that occasion was afterwards presented to the managers by George IV. in memory of his brother. Two years later the late Duke of Cambridge opened the new premises. Still the school expanded beyond its walls, though it never outgrew royal favour and support. The Prince and Princess of Wales, in 1869, laid the foundation stone of the present fine group of buildings at Watford, and H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck opened them in 1871. From her accession to the throne Her Majesty has been a patron: her annual subscription of £21, and the Prince of Wales' donation of one hundred guineas on the Queen's Jubilee, are amongst the numerous royal gifts. In 1887, when His Royal Highness presided at the Commemoration Festival, he remarked that, in his opinion, "the company assembled had but to look upon the young ladies and the boys before them to come to the conclusion that the management of the institution was thoroughly good." The same idea would strike a casual visitor. Before the train for Watford reaches the station, if it should be recreation time, a playground in vigorous and healthy activity may be seen from the railway. This moving scene of lively orphans is anything but pre-eminently pathetic. The seven houses for the boys and the block where the girls are domiciled are not the places to seek for small heroes and heroines of sensational romance. Montesquieu says, "Happy the nation whose annals are dull." In this sense, as a rule, these children may be considered happy. Their fathers have belonged to a class represented in the Parable of the Talents by the servant entrusted with two. They have lived blamelessly before the world without rising to any special distinction. The great Reaper has claimed them before time has allowed them to reap the fruits of honest industry in the form of independence for their families. A good name is often all that they can leave to their widows or motherless children. These children are a legacy to their country, and they may become a rich capital. Of this many have given practical proof. The servants of God who have acted in the spirit of His words, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me," have seen the orphans whom they have adopted adorn every calling, sacred and secular. Not one in a hundred received into this asylum has disappointed their hope. The dulness of their annals means the inheritance of an unstained name and a disposition to steady work that stands the test of marketable prices. The heroism of their parents has not been of the nature to inspire an epic poem. It belongs to doctors who have died of the illness they have toiled to overcome; to men in weak health who

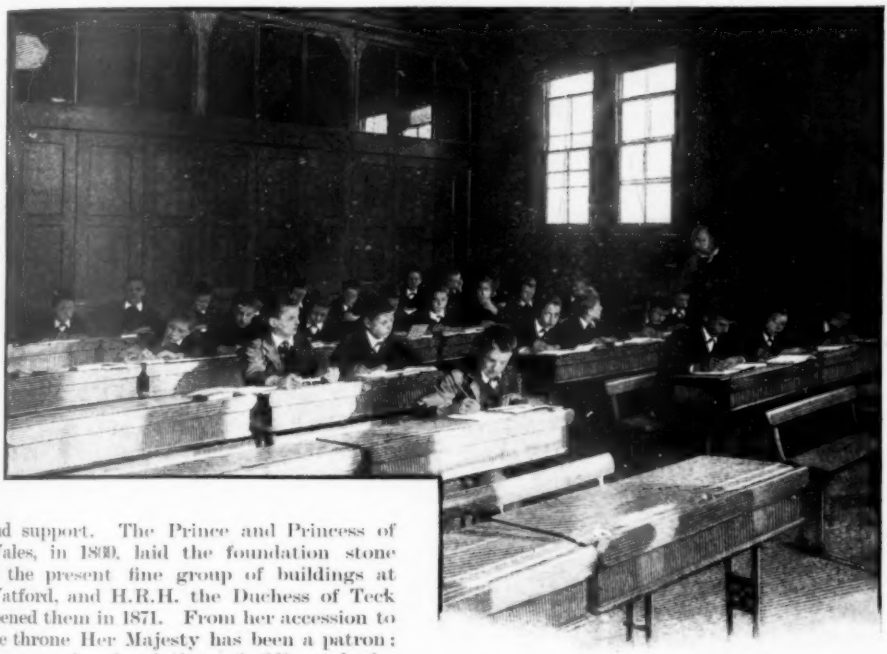


Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.

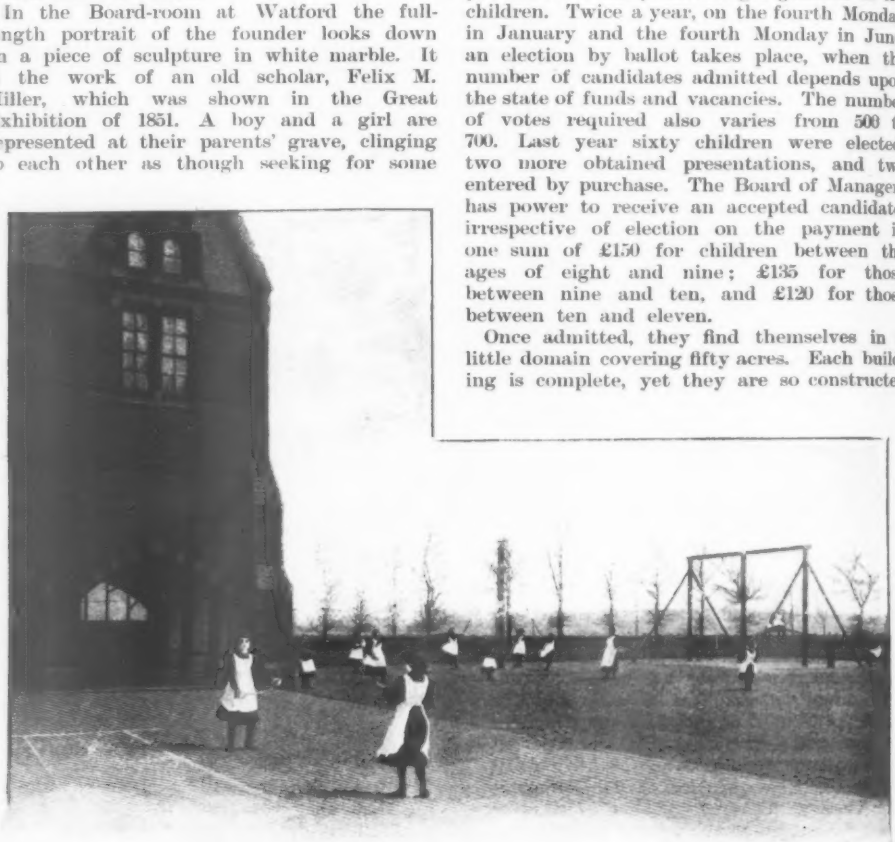
THE BOYS IN SCHOOL.

for the sake of others have worked as though they were strong; to many members of the rank and file of a noble army of the mediocrity whose commonplace virtues contribute largely in the aggregate to the righteousness which exalts a nation.

In the Board-room at Watford the full-length portrait of the founder looks down on a piece of sculpture in white marble. It is the work of an old scholar, Felix M. Miller, which was shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851. A boy and a girl are represented at their parents' grave, clinging to each other as though seeking for some support in their common misfortune and defencelessness. Some years after the Exhibition a liberal friend purchased and presented this work of art and nature to the London Orphan Asylum, and the Board adopted the design as its own stamp and device. The Board-room has other gifts and portaits of interest. A life-sized monochrome of our Lord blessing little children was presented by Mr. Richard Gibbs. His practical illustration of the teaching of this picture is another and still more costly gift—a new house, raising the number from seven to eight, to accommodate fifty more boys. This house is now ready for occupation; the funds to open it only are wanted.

The maintenance and education of each boy or girl costs £30 a year, and it is only by careful management that the sum is sufficient to purchase the many advantages granted to the children. Twice a year, on the fourth Monday in January and the fourth Monday in June, an election by ballot takes place, when the number of candidates admitted depends upon the state of funds and vacancies. The number of votes required also varies from 500 to 700. Last year sixty children were elected, two more obtained presentations, and two entered by purchase. The Board of Managers has power to receive an accepted candidate, irrespective of election on the payment in one sum of £150 for children between the ages of eight and nine; £135 for those between nine and ten, and £120 for those between ten and eleven.

Once admitted, they find themselves in a little domain covering fifty acres. Each building is complete, yet they are so constructed that it is possible to walk under cover from one end to the other. Two only are separate.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

IN THE GIRLS' PLAYGROUND.

The school chapel—in reality, a fine church capable of seating over five hundred—stands nearest to the gates. Its position might be taken as an indication that training in the fear and service of God is the first object. The chapel is the gift of a lady who was formerly one of the girls and rose to the post of head-mistress. She is now an annual subscriber of one hundred guineas. Like the first boy admitted and many other ex-pupils scattered far over the world, she acknowledges the debt she owes to the institution.

Other friends of the children have added to the beauty of the chapel. One valuable gift is a fine angel lectern. Newcomers admitted half-yearly fall into the happily established tradition of reverence. The fresh young voices joining together, the common bond of union, and the circumstances of the young worshippers, give special interest to the services.

The second building that stands alone is the infirmary.

"It was supposed at first that in such a healthy place we should not need an infirmary," the matron said as she started with me on a tour through her little kingdom. The view, looking over the roofs of Watford in the rolling country beyond, might justify the authorities in believing that fine air would, together with a recipe translated by Longfellow—

"Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

But no doors can be successfully slammed on childhood's ailments; measles and whooping-cough may be inadvertently brought from home after holidays, and isolation is always the most economical plan. Serious illness has been happily infrequent. Three patients only on this occasion were in bed, and they were ready to enter into cheerful conversation. A convalescent sufficiently restored to enjoy an involuntary holiday was interesting himself with fretwork. This is a favourite hobby. In the boys' day-room fine and delicate carving was in process, and in most of the lockers tools kept company with favourite books and other private belongings. Each house owns a day-room. One equivalent in the girls' department is a "babies' play-room," with a doll's house and rocking-horse. The little ones occasionally give their superiors a treat. The headmistress, after providing a cake, does



A PRACTICAL FRETWORK CLASS.

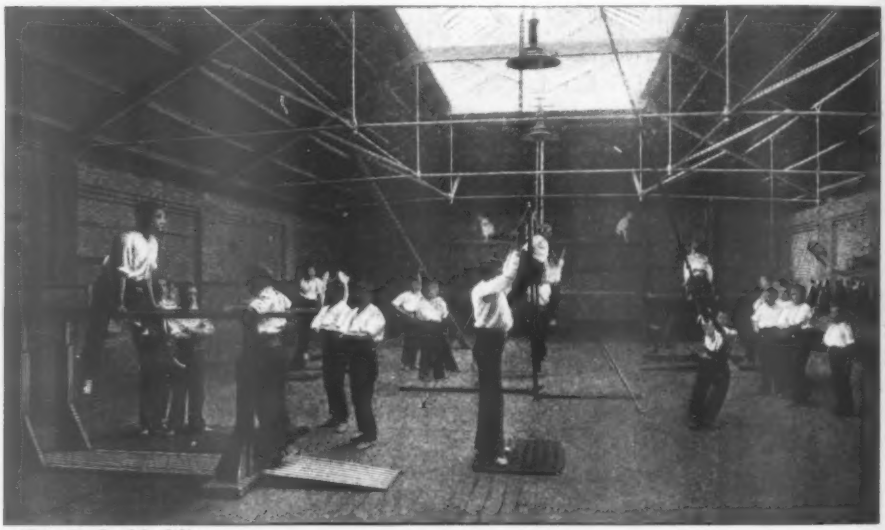


(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

A LESSON IN COOKERY.

them the honour of sitting down in company with the dolls and drinking warm water and sugar out of a miniature tea-set.

What would old-fashioned disciplinarians have said to such breaks in the monotony of school routine? Would they have believed that the control of each house could be left successfully in the hands of a school matron, who would maintain that her own boys were the best and pleasantest set and give least trouble of any? And a Watford house matron ought to know. A bow window into both boys' and girls' dormitories commands a fine view from end to end. In each one, four elder and reliable pupils have the honour and responsibility of being answerable to her for order. The system of fagging has been abolished. Possibly superabundant energy and activity that might be a source of mischief expend themselves in a large building which in summer is a swimming-bath and in winter a gymnasium. The masters find that physical exercise under the instructor soon adds an inch to width across the chest.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE BOYS' GYMNASIUM.

Both the discipline and the confidence of the boys and girls in those set over them were literally tried by fire some few years ago. The head-master was roused from sleep with the dread alarm.

"I hope never again to pass such a night," he said, as we stood in one of the three playgrounds in the quadrangles formed by the buildings. "I was out here at half-past two, and saw flames in that house. There was danger of the whole place being burned down. A boy in his nightshirt was getting outside one of those windows. I said, 'Go in and dress.' He obeyed at once. Soon after all the boys in that house marched out, dressed and in perfect order."

In that night of danger and anxiety no one was injured, and the portion of the school demolished was rebuilt by the insurance. The institution itself at least gained the distinction of being equal to emergency. All the inmates were prepared, if necessary, to leave quietly at a moment's notice. Fifty boys under fifteen in the face of danger were not only quiet and self-controlled, but ready to make themselves useful in carrying out furniture. Character such as this, whether it is the result of inheritance or training, or more likely of the two combined, tells in the world. It is gratifying to know that boys ready to leave Watford have no difficulty in obtaining employment. Last year forty-seven out of the fifty who completed their term went to situations provided by the managers. Employers, who in some cases, have filled up many successions of vacancies with pupils of the London Orphan Asylum, write of their high principle and sense of duty.

And what becomes of the girls? Divers capacity and disposition must regulate their lot. All have practical training in cookery and needlework and domestic economy. The head-mistress studies the natural tastes in the light of future probabilities. Lessons

IN THE DINING HALL.

in music are the reward of diligence, and this reward seems to be largely gained. Ten pianos, each (happily) enclosed in a partition, make music of great variety all day long. The problem of vocations for girls very likely caused the first matron of the London Orphan Asylum anxious thought. In her lifelike portrait she looks benignly through her spectacles on her successor. Her experience of upwards of forty years would be useful; but she is beyond the reach of troublesome questions, and nothing can be done but to build on old foundations in modern fashion. When over eighty, she retired from her labour and responsibility. In her days the old profession of a governess was practically the only one for a girl who regarded caste as the greatest treasure. It is now in the minority at Watford, though the school still sends out pupil teachers, and the Board advances fees for their apprenticeship in this and other callings. But most girls on leaving go to their friends, and subsequently enter the Civil Service. Study for the Oxford local examination in school prepares them for final training. Of two who have been for two years in a situation that they owe to the managers, an employer writes, "They are ladies in the truest sense of the word —brave, self-denying, God-fearing girls, and are in every way a credit to the school in which they were educated."

The London Orphan Asylum Club, an association of ex-scholars, annually gives entertainment as well as support to the present generation who have taken their place. The ex-girls who provided the prizes for the games recently received an expressive "thank you" on their annual visit to their old home. Their successors in the school entertained them with a cantata called *Snow White*. No doubt the diligent little students of this fairy tale gained enjoyment in it at least equal to that which they gave, but mutual happiness only strengthens the bond of sympathy in a common misfortune. It is a sad necessity that successions of fatherless children must remain until "the last enemy" is destroyed. It was on July 27th, 1813, at a small meeting in a house in Wellclose Square, that a small company accepted the responsibility of the brotherhood of humanity, and resolved to institute the London Orphan Asylum. The hopes, the fears, the ambitions, of the founders are matters of conjecture. If they could have looked forward to the present time, they would have seen the close of the century reap the benefit of their labour. They richly deserve the epitaph, "Their children rise up and call them blessed."



A VIEW ON PRIZE DAY.

(A Scene from a Cantata rendered by Girls in the Home.)

THE BELL-RINGERS OF BISHOPS.

By the Author of "Mrs. Clifton's Courage," Etc.

"THERE 'S them raskils at work again," said old Sanson, pausing with the pail of hog-wash he was carrying to his pigs.

Borne clearly across the fields came a sound of bells, mellowed by distance, and suggesting to the imaginative something unearthly as they carried their message through the deepening twilight. Old Sanson, with his grimed face and unsavoury burden, did not look more imaginative than he was; he put down his pail, and rubbed his hand across his forehead, muttering to himself.

"Hear them?" said another old man coming up the path, and jerking his hand in the direction of the bells; "nice lot they are, to be there!"

Sanson grunted. He had been ready enough to find fault with the ringers before, but now his neighbour did it he found something to say in their favour.

"They ain't as bad as they were in your time, though," he said; "they ain't got no vices to speak of."

Old Green—he was called "Dark Green" in the village, to distinguish him from another Joseph Green—smiled unpleasantly.

"Oh, I dessay! no vices, ain't they don't matter their disturbing decent folks in their beds, but there ain't one of them can drink his pot of beer like a man."

"Well, nobody wouldn't say that of you," said Sanson as he went on his way, chuckling to himself.

Long after the old men were in bed the bells went on, but presently they were rung down, and the ringers clattered noisily down the belfry steps and out into the churchyard. They were nearly all quite young men, even their leader being under thirty, though he was married and the father of a family.

"We'll give the rector a good peal," spoke George Gilson, who, because of his initials, was generally called "Pony" or "Gee-gee."

"He didn't have bells where he come from," said Augustus Carter.

"I've heard tell as he is a strict 'un," the captain, George Potter, said slowly: he was slow in most things, ringing only excepted, and on that subject he was an authority.

"Well, he won't find much to complain of in our ringing," said John Caffin conceitedly.

The new rector did not come the day he was expected, and the ringing was postponed till the Sunday, when there was a noble peal, and the ringers felt they had surpassed themselves. But the rector was a good deal astonished to find that none of them appeared in church. He was young and vigorous, and had been used to a town parish, so he would be sure to find much to surprise him at Bishops, where things had gone on undisturbed for years, the late rector being non-resident.

After evening service Mr. Eldrid saw the ringers gathered together outside the churchyard, and he went up to them, thanking them pleasantly for their ringing. "Only," he added, "I wish you would not stop at calling others to church, but come yourselves as well."

He turned away, without noticing their displeased looks.

"I told you so," said George Potter.

"But he can't make us come," said Harry Jones.

"Don't you be afeared," spoke up old Sanson, who was standing near; "for all his soft words now, he don't mean to let you ring if you stay outside."

"I shouldn't mind coming in," said Alfred Enson, who never felt comfortable to let his widowed mother sit alone in church. "Let 's go

next Sunday, you chaps ; the rector will like it, and I daresay we shall, after a time."

Alfred was a favourite with his companions, and might have been listened to if Dark Green had not put in his word.

"Aye, you mean to let the new rector turn you round his little finger," he sneered. "A precious lot of psalm-singing hypocrites you'll be."

"Pretty dears, let the parson tell 'em what to do," said Sanson, and the two old men walked off, having done what harm they could.

* * * * *

The rector found a good deal of hard work at Bishops, yet people soon saw that he had their real good at heart. It was pleasant to have him taking an interest in their doings, the children liked him to come into school, and had many stories to tell of his kindness, so that the parents could not but regard him as their friend. But the ringers remained obdurate, and Mr. Eldrid grieved over them : he had had pleasant visions of friendships with the young men of Bishops, and now these held apart and would have nothing to do with him ; when he greeted them genially, they looked sourly at him and grunted a reply. Alfred Enson followed their lead, though he did not approve of it ; and, had the rector only known it, Sanson and Dark Green, with their insinuations and bitter words, were at the bottom of all the mischief.

Samuel Solly, or "Silly Solly," as he was generally called, being very deficient in intellect, was scarcely a ringer, though he was much with the others, and always ready to take the place of an absentee ; so when he slouched shamefacedly into service none of the others tried to prevent him, though they made what they considered witty remarks on his "taking to religion."



"There 's them raskils at work again."—*p.* 627.

That summer was intensely hot, the heat lasting well on into the autumn : but about the second week in October the weather changed suddenly, the wind rose, and there were more gales than had been known for years.

Bishops was not far inland, and received the full force of winds that caused several shipwrecks.

"You are surely not thinking of ringing to-night?" Mr. Eldrid said, meeting some of the ringers as he struggled home against the wind.

"Yes, we be," said George Potter rather aggressively.

"It's jolly ringing when the tower is shaken so," Alfred Enson said more politely.

"Yes, but really you must not go to-night," insisted the rector anxiously; "the tower is not safe, I feel sure; we must get proper advice about it—I cannot consent to your going now." He paused a moment, then said good-night, to which only Solly and Enson responded.

"Muff!" said Harry Jones contemptuously; "he needn't be afraid that we want him to come—you're not going to do as he says?"

"I don't know," William Palmer said slowly; "s'pose he's right?"

"Right?" sneered Potter; "the old tower's stood his time, and it ain't going to fall just for his thinking about it. Come on!"

The rector could scarcely open the door because of the wind; the house seemed to rock and quiver in the fierce blast, and struck chill and lonely. Mr. Eldrid was poor, the living was small, and, being a helpful man, he had for the present contented himself with letting a respectable woman from the village come in and do the work of the house and go home to sleep. The fire in the study was nearly out, and when he tried to revive it smoke and flames were driven nearly across the room. Supper was on the table, but he did not care for it, and sat back wearily in his arm-chair with a sad and disappointed face. Perhaps he hardly knew himself how much the attitude of the ringers disheartened him, but the cold, averted looks of the young men he was so ready to befriend hurt him deeply.

Clang—crash—bang! The rector had fallen asleep, but started up at the sound. It seemed as if some part of the house had fallen, the wind tore and shrieked, and through it all he heard the bells.

"After what I told them!" Mr. Eldrid said as he gathered himself together. "Well, I must get them to come away; they don't know how unsafe the tower is."

Only two days before the rector had talked to a builder, who recommended him to get the advice of an architect, but gave it as his own opinion that the tower would not stand many gales. Now here was the worst of gales blowing, while the ringing would make it all the more dangerous.

It was almost impossible to get the front door open, and the rector went out of a little side door, when his cap was immediately torn off and whirled away, his coat flapped wildly, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he reached the churchyard and made his way to the little belfry door. He felt sure the tower rocked more than the ringing accounted for, and there were pieces of mortar and rubbish lying on the stairs.

Suddenly the bells stopped with a crashing discord, there was a rush and rumble, a blinding cloud of dust, and the rector stood among the ringers, covered with dust, panting, but unhurt.

"Part of the tower has fallen," he gasped out; "the stairway is blocked now, and we cannot get down."

"How did you come?" Potter asked, his great limbs trembling.

"It fell just after I got up. I came to get you fellows to come down—the wind is terrible—it is too late now."

Silly Solly caught his hand, and fell to sobbing; the others stood about with blanched faces.

"Do you think it is safe here now, sir?" asked John Caffin; but as he spoke something else fell above them.

"I fear not," the rector said gently. He took the lamp and moved about softly, examining the place, which momentarily grew more perilous, while a heavy beam close above them creaked and bent ominously.

George Potter broke into a great cry—"I shan't see them no more!"—and turned away, tears coursing down his cheeks. The others followed his example, in too dire fear and need to be ashamed of their tears.

"Let us pray," said the rector quietly, and they hushed as they listened to his short prayer for aid and succour, if it were His will, and for pardon and acceptance if their time had come.

"I have been thinking," Mr. Eldrid said afterwards, "that I will go and see if it is possible to clear a passage down the steps; I may be able to move some of the rubbish aside."

"But it is dangerous," said Will Palmer.

"And it is dangerous to stay here. I will try to clear the way. If it seems safe, I will give three sharp whistles; then you must come down gently, one by one."

"Hadn't we better wait till someone comes by?" said Alfred Enson. "You 've come here for us, sir, and now we're letting you take the risk."

"I don't think anyone is likely to come," the rector said. "As the ringing has ceased, they will think you have sheltered somewhere, and I fear this will not stand till morning. You have candles here—I had better take the lantern; don't attempt to follow unless you hear my three whistles." He turned at the door, and with a parting look went on his brave errand.

They stood silent as he disappeared. Even Solly had stilled his sobs, and there was a strange hush in the little place, while outside the wind raged

and shrieked, and the tower seemed a very plaything for it. For a little while they saw the gleam of the rector's lantern; once or twice he called to them cheerfully that he was getting on; then there was a stifled cry, a rush of wind, and with a great noise down came more masonry, blocking up the doorway of the belfry chamber, and making prisoners of the ringers.

* * * * *

To his great disgust Dr. Milford had been called out that night to a case where he found he was not necessary. He was returning home in no good humour, and had reached the churchyard just as part of the tower fell.

He stood aside for a moment, trying to get his breath. "It's a mercy those young scamps of ringers are not there——Why—bless my soul!" Lights were waved at the narrow windows, and he thought he heard faint cries for help.

It did not take long to arouse the villagers, who consulted hastily as to the best means of effecting a rescue. It was not an easy matter, but there was a small outside staircase on the sheltered side by means of which they managed to get near enough to the belfry windows to place a ladder which the ringers could reach. It was rather a hazardous proceeding, but the wind dropped suddenly, so there was the less danger, and one by one the ringers came out of the window and descended the ladder.

They were very white and shaken. George Potter's wife seized her husband and clung round his neck sobbing; while the others were surrounded by eager, rejoicing friends who tried to draw them away from the scene of danger.

"Ain't the rector here?" asked George Potter, disengaging himself; but Alfred Enson had already been round to the door and found it blocked.

A short silence fell on the crowd when they were told what had happened; then they set to work. No one now asked the ringers to go home and rest, but lanterns were brought, and the work began. They did not shrink from the danger, but toiled in silence, save for a few words of direction from the doctor, who superintended operations.

Slowly morning brightened in the east, and the sun rose in calm glory as though there had been no storm the night before.

Dr. Milford had moved away a little, when a cry from the searchers brought him back.

"Gently, gently! Ease that beam aside," he ordered, and with some straining and much careful manipulation the great beam was moved aside, and they saw the rector.

Alfred Enson dropped his head in his hands and sobbed; William Palmer, sick and white, stepped back and leant against the wall; and a great sobbing groan rose from the people as Mr. Eldrid was carried out and laid on the grass in the morning sunshine.

Dr. Milford was busy over him with the towels and water he had in readiness. At first he thought it hopeless, but as he wiped some of the blood and dirt from the face the rector opened his eyes and even gasped out a faint "Thank you."

His injuries were terrible, but after swallowing some of the stimulant offered him he revived to full consciousness. The doctor was in perplexity as to where to take him. He himself lived at some distance; some chimneys had fallen at the rectory, and, if he could be taken there, there was no one to look after him.

"My dear fellow," the doctor said, almost lovingly, "will you let me take you to the hospital? I need help in attending to you, and your house is not fit for you now—it is not safe."

Mr. Eldrid looked up. A grey shade of agony was spreading over his face, and his limbs twitched. "Let me die here," he said wistfully, struggling pitifully against the unconsciousness creeping over him.

"Please God," said the doctor reverently, with a slow deliberation that reached the dulling ears, "we are going to pull you through. That is why I want you to go."

The doctor's carriage had been sent for, and it drew up just as the rector gave a faint assent. He was lifted in, the doctor and Alfred Enson, who begged to be allowed to go, got in, and they drove away slowly, the villagers accompanying them for some distance.

* * * * *

"Heard how he is?" asked old Sanson of Dark Green on Christmas Eve.

"He's got back, but he's tired, and ain't to see no one," Dark Green answered. "Wonderful care our doctor's taking of him, and they do say as how it's a case to be proud of."

Old Sanson brought his stick down heavily. "And he's a man to be proud of, though I never thought to say it, and I hope those young raskils of ringers 'ull give him a good peal."

"'T ain't to be to-night," said Dark Green, "and he ain't yet been told how the Earl's had the bells re-hung and the tower put right: he thinks it's only just made safe."

The clergyman who had taken Mr. Eldrid's place stayed to assist him with the Christmas services, and persuaded him to rest quietly till the eleven o'clock service.

"Take my arm," Mr. Young said, when it was time to go in, and the offer was accepted, for the rector felt very strange and shaky.

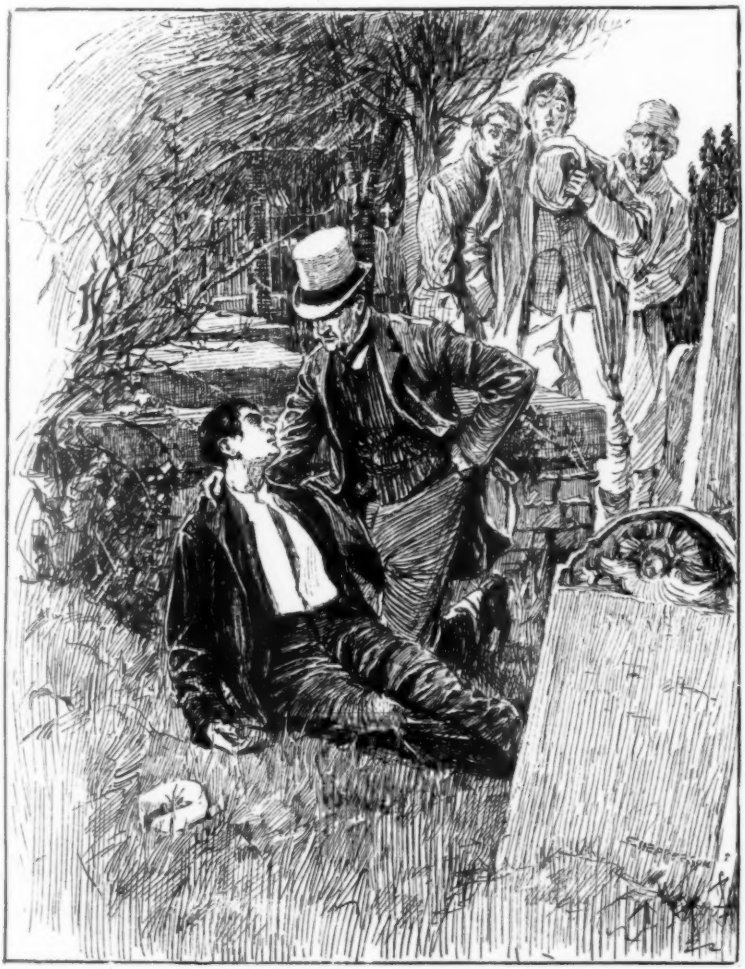
It was a crisp, cold day; though the sun shone, the leafless trees still bore a delicate covering of white frost. No one had gone in to church, but

the congregation was waiting about, eager for a sight of the rector.

As he came out of his gate the bells burst out with a glad, welcoming peal, and in his surprise he

The bells rang on merrily; the ringers had warmed to their work, and it was quite time for service to begin before they stopped.

The rector was in his place when a clattering of



At first he thought it hopeless.

almost fell; the tearfully happy faces round affected him deeply, and his eyes were dim with glad tears. He did not think they had cared for him so much. He had heard little of them during his illness; all anxiety and excitement had been forbidden, and they had taken the orders rather too literally, holding back when their advances would have been good for him; but now their manner plainly showed that it was from no want of affection.

feet made him pause with his book open. Up the church came an unsteady tramp of feet, and the ringers, headed by George Potter, filed into a seat at the top of the church, where old Sanson and Dark Green grinned a welcome to them. They looked straight at the rector with a look that sent a happy thrill through him, and he was glad when he could kneel and hide his face, and breathe out his thankfulness unseen.

A Witty Scotsman.

DEAN RAMSAY AND HIS REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH HUMOUR.

By the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

CRATHES CASTLE.

DEAN RAMSAY, though the author of a collection of humorous anecdotes that reached a twentieth edition, was not altogether a Dean Swift or a Dean Hole. He had a strong sense of humour, and his company was lively and entertaining; but not that of the jolly priest who carries with him

> "Sport that wrinkled care derides,
> And laughter holding both its sides."

No man was fonder of pithy epigrams, but his own written style was not epigrammatic: it was somewhat diffuse, wanting in point and sparkle. His face was long and his expression grave, almost sad; but it had such a look of kindliness and gentleness, of honesty and goodness, that it attracted everyone, and, being the index of his character, helped to make him one of the most esteemed and beloved citizens of Edinburgh. In figure he was tall and thin, inclined in his old age to stoop; his voice was remarkably soft and melodious, and his whole bearing that of a kindly, courteous gentleman. As a preacher he was simple and unaffected, evangelical and earnest, but hardly powerful. His great aim seemed to be to promote in his flock the beauty of holiness, to win them to consistent, unselfish Christian lives. There was an element of Puritanism in him, as there had been in some of his ancestors of the seventeenth century who were earnest Covenanters. But it was remarked of them that they were men of peace, opposed to harsh and violent measures; and such

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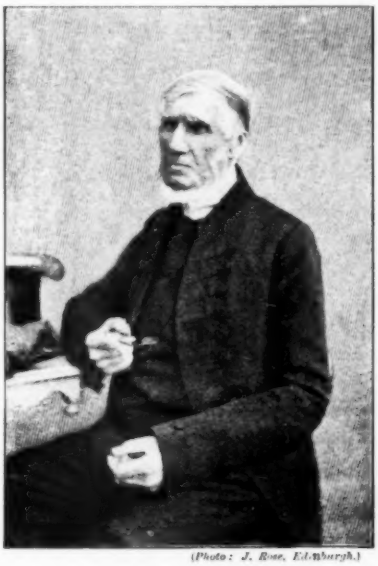
likewise was the Dean. "He makes the way to heaven rather easy"—was the frank criticism on his preaching by one who loved and honoured him. He was just too amiable for the task of dealing with hard human hearts—not being a Boanerges, but a Barnabas, a son of consolation.

Of the influence of his voice (in respect of its musical tone, we mean) we have an odd proof. An officer in the army, who had been visiting Edinburgh, was asked how he liked it. "Not at all." "Did you not admire it?" "Not at all." "Was there nothing you liked in it?" "Oh, yes, there was one thing: I got an excellent sermon from a clergyman with the most beautiful voice I ever heard."

Certainly we should not have expected beforehand that Dean Ramsay would be the man to collect funny stories of his countrymen. He made a narrow escape of being born abroad. He got his school education in Yorkshire and Durham; Cambridge was his university, and the first nine years of his ministry he spent as a curate in Somersetshire. But he was a Scotsman true and real, and he had an extraordinary love and admiration for his country, and especially its unsophisticated common people. Properly his name should have been Burnett, for his father was a younger son of Sir Thomas Burnett of Leys, but took the name of Ramsay on succeeding to a relative of that name. Being in delicate health, his father, accompanied by his wife, had been travelling in the south of Europe, but the French Revolution obliged him to hurry home, and his fourth son, Edward, was born at Aberdeen, the first place where he and his wife stopped, on January 31st, 1793.

Crathes, the ancestral seat of the Burnett family, is one of the finest of the old Scottish castles, situated near Upper Banchory, on the banks of the Dee—a singularly beautiful region, though not so mountainous as the upper reaches of the river, about Balmoral and Braemar. It was an old family with wide connections, and several branches of it had their homes in the neighbourhood, so that the Dean had many attractions at Deeside, and dearly did he love it. The famous Gilbert Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury in the seventeenth century, author of the "History of My Own Time," was a member of the family, greatly venerated by some, much abused by others. For some of the Burnetts were Jacobites, and (as the Dean himself records) "leein' Gibbie" (lying Gilbert) was the name wherewith they were wont to honour their bishop! Other members of the family were not so active as the Bishop; of one of the lairds the story is told that his servant described him as a "räal gentleman; for some gentlemen fished, and some were fond of sport, and some did this or that; but Sir Thomas was a räal gentleman, for he did naething ava'."

From an early period Ramsay was fascinated by the study of the changes which time brings about in the manners and modes of thought and speech of various periods and districts of country. This was really the explanation of his collecting funny stories. He was sensitive on this point; he did not wish to be considered a Joe Miller, a man who recorded stories simply because they were



(Photo: J. Rose, Edinburgh.)

DEAN RAMSAY.

funny. He was at pains to explain that he had a higher object, an object which was entitled to something of the dignity of history. He was the historian of an interesting phase of Scottish life that was fast passing away, but that was very characteristic of Scotsmen before intercourse with the rest of the world, now so free and so common, toned down their

national peculiarities. Dean Ramsay was a connecting link between Sir Walter Scott and the "kail-yard school" of to-day. But for him Barrie and Ian Maclaren, and the rest of them, would have had a much less easy task. He prepared the way for their more artistic performances. He gathered samples of what their genius helped to fashion into more elaborate and finished pictures.

So early as the time when he was at school in Yorkshire he made careful observation of peculiarities of manner. Often did he describe the usher of his school, who was also the curate, and who rejoiced in the name of Caleb Longbottom. The first day he dined at his uncle's house his awkwardness and shyness arrested the attention of the schoolboy. "He summoned courage to call for beer, and, according to the old custom, he deemed it necessary to drink the health of all present before he put the glass to his lips. He addressed first the old gentleman, then the vicar, then myself, and finally, with equal solemnity, drank to the servants in attendance—the old butler and the coachman who were waiting on the company."

So also, when he was a curate in Shropshire, the quaint old ways of some of the people made an indelible impression on him. Large was the company to whom he introduced his friend Mrs. Sperring, a remarkable specimen of the earlier class of Methodists, who, though devoted to Methodists' ways, yet continued to attend the parish church. In 1861 Mrs. Sperring was brought before a wider constituency, in the introduction to the second series of "Scottish Reminiscences," and in response to a request that he would do for England what he had done for Scotland. But his stock of English reminiscences was far smaller than of Scottish. When Dr. Guthrie began the *Sunday Magazine*, in 1864, he applied to Dean Ramsay for a contribution. The Dean's paper appeared in the January number for 1865, and was entitled "Reminiscences of a West of England Curacy." Mrs. Sperring again appeared as one of the leading *dramatis personæ*. She was an old woman of eighty, a widow, and (besides higher qualities) was remarkable for self-confidence and a very free use of her tongue. Once, when one of her own servants had been preaching, she laughed at him and told him that he would never be anything but a ram's-horn preacher.

"Well, missus," was the smart reply, "it was the rams' horns that brought down the walls of Jericho."

She was at chapel one day when a poor, stupid creature was in the pulpit. Losing patience, she cried out from her seat, "Now, Jemmy, that bean't the Gospel!"

Undaunted by the contradiction, Jemmy replied, "Why, missus, Paul do say so."

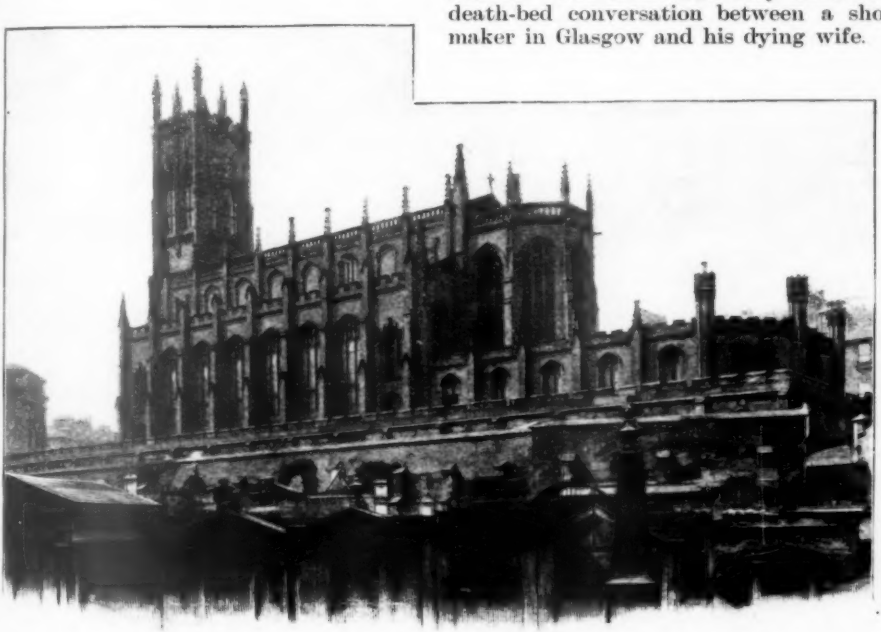
A notable occurrence took place in connection with the appearance of this paper in the *Sunday Magazine* which has never been made public. The present writer was Dr. Guthrie's editorial coadjutor, and knew the circumstances. One of the most eloquent Wesleyan ministers of the day wrote to Dr. Guthrie in angry terms, complaining that the paper was a caricature of Wesleyanism, and demanding an apology. In vain Dr. Guthrie assured him that it was nothing of the kind; that it was an illustration of what had existed fifty years before, but had passed away; and that the writer had expressed his profound respect for Wesleyanism, and for the sincerity and piety of its people in general. The complainer returned to the charge, and it required all the tact and ingenuity of Dr. Guthrie to prevent him from flaring up in public in denunciation of the paper. What Dr. Guthrie was concerned about was the pain which it would have inflicted on the kind heart of the Dean to have had such a charge flung at his head. It was characteristic of Dr. Guthrie that, as far as I remember, he never said a word on the subject to the Dean.

In fact, there was nothing that the Dean was so desirous to discourage, in connection with his stories, as the idea that they implied either disrespect of ecclesiastical persons or irreverence for sacred things. Very many of his stories were about Presbyterian ministers, and the Dean, being an Episcopalian, might have been supposed, peradventure, to have no very high opinion of them. And, very likely, of some of them he had not, but as a body he professed to respect them highly, and beyond doubt he was sincere in this profession; for it was one of the charms of his character that he knew nothing of the leaven of sectarianism. For good men of every description he had unfeigned regard and

affection, and much did he value their appreciation of him. Never was he more gratified than when a learned and able divine, the late Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, a Congregationalist minister in Edinburgh, of high character, dedicated one of his books to him. I myself had an example of the pleasure it gave him to be respectfully recognised by outside brethren. In 1860 I became editor of the *North British Review*, a quarterly journal of some pretensions at the time. I sent a copy of an early number to the Dean, calling his attention to a review of his own "Reminiscences." Most men would have been content to write a short acknowledgment (perhaps not even that), but the Dean made a visit to my house to thank me in person, and to express his great interest in the *Review*. This was the beginning of our acquaintance.

The Dean was equally careful to explain that many of the quaint sayings on solemn subjects which he recorded implied no irreverence, but arose from peculiar ways of looking at such things to which the speakers had been accustomed. When the girl at the Sunday school, in answer to the question "Why did the children of Israel make a golden calf?" replied, "Because they had nae siller enough to make a coo (cow)," her answer was simplicity itself.

Often his stories on very serious matters just exemplified the tendency to discuss such things in a very matter-of-fact fashion The Dean was very fond of a death-bed conversation between a shoemaker in Glasgow and his dying wife.



(Photo: *A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.*)

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

(Of which Dean Ramsay was for many years Incumbent.)

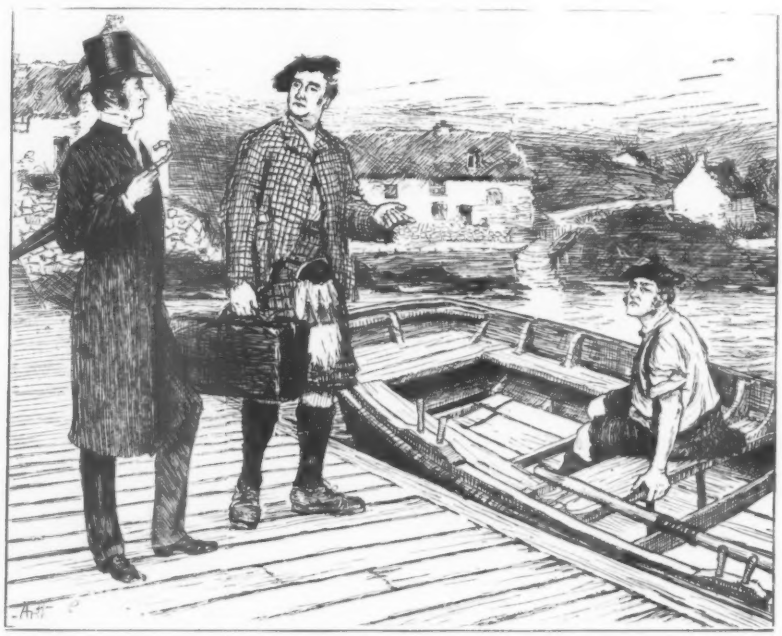
"John," says she, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Stra'von, beside my mither. I couldna' rest in peace among unco folk, in the dirt and smoke of Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John soothingly, "we'll just pit you in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try you sine at Stra'von."

Whether the Dean was always successful in preventing a spirit of levity from connecting itself with some of his stories may be a question; we hardly think he would have come up to the standard of Christina Rossetti, who

could not endure any humorous allusion to drunkenness, or any other sin; but, on the other hand, we cannot but mark the extreme pleasure which it gave him to record illustrations of a fine spirit, whether toward God or man A very favourite story was that of the "Pretty Man." A poor half-witted boy, apparently under the influence of a vague devout feeling, having asked of his minister to be allowed to partake of the Lord's Supper along with the congregation, was at first refused the privilege, but at last, seeing his earnestness, the minister gave his consent. "He was much affected, and all the way home was heard to exclaim, 'Oh, I hae seen the Pretty Man!' This referred to his seeing the Lord Jesus, whom he approached in the sacrament. He kept repeating the words, and went with them on his lips to rest for the night. Not appearing at the usual hour for breakfast, when they went to his bedside they found him dead! The excitement had been too much; mind and body had given way; and the half-idiot of earth awoke to the glories and bliss of his Redeemer's presence."

Dean Ramsay, as is well known, spent the greater part of his public life as incumbent of St. John's, which was then the principal Episcopalian church in the west end of Edinburgh. He was sincerely attached to the Scots Episcopal Church, and rendered eminent service to it as the founder and lifelong friend of the Episcopal Church Society. In 1846 he was appointed Dean of Edinburgh. Three offers of a mitre he declined: one as Bishop of New Brunswick, in 1844; another, as Bishop of Glasgow, in 1847; and a third as Coadjutor-Bishop of Edinburgh in 1862. Towards the end of his life he prepared a little book entitled "Reminiscences of a Scottish Episcopal Ministry"—an odd kind of volume in one way, beginning like a novel written in the name of another, but ending as the avowed production of E. B. Ramsay. After his death fifty copies of this book were printed for private circulation, one of which is in the possession of the present writer. While showing his loyalty to his own Church, it breathes a delightfully catholic spirit. He was the strenuous opponent of all that might be called



THE DEAN AND THE BOATMEN.

Episcopal arrogance and exclusive claims to ministerial authority; he looked with great disfavour on the Tractarian movement, and while advocating no little liberty in ritual observance, protested against everything that led in the direction of Rome. He knew and openly said that many clergymen of his Church held that, apart from episcopal ordination and apostolic succession, there were no valid sacraments, and no valid ministry, and no chance of salvation except by a miracle. He knew many who would on no account attend worship in a Presbyterian church, and some who at a funeral would leave the room if a prayer were to be offered by a Presbyterian minister. All this he ascribed to the deep and radical mistake of making membership of the Church dependent on a condition which was not warranted by Scripture. "No form of Church government is there laid down as binding throughout all generations. Were it of such importance as to constitute the very essence of a Church, there must have been a more distinct law, and a peremptory command to that effect."

It gave him great amusement when mistakes were made as to his own conduct in such matters. In the course of the Tractarian movement it was once alleged that he was one of that school, and that he wore a hair shirt. This was true of Dr. Pusey, but when referred to Dean Ramsay it was absurd. "I have been trying to think," he said to a friend, "how the rumour originated; and the only thing I can think of is, that my wife wears a hair petticoat"!

On the occasion of the death of the first Duke of Sutherland, he went to officiate at Dunrobin Castle. "On returning to Edinburgh," he writes, "whilst crossing the Muckle Ferry, I encountered a little of the curiosity in the Highland character so frequently excited towards a stranger. The boatmen having noticed me come on board with my travelling-bag, one of them addressed me. 'An' ye'll hae been to the Duke's funeral; it was vera grand, nae doubt: and wasna the English service read in the kirk?' 'Yes, the English service was read at the grave.' 'Aye, we heard sae, and that they brought down a grand bishop frae Edinbro'; 'deed, some said it was the Pape himsel'.'"

From an intimate personal friend of the Dean's we have received the following reminiscence of his death-bed. It was at the time when Bishop Samuel Wilberforce had preached in the Presbyterian church at Glengarry, and loud complaints were



(Photo: A. A. Inglis, Edinburgh.)

DEAN RAMSAY'S MEMORIAL, EDINBURGH.

made by some of this gross violation of Church order. Bishop Wilberforce tried to turn the edge of the objection by saying it was only a mission service. The Dean was shocked at the excuse, and asked his friend to assist him in uttering a public protest. He tried to dissuade him, under his present circumstances, from worrying himself with such a matter. "I must do it," he said; "I cannot bear that my Presbyterian brethren should be treated as heathen, for whom only mission services are appropriate." Thus, at the very last, he showed his catholic sympathies and his brotherly respect for fellow-labourers in a different communion; all the more warmly, perhaps, because he felt that in the world to which he was just going he would find all "one in Christ."



By Scott Graham, Author of "The Link between Them," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A hopeless case.

HAROLD soon proved the truth of Dr. Selwyn's prediction that he would find Sir Edward Vane a troublesome patient; for the Anglo-Indian was exacting to the last degree. He suffered greatly at times, and was glad of Harold's company to relieve the *ennui* which oppressed him. He had no near relations, and his disagreeable tongue had frightened away all visitors except Miss Geare, who, in spite of snubs and sneers, frequently came to see her dear Adrian's brother.

To divert his patient's mind, Harold assented to Sir Edward's request that he would undertake the rearrangement of his many curiosities; and pleasant hours were thus spent, in which the invalid forgot his pain.

He showed himself liberal in money matters; for Harold, in answer to his questions, told his circumstances quite frankly; and it was arranged that, in consideration of giving a certain fixed time to Sir Edward every day, Harold should receive a cheque for a specified amount monthly. So he was relieved from absolute want; but all his fear was, that this good time would not last.

Miss Geare too, in her eccentric way, was very kind, and often invited Harold to luncheon or tea; when he was required to patiently listen to the pedigree of all her dogs and cats, admire their intelligence, and see them perform all their tricks. It cost him little self-sacrifice to do this, for he was sorry for the poor old lady, and amused by her harmless oddities. But the companion, Miss Pepper, manifestly disapproved of his presence, and sat with a rigidly closed mouth whilst he talked to Miss Geare. She was jealous of any stranger obtaining an influence over her employer which was likely to counteract her own. The weak old lady was absolutely under her thumb; for Bijou's mistress was one of those people who are predestinated to be bullied by somebody, no matter what their position in life.

That brief glimpse Harold obtained of May during a three days' business visit to London, only quickened his longing to see her again. He had discerned the signs of mental trouble in her pale face and weary eyes, and he chafed with helpless vexation over his own inability to deliver her. He haunted the streets and the parade in fashionable hours, but, save for a distant glimpse at church, he saw nothing of her until August commenced. He heard that Miss Waller had let her house furnished, and was going away for August and September; for the Beachbourne aristocracy preferred to spend those crowded months anywhere rather than at home. He did not venture to call, knowing Miss Waller would object to it; and hungered and thirsted for a word with May, without being able to get it.

At last a day of intense and brooding heat culminated in a thunderstorm; but about

six o'clock, when it began to clear, May put on her waterproof, and announced her intention of having a turn on the parade.

Miserable as she was, there was something so reviving in the delicious air that involuntarily she paused to drink in deep draughts of ozone. Over the sea the clouds were lifting, and soft mother-of-pearl lights hovered over the waves. Like a flash came into May's mind the old promise, "At evening time it shall be light"; and she felt strangely comforted.

The expression of her face, as she stood abstractedly gazing over the soft blue-and-lilac sea, had in it something so spiritual that for a moment Harold Inglis, who just then came upon her round a corner, hesitated to disturb the fair picture. His own love! She was evidently in trouble; and yet he could do nothing to help her!

"I'm so glad to see you again, Mrs. Burnside!" he said, recovering himself after a moment. "I thought I never should."

"I am glad, too," she answered with a sigh. "We are leaving to-morrow for two months, on a round of visits amongst our friends. But why did you not call?"

"Because I thought it better not. I am too poor, too unsuccessful, to be welcome in Victoria Square."

"I was so pleased to see your sisters in London," observed May after rather an awkward pause. "I envy them their dear little flat! How beautiful Miss Inglis is—I never saw a girl I admired so much. She is like a princess."

"Yes, we are very proud of Esther. She took our reverses very pluckily, and has worked tremendously hard ever since. She has her story, if you would care to hear it; I don't think she would mind my telling you. In former days, when we lived at Mallowfield, a young fellow there, the second son of another landowner, was very fond of Esther, and, she undoubtedly cared for him in return. But he was not rich enough to marry then, so there was an understanding between them, not exactly an engagement. Suddenly — why, we never knew—they quarrelled; he was very high-spirited, and so is Esther, and in a fit of pique he left the neighbourhood, declaring that he would never speak to her again until she apologised for what she had said. From that day to this they have never met. Esther never mentions his name, and professes to have forgotten him; but I believe in her heart she regrets the estrangement."

"Oh, what a pity!" cried sympathising May. "Poor Esther! I should never have imagined her the heroine of such a story; she seems too independent and self-reliant."

"Ah! you don't know Esther yet. There are two sides to her character—the haughty side she turns to the world, and the very human side which we see who love her best."

They were walking slowly along the seawall, which made a pleasant continuation of the esplanade. It was quite deserted, as both were glad to see.

"I have told you Esther's story, Mrs. Burnside, because in one point — that of hopelessness—it resembles my own," Harold broke out, turning to her with despair in his eyes. "You know, you must have



She was evidently in trouble.

seen, that I love you as a man only loves once in a lifetime! But how can I ask you to share my lot, when I have not yet got my foot on the lowest rung of the ladder? It is out of the question for me to marry; but tell me, May—do you love me?"

"Oh, Harold, so much!" she breathed, her averted face a burning crimson. "I love you dearly; but my case is even more hopeless than Esther's," she faltered brokenly. "For myself, I have no fear of privation, if it could be shared with the man I love. But I have to think of Doris. I am determined, whatever happens, she shall have such a good education that she will be able to earn her living if needful. My aunt, as you must know, intends me to marry Mr. Lang. I have refused him once; but he declines to take my answer as final, and, when he returns from the Cape in November, he means to ask me again."

"And then?" asked Harold tremulously.

"What can I do, penniless as I am? Was ever woman so cruelly situated? If I refuse him and offend my aunt, she will have nothing more to do with me and Doris; and if I accept him—oh! Harold, if it were not for my helpless child, I would rather die!"

"If I could only offer you a home!" he sighed despairingly. "Oh, my love, my love! Must I look helplessly on and see you sacrificed?" May was weeping unrestrainedly, and he put his arm round her trembling form. "Oh! if I could only do anything! If I lose all hope of winning you, my darling, it will break my heart."

"I see very little hope before us. My aunt has made up her mind about Mr. Lang, and I'm such a poor weak creature, Harold, when it comes to fighting."

"At worst, you have a respite till November—perhaps something may happen before then."

But she shook her head sadly; for so much unhappiness had been crowded into her short life that she was no longer sanguine. "Don't build too much on the future, Harold; rather nerve yourself to endure in the present. I'm truly sorry this has come upon you; for I'm sure your life was hard enough before, without being complicated by knowing poor unfortunate me."

Probably she expected his passionate disclaimer that, whatever happened, he would always rejoice that he had met her. Then, as she must return to dinner, they walked back again, heavy-hearted enough. May promised to write, and then, with a lingering look and clasp of the hand, bade farewell at the corner of the square.

They went northwards next day; and Lady Lee, who happened to be at the station, remarked to a friend as the train steamed away: "Really, there never was such a lucky woman as Mrs. Burnside! She has a most delightful home in her aunt's lovely house, and now they are off for a most enjoyable round of visits to friends. When they come back, it's said she is to marry a South African millionaire, who can give her every imaginable luxury. Really, the luck some people have!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The prodigal nephew

WHEN May had gone, the burden of daily life seemed to Harold more oppressive than ever. His patients did not increase, and his anxieties did. The effect was that his cheeks grew thinner than before.

"Are you worrying about anything?" abruptly asked Sir Edward Vane one day. With a start and a blush, the young doctor confessed that he was.

"Tell me what it's about," rejoined the Anglo-Indian, who happened to be in his most gracious mood. And Harold, being young and impulsive, and, moreover, relieved to confide his troubles to somebody, told all his story, only suppressing May's name. The invalid listened kindly enough, and expressed his regret that Harold had not a better practice.

"You deserve one," he candidly said. "It seems to me you ought to succeed—you're clever enough."

"The truth is, there are too many doctors here already."

"There are not too many doctors; but there certainly are too many idiots," retorted caustic Sir Edward. "How half of them got through their examinations, I can't think. If you're going back through the High Street, would you just leave this note at Hill's, the solicitor's, office? It will save my man going into Beachbourne."

Harold readily complied, being often entrusted with commissions for Sir Edward. Next day his eccentric patient informed him that he had sent for Mr. Hill to make a codicil to his will, leaving Harold a sufficient sum to buy a partnership. "You may as well have the money as my cousins, who are rich already, and have never done anything for me. I shan't last much longer now; I feel it. Come early to-morrow, and we'll finish arranging that group of corals."

Harold went home treading on air. With the sanguineness of youth, he forgot the proverb about a bird in the bush, and looked upon his future as already secured.

And though it was not in his generous heart to wish for Sir Edward's death, so frail was the thread which held the invalid to life that it could not, save by a miracle, exist much longer.

The improvement in Harold's spirits, which he could not disguise, attracted the attention of Miss Geare, who had often lamented, in her half-childish way, her inability to leave anything to Harold in her will. Her money was only a life-interest, strictly tied-up, which at her death would go to some needy relations. What she had been able to save out of it was to go to Miss Pepper, whose faithful service, she considered, deserved a recompense. Harold assured her he had never expected one farthing from her, and that Sir Edward Vane had very generously bequeathed him a sufficient sum to establish him in practice.

Still the little woman seemed troubled. "I should have liked to help you *so* much! And you mustn't count too confidently upon dear Edward—his temper's so uncertain. But, you see, I've promised Miss Pepper——"

"Pray say no more, Miss Geare! I would not for worlds take anything from you; and, besides, your life is such a good one that I trust you may live many years yet."

To change the subject, he asked after the animals; and was duly rewarded by a long-winded account of their surpassing faithfulness and intelligence. Certainly Miss Geare was very eccentric in the treatment of her pets; for two favourite dogs were allowed to sit at table with her, with napkins carefully tied under their chins, and each having his own plate. Then the cats were brushed daily, and fed according to rule; besides being snugly tucked up every night beneath proper white counterpanes, and obliged to sleep in the house instead of roaming the tiles. Besides all this, Miss Geare had many fads about things in the house; such as having all the windows closed at sunset, always sitting with her back to the light, and sleeping without a pillow.

She had gone one morning to visit Sir Edward, leaving Miss Pepper at home with a slight cold. As that amiable lady was luxuriously reading the newspaper, the housemaid came to say that a gentleman had called to see her, and ushered in a young fellow about twenty-three, handsome in a flashy way, but rather dissipated-looking.

The spinster greeted him eagerly. We all have some weak spot, and Maurice Allen, ne'er-do-weel as he had always been, was his aunt's idol. He was the orphan child of her only sister, and was employed in a merchant's office at Liverpool.



"You promised never to get into debt again!"

"Oh, my dear boy! why didn't you say you were coming, and I would have met you at the station?" she exclaimed as she kissed him affectionately.

He seemed to tolerate rather than enjoy her embraces. "I came away in a hurry. I'm having my holiday now—that is, I'm supposed to be, though it's a toss up whether I go back to the office or not. The truth is," he added, carefully lowering his voice, "I'm in a beastly hole."

"Oh, Maurice!" she uttered faintly; for he was always in difficulties of some sort. "You promised, last time I helped you, never to get into debt again!"

"There, there, I didn't come for a sermon!" he irritably answered. "And it isn't debt—ordinary debt, at least. The fact is, I've been

betting; and I—I borrowed some money from the office, and unless I put it back before Thursday week I shall be prosecuted for—well, for embezzlement."

"How *could* you, Maurice?" she gasped, horror-stricken.

"It's just my bad luck," he said gloomily. "I never meant to steal the money; the result of the race seemed a dead certainty, and I should have made a handsome sum if the wretched horse hadn't gone lame. Of course, I had to pay up, and I daren't tell old Tucker I'd been betting; so unless you can help me, aunt, by next week, I'm done for."

"How much is it?"

"Three hundred pounds."

"Oh, Maurice, how dreadful!"

"What's the use of talking? It's done now, and no amount of preaching will alter it. The old girl you live with is rich, isn't she? Wouldn't she lend you the money?"

"I asked her before, when you wanted that thirty pounds for the tailor's bill, and she refused. I don't think she likes you, Maurice. It was foolish of you, when you came to stay here last year, to tease Bijou and kick the cat out of the armchair as you did. Miss Geare can't endure people who dislike animals. I think you had better go before she comes back, and leave me to smooth her over. Are you staying here?"

"Yes; I've taken a room at a common little inn in Cross Street—the Foresters' Arms. I couldn't afford anything better."

The hint was so palpable that Miss Pepper drew out her purse. "There, Maurice," she said, placing two sovereigns in his itching palm. "Take that for present expenses, and wait until you hear from me. If I can't get the money from Miss Geare, I must try—something else."

She broached the subject in her most propitiatory tone directly her employer returned. Her dear nephew Maurice had been unfortunate in business, and unless he could raise three hundred pounds in a few days he would lose his employment.

"But he has other relations besides you, hasn't he?" returned Miss Geare, with unusual shrewdness. "Can't they help him?"

Miss Pepper did not choose to explain that he had disgusted them all by his idleness and extravagance. "They are not rich, and have their own families to keep."

"He seems to be always wanting money. How could he possibly hope to repay three hundred? What is his salary?"

"A hundred and twenty a year, and property of his own besides. If you would only help him this once——"

Miss Geare's watery blue eyes assumed their sternest expression. Like all weak people, she could be very obstinate when she chose. "I'd do anything for *you*, Julia, but your nephew was very cruel to my sweet Bijou when he was here, and made himself so disagreeable that I really can't do anything for him."

"Very well," quietly responded Miss Pepper. "Then I must try to raise the money—elsewhere."

She went off to her bedroom, and indited a long and confidential epistle to "Ambrose Davenport, Esq., 'The Firs,' near Portchester." Two days afterwards she called at the post-office to inquire whether there was a letter lying there for her. Receiving a pretentious crested epistle, she locked herself into her own room to read it.

At luncheon that day she was almost obsequious to Miss Geare, who was in one of her flightiest moods, and insisted on having one of the cats on her lap at table and feeding it with her own spoon. Presently she said with studied amiability: "My cousin, Mrs. Pole, has been very unwell, and much wishes to see me. Could you spare me from to-night until Friday?"

"Oh, dear! It's so dull all alone!" whimpered Miss Geare.

"You can ask Dr. Inglis to spend the evening," eagerly replied the other. "I'll write him a note."

"Well, darling Julia, I don't want to be disagreeable; but *do* come back on Friday!"

Miss Pepper faithfully promised, and, packing a handbag, left by the afternoon train. Mrs. Pole lived in Kent, but by a curious mistake her cousin took a ticket for Portchester, which was in quite another direction. Arrived there, she was met by a handsome carriage, in which she was driven to "The Firs," a large house on the outskirts of the town, where she received a most effusive welcome from the Davenports, Miss Geare's cousins, who would have the reversion of her money. They were fashionable people, who entertained a great deal, with the result that they were deeply in debt and at their wits' end for money.

Miss Geare, who disliked them, declined to help them, saying they ought to live more quietly; but they had always been friendly with Miss Pepper, whose influence over their relative they knew to be great.

After a sumptuous dinner the three had an earnest conference. The Davenports, whom Miss Pepper kept informed of all that passed in Miss Geare's house, were convinced that their cousin was mad and unfit to manage her own affairs. They had already suggested that two doctors should be deputed to examine into her mental condition; when, if they certified her as insane, she could be removed to a private lunatic asylum, and the Davenports, after some legal formalities, would be entitled

to the use of her money. Miss Pepper, for reasons of her own, had hitherto demurred to this; but after Maurice's appeal she determined to assist in it for her own profit. As to gratitude and compassion for the woman who had been so kind to her for years, it was not in her ruthless nature.

"There is no denying that Miss Geare is more eccentric than ever," she informed her hosts. She detailed some of her oddities, which, as she represented them, certainly sounded crazy enough. "I think with you that she is unfit to manage her own affairs, and if I could be of service——"

"Of course, you will be well rewarded for your trouble, Miss Pepper," struck in Mrs. Davenport.

"I should require the sum of three hundred pounds down at once, for I am in want of money," observed Miss Pepper; whereat the faces of the others fell ominously.

"I have sounded my doctor here, who has seen Miss Geare several times," said Mr. Davenport. "He expressed his readiness to go down to Beachbourne to examine her, if another practitioner of good repute could be found to act with him. Do you happen to know anybody who would do that, Miss Pepper?"

"Yes, there's a young doctor at Beachbourne—Harold Inglis—who's frightfully poor, and I have no doubt would act for a consideration." Being devoid of principle herself, Miss Pepper naturally believed it impossible for others to have any. "My nephew Maurice, who has stayed at Miss Geare's house, would also be able to afford valuable evidence, should there be a formal inquiry; and some of Miss Geare's servants would, I am sure, be willing to come forward."

"With all this unimpeachable evidence we certainly ought to have a strong case; but, first of all, we must get hold of this Dr. Inglis. How much ought we to offer him, do you suppose?"

"It would be well worth anything up to a thousand pounds!" cried Mrs. Davenport. "If you will negotiate with him, Miss Pepper, and persuade him to act, you shall have your three hundred at once. I can raise it by pledging my jewels. John," she added, noticing her husband's dismayed look.

"Very well, I'll see him to-morrow, and I've no doubt he will be willing to sign the certificate. It should be signed by at least one doctor residing on the spot, and, as Dr. Inglis has attended Miss Geare, no suspicion could be excited."

Next morning Miss Pepper returned to Beachbourne, loaded with presents by her hosts, who, believing she could obtain relief from their embarrassments, thought nothing too good for her.

CHAPTER XV.

A tempting offer.

HAROLD INGLIS was vastly astonished when that same afternoon Miss Pepper was ushered in. She advanced with her most amiable smile, and, having pledged him in advance to secrecy, plunged into business.

He listened with equal amazement and indignation. "You wish me to certify Miss Geare a lunatic! Why, she is as sane as I am!"

An angry gleam shot from his visitor's black eyes. "Excuse me, she is as full of delusions as it is possible to be. Would a sane woman treat her dogs as she does, and insist on putting her cats to bed every night as if they were children?"

"She had a severe shock in early youth, and she has a passion for animals not uncommon in those of her age who have lived a lonely life. But she is perfectly competent to manage her own affairs, Miss Pepper, and nothing shall induce me to say otherwise."

Miss Pepper drew her chair nearer Harold's, and dropped her voice to a confidential whisper. "You don't know Miss Geare as well as I do—she is cunning enough to be on her guard before you. If you heard her ramble as I do sometimes, you would say it was high time she was taken care of. She really is *not* safe."

"Why are you so very anxious to get her into a lunatic asylum?" demanded Harold, fixing his honest eyes upon her shifty ones.

"Her friends are becoming very uneasy about her. It wouldn't be pleasant for them if she suddenly became violent. Besides, she flings her money about so foolishly. She buys handsome clothes she never wears; and you wouldn't believe how much she squanders on her animals!"

"Surely she can spend her own money as she chooses, Miss Pepper?"

"Not if such wastefulness is a symptom of brain disease."

"It is merely a symptom, I should say, of general want of method."

The companion cleared her throat resolutely. "I consulted you, Dr. Inglis, thinking to do you a kindness. You are young, and I understand still have your way to make in the world, and a little capital would doubtless be very useful. Miss Geare's relatives, wishing to have her properly cared for, are prepared to offer you a handsome fee if you will relieve their anxiety. Any sum up to a thousand pounds will be at your disposal if, after making an examination in conjunction with another doctor, chosen by them, you see your way to declaring her of unsound mind."

"But this is a regular conspiracy!" cried Harold, becoming very angry. "Do you suppose a thousand pounds—or twenty, for the matter of that—could induce me to pronounce Miss Geare a lunatic, if I thought she was not? How dare you make such an offer to me?"

The amiable lady was not much disconcerted, for she believed every man has his price, and Harold was only blustering a little for form's sake before coming round.

"Nobody need ever know your share in the transaction—it would be kept strictly secret. If *you* don't accept the offer, some other doctor will."

"Not here in Beachbourne!" cried Harold angrily. "At the first hint of any such thing, I will make the whole story public, and relate how you tried to bribe me to perjure myself."

Miss Pepper's malign smile was not a pleasant sight. "Ah, you are very high and mighty, Dr. Inglis! You think, no doubt, you can afford to slight this offer, because you expect a substantial legacy from Sir Edward Vane. Don't be too sure of getting it—take my advice."

"May I suggest, Miss Pepper, that my private affairs have nothing to do with this discussion?" he said icily. "I have given you my decision, and nothing will turn me from it."

"Well, I must say I have met some fools during my life!" she burst out intemperately as she jumped up, "but never anybody who was such a fool as you! You might make your fortune if you had only common sense!"

She swept past him with a blighting look, and before he could collect himself had stalked out of the house. As soon as she had gone, Harold sank down in a chair, and hid his face in his hands. The interview had tried him sorely; for a thousand pounds would have enabled him to buy a partnership and offer May a home. It had needed a hard struggle to resist Miss Pepper's specious arguments. But he had said "No"; and to have acted like an honest man was surely better than to countenance a great wrong, even if May thereby became lost to him for ever.



"Nobody need ever know your share in the transaction."

Miss Pepper meanwhile hastened, with a face like a thundercloud, to the obscure inn where her precious nephew impatiently awaited her arrival. Only three days remained of the time in which it was still possible for him to make restitution and escape the brand of a thief. After a short interview with him she returned to Lyndhurst Lodge.

"Where *have* you been all this time, Julia?" cried Miss Geare on her return; for the poor little lady always felt lost without the fierce woman who scolded her and ordered her about.

"I have been to see my poor nephew Maurice. He is naturally deeply distressed at the delay in raising the money which is absolutely indispensable to save him from ruin."

Miss Geare twisted uneasily on her chair. "I—I should have liked to help him, Julia, but——"

"No one ever had a more devoted friend than I have been to you," resumed Miss Pepper. "As a proof of what I say, I must tell you that your cousins, the Davenports, have made

overtures to me, and I could easily get as much money as I require from them without delay. To put the whole case in a nutshell, they believe you to be out of your mind, and think you unfit to have the control of money."

"Oh, Julia! Oh, Julia!" gasped poor little Miss Geare, white with terror. "How wicked of them!"

trusted him so, and thought he was my friend! How *could* he be so cruel!" wailed the simple little lady.

"Now don't be childish, Catherine. I only tell you this that you may see what a good, disinterested friend you have in me. I am willing to save you, if you'll let me. My evidence would be of the greatest moment,



She piteously intreated him to protect her.—*p.* 646.

"The Davenports think an inquiry should be held into your mental condition by two doctors. If you were certified as insane, you would be sent to an asylum, and your money would be taken from you and handed over to trustees to administer."

"Oh! don't, for mercy's sake, don't let me be sent to an asylum! Protect me, Julia!—tell them I 'm not mad!"

"I must tell you the Davenports are quite in earnest, and their doctor—Dr. Miller, whom you have met several times—would, they think, give a certificate of lunacy without difficulty; and Dr. Inglis here would be quite willing to sign it also. He thinks you very mad indeed," asserted Miss Pepper deliberately. A lie more or less was nothing to her, if it served her purpose; and she wished to secure herself from any revelations Harold might make by prejudicing Miss Geare against him.

"Dr. Inglis does! Oh, and I liked and

if there should be an inquiry into the state of your mind. I will swear you are as sane as I am—if you will give me the money I want for Maurice."

She was as ready to betray the Davenports as she had been to betray Miss Geare; it mattered nothing to her, so long as she compassed her own ends.

"Oh! I'll give you anything—any money—if only you won't say I 'm mad!"

"Very well, if you'll let me have three hundred pounds, I promise to defend you from the Davenports. Perhaps it might be better to go away for a time, where they couldn't find you."

"Oh! yes, yes—anything rather than be called a lunatic! But I can't understand about Dr. Inglis. I *am* disappointed in him. If he is so deceitful as that, I'll never have him here again. And I thought him so kind and nice!"

"It 's so easy to be deceived in people. I never cared for Dr. Inglis myself. And now about the cheque, Catherine. Can I have it?"

Poor little trembling Miss Geare wrote it out; after which Miss Pepper cashed it at the bank, and went straight to Maurice with the money. He was overjoyed to get it, and returned to Liverpool at once.



"It had better be sold," said Harold.—*p.* 648.

That same evening Harold Inglis received a note from Miss Pepper. It was an artfully concocted epistle, wherein the writer expressed regret for any hasty expressions she might have used during their recent interview, assured Dr. Inglis that she only wished to protect Miss Geare's interests, and, as he considered her of fair mental capacity, she (Miss Pepper) had no intention of proceeding further. In conclusion, she begged, as it would distress Miss Geare very much if any rumour of this should transpire, that Dr. Inglis would give a written promise to keep it secret, and destroy this letter as soon as read.

A careless, unthinking generosity was one of Harold's strongest characteristics; and without pausing to consider whether Miss Pepper might have any ulterior motive in pledging him to silence, he scrawled a hasty reply:—

"Dr. Inglis quite agrees with the suggestion concerning Miss Geare, and desires to say that he promises not to mention the matter to anybody."

For poor flighty Miss Geare's sake, he was only too anxious that the rumour that she was insane should not spread over Beachbourne.

He was paying his routine visit to Sir Edward Vane one morning, when she was announced. He had not seen her since his memorable interview with Miss Pepper, and he was about to greet her pleasantly, when, to his amazement, her face assumed an expression of blank horror, and, running behind Sir Edward's sofa, she piteously entreated the invalid to protect her.

"What on earth is the matter, Catherine?" growled Sir Edward. "Do, for goodness' sake, be a little rational! Who 's going to hurt you?"

"Oh, Edward, I 'm so frightened! He says"—pointing at Harold with a shaking finger—"he says I 'm mad, and ought to go to a lunatic asylum. The Davenports want to shut me up, to get my money, and he 's in league with them."

"Miss Geare, who can have told you such atrocious falsehoods?" cried Harold indignantly. "I never said or thought you were mad. Your own companion, Miss Pepper, tried to bribe me to say so, but I refused."

"Dear Julia 's quite incapable of such a thing," declared the infatuated little woman. "She is my best friend. It 's very hard," whimpered she, "that just because I 'm a bit eccentric, and fond of animals, I can't be left in peace. I thought better of you, Dr. Inglis—I did, indeed."

"Miss Geare," said Harold very earnestly "I assure you, you are quite mistaken. I steadily refused to have anything to do with such an iniquitous scheme, for I have

always considered you perfectly rational. As to my conspiring with the Davenports, I don't even know them."

"But Julia says you said I was mad!"

"Then she uttered a base lie, and must be a most unprincipled woman!"

"She's my friend, and very good to me, and I won't have anything said against her!" exclaimed Miss Geare, ruffling up. "I assure you it's all true, Edward. The Davenports were going to bribe Dr. Inglis and another doctor to say I was mad, and send me to an asylum: but dearest Julia interfered to protect me, and wouldn't allow it!"

Sir Edward's brow darkened. He was a man who always thought the worst of everybody; and, silly and credulous as he knew the speaker to be, there was an amount of coherency in her story not always discernible in her rambling tales.

"This must be inquired into," he said gravely. "I will see Miss Pepper."

"Miss Pepper is my enemy, and will certainly say all she can to injure me," Harold urged, with a sinking heart. "Surely, Sir Edward, my word ought to be enough? I am incapable of such base scheming; I would not injure Miss Geare for worlds, and am indebted to her for many kindnesses. I assert once more, Miss Pepper herself offered me a thousand pounds on behalf of the Davenports, if I would sign a certificate that Miss Geare is of unsound mind, and I refused. If you doubt my word, Sir Edward, after the friendly terms on which we have been, it will wound me very much."

But Sir Edward, a cynic alike by nature and training, was little moved by this appeal. "It is a curious story altogether, and I must have time to investigate it," he answered stiffly. And Harold, feeling it useless to say more, had to take leave with a heavy heart. He knew Miss Pepper would never forgive him for baffling her schemes regarding her poor little employer, and he had an unpleasant apprehension of trouble to come.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Queen Anne cabinet.

THE result fully justified Harold's worst anticipations. Miss Pepper, perceiving that her interest lay in soothing and conciliating Miss Geare—who, after all, was able to do more for her companion than the Davenports—stuck to it through thick and thin that, but for her, Harold would have signed the certificate. Moreover, she was unscrupulous enough to produce the note that she had received from him, in corroboration of this assertion. Its unfortunately ambiguous terms made it a valuable piece of evidence in support of her case. As he had unluckily destroyed the letter from Miss Pepper in answer to which his own was written, he could not refute her statements by producing it. So there was only his word against hers; and suspicious Sir Edward, whose mental powers had suffered through long-continued illness, allowed himself to be convinced that Harold had played a double game. The upshot was, that he wrote a brief note, enclosing a cheque for the young man's recent visits, and saying that in future Dr. Inglis's attendance would not be required at The Towers.

Harold could not submit to this without a protest, and went to plead his cause with Sir Edward; but the old confidential manservant, acting on previous instructions, declined to admit him. He said Dr. Vincent had been sent for, as Sir Edward had had a bad attack in the night. So Harold came away, baffled and disheartened.

Miss Geare also, blindly subservient to all Miss Pepper's wishes, declined to see him again; for her companion, afraid lest Harold might regain some of his influence over her employer, schemed to keep him out of the house. Thinking it as well to leave Beachbourne until this affair had blown over, she proposed that Miss Geare should go to London for three months—a suggestion which the little lady eagerly adopted. Harold, thus simultaneously deserted by his two best patients, seriously contemplated leaving Beachbourne himself. He was poorer than ever, with no chance of winning a home of his own; and when May was married to Mr. Lang, there would be nothing to detain him.

At the end of September Miss Waller and May returned; but Harold, in the miserably depressing state of his affairs, did not venture to call, and a few casual meetings in society had to satisfy his yearning for May's presence.

One morning it was noised through the town that Sir Edward Vane had suddenly died in the night. Harold was much grieved that a man who had shown himself so friendly at first should have died in the belief that his friendship had been so ill-bestowed. As to the will, May's lover never doubted that his name had been struck out of it, and he therefore made no inquiries about it.

He met Mr. Hill, Sir Edward's lawyer, in the street two days after the funeral, and was passing on with a bow, when the lawyer detained him. "I've some news for you, Dr. Inglis. I'm sorry to say Sir Edward has cancelled the codicil to his will leaving you a handsome sum of money; but you are not altogether forgotten. Do you remember a handsome old Queen Anne cabinet in the hall at The Towers?"

"With a miscellaneous jumble of rubbish in it? Yes, I remember that I once remarked to Sir Edward what a graceful shape it was."

"Well, I suppose, as you admired it, Sir Edward thought you might like to have it; for in the codicil which I drew up he left that cabinet to you, with eight hundred pounds. For some unknown reason—he never mentioned it to me—he afterwards drew his pen through the clause bequeathing the money; but he did not cross out the mention of the cabinet and its contents, therefore the bequest stands. I only wish it had been something more valuable. The furniture is to be sold by auction, and Power the auctioneer is now at The Towers taking an inventory. I told him not to include that cabinet, and if you'll come up with me, you can tell him what you wish done with it."

Harold accordingly accompanied Mr. Hill to The Towers; where they informed the auctioneer that the handsome old mahogany cabinet, which, with its glazed doors and brass handles was quite an ornament to the hall, was a legacy to Dr. Inglis.

"And a very nice piece of genuine Queen Anne it is," said Mr. Power approvingly. "Shall I send it round to you, sir, or do you wish it included in the sale?"

"Oh, it had better be sold," said Harold listlessly. "As for the rubbish in it—a few old birds' eggs, I see, and some rusty ironwork, and so on—well, sell it to anybody who will give a few shillings for it."

Next day he was busy in his little surgery when Mr. Power was shown in. "I called about that cabinet of yours, Dr. Inglis," he began. "It is the wish of the executors that some of the more valuable curios should be sold at Christie's, where, of course, they would fetch a better price than here. An expert has been in to view them, and he suggests that your cabinet and its contents had better be included also, as he believes that the curiosities in it may turn out more valuable than you think."

"It 's very kind of you, Mr. Power. To me the collection seems very valueless; but I suppose the expert ought to know, and so I will take his suggestion."

"Ah, if you were an auctioneer, you 'd be amazed to see the long prices seeming rubbish will often fetch," said the visitor sapiently. "There is to be a sale in about a month's time, and I 'll see that the cabinet is included in it."

Harold thanked him, and returned to his work in nowise elated. He had been too often deluded to have any hope left; and he felt certain Sir Edward would never have allowed the bequest of the cabinet to stand, had it not been practically valueless.

CHAPTER XVII.

The problem of the age.

MISS WALLER noticed that May was very silent and thoughtful after their return home; her spirits seemed depressed, though she went about as usual. The spinster was not without her own anxieties at this time; for since Mr. Lang sailed to the Cape, she had heard nothing from him, and she feared he had been offended by May's refusal and had transferred his affections to somebody else.

Meanwhile May, after much earnest thought, had decided upon a bold step; and, without consulting Miss Waller, she wrote early in October to her aunt's old friend Mrs. Wingate, asking if that lady would kindly take her in for a few days, as she had business in London. A little surprised, Mrs. Wingate wrote back a cordial invitation to come at once.

Miss Waller, believing the invitation to be spontaneous, raised no opposition. A little change might improve May's spirits, which had not been good latterly. Her real errand was little imagined either by her aunt or her hostess. She gave the Wingates very little of her company, but, on the plea of urgent business, went the round of all the governess agencies in search of a situation. As was natural, the result was miserably discouraging, owing to her lack of experience and accomplishments.

Poor May came away at last, disheartened beyond words. She had written to the Inglis girls on arriving, and received an invitation to spend an evening with them in their flat; so, telling the Wingates she was going to some friends, she set off.

A hearty welcome awaited her, and everything looked as cosy as ever; but there seemed to be depression in the air, and when they were sitting in the little lamp-lit drawing-room it all came out. Esther was to lose her situation in November. Changes in the firm which employed her rendered it advisable to wind up the business. The principal had made Esther a number of polite and flattering speeches; but nothing could reconcile her to look forward with equanimity to an empty exchequer.

"Don't take such a gloomy view of it, Esther," entreated Lulu; for they were under no restraint before May. "You can easily get another situation—think of your languages and shorthand and book-keeping."

"Situations are not so easily got, Lulu. I might wait for months and then not get fifty pounds a year. Oh, I am so sick of it all!" she burst out rather peevishly. "The same wearisome routine day after day

—that is to say, supposing you are lucky enough to get a situation at all—and if you can't, the workhouse!"

Lulu laughed outright. "The very idea of *you* in the workhouse is too preposterous, Esther! Don't talk nonsense!"

"Would you come and see me when I'm in the 'House'?" continued Esther perversely, turning to May with a bitter laugh.

May summoned up all her courage. "The truth is, Miss Inglis, I should only be too glad to find a situation myself. Is there—do you think I could find employment in an office?"

"*You!*" cried both sisters, opening their eyes. "What qualifications have you?"

May felt bitterly humiliated at having to confess, in answer to further questioning, that she could not write shorthand, or do typewriting, or keep books, or correspond in any language but her own. "Perhaps I might learn typewriting," she feebly suggested.

"Yes, it's easy enough; but the pay is miserable. There are so many trying to make a living by it now; and the pay, which used to be sixteenpence a thousand words, has come down to ninepence. You might work all day in an office for twelve or fourteen shillings a week," explained the practical Lulu.

"Don't you think there's *anything* I'm fit for?" May asked at length, despairingly. "The truth is," she said, the colour rising in her delicate cheek, "my aunt and I disagree about a gentleman she wishes me to marry because he is very rich. I simply detest him. It wouldn't be right, would it, to marry a man I greatly dislike, merely because he could give me a luxurious home?"

"Of course not!" Lulu cried eagerly; but Esther seemed less certain. "I really don't know—life is so terribly hard for us poor girls without fortunes! I must say, if a millionaire came along and asked me to marry him, I might be tempted to say 'Yes, no matter how horrid he was!"

"Oh, Esther! how can you?" cried shocked Lulu. "Don't you believe her, Mrs. Burnside. Esther would never marry for money; she only says so out of contradiction. I know her better than that."

Not wishing to return late, May rose to depart. Her smile, as she bade the sisters farewell at the entrance of the Mansions, whither they insisted on convoying her, was very wan. "Poor thing! I'm sorry for her," said warm-hearted Lulu as the lamps of the cab disappeared. "I wish I could help her."

"Oh! she'll marry her millionaire, no doubt, and be happy enough after a time," said Esther bitterly. "There are few sorrows that a fine house and a carriage-and-pair can't heal!"



"I'm sorry for her," said Lulu, as the cab disappeared.

[END OF CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.]

THE GIFT OF GOD.

By the Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., New York.

"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water."—ST. JOHN iv. 10.



OR many years his descendants drank water from Jacob's well, on the curb of which Jesus sat and talked with the woman of Samaria. This text, like the living water of which Jesus spake, is a well perennial in its freshness, from which many thousands of thirsty souls have drunk. The story is too well known to need that I rehearse it. The sublime simplicity of that meeting between the Samaritan woman, who was a sinner, and Jesus of Nazareth, Who was the Son of God, puts it into fine comparison with the most beautiful incidents in the life of our Lord. I am not afraid of losing your interest because of your familiarity with this beautiful text. What though you have heard a dozen sermons from it before? One does not tire of drinking living water, though he drink it again and again from the same cup.

From whence is this gift? A gift implies a giver, and speaks forth a motive. Indeed, we cannot consider a gift at all without considering the motive which inspired it. This gift of which Jesus spoke to the woman came from God, and was an expression of His love and grace to her, and is so to us. These precious words were not spoken to her alone, but to us, and to all succeeding generations, just as Jacob's well was not digged for him and his children alone, but for his descendants to the latest generation.

Every gift has a double value: the value that is intrinsic in the gift itself, and the far greater value that lies in the motive or love which prompted the gift—if so be that motive was love. Sometimes the gift is of greater value than that of the motive: but in most cases the motive is of greater worth to us than the gift which expresses it. I have had many gifts at different times, the great majority of them of trifling worth, so far as their intrinsic value is concerned, but priceless to me, as the expression of the love and affection which prompted them. I have in my drawing-room a portrait-bust of myself, done in purest Carrara marble. It is a good work of art, and, as such, has been much admired, though not done by a famous artist. Yet it is of more value to me than if Michael Angelo or Phidias had come forth from the dead for the express purpose of sculpturing my face in stone. But why? Not because of the value there is in the stone counterfeit itself; but because it was wrought by the loving hands of my own daughter during the time I was away in the Far East preaching the Gospel to the Hindus and Mohammedans, and given to me, on my return, as an expression of her love. When I look at it, I think not so much of the art or the likeness as I do of the days and hours which my child spent in the loving labour involved in its creation. The value of it lies more in the motive than in the gift itself.

So is God's gift to us: it is the expression of *His love*. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." In the case of this gift there is an equality as between the gift and the motive. Here the love which inspired it is equal to the gift itself, and the gift is the full embodiment and expression of that love.

In matters of gifts between ourselves this equality is rarely, if ever, found. In most cases, our gifts do not fully express our love; yet now and again, from motives of policy or conventionality, the gift far outweighs in value the love which it is supposed to embody—as, for instance, in the innumerable fashionable and conventional wedding presents that are given, not so much in obedience to love as to custom.

"Another wedding!" I heard a friend exclaim, on opening her morning mail; "I suppose I shall have to send something; but really these wedding presents are becoming a great tax upon me." I fancy if the recipient of that gift, which came in due course, had known how little love it conveyed, she would have scarce cared to keep it. But here the love of God is equal to His gift, and the gift is the full measure of His love. In no other gift does this balance subsist.

Then, beside the love of God which is conveyed in the gift which Jesus came to bestow, I must mention the *graciousness* of it. I do not mean alone the gracious way in which Jesus spoke to the woman and pressed upon her the gift of God, but the gracious nature of the gift itself. We give gifts to those whom we love and who love us. We do not bestow the wealth of our affections upon those who are our enemies. We do not seek out those who have dishonoured us, and are still doing so. But God bestows His gift of love and life upon the unworthy, upon the unthankful, upon the sinful, upon the guilty, upon the dishonoured and the outcast.

Behold this woman! Not only a Samaritan, and so an outcast from the commonwealth of Israel, and a stranger to the covenants of promise—a

member of a despised and mongrel race—but in herself an abandoned and wicked character. So bad was her life, so degraded were her relations, that she could not come in the cool morning hours of the day, with the decent women of her city, to draw water at the well. She must needs come at the noon-time, when no others were about. And yet it was to this woman—this outcast sinner—that Jesus spake these gracious words.

This it is that makes this and other texts like it so precious to me. If He spake thus to that Samaritan, and pressed the gift of God upon her, then I know that my own sinfulness and unworthiness will not exclude me from sharing in this gift. Oh, the grace of the love of God! The gift of gracious love to graceless sinners! "This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "For God commended His love to us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."



THE PULPIT AT MARYLEBONE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

(Where Dr. Pentecost ministered when in London.)

The gift itself. Having considered somewhat the motive or source of the gift, let me now speak to you of the gift itself. God is bountiful beyond measure in His ordinary gifts—in His common, every-day gifts, as we call them. Who shall measure the value of those gifts which He has permanently bestowed upon us through the common operations of nature? The sunshine and the rain, given alike to the just and the unjust; the regular return of the seasons, and the bountiful harvest which supplies us with our daily bread. How shall we measure the greatness of the gifts with which He has endowed us personally? "I thank God," says an old writer, "that God made me a man, and not a brute beast." His gifts to us in respect of physical endowments—the beauty and grace of the human form divine is no mean gift. We bless Him for those intellectual gifts with which he has dignified us; and especially for the spiritual nature He has given us, by means of which we may know Him and become partakers of His Divine nature. That He made us in His own image and likeness is the crowning glory of our creation. But of all His gifts, that which came by Jesus is the greatest—the most wonderful. Jesus is pre-eminently "the *gift* of God." Let us consider some of the characteristics of this gift.

It is a supernatural gift. By "supernatural," I mean it is not of the common evolution of things which come to us in the course of nature. Whatever measure of truth there may be in the evolution theory of creation, that theory cannot account

for Jesus and the gift of God in Him. "In the fulness of time God sent forth His Son." *He* did not come forth on the lines of human generation alone, as *we* came into being. "A body hast Thou prepared for Me." Yes! but not as our bodies was His body prepared. He was indeed born of a woman; but He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Who overshadowed the Virgin, and that Holy Thing born of her was the Son of God. He was of the seed of David, according to the flesh, but declared to be the Son of God, mightily, by the resurrection from the dead. The supernatural gathers about Jesus as the atmosphere about the earth. The subject of ancient promise and prophecy, His ancestors and forerunners were environed by the supernatural. Isaac, His prototype and covenant ancestor, as the seed in whom all promise lies, was the child of supernatural power, having been born of parents as good as dead from old age. John the Baptist, likewise, was a transcendent child of parents well stricken in age. John could never have come forth but that God interposed special power. Along the lines of nature these things were wrought, but not without the interposition of the supernatural hand of God. Our Lord's advent was heralded by angels. The very stars moved out of their courses to guide the wise men from the East to the feet of the Saviour of the world. The supernatural attended Him in all His ministry. All nature obeyed Him. The water turned into wine at His word, the sea into solid pavement under His feet, and the boisterous winds hushed down at His command. A few little loaves and fishes fed a multitude and left heaping basketfuls beside. Disease fled at His rebuke or the touch of His hand. Devils rushed away into the abyss at His stern behest. The lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind see, the dumb speak, and the dead are raised to life at His command.

But more than this. In the bestowment of Himself *upon* us as the gift of God, He works supernatural blessings *in* us. To "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on His Name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man; but of God." The Christian, then, is no more the product of moral evolution than our Lord Jesus is of physical evolution. If you and I are Christians, it is not because we have by evolution, voluntarily or involuntarily, developed our higher moral and spiritual nature by intellectual culture and ethical struggle. We are Christians because we have been "born from above" by the power of God, through faith in Jesus Christ. If we maintain the Christian life, it is not because we have developed strength by persistency, but because "we are kept by the power of God, through faith in Jesus Christ." The moment we come under the power of this gift of God, we come within the sphere of supernatural influence. Thanks be to God it is so!

It is an unspeakable gift. The majority of things in nature can be described. But the gift of God is an unspeakable gift. No tongue can tell Him forth; no pen can express His ineffable, indescribable glory. He is the best that God had to give—*all* that He had. In bestowing this gift, God gave unto us Himself. If I may say so, the Infinite God exhausted His inexhaustible treasures. In Him all the treasures and wonders of the universe are hidden. All the glory of the sun and the moon and the stars is borrowed from Him. "The day's unspeakable dawn draws nigh; and, bathed in the unknown flame of His glory, the mystery of all things lies." The strength of the rocks, the beauty of the flowers, the refreshment of water, the warmth of the sunshine, the comfort of the shade, the mystery of life, all dwell in Him. All the wonders of creation are but shadows of His glory cast upon time and space. He is the Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, the One altogether lovely, and the Chief among ten thousand. Nay, He is the light and glory of Heaven itself. All the angels of God worship Him. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift," the gift which He presses upon sinners.

It is a gift in which all fulness dwells. He is not a gift to look and wonder at, as something apart from us. Now and again we hear of a magnificent presentation gift to some distinguished popular hero or public benefactor. The City of London has presented the freedom of the ancient guild to some great man, and the gold box in which the parchment title of civic liberty is contained is on exhibition. In some show window is exhibited a marvellous creation of the craftsman's cunning. It has been designed as a gift from his admirers and friends to one who has greatly distinguished himself in some department of life, or because of some pre-eminence in philanthropy, or for liberal patronage of art and education. In the Tower there are displayed the Crown jewels of England. We look at them, we admire them, we compute their value, we estimate the honour and glory which they represent. But we must look on afar. Between us and them are bolts and bars and watchful custodians. These gifts are not for us. They may excite our admiration—possibly our envy—yet we have no part or lot in them. They are not for us. But the gift which Jesus brought from God *is* for us. We behold it, and wonder, and adore, and say, "This is for me." We take it and say, "Thanks be unto God for this unspeakable gift. It is mine. From all eternity this unspeakable gift has been in preparation for me. It has now, in the fulness of time, come to me. I am the most unworthy of men. I am the chief of sinners, yet this gift is *mine!* it is MINE!! it is MINE!!!" Hear how Paul reads the great deed of gift to the world of sinners, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," and then immediately appropriated it to himself—"He loved me, and gave Himself

for me." So I bid you now take this gift. It is for you. "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." It is God's free gift, and it is for YOU.

It is a living gift; a gift of ministry. Many of the most valuable gifts in the world—the gifts of man to man—are beautiful and costly, but they are not living; they cannot minister directly to our need. The painting that hangs on your wall—a great work of art—can but in an indirect way minister to your culture. This is something—this is efficient in its way—but it is not sufficient for your need. The most exquisitely drawn and painted basket of fruit, or table laid with the counterfeit of every nourishing viand, cannot satisfy your hunger. You may wonder at and admire the genius in the painted goblet of wine, so true to nature that its beaded life sparkles before your eyes, and it seemeth verily to give its colour to the cup; and yet it will not quench your thirst, nor make glad your heart. A painted fire may glow upon the canvas, but it will not warm you. A painted ship may seem to cleave the water with its prow, and cast the spume of the sea in spray over the decks—as some of Turner's do—and yet it will not convey you across the ocean. They are great gifts as works of art, and men pay thousands of pounds to possess them, but they are dead things. They do not live—they cannot give life. They cannot minister to your deepest needs. Your walls may be lined and your cabinets may be filled with all the treasures of art and nature, and yet you may die of hunger and thirst or disease in despite of them all. Your heart may break with sorrow in their presence, and they could not minister comfort to your soul. But the gift of God is living, and full of ministry. He is the Light of the world, and in His light we see God. He is the Life of men, and in Him we have a new birth. "I give unto you," saith Jesus, "eternal life, and ye shall never perish." He gives rest and peace and good cheer. He is of God made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. By Him righteousness is *imputed* to us in justification, and *imparted* to us in sanctification. "In Him we have redemption through His blood: the forgiveness of sins, wherein He hath abounded to us in all wisdom and prudence." He is in us the hope of glory, and springs up in our burning and thirsty souls a well of water unto everlasting life. "In His presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand are pleasures for evermore." Nay, He has such ministry as transforms us into His very image, working in us the mysterious change which transforms us in character from children of wrath into children of God. "We all, with open face beholding [in His face] as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." In His early life Jesus, the gift of God, went about doing good, ministering to all who had need of Him. Now from heaven and in our hearts, by the Holy Spirit, He continues that ministry of life and grace. Verily he shall not want who receives this gift of God.

It is an inexhaustible gift. Do we fully know what this means? The pyramids of Egypt may crumble away—nay, they have been much diminished in size and beauty by the hands of vandals, and are being gradually worn away by the tooth of Time—but the infinite fulness of Christ is never wasted by the passing of the ages. "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath: for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner: but My salvation shall be for ever, and My righteousness shall not be abolished. . . . For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool: but My righteousness shall be for ever, and My salvation from generation to generation" (Isa. li. 6, 8). Engineers and geologists tell us approximately how long our coal-beds will last, and when they shall be exhausted England's wealth and power will come to an end. We are told that the great oil-wells of America and Russia are showing signs of coming exhaustion, so that crude oil is no longer sold for fuel, but for light only. I can conceive of the time when all the gold and silver and precious stones shall have been digged out of the earth; when all her treasures of iron and copper and tin and nickel shall have been mined to the last ounce. I can conceive of the time when all the fountains of waters shall be dried up and exhausted; when no more rain-clouds shall overshadow the earth; when the atmosphere which swathes us in its protecting folds shall thin itself away, and the earth become, as we are told the moon is, an exhausted, burnt-out world, airless and rainless—a cinder from which all wealth has been consumed—an empty shell. Even the sun, astronomers tell us, is gradually burning itself out in self-consumption. But the unspeakable treasures of grace which are in Christ shall never be exhausted. Though our iniquities be as the hairs of our head, and our sins as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude, there will always be supplies of forgiving grace in Christ—the gift of God. Though our sins be as scarlet and red like crimson in their guilty stain, yet will the gracious chemistry of His precious blood be sufficient to make them as wool and snow for whiteness. His strength shall always be sufficient for our weakness, and His grace to help us in every time of need. Oh, the inexhaustible gift of God! Who would not share in its wealth of supply, according to the riches of His glory, wherein He always abounds towards us! Receive, then, that gift and live.

"ME AND TURK."

By the Author of "Colonel Kit," Etc.

THERE was a little crowd gathered together on a wide piece of pavement close to a railway bridge, looking down on some pictures which had been drawn there. In the midst was a representation of her Majesty the Queen, wearing a crown, while the Union Jack formed a frame; for was it not Diamond Jubilee year, when everyone must show his loyalty? Then on one side there was a pictured snowstorm, and on the other a harvest field, while various small objects filled up the spaces.

"Ain't it beautiful? Seems as if you can see the snow coming down," said a stout woman to another, who held a baby.

"Ah! that it do—keep off my toes, can't you?" The last words were spoken to a rough-headed boy who was pushing through the crowd.

"All right, missus," he answered, grinning; "me and Turk wants a look as well as others."

"Imperence," retorted the woman, yet she let the boy push her aside, since she had seen all there was to be seen, and had already stayed too long.

There was a yelp, followed by a growl; the crowd parted so that the boy could come to the front with his companion. But the latter did not look happy; he was a big, shaggy dog, who, under other circumstances, might have had a shiny black coat—now he was rusty and very thin. He held up one foot, and his master—Rakes—looked round angrily.

"Who's been treading on my dog?" he demanded.

"Here, clear out!" said a man in whose way he was standing, giving the boy a little push as he spoke.

He did not mean any harm, but Rakes was off his guard, and the push sent him down on to the snowstorm.

The artist sprang up fiercely, but Rakes was already on his feet; he saw he had worked a good deal of mischief, and with a quick cry to Turk he broke through the crowd, crossed the road and disappeared, while the artist set to work to repair his damaged picture.

Rakes could not run far. He limped and panted, and presently threw himself down in a shady corner; his queer little face was drawn with pain, while his eyes were half-closed.

The dog looked at him anxiously, then drew close, thrusting his nose into the drooping face. Rakes roused himself to throw one arm round the shaggy neck, then the two were very still, though every now and then Turk licked his master's face sympathetically. The dog wore as a muzzle a curiously constructed arrangement of wire, leather, and string—not the right sort of thing, but the police did not interfere with him, and he had learnt to slink by them humbly as though apologising for his own existence. There never had been any tax paid for him, but, as Rakes had no home, that little matter had escaped notice; he had rescued Turk from a watery grave four years ago, and they had been companions ever since. They had no other belongings, but shared equally good fortune and bad: when Rakes had something to eat, Turk had half; when he had nothing, they bore hunger together, and were not particularly miserable about it.

Presently Rakes lifted his head, and got up slowly. "That was a oner, that was, Turk," he said as they walked away together. "Sometimes I think whatever will we do if it gets too bad for me to walk about. Hi, guv'nor! you've got the missus' washing-rope hanging on yer!" The last was shouted derisively to a dignified Chinaman, who walked on taking no notice.

"Wouldn't be one of them stoopids for anything," said the ragged urchin, with all the



The dog looked at him anxiously.

instincts of a true Briton; "they don't know what a chap says to them. If I was the Queen, I wouldn't have one of them to my Jubilee; and they eat dogs—think of that, Turk; nasty fellers, ain't they?"

Turk wagged his tail as though quite agreeing with his master. There was a good deal that was exciting in London that year—all sorts of strange people and gay doings that made life interesting to those who only looked on. Now the festivities were nearly all over, though some visitors were left, and the parks were very pretty, so that Rakes and Turk, who had never been better off, considered that they had a pretty good time.

It was the pain in his leg that worried Rakes more than anything else. Once he had not thought anything of being on his feet all day: now he could not walk without pain, and running was almost more than he could manage; what if he could not get about at all? He always turned from that thought with a fierce caress of Turk, for lameness would mean separation from his one friend. They had no home at all now; Rakes had never had any relations, but had lived in Crow Court among the inhabitants generally. Quite recently orders had come for all the people to turn out, as improvements were to be made, so they had scattered, and Rakes and Turk had lived about the streets since.

"Hulloa! where did you get that dawg?" called out a lad of sixteen or seventeen, who, with some others, was loafing at a street corner.



"Pray God, bless this kind little boy and everybody."—*p.* 656.

"It don't matter to you—you let him alone," cried Rakes, not liking their looks; "come on, Turk."

Turk looked sideways at the youths, and put down his tail, shrinking up to his master, and the idle lads saw a chance of amusement.

"Here's a lark!" said the biggest; "hold him, Bill."

Rakes struggled fiercely, but he had little strength; there was no one to help him. Turk whined and looked at him for help, as his tormentors fastened a battered tin kettle to his tail. The poor animal, never valiant at any time, was terrified, and when they put him down, giving him a kick, he started off wildly, howling dismally.

"Let me go—let me go!" implored Rakes,

struggling violently as Turk turned a corner, too frightened to hear his master's shrill cry; and the boy in the extremity of his fear bit at the hand of his captor, and made him loose his hold.

"Turk, Turk!" called Rakes, forgetting his pain as he ran the way his friend had gone. But Turk had disappeared, and Rakes went this way and that, calling and whistling. Once or twice he inquired, but no one had seen a black dog with a kettle on his tail.

"Most likely the police have him—you'd best ask them," said a kindly-looking woman; but Rakes dared not do that. He had no license to show for his dog, and it would be like giving him up.

When night fell, a miserable little figure crept under the shadow of a wall. The pain had grown terrible, and there was no Turk to be sorry for him, no rough coat for a pillow, and no loving tongue to lick his face as he fell asleep.

There was very little sleep for Rakes that night, and in the morning he got up to look for his friend. Many people looked pityingly at the boy as he limped about, and one motherly body gave him a bag of biscuits she had just bought. He was so hungry that he began eating at once, though every now and then he choked as he thought of the one who ought to share his meal.

The days went on miserably. Turk was quite lost, and Rakes wandered about aimlessly. Hardly knowing where he was going, he made his way at last into Epping Forest, where he found the grass and trees very pleasant, and he went on, getting into it further and further. He found plenty of blackberries and nuts, which was fortunate, since his leg hurt too much to let him go far in search of food. The fallen leaves were not a bad covering, and, if only he could have had Turk, he would have been happy.

Late one evening, when he had pulled leaves up round him for warmth, and was half-asleep, he heard a sound that made him sit up to listen, with his claw-like hand against his ear.

"Sounds like a kid," he said to himself, as the wailing came nearer. Once it stopped, then it began again, and, peering between the bushes, he saw, standing in a patch of moonlight, a little girl. She wore a long white frock, and a big white bonnet had fallen back, showing a tangled mass of curls. She came stumbling along, giving that pitiful little cry of fear and weariness.

Rakes looked at her, holding his breath, a strange feeling stirring at his heart. He did not move till her foot caught in a bramble, and she fell on her face. Then he started up, and went to her as quickly as he could.

"Hulloa, kiddy!" he said, lifting her; "up we come."

The little one stopped crying, and looked at him with great solemn eyes, on the lashes of which tears were shining. Her troubled little face altered as she looked, and she suddenly laughed out.

"Take me home," she said, stretching out her arms: "I lost."

"Oh," cried Rakes, "I can't, but I'll make you so comf'ble—what's your name?"

"Winnie Lee," she answered; "Winnie's hungry."

Rakes had some blackberries ready gathered, and a bit of stale bread which he had reserved for emergencies, and she ate both; then she nodded sleepily. "Winnie sleep in big garden," she said; "kind little boy take care of her."

Rakes was drawing the leaves about her when she started up. "Prayers," she said reproachfully; and while he wondered she rose to her knees, and with folded hands and bent head knelt in the moonlight. "Pray God, bless Mummy and Daddy, and this kind little boy and everybody, and make me good girl, through Jesus Christ our Lord." She waited for the "Amen" that did not come, and went on—

> "'Now I lay me down to sleep;
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
> And if I die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take;
> For Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake.'"

Then she was ready for her rest. "Funny bed!" she said almost gleefully. "God take care of Winnie, and Daddy find her in the morning."

Very soon she slept, and the moon looked down on the two little waifs. Rakes had his arm over Winnie protectingly, and so they slept peacefully all night, and the boy woke to find sunshine about them, and the little girl sitting up to look at him.

"Daddy not come," she said disappointedly. "Boy take Winnie to find him."

Rakes pulled himself up with a great deal of pain, and Winnie's face was full of pity. "Hurt?" she said. "Winnie kiss you better." The blackberry-stained lips touched his cheek softly. "Better now," she said cheerfully. "Say p'ayers, and boy take me home—no bekfas here."

Rakes found himself drawn to his knees, while the baby prayers were said beside him. Then Winnie got up, pulled her frock down tidily, and held out her hand to him. "Home now," she said. "Mummy wash Winnie there."

For a little while Rakes dragged himself along, then he had to sink down groaning. He could not go further, yet how could he let the pretty little girl stay there? He had gathered from her prattle that she had come out with a school treat, and had somehow strayed away; she had no brothers or sisters, and was evidently a great treasure. She could not tell where she lived, and to the questions of Rakes only answered that it was at home.

She was a loving little soul, and when she saw in what pain Rakes was addressed herself to helping him. She picked the ripest blackberries she could reach, and then sat beside him, to sing him to sleep, she said. Sometimes her voice quavered a little, for she was hungry and uncomfortable, and wanted her mother so much, yet she was quite certain "Daddy" would find her.

The long day wore away somehow. As the shadows lengthened, Winnie looked very wistful, yet she did not lose her trust that she would be found. "Mummy want Winnie," she said. "Wover come with Daddy to find her."

"Who's Wover?" asked Rakes, who was a good deal troubled since no one had been near them all day.

"My doggie—such a dear doggie!" Winnie answered; "he loves Winnie."

The little girl did not fall asleep so quickly that night. She was uncomfortable with wearing her clothes so long, and it seemed so long to wait. She put a petition into her prayers that "Daddy" might soon find her, and at last fell peacefully asleep.

All through the night Rakes lay awake, trying not to disturb the little one, and biting his fingers to keep back groans, for the pain was growing so bad that, if it had not been for Winnie, he would have crept under the trees hoping he might soon die. He looked up at the starlit sky, and it brought him a message of peace, for towards morning he fell asleep, and dreamed that he had found Turk again.

What was that that woke him? Had his dream come true? There was a joyous bark, a rush through fallen leaves, and Turk was upon him, frantic with delight, covering his face with kisses.

"My Winnie!" cried a broken voice, and Winnie was in her father's arms, holding him as if she would never unloose her clinging grasp.

"Winnie knew Daddy would come," she said at last, wondering at the tears which rained down his face. "Daddy should not cry; Winnie didn't after the kind boy found her."

There had not been much time to attend to Rakes, and he was quite happy with Turk.

"Wover!" cried Winnie, and he dashed at her with a hasty caress, then returned to his master.

"Seems to know him," remarked one of the search-party who was carrying the dog's muzzle.

"He's my Turk," said Rakes.

"It's my Wover," said Winnie, rather troubled; "doesn't he love me any more?"

It was puzzling at first; then it came out that Mr. Lee had befriended poor frightened Turk, and taken him home, where Winnie took such a fancy to him that they let him stay. He was not clever, so that he had not been able to find his master, but he had love enough to make up for all other defects.

Mr. Lee looked grave when he saw how ill Rakes was, but one of the search-party knew a lady who lived not far off, and had a private home for poor sick people. He



Turk was upon him, frantic with delight.

hurried off to see her, and she came back with him, with a carriage for the boy.

Turk was to go back with the Lees; but that arrangement did not suit him at all. He quite showed his teeth when they tried to take him away, and when Miss Green saw how unhappy Rakes would be without him she let him stay.
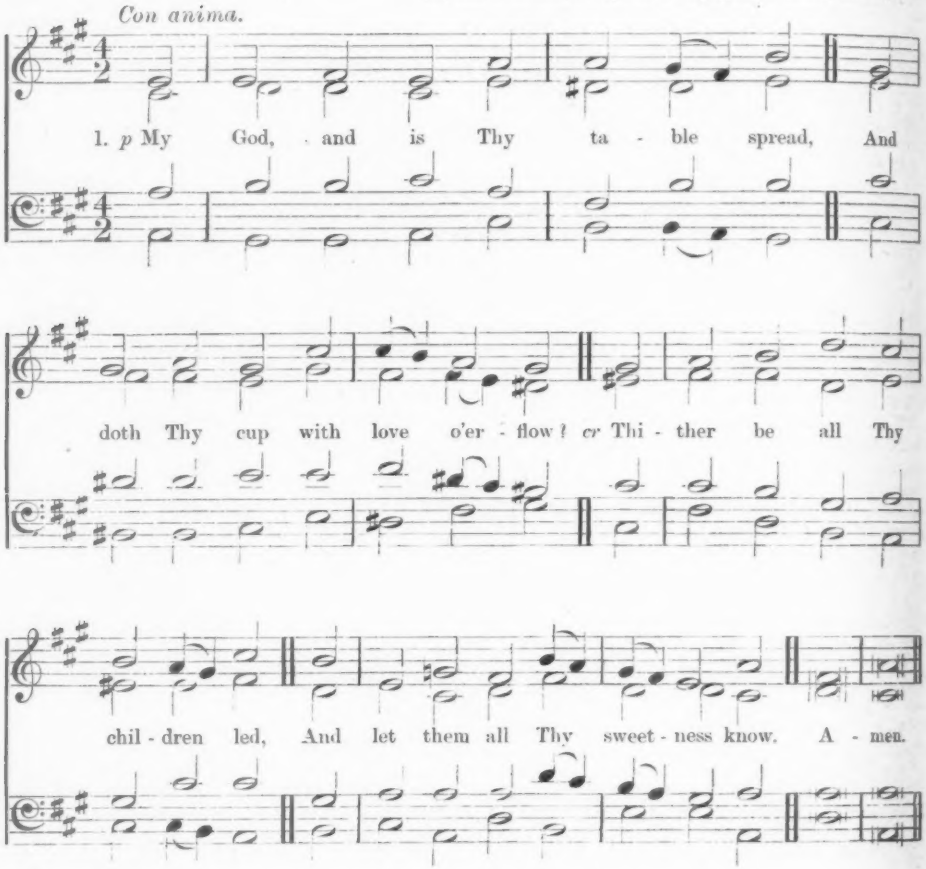
Rakes is still in Miss Green's home, in bed with a weight on one foot. He is going to get well some day, and he is not at all unhappy; for Turk is with him, and a great favourite with everyone, with a black shining coat that does not show where his bones are. Winnie Lee often comes with her parents to see him, and Turk is very glad to see her, though she cannot help calling him Rover.

"Isn't it dreadful always having to be in bed?" she asked one day.

"No," Rakes said, looking at her with shining eyes, "folks are so good, and me and Turk is just as happy as ever we can be."

The Lord's Table.

Words by Dr. P. Doddridge. *Music by* E. Burritt Lane, Mus.B. Dunelm, F.T.C.L.
(*Organist of the King's Weigh-house Congregational Church, London.*)



2.

mf Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
cr Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food.

3.

mf Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for them the Victim slain?
Are they forbid the children's Bread?

4.

O let Thy Table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

Our Roll of Heroic Deeds



A SPECIAL interest attaches to the Heroic Deed we depict this month, in that it represents the gallant rescue of a dog. Sergeant Cragg, of Rochdale, the hero of the incident, had already rescued two little children who were in this building, when he returned, at terrible risk to his own life, and faced the flames again in order to save a black retriever, over whose unconscious body he had stumbled when groping for the boys. We are glad to record that his self-sacrificing bravery was successful, and Cragg (who was awarded THE QUIVER Heroes' Medal) had the satisfaction of rescuing every living inmate of the burning house.

THE SACRED BOND IN NORTHERN CLIMES.

By the Rev. E. J. Hardy, Author of "How to be Happy though Married," Etc.



THERE are people, and some, too, who cannot plead extreme youth in extenuation, who make light of the obligations they incur when they engage to marry. Wicked men sometimes do it "just for a lark," and there are girls who seem to forget that the charm of maidenly modesty cannot, as a rule, survive frequent engagements.

It is, no doubt, to prevent this state of things that in Scandinavia, Germany, and other Northern countries of Europe, betrothal is almost as sacred as marriage. In the rural districts the couple to be betrothed go before a parson and, in the presence of witnesses, exchange rings.

When a gentleman and lady are betrothed, their names are inscribed upon visiting-cards and sent the round of their acquaintances. The fact is also announced in the newspapers, as is beginning to be the case sometimes in England. A plain gold ring marks the betrothal, another is given as a wedding token, while a third is put on as a mark of distinction as soon as the lady becomes a mother.

In Norway, the exchange of rings by the young people at their betrothal is followed by the giving and receiving of presents. The man gives his psalm-book or jewellery and clothes, the woman articles of wearing-apparel that the betrothed must wear on the wedding-day. In Lapland, at one part of the betrothal ceremony, the future husband and wife kiss (if the good custom has not been discontinued), and rub noses together.

The Norwegians are not opposed to long engagements, and often the wedding does not take place for years after the betrothal. This is probably why the ceremonial rejoicings at it are continued for three days, and why there are so many happy families. It is not the fashion there to marry in haste and repent at leisure.

Most of the weddings in Norway take place on Sundays, and may be described as water weddings or land ones according as the happy pair and their friends go to church by boat or on land. A friend tells us a circumstance which shows the simple, sympathetic nature of the people. He was on a tour through the fjords in a steamer, and at one place a telegram was handed to the captain, saying that further on they would meet a wedding party in boats, and that it would be considered a great compliment if he would dress his ship and salute them. This was done as soon as the wedding was sighted, and it was acknowledged by great cheering, by the firing of a gun, and by a red flag being hoisted on a pole. The boats going to and returning from a wedding are gaily decorated and follow each other in procession. There is always a fiddler and sometimes other musicians in the prow of the first boat.

In reference to a land wedding which he witnessed, another friend thus writes: "We heard the sound of a drum, and, on looking in the direction whence it proceeded, saw a wedding approaching. The happy pair were on their way to the kirke (church) for the first of the many ceremonies performed during the three days a wedding lasts. There were twelve stolkjœrres, or carriages. In the first sat a drummer and fiddler. The second held the bride and groom, a man leading their horse. In the third was the priest in his official robes, ruffles and all. The rest held the guests. Spectators doffed their hats to each and every carriage, a token of respect invariably returned with marked politeness by all the occupants of the vehicles. It is customary to show this mark of respect when meeting anyone on the roads. One also never passes a vehicle of any kind without raising the cap. Truly, Norwegians teach us politeness."

But whether they go to church by sea or land, the bride is, of course, the centre of interest



FINISHING TOUCHES.

in every wedding party. She is conspicuous with her crown and bright red bodice, so covered in front with silver brooches as to appear like a breast-plate. Loving hands have given the finishing touches to a costume that is at once simple and picturesque. The gown is of bombazine, and may have been worn on a similar occasion by her mother. The apron gay with ribbons and beads, and the silver chains were probably hired, or the jewels that are worn may be the girl's dowry. Her gloves are yellow kid, and sometimes she has a muff from which hang handkerchiefs of various colours. Until recently a crown, which, when not hired, descended from mother to daughter, was always worn, and is still in country places. The crown is made of silver, brass, or gilded wood, with numerous pendants. It used to be a challenge against an imputation of the good character of the bride. We regret to say that those who consider themselves fashionable are discarding the costume described, so that many Norwegian brides look like those of other countries.

Wedding festivities usually continue three days in Norway, and, where old customs are retained, the last thing done is to loose the pin that holds the bride's crown, the lady continuing to dance until she dances it off—a signal for the music to cease and for the company to disperse. There is often a wedding festival for a whole district, which saves expense and diminishes the opportunities for drinking which, unfortunately, these occasions afford. We may remark that a Norwegian bridegroom has two best men—if the rather Irish expression may be used—to help him to carry his cares.

Wedding presents in Norway are not of the expensive but useless kind that they are with us. They consist of such things as pots and pans, plates and dishes, a feather bed, half-a-dozen sheep, a sack of potatoes, and so forth.

Sir G. W. Dasent says that the Norwegians, in reference to marriage as to other matters, put their best foot foremost and try to make the most of things generally. A lad went out to woo a wife. Amongst other places he came to a farm-house, where the people were very poor; but they wanted to make him think that they were well-to-do. Now the father had got a new arm to his coat. "Pray, take a seat," he said to the wooer; "but there's a shocking dust in the house." So he went about wiping all the benches and tables with his new coat-sleeve, but he kept the other behind his back. The wife had one shoe much better than the other, and she went stamping and sliding with it up against the stools and chairs, saying, "How untidy it is here; everything is out of its place!" Then they called out to their daughter to come and put things to rights; but she had got a new cap, so she put her head in at the door, and kept nodding and nodding, first to this side and then to that. "Well! for my part," she said, "I can't be everywhere at once." In this way the wooer was led to believe that he had come to a well-to-do household.

Many superstitions prevail in Sweden with regard to marriage. It is said that if a girl be fond of cats, she will not be an old maid, as we should say, but have a bright day for her wedding. The Swedish bride sometimes wears a coronet of myrtle, or, when that is not procurable, of coloured paper. Here, as in Norway and other countries of Northern Europe, there is too much eating and far too much drinking at weddings. In Sweden the repasts on these occasions continue for hours. When asked to take your place at the table, it is considered polite to make as stout a resistance as possible. During the repast a collection is made for the bride, and sometimes also for the poor of the parish.

In Siberia there is a good custom that a bride, on coming to her husband's house, has to give a dinner prepared with her own hands as a test of the education she has received. If she succeeds in gratifying her guests, it is taken as a proof not only of the young woman's own excellence but also as a recommendation of her whole family by whom she was instructed so usefully.

Germans and other nations in which it is the custom for husbands to wear wedding-rings as well as wives, cannot understand and are quite shocked at married men in England and elsewhere not doing so. It seems to them that they are sailing under false colours, so to speak.

A friend who "assisted" at a wedding in Lapland tells us that the bride was attired in a dark blue woollen tunic (men and women dress nearly alike there) with orange and red trimming. Her boots were fastened with coloured ribbon. She wore a gay shawl and a brilliant cap, from which streamed narrow ribbons. The bridegroom had a shorter tunic, and both seemed to be very fond of jewellery. Instead of the father dowering his daughter, the bridegroom is expected to give the bride's parents a certain number of reindeer.

In Holland the Dutch girl is bound to ask her future husband if he can afford to pay the charges—viz. the wedding fees. Southey in his "Commonplace Book" speaks of a certain Martin of Heemskerke, a little village in Holland, who, dying very rich, left a certain dowry to the young girls of his native place, on condition that on the day of their wedding they, with the bridal party, should dance upon his grave—a custom which is said to be still observed.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

AN ACTIVE VETERAN.



MR. H. S. WILDE.

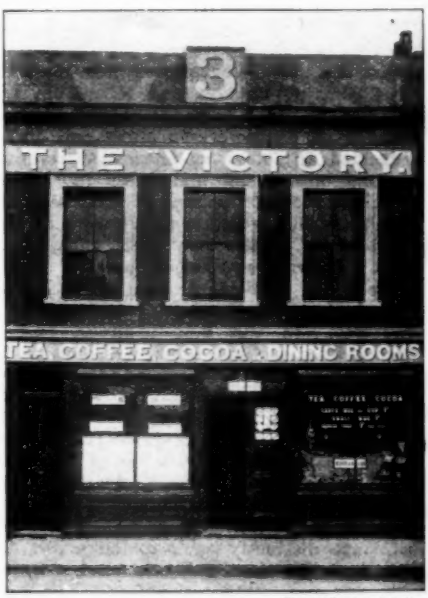
IF spared until the 14th of December next, Mr. Henry Sedgwick Wilde, barrister-at-law, will have completed ninety years of life. Long retired from his profession, he is still one of the most active workers in the ranks of the Church of England Temperance Society. Besides being a member of the Council of the parent Society, he is the Hon. Secretary of St. Philip's, Earl's Court, Branch, and frequently journeys as far afield as Norwich or Lincoln to speak for the cause. Mr. Wilde's interest in temperance matters dates back to 1848, when he was a parishioner of the great Vicar of Leeds, Dr. Hook. He is full of anecdotes of the good old days, but keeps himself abreast of the trend of events in a marvellous way, so that his speeches invariably sustain the unflagging interest of his hearers. Long may he flourish!

A MODEL "VICTORY."

Pilgrims along that famous South London artery, the Old Kent Road, will be familiar with the well-known starting-point for 'buses, the "Lord Nelson," at the corner of the Trafalgar Road. Hard by there has recently been opened a snug little coffee- and dining-room, as an addition to the parochial organisations of the well-equipped parish of All Saints', North Peckham. When the time came to give the place a name, the Vicar, the Rev. W. Russell Finlay, promptly appropriated "The Victory" as a fitting signboard, so that "the hero of the Nile" is commemorated at one end of the road by a public house and at the other by a capitally appointed counter-attraction conducted strictly on total-abstinence lines. The house is open from 5 a.m. until 10 p.m. daily for the supply of food of the best quality at moderate prices. Breakfasts are served from 5 a.m. till 9 a.m., and dinners from 12 noon till 2 p.m. Refreshments at other hours are always ready. A novel feature has been introduced in the shape of breakfasts and dinners for school children. The advertisement sheets of the daily papers may be consulted in the rooms from 5 a.m. till 8 a.m., after which they are placed on the show-board outside. It is early days yet, but so far the experiment has more than justified the expectation of the promoters. From the first the Vicar has determined that the place shall be conducted on commercial lines. It is in no sense a charity, and every effort is to be made to earn a character for "The Victory" as a clean place in which good food is served in comfort at cheap prices; in a word, the signal has been hoisted, "The Vicar expects everyone in 'The Victory' to do his duty." We hope to hear at the end of a year's work that entire success has crowned the experiment.

A GREAT INSTITUTION.

The story of the rise and progress of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, London Bridge, forms one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the temperance movement. In the year 1840 Mr. Robert Warner, a member of the well-known firm of bellfounders in Cripplegate (John Warner and Sons), was about to be married, and, like a prudent man,



(Photo: Hunt and Co.)

A PAROCHIAL COFFEE-HOUSE.

determined to insure his life. A proposal was duly made to a certain company, which shall be nameless, but much to Mr. Warner's surprise he was officially notified that he would have to pay an excess premium on the ground of his being a total abstainer! The medical



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

officer of the company was of the opinion that abstinence from alcohol tended to shorten life. Mr. Warner was most decidedly of the contrary opinion, and refused to take out a policy unless charged at the ordinary rates. With characteristic pluck and energy he decided to found an insurance company for total abstainers, and after much hard work had the satisfaction of launching the great institution which is now known all over the world as in the very front rank of life offices. It was established on the mutual principle, and until his death a few years ago Mr. Warner took an active interest in its operations. In the first instance, business was restricted to total abstainers, but in 1847 a General Section was opened, the two departments, however, being kept perfectly distinct, with the result that every year the Annual Report, which is presented in May, gives a return of the "expected" as compared with the "actual" deaths of the abstainers and non-abstainers. These figures demonstrate beyond question that total abstinence distinctly tends to longevity. The growth of the Institution is shown by the following figures, illustrating thirty years' progress:—

		Total Assurances in Force.	*Accumulated Funds.*	*Surplus Divided.*
		£	£	£
1865	...	4,576,000	737,986	95,500
1895	...	14,000,000	6,130,000	741,845

Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P., is the managing director, and the courteous and energetic secretary is Mr. Johnson Brooks, who has been connected with the Institution for very many years.

SOME ALARMING FIGURES.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.S., in his deeply interesting work, "The Wonderful Century: Its Successes and its Failures," has some suggestive remarks on the alarming growth of female intemperance. He quotes the following figures from the Registrar-General's returns:—

		Males.	*Females.*	*Deaths from Alcoholism and Delirium Tremens per Million Living.*
1876-80	...	60·1	24	42·2
1881-85	...	66·6	31	48·0
1886-90	...	73·6	39·2	55·4
1891-95	...	86·6	50·2	68·2

Dr. Wallace's comment is:—"While men's deaths from intemperance have increased about 58 per cent. in the twenty years, those of women have increased more than 100 per cent. The causes that lead to this fatal amount of intoxication are various; but no one will deny that the facts here set forth show the existence of something seriously wrong in our social conditions, and that the evil is rapidly increasing."



(Photo: Savory, Scarborough)

MR. JOHNSON BROOKS.

COMING EVENTS.

Temperance Sunday in Rochester Diocese has been fixed by Bishop Talbot for the second Sunday in November. The National Temperance League has decided to hold a Bazaar next year. H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg has consented to open the Industrial Exhibition of the Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union on Whit Monday. The annual breakfast of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union will take place in Exeter Hall on May 10th. The annual demonstration of the Church of England Temperance Society in Dover will be held on May 1st.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

INTERNATIONAL SERIES

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

MAY 21ST.—**Christ before the High Priest.**

To read—St. John xviii. 15—27. *Golden Text—St. John i.* 11.



TWO distinct points in to-day's lesson — the questioning of Christ by the High Priest inside, and the questioning of St. Peter by the servants outside.

I. **Christ Questioned** (19—24). *The events.* Christ been in Garden of Gethsemane with disciples; three kept near Him, bidden to "watch and pray." He prayed for strength but they slept. Then the betrayal and His seizure by the Levitical guard. Taken to High Priest's palace, where both Annas and Caiaphas had rooms. The Sanhedrim hastily summoned—meanwhile High Priest questions Him.

The questioning. As to His disciples. Christ answers nothing. One of them had betrayed Him, but He would not expose them to danger. He lost none (xvii. 12).

As to His teaching. What is it all about? A new religion or what? What does He claim to be?

The answering. Christ bids His judge ask those who heard Him. A prisoner not bound to tell of himself. His teaching has been public and open—in the synagogues on the Sabbath, *e.g.*, at Nazareth (St. Luke iv. 21, 22), in the courts of the Temple, always claiming to be expected Messiah.

The smiting. As foretold by Isaiah (liii. 5), borne by Christ with dignity and meekness—no return blow, simply a protest (1 Peter ii. 23).

II. **Christ Denied** (15—18, 25—27). Two disciples managed to get into courtyard—St. Peter, full of zeal; St. John, of love. St. Peter joins servants round the fire, hopes to be taken for one of the crowd. Is suddenly questioned by the portress. Forgets Christ's warning, his own bold words (xiii. 37), and denies once. Tries to slip away by the porch (St. Matt. xxvi. 71), but is noticed and questioned. Denies second time. An hour after (St. Luke xxii. 59) Malchus' kinsman identifies him. Denies third time. Shrill cock-crow heard. Christ turns round and looks at him (St. Luke xxii. 61). He sees the look. Is it anger or love? He rushes out with bitter tears of remembrance and repentance. Is afterwards forgiven (St. John xxi. 15).

Lessons. 1. A soft answer turneth away wrath.

2. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Show your Colours.

When President Garfield was a lad at school, he climbed up a mountain one day with some of his companions, and they all spent the night on the mountain top. Seated round their camp fire, they sang school songs and told stories all the evening. At last Garfield took a New Testament out of his pocket, and said, "Boys, it is my custom to read a chapter before going to bed and have a prayer. Shall we have it all together?" And they all did. That is the sort of courage we want.

MAY 28TH.—**Christ before Pilate.**

To read—St. John xviii. 28—40. *Golden Text—xix.* 4.

AFTER the informal trial before High Priest the Sanhedrim formally assembled, and Christ was found guilty of blasphemy on false evidence. The punishment was death (Leviticus xxiv. 16), but Jews, being subject to Romans, could not put to death. Therefore sent Him to Roman governor.

I. **The Charge** (28—32). Christ sent early in morning to Pontius Pilate, who at once asks the charge. They first accuse Him generally as a malefactor or wrongdoer. Pilate, not satisfied, must have definite charge. So they state two things: "He has been trying to make Himself king." Was that true? Had always refused to be earthly king (vi. 15). Another charge: "He forbids tribute to be paid to Cæsar." Also distinctly false (St. Mark xii. 17). Pilate begins to see real reason why priests seek His death. They are envious of His popularity. He bids them judge Him by Jewish law, for He is no offender against Roman law. But they have no power. Christ had foretold His death by crucifixion (St. Matthew xx. 19). Would it be so?

II. **The Answer** (33—37). Judge has private interview with Prisoner. Sees He is remarkable Man. Questions Him as to His claims. Is He a king? Christ explains. *What His kingdom is not.* He is not an earthly king—has no court, ministers, pomp, ceremonies, army, etc. If He had, He could easily prevent His delivery to the Jews. *What His kingdom is.* A rule over men's hearts. He came to teach the truth of God.

III. **The Result** (39—40). Pilate finds Christ "not guilty." Why not release Him? Wants to keep on good terms with priests. So offers a choice, according to custom at Passover, of releasing Him *or* a notorious robber and murderer. Which did they choose?

Lessons. 1. "I lay my sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God."

2. By Thy Cross and Passion, good Lord, deliver me.

Christ's Example.

A little girl came home from school one day and ran to her mother, crying, "Will has called me 'Old Red Head' before all the girls in my class." "Oh, dear! bring me my Bible," the wise mother said. "Now will my little girl turn to Isaiah liii. 7." The child read it out: "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth." "Do you think they called Him names?" she said. And as she listened to the Gospel story she asked for strength "to be like Jesus," Who never spoke an angry word.

JUNE 4TH.—Christ Crucified.

To read—St John xix. 17—30. *Golden Text—Galatians ii.* 20.

PILATE, believing Christ to be innocent, wanted to release Him, but priests gained him over by a threat—if he released Christ, he would be acting against the Emperor. Therefore, in fear for his own position, he gave Him up to be crucified.

I. **The Crucifixion** (17—22). *The place.* North of city, outside Damascus gate (Hebrews xiii. 12). Called "Skull" because of its shape. Was a "green hill" or knoll at base of wall of the old city.

The death. Crucifixion. Roman mode of death reserved for slaves and worst criminals. Was slow, painful, but sure.

The persons. Jesus of Nazareth, Son of God, on the middle cross. Two thieves on either side, at first both reviling, afterwards one repentant and forgiven (St. Luke xxiii. 43).

The title. Written by Pilate—King of the Jews.

II. **Enemies and Friends** (23—26). *Enemies.* Priests mocking, thieves reviling, people deriding, soldiers callous. They share His garments as their perquisite, but cast lots for the toga or outer robe, thus fulfilling the prophecy of Psalm xxii. 18.

Friends. His mother, now a widow; her sister Salome, mother of St. John; Mary, wife of Cleophas, mother of James the Less and Joses (St. Mark xv. 47); Mary Magdalene, healed by Christ. Also St. John, beloved disciple and evangelist. They gave loving sympathy—did what they could.

III. **Words from the Cross** (27—30). Seven in all, three given in this Gospel.

1. "*Woman, behold thy Son.*" Christ sees His mother. Thinks of her loving care at Nazareth, her present loneliness; commits her to St. John.

2. "*I thirst.*" Cry of pain of thirst. Soldiers hear. One, moved by pity, offers some of their drink. Christ accepts the offering.

3. "*It is finished.*" What? The types and sacrifices of the Law. The prophecies of Him. His sad life of sorrow. The redemption wrought out by His death. His work, life, atonement, all complete. Man saved, God satisfied.

Lessons. 1. *Man a sinner.* Seen in malice of priests, injustice of Pilate, unbelief of Jews. Sin—the world's sin, our sin—caused Christ's death.

2. *Christ a perfect Saviour.* Loved us to the end. Gave Himself, a full, complete sacrifice for sin. Shall it be in vain? The thief saved because he repented and believed. Shall we be lost?

The Cross of Christ Pre-eminent.

In Scotland, a certain chain bridge was famous for its massive strength. A French engineer who saw it built a similar bridge over the River Seine. It was lighter than the one in Scotland. When its gates were opened to the people, it began to sway to and fro ominously beneath their tread, and presently gave way. The trouble with this bridge was that the architect had *omitted the middle bolt.* The middle bolt of the whole Gospel fabric is the Cross of Christ, God's plan for the deliverance of man from sin.

JUNE 11TH.—Christ Risen.

To read—St. John xx. 11—20. *Golden Text—1 Corinthians xv.* 20.

OUR Lord buried by Joseph in his tomb, helped by Nicodemus (xix. 38, 39). Round stone rolled to close entrance. Lay till early morning of first day of week.

I. **Christ seen by Mary of Magdala** (11—17). She who loved so much because forgiven so much was first at the tomb (ver. 1), two friends with her (St. Mark xvi. 1). See empty tomb and angels. Told to tell disciples. Others carry news; she stays behind. She weeps—where *is* her Master? Looks into tomb; sees two angels still on watch. They question her; she replies. Her Lord is taken away; she knows not where He is. She turns round and sees someone else; thinks He is the gardener. He also asks why she weeps and receives the same answer. Then He calls her by name (x. 3). She recognises the voice and His beloved face. It is indeed He, her beloved Master. He was dead. He is alive. She worships and clings to Him, as if she could not let Him go, her Lord and God. What does Christ say? "Detain Me not." He will not ascend just yet. He has work for her to do. So she departs with joyful message for the disciples.

Lessons from Mary. She was *faithful* to her Lord; *loving*, being last at the cross, first at the grave; *brave*, not afraid of the soldiers on watch; *obedient*, did at once as she was told.

II. **Christ seen by Apostles** (19, 20). Mary tells her tale to disciples; they cannot believe the news (St. Luke xxiv. 11). Remain in the upper chamber till the evening in sadness and sorrow. Doors fast shut for fear of the Jews. Suddenly Jesus stands before them. He speaks: "Peace be unto you." He shows them His wounded hands and side. They believe at last, and are glad.

Lessons. 1. *Faith.* Blessed are they who have not seen and yet believe.

2. *Joy.* The result of Christ's presence. Whom having not seen we love, and rejoice with exceeding joy (1 Peter i. 8).

3. *Peace.* Justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ (Romans v. 1).

Death Harmless.

An eminent man tells how he stood by the death-bed of his mother. At that time they were too poor to afford a candle; but just before she passed away she quoted these words: "They need no candle, neither light of the sun." At eventide it was light. Christ by His death and rising has brought life and immortality to light. In His presence is continual light, life, and joy.



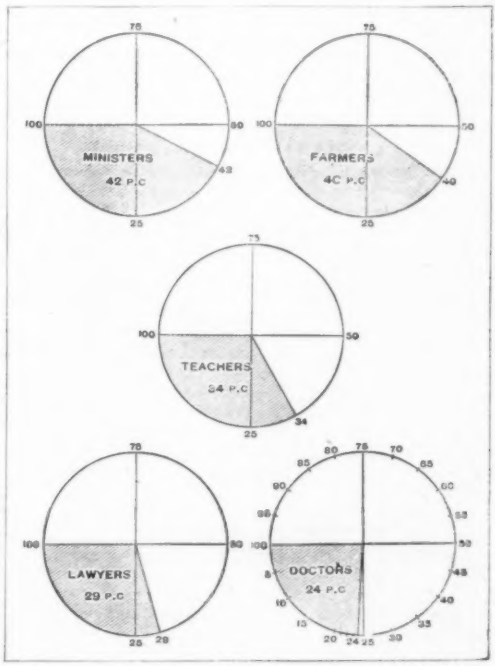
NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

The Longevity of Ministers.

FROM the returns of the Registrar-General for some years past it has been conclusively shown that ministers of the Gospel enjoy the highest average lease of life of any class of workers. This is, no doubt, due to two or three prominent causes, amongst which may be put their almost total immunity from risks of accident and death that attend certain trades and professions; their general habits of temperance, moderation, and regularity as compared with most workers; and their daily exercise, study, etc., which give a combination of mental and physical recreation, of outdoor and indoor life, such as few other workers get, and which must prove beneficial to health. The diagrams here shown form a striking illustration of the percentage of different classes of workers, including ministers, who attain to the "threescore years and ten" of the Psalmist. Out of every hundred in each class, forty-two ministers, forty farmers, thirty-four teachers, and twenty-four doctors live to the age of seventy.

The Truce of God.

AN historical reminder may be timely at this epoch, when all sections of the great Church Universal are trying to forget their doctrinal differences for the moment, and to band themselves together in a crusade for world-wide peace. Should their efforts be blessed, the closing year of this century will, indeed, be the herald of that golden age for which patriots have yearned, which prophets have beheld in vision, and of which poets have sung. At least, to hearten us, we have the experience of what the Church has been able to do in the past. In the tenth and eleventh centuries the rich plains of Southern France, and some of the loveliest and most fertile valleys of Italy, were incessantly harried by intestine war. Dukes, barons, seigneurs, even private gentlemen, with their retainers, few or many, fought against each other, till at last the continued pest of battle could be endured no longer. In France and Italy the flower of chivalry fell beneath the scourge. The two lands ran red with blood. It was then that the Church arose in her majesty and strength. She was more than a voice in the Middle Ages. She said plainly, and enforced her ruling by every rigour of the ecclesiastical and civil law, that a state of things so clearly contrary to the Gospel of Christ should not be suffered to go on. Enthusiastic preachers rushed from province to province, and



DIAGRAMS ILLUSTRATING THE COMPARATIVE LONGEVITY OF MINISTERS.

from city to city, proclaiming everywhere the Truce of God. The conditions of this truce were curious. Those who lived in the red world of warfare were forbidden to do public battle, or to indulge in private quarrel, from the Thursday evening to the Monday morning in every week, as this was the time occupied by Christ's Passion and Resurrection. This same pacific restriction applied to all holy days and seasons. Wonderful as it may seem, this Truce of God was strictly kept. It restrained and humanised those who dwelt in the wild times wherein it was enjoined. Is there not a hope, then, for the success of the Church in the same happy effort to-day? She uses milder methods; her pretence of infallibility and absolute autocracy is over; but in that unity which is strength will she speak to the conscience of an enlightened Christendom in vain?

"My Faith is so Weak."

IT is in a tone of self-pity we often hear this said—aye, have we not thus said it ourselves? We should do well to remember that such a confession is really a discrediting of our God. Amidst the black record of the chosen people's iniquities stands prominent the charge, "They *limited* the Holy One of Israel." We recall one among their many unbelieving insults to their faithful, wonder-working God: "Behold, He smote the rock, that the waters gushed out, and the streams overflowed; *can He give bread also?*' Strange reasoning of self-perverted hearts! Be ours rather, in every time of need, the logic of heavenly truth: "*Because* Thou hast been my help, *therefore* under the shadow of Thy wings I will rejoice." "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and *for ever*."

Built on the Sand.

LATELY, when staying at a fashionable seaside place in Ireland, we were shown a large hotel by one of the inhabitants. "That hotel," he remarked, "is, as you see, built on the sand, and everyone said at the time that it would not succeed. From bad management or some other cause it has never paid its expenses, and the lady who put all her money into its building was so disappointed that she took to brandy and never stopped until it had ended her." Whatever we may think of the stability of the hotel, the poor owner of it found, to her cost, that she had built the house of her life upon sand instead of upon the Rock of Ages. Had she built it upon the sure foundation of Jesus Christ, she would not have felt that all was lost because an investment did not prove remunerative.

Cleverness and Goodness.

"CLEVER men," said the late Professor Huxley, "are as plentiful as blackberries; the rare thing is to find a good one." Young people are wont to attach an exaggerated importance to cleverness, and to depreciate in comparison truth, patience, perseverance, and other "plodding" virtues that are comprehended in a trustworthy character. And yet even bad men know the value of character. A notorious scoundrel once said to a man who had an open, honest face, upon which the Ten Commandments might be said to be written, "I would give a thousand pounds for your face!" "Why?" "Oh! because I would make ten thousand by it." "Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever," was the teaching of Charles Kingsley, and it should never be forgotten in the instruction of the young. "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." Our convict establishments are full of men who are clever but not wise. If these people had used their cleverness for worthy ends, they would have been most useful members of society; but they took what they thought would be a short cut to success, and it landed them in prison. They were not wise unto salvation, because they did not follow Him Who is the wisdom of God.

Haymaking: The First Load and the Last.

"I find a book of observations begun in 1646," wrote Bishop Patrick, "wherein I have noted many useful things, having the word Eternity at the top of many pages, by the thought of which I was quickened to spend my time well." This remark is quoted by a later writer in an introduction to musings on Nature. He says that those who pass summer time in the country are especially called to listen and look. The man who goes forth to his work and his labour until the evening has his teachers by his side. The haymakers may remind him of the penitent who said that his heart was withered like grass so that he forgot to eat his bread. The age of serious daily reflections in journals has merged into one of action. In this age of the electric telegraph and rapid motion, the solemn word Eternity is likely to fill a diary with calculation of how much good that will last can be pressed into the limits of each swiftly passing day. The comparison of life with the mown grass would be quite unintelligible to a crowd of toilers. Many children of the great city have never seen a hayfield. A fortnight in the country means to them in many cases new life and health. Each year renders it possible to send increased numbers to revel in green fields. The necessary expenditure of time and thought in the arrangement is far outweighed by the satisfactory results. The picturesque mower amid his poetical surroundings deserves more than a passing thought. He is not simply an object-lesson, but a living man. The last load carried to the stackyard releases weary horses and thirsty haymakers from a long day of toil. How can practical sympathy be exercised in their behalf? It is a duty to consider the works of God's fingers and learn from their contemplation, but the command to "consider one another" is equally binding, and is followed up by provocation to love and good works.

Freaks of Philanthropy.

IT is fortunate that charity is the loveliest of the virtues, for she presents herself in so many guises that it does not do for her to depend too much upon dress. The secretary of a well-known society, a considerable portion of whose working hours are spent in the acquisition and acknowledgment



(Photo: C. Reid, Wiluna.)

HAYMAKING: THE FIRST LOAD



(Photo: C. Reid, Wiluna.)

AND THE LAST.

of subscriptions, and who has contrived to get together at least twenty-five thousand pounds, can furnish plenty of examples of charitable eccentricity. He has had cheques handed him on slips of ordinary paper, torn off any letter lying handy, and with no stamp affixed. One donor was wont to hold his annual slip so close to the fire to dry that, ornamented perhaps with an ugly smudge or two, it would eventually reach the bankers (the stamp having been supplied by the society) in a very brittle state. Another supporter sent as his first subscription 4s. 6d., next year 8s. 2d., next, 10s. 8d., and at last three postal orders for £1 each, in three different envelopes. Anybody could have cashed these open orders, and it was only by a study of the post-mark, writing, and quality of envelope, that our patient secretary could forward due receipt for £3. A lady whose annual subscription is two guineas has been known to send this two guineas three times in one year. The cheques are always acknowledged, and the name of the treble benefactress is put down in the December report for six guineas. When one has been accustomed for years to interview a mild clerk who has meekly paid over the money, it is dispiriting to be unexpectedly greeted by the head of the firm with, "What! you here again? I supposed you were dead long enough ago." Then, with a stern glance at the mild clerk, "Pay this man for the last time." As a contrast to this disappointment, a gentleman once laid a Bank of England note for £1,000 on the counter of the society's bankers, walked away after the briefest necessary word, and was never heard of again. Our friend considers that his most humiliating recollection is the last sample of his curious experiences that we must give. A seedily dressed old man ambled deprecatingly into the office one sultry summer afternoon. "Not to-day, thank you," snapped the heated secretary, imagining the intruder was some sort of touter or peddler. The shabby stranger flung down fifty pounds in notes, muttered some initials, and hobbled quickly out. When pursued, the Cresus in mufti had already been merged in the outside traffic. No reparation was possible, and the mysterious initials in the *Times* agony column appeared day by day in vain.

Under the Crescent.

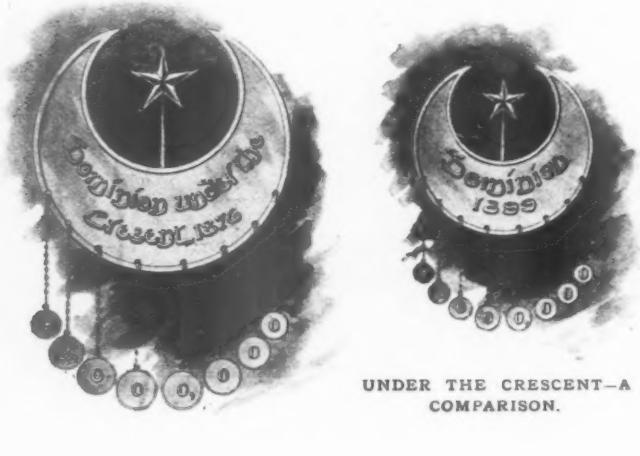
How has the history of the nations during the last quarter of a century affected the power of Islam? When the Sultan Abdul Hamid ascended the throne in 1876, 42,000,000 subjects owned his sway. Since then he has lost in Europe 10,000,000; in Asia, 1,500,000; in Africa, 10,500,000 — total 22,000,000. This means that since his accession one-half of his subjects have been set at liberty, as far as this monarch's authority is concerned, to choose their own religion. By Mohammedan law, the penalty of forsaking or rejecting the false Prophet is death. If Christians are faithful to their trust in this day of opportunity, the light of the Crescent will pale before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness.

"We are the Lunatics!"

THE writer knew a staff officer who was on one occasion superintending the disembarkation of time-expired men, invalids, and other soldiers who had just arrived in a troopship from India. The officer went up to a party of men who were drawn up on the jetty, waiting for orders, and asked them, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" "Please, sir, we are the lunatics!" was the startling answer. We are all, more or less, in the same condition at times, or act as if we were, but few people would confess it so ingenuously.

A Chinese House Warming.

"WHAT would become of her in the other world!" No child, no grandchild, left to minister to the necessities of her departed spirit, to present to the rulers of Hades the paper-money, food, clothing, which, when burnt, would reach her in available form in the world unseen. Such destitution must be averted. So the poor old Chinese woman began to put by something of her scanty earnings, denying herself even such meagre comfort as she had hitherto enjoyed. No more seasoning of even the commonest vegetable to her bowl of rice. And thus after several years she had scraped together 30,000 copper cash (about £3). "What can such a multitude have gathered to see?" asked a missionary traveller, visiting a country station. With his companion he approached the crowd, and found they were surveying a three-roomed bungalow entirely made of paper. It was, so to speak, life-size. Entering by a ten-feet high doorway,



UNDER THE CRESCENT—A COMPARISON.

over which was inscribed, "Virtue is the Source of Happiness," the visitor saw that the rooms were completely furnished with every requisite for household use, down to the smallest kitchen utensils; the whole constructed of paper, stiffened and coloured to perfect imitation of veritable chairs, tables, ornaments, etc. Priests in full ornate were present, and evidently some religious function was on hand. And then the travellers learned that this curious and most ingenious erection was the result of the painful savings of the poor old childless Chinese woman. It was, in fact, her heavenly abode, which, at once to be set on fire, would, by means of the priestly offices now performed within it, precede her to the unknown regions beyond the grave. To make assurance of such provision doubly sure, the house-owner received from the chief Buddhist priest officiating at this novel house warming a receipt in full for tenement and chattels; this document would also precede her to Hades, confirming her claim on this posthumous property. In spite of the grotesque folly of this heathen exhibition, it seemed to me to convey a lesson to us, "whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high." Has not our Master declared that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light"? Wiser in this very all-important respect — in making provision for their future; even the uncertain, transient future of this earthly life. And thus by parable He has taught us so to use this world's passing goods as to insure our final entrance into the "everlasting habitations." Surely, did we realise as keenly as that poor old Chinese woman the life beyond the grave, our present course would be a more consistent, manifest preparation for it—a "declaring plainly," to the conviction, aye in some cases to the persuasion, of those around us that we "seek a country." And again, for those whose affections are truly, practically "set on things above," how blessed the characteristics of our sure and certain hope, by contrast with the expectations of this heathen widow! A place preparing in the Father's many mansions, by Him "Who is our life," "a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."



BUDDHIST PRIESTS IN FULL DRESS.

(See "A Chinese House Warming.")

How Would He Act?

KINGLAKE, in his history of the Crimean War, describes a council of British generals, considering the question, How would the Duke of Wellington act if he were present? This is a hint for Christians. Very often well-meaning, good people are in doubt as to what they ought to do or leave undone in difficult circumstances. We may not believe in the casuistry which is a favourite study of priests, but perplexing cases of conscience do present themselves frequently to every earnest soul. The best thing for the doubter to do is to ask himself, "What would the Captain of my salvation do if He were in my place?" Lord, teach me what Thou wouldst do, so that I may know what I must do.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Kent** (for which applications were invited up to March 30th, 1899) has been gained by

MR. THOMAS R. RICHARDSON,
42, Hanover Road,
Plumstead,

who has distinguished himself by **sixty** complete years of service, the last forty-six of which have been spent in Rectory Place Congregational Sunday School, Woolwich.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

CHESHIRE,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before April 30th, 1899. We may add that **Somersetshire** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being May 31st, 1899. This county, in its turn, will be followed by the county of **Cumberland,** for which the date will be one month later—viz. June 30th, 1899.

Since this scheme was promoted in November, 1897,

2,354

medals have been distributed to those applicants who supplied credible testimony to the effect that they had, at the time of application, completed at least twenty years' service in the Sunday school, and, in accordance with the discretion reserved to the Editor in the first announcement, no further Bronze Medals will now be awarded. In their place, however, a Certificate of Honour will be given until further notice, and forms for this purpose will be supplied to all eligible applicants who have not previously received a medal.

The offer of the special Silver Medal will remain in force for the present, under conditions specified above, but the Editor reserves the right of discontinuing the awards at any time.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from March 1st, 1899, up to and including March 29th, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* E. A. M., Bromley, 8s.; E. M. B., 2s.; Mrs. L., 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (106th donation), 1s.; Interested, Llanelly, 10s.; J. J. E., Govan (136th donation), 5s.

For *"The Quiver" Christmas Stocking Fund:* A. Y. Z., Clerkenwell, 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* A. E. C. B., Tulse Hill, 2s.; An Irish Girl, 10s.; A Constant Reader, Brighton, 5s. We are also asked to acknowledge 5s. from N. W., and 4s. from A. W. C., sent direct.

For *The Indian Leper Mission Fund:* L. E. B., 5s.

For *The St. Giles' Christian Mission:* A Friend, 2s. 6d.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

73. Where was our blessed Lord first taken after His arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane?

74. St. John speaks of Caiaphas as being High Priest "that same year." What does this mean?

75. Upon what subject did Caiaphas chiefly question our Lord?

76. What was there unusual in the trial of our Lord by Pontius Pilate?

77. In what way did our blessed Lord proclaim His Divinity before Pontius Pilate?

78. What means did God use to prevent Pilate from acting unjustly?

79. On what grounds did the Jews profess that our Lord ought to be put to death?

80. What does St. John say finally influenced Pilate to pass judgment on Jesus?

81. In what way was our Lord's coat similar to that worn by the High Priest?

82. What does St. John say as to the place where our blessed Lord's body was buried?

83. What special proofs of our Lord's resurrection were seen by St. Peter and St. John at the tomb?

84. What message of comfort did our blessed Lord send to His Apostles by Mary Magdalene?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 576.

61. He washed the feet of His Apostles that they might learn the duty of humility (St. Luke xxii. 24; St. John xiii. 4, 5).

62. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another" (St. John xiii. 35).

63. "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee" (St. Luke xxii. 31, 32).

64. By the promise that His Apostles should be with Him in His Father's house and share His glory (St. John xiv. 2, 3).

65. St. Thomas and St. Philip, both of whom at the Last Supper asked questions which showed they did not understand our Lord's spiritual teaching (St. John xiv. 5, 8).

66. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" (St. John xiv. 9).

67. Obedience to His commands (St. John xiv. 15).

68. The blessing of peace, which comes from a full confidence in God's guiding presence (St. John xiv. 26, 27).

69. That without the spiritual strength received from union with Christ, it is impossible to lead a holy life (St. John xv. 5).

70. That a man lay down his life for his friend (St. John xv. 13).

71. The Garden of Gethsemane lay at the foot of the Mount of Olives, eastward of Jerusalem, from which it was separated by the brook Kedron (St. John xviii. 1).

72. Not only did the chief priests and elders come with a band of soldiers to take Jesus, but they had also a multitude of people with clubs and staves (St. John xviii. 3; St. Luke xxii. 52; St. Matthew xxvi. 55).

XUM

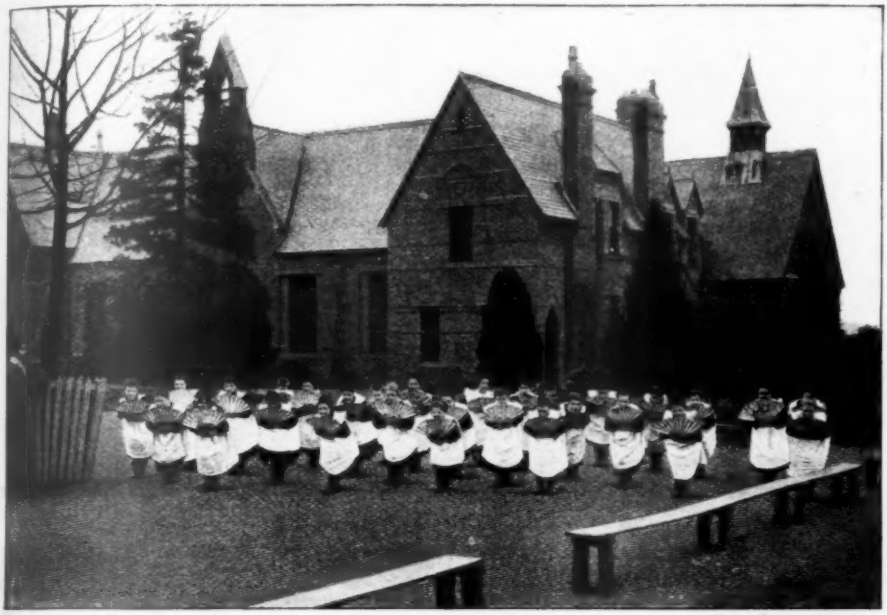


A ROSE OF JUNE.

(See page 706.)

PICKING THEM UP.

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE CHILDREN OF CRIMINALS.



(Photo: W. Bates, Chertsey.)

FAN DRILL IN THE PLAYGROUND.

"WE can pick ourselves up."

This assurance was emphatic, though it rose in a small, piping voice.

The baby who spoke for herself and companions was only an insignificant float of humanity rescued from a whirlpool of ruin, yet she could address august Royalty without nervous qualms, and with a self-respecting sense of her own importance.

It was July 14th, 1898, a red-letter day for the Princess Mary Village Homes. The new patroness, H.R.H. the Duchess of York, had come to visit them, and the whole population, managers, cottage mothers, and children, from the eldest Training Home girl down to the smallest infant, bade her welcome. The Babies' Cottage had a special inspection, and two inmates, in their attempts to drop extra profound curtseys, rolled over altogether. This made an interruption in the reception ceremony, for the Duchess stopped to request an elder girl to "pick up those little things."

This objection to unnecessary aid was innocent of disrespect. "We can pick ourselves up" bespoke a laudable spirit of independence. The words are true in a sense beyond the ken of the children of the Village Homes at Addlestone. Hundreds who have been received there during the last twenty-seven years have been able, morally, to "pick themselves up," because strong hands have first lifted them into a place of safety.

First, the stern hand of justice has dealt with their parents or guardians. When the gates of London prisons clang-to on men and women dangerous to society at large, they do not shut out hope of restoration. Good influences close round the prisoners, and, when they walk out free, friends are waiting

and willing to aid them to live a new life. But what becomes of their children? Branded with shame, unjust though inevitable, they are too often thrown as helpless burdens on the charity of the criminal's relations or associates. With no incentive to do right, it is little wonder if they grow up to swell the criminal population and become burdens on the State.

In the days of the old Women Convicts' Prison at Brixton the Prison Mission came into existence. The founder, Mrs. Meredith, who visited the prison as a volunteer, tried the plan of making a home for the convicts' children. But this was not sufficient to safeguard those whose parents were tempted to take them away. She improved on her idea. Aided by the advice and kind sympathy of the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, and other supporters, she procured a piece of land at Addlestone, twenty miles from London, and built twenty cottages, a training home, school, laundry, ladies' house, infirmary, and chapel, for the accommodation of two hundred little girls. They are also received. Each cottage is in the charge of a "mother"—as a rule, a widow—and the family life is represented by about ten children of various ages. The great proportion belong to a grade of society described as the "submerged tenth," but in some cases the parents have forfeited a good social position. The scarlet and the blue cloaks envelope varied capabilities for good or evil. The children romping together in the playground, with light-hearted disregard of all but the present gladness, have, with few exceptions, been brought into fellowship, directly or indirectly, through the curse of drunkenness. To many the memory of life in the great city is a bad dream which they do well to forget.

A little boy was once found shedding bitter tears at the entrance of the Village Homes. On being asked what was the matter, he sobbed out that he was not a girl. He had discovered that the disabilities of sex were a bar to his admission. My sympathy was with that child, who gazed like Thomas Moore's peri through the gates of Paradise, when



(Photo: W. Bates, Chertsey.)

GIRLS IN TRAINING FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE.

It was specially intended for those who have one parent convicted of crime, but, if vacancies occur, homeless children and others exposed to demoralising influences I stood where he had pleaded one sunny afternoon in September. The green enclosure and the Gothic buildings that looked upon it were teeming with life.

A soft breeze played with the red hawthorn branches and fluttered the bright-hued pinafores. Two little girls ran to open the gate, and smiles and curtseys welcomed a visitor; for the children seem possessed with the idea that any person admitted by their guardians into their sacred enclosure must be a dear friend.



(Photo: W. Bates, Chertsey.)

THE VISIT OF THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO THE HOMES.

The Babies' Cottage is probably the one that attracts the greatest interest. It is hardly surprising if, in spite of such delights of infancy as a doll's house, a swinging chair, and a comfortable perambulator, the soft, round faces wear a look of settled gravity or placid content rather than of innocent glee or kittenish mischief. Small, inexperienced barques may dance forward on the voyage of life, but here are some that have been already buffeted by the waves of this troublesome world, and still bear traces of the storm.

"That one is doing very well now," the cottage mother remarked of a child of two, the smallest, though not the youngest, in her charge.

The pretty little girl with smiling eyes and self-contained manner was admitted when she was five months old, and she then only weighed seven pounds. On referring to the admission book, it was seen that her mother had been thirty-five times before the magistrate. Another baby, the youngest of three sisters committed to the Homes by a magistrate, had learnt self-control before her arrival. Her attempts to conceal or drive back tears drawn by pain or fear told a heart-breaking and pathetic tale. Though quiet by day, at night the child would start up in bed in causeless terror. She was accustomed to being roughly awakened, the elder sister explained: "Father would come home late, then mother would take the poker, and they fought at the end of the bed, and one night father threw the baby downstairs after mother."

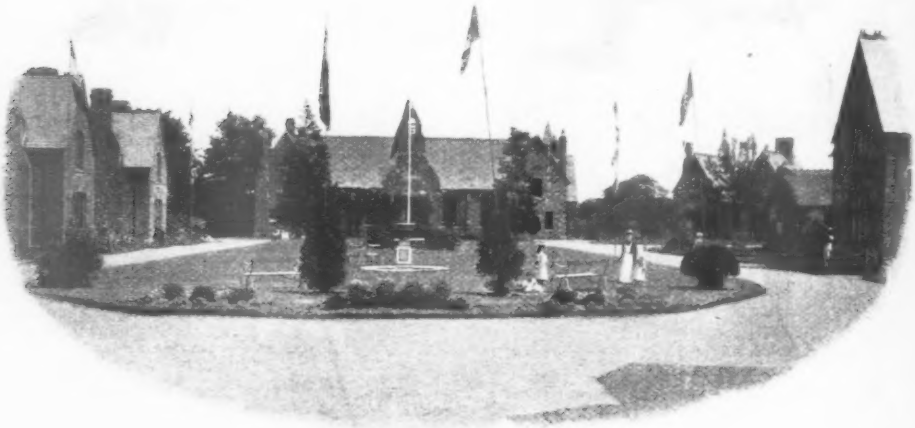
Too many natural guardians forfeit the right to keep their children, and too many young infants are admitted into the Addlestone Homes for all to be placed in one cottage. But only let it be known that one is awaiting location, and arms are eagerly stretched out to receive and enfold it. The hearts of some of these mothers are still hungering for their own lost little ones. An open competition, almost a dispute,

has been known for possession of a starved, neglected little creature, with nothing to attract but its need, and nothing to offer in return for its demand on care and patience. A mother to whom was confided a miserable baby bearing many traces of ill-treatment, but none of washing, pronounced it "better than we sometimes get. We have had them so bad," she continued, "that we were afraid to take their clothes off, lest an arm should come off with them."

The influence of these babies, scattered to complete the various families, is remarkable. They often awaken dormant instincts of love and motherly tenderness in elder girls. Rough voices that nothing else will subdue become gentle when infant slumbers are in danger of disturbance. Elder girls are, no doubt, the greatest difficulty; none, as a rule, are received over ten years of age. It is hard to shut the door against any applicants, but space is limited.

"What do children feel when they are brought to this place after starving in the streets?"

The question rose involuntarily as the present surroundings contrasted vividly with stories of their past experiences. The view through the open cottage windows was green and fresh. The school bell rang, and the sounds that followed were full of breezy cheerfulness.



THE GROUNDS: DECKED FOR THE ROYAL VISIT.

"They seldom show any feeling," replied a lady who has known the Village Homes since their foundation. "One child said she would like to stay here because there was plenty to eat. Another wanted to live here because she liked to sleep on a bed. The children, before they arrive, have been so accustomed to being moved about that they become almost impassive. I have seen some cry at parting with the policeman who has brought them, though they have only known him for an hour."

A policeman who in the space of an hour gives a practical lesson on the meaning and protection of law and order serves his country well. The rescue of children entails arduous and disagreeable labour on these guardians of the peace. This is evident from their experiences often noted in the Home admission book. Whilst patrolling a miserable street, one of them saw a compassionate inhabitant dropping scraps of food through a grating in the pavement. He entered the house, and found three children in a cellar in a starving

and pitiable condition. Their father had kept them locked up there for a fortnight, and this was only part of a long discipline of neglect and exposure to rain and frost. Another had rescued an attractive and lovable little girl of ten from indescribable surroundings. Her father must have been gifted with dangerous powers of fascination, for he had induced a young lady to marry him in defiance of her parents. Years of miserable married life did not dispel her devotion. At length both came into public notice. The wife died from exposure to cold and hunger. The widower had sacrificed his last friend who lost her life in attempting to screen him from justice, and no one remained to pity him but himself.

The arm of the law protected the little girl from her father by making the managers of the Princess Mary Village Homes her legal guardians until she should arrive at the age of sixteen. The child has gained the position which her mother had thrown away, and now lives in ease and comfort.

Some few children, like this little girl, are restored to their friends, and others emigrate, but the great proportion are prepared for domestic service. At the age of thirteen they leave school and cottage life for the Training Home. The matron has twenty-four under her charge. Two by turns work under the cook in a large, light kitchen, and all take practical lessons in the laundry. When they start into the world with an outfit of clothes and qualifications intercourse is seldom broken. Many who write happily from all parts of the earth let slip remarks that tell of tender and regretful recollections of Training Home days. One who is happy in her situation misses the kind "Good-night" at bed-time; another remembers the music and choir practice. At the church she now attends, only boys lead the singing, and they disregard all marks of expression, and spoil the old favourite hymns. What else could be expected of a choir debarred from the advantage of Addlestone training? One girl recalls sorrowfully the trouble she once gave by her hasty temper. Now that she is far away from her former guardians the thought of what they would wish



(*Photo: W. Bates, Chertsey.*)

STARTING FOR THEIR DAILY WALK.

restrains her tongue when she is tempted to answer again.

Though a casual visitor might fail to see evidence in the inmates of the Village Homes of any heritage of vice, those in charge are engaged daily in a hand-to-hand fight with its effects on body, mind, and disposition. One cottage bears the name of Hope. It is a



(Photo: W. Bates, Chertsey.)

THE BABIES' COTTAGE.

sort of moral isolation hospital. Its roof shelters the most difficult cases. The mother in charge prefers them. Wild tempers, mad pranks, and equally unenviable distinctions may possibly indicate a strong character that appeals to her sympathy; but until they are brought under control the owners cannot mix freely with other children in the playground.

In the annals of Hope Cottage one figure is conspicuous. This "difficult case" threatened to be desperate. She terrified the rest by playing ghost; she distressed her guardians by persistently playing the thief; she exercised her brilliant ingenuity in untiring mischief, and was not satisfied until she had twice set fire to the premises. On being detected, she confessed that it was her object to show off her skill and energy in extinguishing the flames and to obtain a reward from the insurance company.

Many years have passed since the care and labour bestowed on this girl seemed but love's labour lost, and she is now a witness of love's transforming power. Her energy and activity, once misdirected, have found a worthy outlet as a good wife and a good mother. She helps her husband, who is broken in health, to maintain a comfortable home. The annual "Old Girls' Day" finds her a welcome visitor in the scenes of her wild escapades. She is not the only one whose present position bears out the opinion of Dr. Welldon, late Head Master of Harrow, "Masters and mistresses may be hopeless—I cannot tell—but boys and girls, never." The apparent failures of Addlestone training have only been four per cent., and some of the most unpromising girls are now holding positions of trust.

Instances of bad conduct have become less and less frequent, and only one runaway has been known since the Village Homes were built. But difficult cases remain. One of the most troublesome girls of the present time follows up days of mischief with fits of screaming—whether induced by hysteria, incipient madness, or merely temper, it is impossible to say. Yet fear of expulsion keeps her within bounds. Leave Addlestone! Go away from Miss ——, one of the ladies to whom her strange, wayward

heart has expanded and clings! The thought nerves her to self-control, and contrition follows.

Trials and difficulties are far below the smooth surface that presents itself to a visitor. The general impression is one of peace and cheerfulness. The Homes are under the Industrial Schools Act, and her Majesty's Inspectors are satisfied if the girls pass the fifth standard. In the school, an order from the Head Mistress that Standard I. should mount a gallery and sing to the visitors was obeyed with cheerful alacrity. Blue and red pinafores arranged in tiers, whilst the wearers held bright yellow Japanese fans, recalled a favourite combination of colour in London window gardens. The swaying, waving, fluttering, and various exercises in time to a song about the Land of Sunrise was accomplished with precision and gravity. But eyes twinkled with fun behind the fans, and the spirit of the children generally gave encouraging evidence that the attempt to efface painful memories is generally successful. In some instances the scars from ill-usage must remain on body and mind till death. This was apparently the case with an elder girl in the workroom, who was unsuccessfully busy and altogether puzzled over turning down a hem which would not come straight.

"I remember that child being carried in," a lady manager said afterwards; "she was such a pretty baby. Her mother, who is in a criminal lunatic asylum, had cut the throats of her two children and thrown that one—the younger—on the fire. The elder child was killed, and this one, I think, has never recovered from the shock."

Younger girls were engaged in finer and more elaborate work. One of them had



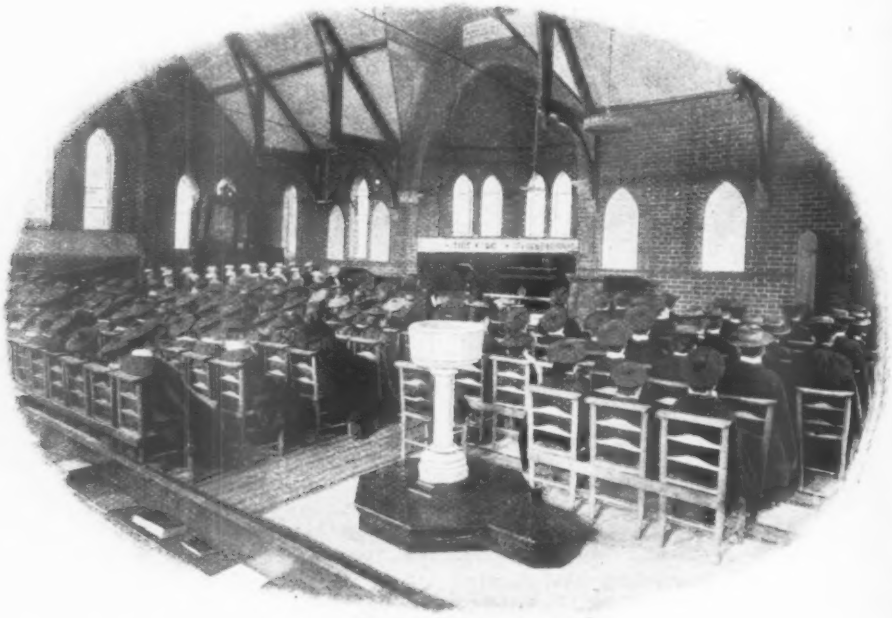
THEIR NEW PLAYGROUND.

helped to execute an order for H.R.H. the Duchess of York, and appreciated the honour; another had made everything required in a girl's outfit, from beginning to end. Last year they made, altogether, 1,632 garments for their own use and 212 on order, without including stockings knitted by hand or machine. Yet in the evening and in their leisure the elder ones find time and amusement in decorative handicrafts. The matron's sitting-room is embellished by gifts of their own manufacture. But the Homes owe a great deal to friends outside, who undertake to clothe and care for one child or a whole family.

The annual "Old Girls' Day" is a good time for testing the results of the labour bestowed on them. Invitations are sent to all who have passed through the Homes and are within recall. Those who have kept their situations for a year or more receive prizes. In 1898 one prize-winner had been seventeen, and another fifteen, years in the same place. Various other encouragements are offered to those who remain in the villages. A challenge cup has been presented by a lady for the cottage mother who obtains the largest number of votes from a committee of inspectors for the best ordered house and the best ordered family. The Duchess of Teck was in the habit of giving presents to the mothers for length of service. The memory of her gentle words of commendation, her sympathy and advice when she discovered any signs of discouragement, the tenderness that drew smiles from little motherless children, seem more precious in the place that bears her name than any gift from her bounteous hand.

It needs a spirit like hers to effectually raise up the children who, if left to themselves, are likely to become burdens on the State in reformatories, lunatic asylums, or prisons. To combat all the difficulties, and persevere towards the perfection of methods, nothing less will avail than the inspiration of the words which are cut in the stone coping of the Babies' Cottage in the Princess Mary Village Homes: "It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

D. L. WOOLMER.



(Photo: W. Bates, Chertsey.)

SERVICE TIME.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN JUNE.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.



JOSEPH BUTLER.

THE early history of the Christian Church in Germany has a large place for the work of St. Boniface, Archbishop of Mayence. His name is one of the most glorious in the roll of its missionaries and martyrs. But he was no German. Winfrid, or Boniface, was born about 680 at Crediton or Kirton, Devon; began his ministerial life in England; and plunged into missionary work in Germany at a time when advancement and honour were before him if he had stayed at home. June 5th is his day. On June 16th, 1752, died Joseph Butler, author of "The Analogy of Religion," and one of the most distinguished of English bishops. He was the son of a Presbyterian. On June 17th, 1703, John Wesley was born at Epworth. The 19th was the birthday of the late C. H. Spurgeon. On the 22nd died Matthew Henry, the commentator.



(Photo: Passmore and Alabaster.)

THE LATE C. H. SPURGEON.

The associations of literature with the month of June ought to have their interests for us. On the 17th died Joseph Addison. Some who forget his work as a servant of the State, and do not think of him as a Christian apologist, may still remember that we often use in public worship two of the hymns he wrote. On the last day of the month died Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a poet of deep religious feeling, whose faith was, as her letters show, of unspeakable comfort in a life which, until her marriage, was one of peculiar trial.



MATTHEW HENRY.
(From the Engraving by G. Vertue.)

June is great in anniversaries of deep national import. On the 15th Magna Charta was signed. To the Petition of Right, preferred in March, 1628, Charles I. gave answer on June 7th, by which the Petition became a statute. The royal assent was given to the first Reform Bill on June 7th, 1832. On June 23rd Clive fought the battle of Plassey, an engagement big with issues for the future of India; on June 21st Wellington won the decisive battle of Vittoria; and June 18th is

the never-to-be-forgotten day of Waterloo. June, too, is the month of the siege and massacre at Cawnpore.



JOSEPH ADDISON.
(From the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

The perfect amity existing between Great Britain and the United States enables the descendants of both sides to contemplate in a cheerful spirit the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, which was fought on June 17th, 1775. In the same month, ten years later, John Adams, first Ambassador from the revolted States, had his first interview with the king of England. On June 21st, 1851, died Henry Clay, statesman and orator, who, in 1814, had assisted in adjusting the treaty of peace between Great Britain and America signed at Ghent. Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, died on June 27th.



HENRY CLAY.

June is an important month in the history of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, commonly known as the "S.P.G." On June 16th, 1701, King William III. granted the Society its charter. The first meeting of the Society was held in Lambeth Palace on the 27th of that month. On June 7th, 1825, the missions of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in South India were transferred to the care of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. On June 16th, 1851, the Society kept its third jubilee, and, in honour of the occasion, the West Indian Church Association for the Furtherance of the Gospel in Western Africa in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was founded.

On June 6th, 1844, in a small room upon the second floor of the business premises of Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams and Co., overlooking Paternoster Row, there was founded the Young Men's Christian Association. The room has for many a long year been associated with the personality of Sir George Williams himself; and in like manner it is impossible to think of the Association without recalling the wonderful devotion with which he has from the very first watched over its interests.



CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM
(From the Painting by Hogarth.)

On June 2nd, 1756, the Foundling Hospital was opened. That, too, was one man's work. Much as the Hospital in its earlier life owed to the interest of men like Hogarth, Handel, and Benjamin West, and though the interest of royal personages was not withheld, it is to Captain Thomas Coram that the existence of the Hospital is due. If physiognomy be any guide, the portrait of Captain Coram, which Hogarth himself painted (it is now one of the art treasures of the Hospital) suggests the very nature to undertake a work of mercy such as this. The establishment of Christ's Hospital by King Edward VI. dates from the same month in the year 1553.



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

FOR THE SAKE OF HER CHILD

By Scott Graham, Author of "The Link between Them," Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bribery & corruption.

ONE Saturday afternoon, late in October, Lulu Inglis returned home from the office, to find Esther sitting by the fire with a brighter colour than usual in her cheeks.

"I've actually had a visitor!" she began. "You would never guess whom—Mr. Lang!"

"What? You don't mean to say *he* has had the impudence to call here again?" cried Lulu indignantly. "When did he come back from the Cape?"

"Only on Thursday. His business did not detain him as long as he anticipated. He marched in as coolly as possible, just as Mabel and I were sitting down to tea. His errand was, he said, to tell me he had seen Jack several times, that he was very well, getting on swimmingly, and not unlikely to become a millionaire himself some day. On the whole, he really made himself very agreeable. Mabel was quite charmed with him," joked Esther, with a teasing glance at their friend.

"No, indeed, Esther; I simply sat and listened while he talked to you. It was very evident that you were the only person he cared to see," returned Miss Bryan, blushing.

Lulu darted a keen glance at her sister. "Well, wonders will never cease! Is he coming again? I hope not."

"I really don't know. I couldn't very well say he wasn't to, could I? It would be wise not to quarrel with him, for Jack's sake, for Mr. Lang has a good deal of influence at Johannesburg, you know."

It was not like straightforward Esther to plot and scheme in this manner; and Lulu could not understand her new-found toleration for Mr. Lang, a man who was far inferior to her in every way. However, she judged



Lulu met her with some surprising information.—*p.* 686.

it best to say no more; especially as Miss Inglis was just then very downcast at the impending cessation of her employment and her income at the same time. In her scanty leisure hours she went the round of the employment agencies, besides answering every likely advertisement; but in vain. Affectionate Lulu entreated her not to worry, because so long as she and Mabel had a crust, Esther should share it with them; but the elder sister's haughty spirit shrank from being a burden upon anyone.

November came, and one Saturday Miss Inglis returned home from the office for the last time. Lulu met her with an affectionate kiss and the surprising information that a box had arrived for her shortly before.

It contained exquisite hothouse flowers, with Mr. Lang's card. Lulu was quite indignant at what she considered a liberty. "I call it downright impertinence, considering he hardly knows us!"

"Speak for yourself, my dear," returned Esther, as she carefully placed a choice orchid in water. "We are not overwhelmed with presents, as a rule. Oh, how different it was in the old days at Mallowfield!"

On the following Sunday afternoon Mr. Lang called again, bland and smiling. He explained that he had chosen that day because he thought he was more likely to find the young ladies at home. His errand was to bring three stall tickets for a forthcoming performance of *Elijah* at the Albert Hall, which he trusted Miss Inglis and her friends would be able to use.

Lulu glared; but Esther's eyes sparkled, for the singers would be world-renowned, and she dearly loved good music. She was so much more gracious to Mr. Lang than she had ever been yet that, when he had gone, her faithful watch-dog, Lulu, observed trenchantly, "It was kind of Mr. Lang to bring the tickets, certainly; but do you think it right to encourage his attentions, Esther? What would father and mother say?"

"What could I do? It would have been most ungracious to refuse—and, oh! won't it be a heavenly treat to hear some good music again,—not stuffed up in the cheap seats, but in the stalls, with only well-dressed people about us! We must take Mabel; it will be a nice change for her."

She was away, staying from Saturday to Monday with a married sister.

Lulu's open brow was still clouded. "All the same, I would rather the tickets had not been given to us. I don't like Mr. Lang, and until a short time ago I didn't think you did either."

"Circumstances alter cases. If I were a young woman of means, I should give my footman orders that I was never at home to such a man as Mr. Lang. But, being to all intents and purposes a beggar, I foresee that he may be useful to me; and I mean to be civil to him."

"Oh, Esther!" cried Lulu tearfully. "How sadly you have changed! You used not to be mercenary!"

But she could obtain no satisfaction from her sister, who merely answered that she was old enough to manage her own affairs, and sat staring into the fire, her fine face set like a handsome mask, disguising the real Esther.

CHAPTER XIX.

In Common Street.

THOSE of my readers who have known what it is to haunt the precincts of employment agencies, to apply at address after address only to learn that the situation announced as vacant has been filled up, to climb weary flights of stairs, to tramp unending streets, and all in vain, will understand what Miss Inglis's life became that winter, after she had lost her situation. Esther, with her undoubted abilities and business aptitude, felt her lot especially hard. The loss of her income was also a serious calamity in the little flat, which could scarcely be kept going from the moderate earnings of the typewriting office. Esther had always been so proud and self-reliant, and had held her head so exceedingly high, that to have to interview strangers with a request for work, was humiliation absolutely amounting to agony.

It was a murky November day, and the roadway and pavements were simply a stream of liquid mud. Overhead was a gloomy sky, threatening a deluge of rain every moment. The narrow streets seemed to shut her in with their grim, prison-like walls, and but for the publicity of the situation, she would have burst into tears. Esther felt so cruelly alone and helpless amid the teeming inhabitants of this great city, who at that moment were going about their business or pleasure entirely indifferent to her and her concerns. She might grow old and grey in seeking work, her heart might break, but what did anybody care? Who was she, Esther Inglis, that she should hope to make a living amid all these innumerable competitors? She looked up and down the crowded pavements, and felt chilled to her very soul.

"My dear Miss Inglis! What a horrible day to be out!"

The speaker was Mr. Lang, trim and smiling, who had just emerged from a tall building let out in suites of offices. He paused in amazement at sight of Esther.

"I—I came to the City on business."

"But you are surely not walking? These filthy pavements are not fit for a lady. Let me call a hansom for you."

Esther paused irresolutely. "I am in quest of work, Mr. Lang," she said at length. "I have lost my former good appointment through changes in the firm, and should be very glad if I could hear of another post as corresponding clerk or secretary. You don't know of anybody requiring a clerk, I suppose?"

"No; and besides, as I told you before, Miss Inglis, I don't approve of ladies working."

"But if they have no money, Mr. Lang, what can they do?"

"Why, marry, of course," he answered, with a broad stare of admiration at her beautiful face. "Gracious goodness, the idea of *you* being at a loss for a career, Miss Inglis! Do you think men are all blind?"

"I object to compliments, Mr. Lang," said Esther haughtily, sticking out her chin at an angle which, truth to tell, only made her look handsomer than ever.

"Well, I must remember that," he rejoined with unabated good-humour. "But can't we go somewhere away from these muddy streets? Isn't your sister's typewriting office somewhere near here? Suppose we look her up, and get her to come with us to lunch at some good place, and this afternoon we might go to some entertainment. I'm quite at your service, if you'll only command me."

Again Esther hesitated—and was lost. The prospect of escaping from those sordid, muddy streets, and enjoying a luxurious luncheon in some civilised place, was too tempting to resist; and after a very feeble protest she allowed Mr. Lang to summon a hansom, in which they whirled off to see Lulu.

She received the plutocrat in a by no means gracious manner, sternly refusing his invitation to lunch, on the plea of too much work to do. But Mabel, who liked the idea of a jaunt, gladly consented to come; and when the three were duly seated at a reserved table in the most expensive restaurant in the City, Esther tried to forget, in allowing Mr. Lang to heap her plate with costly dainties, that all this was a falling-off from her principles. Still, it was less humiliating than being sneered at by half-educated underlings in City offices, she told herself defiantly. A reckless mood had succeeded the depression of the morning: she felt herself drifting, and made up her mind that she would drift.



"If I call to-morrow, shall I find you at home?"—*p.* 688.

Did Mr. Lang perceive it? At all events, he was most assiduous in his attentions, and Esther, on her part, did not snub him as she would have done a month ago. He was very pressing that the girls should come with him to see the skating at Niagara; but

Mabel said decidedly that she could not be spared from the office, and he did not dare to thrust his company upon Esther unchaperoned. So he had to content himself with sending her off in a hansom, prepaid, to an employment agency at the West End which she wished to visit; previously bestowing upon her a tender hand-clasp, with the query—

"If I call to-morrow afternoon, shall I find you at home? I—I have something very particular to say to you."

What that something was the expression of his face left no doubt. Esther trembled, discerning that her fate was in the balance. She had but to lift her finger and this rich man would be at her feet.

"Not to-morrow; the day after," she said hurriedly, making a feeble effort to defer the struggle which must ensue between her better self and her ambition.

"Thursday, then—but not a day later. I really can't wait," responded the plutocrat with native bluntness. And then Esther, with a nod and a smile, drove off; not feeling quite sure, as she sank back on the cushions, whether she was the most despicable girl in London or only the most unfortunate.

She quite expected a lecture from Lulu when her sister returned that evening; and she got it when Mabel had gone to bed. "I'm ashamed of you, Esther!" began her junior, without circumlocution. "When I saw you enter the office with that horrid man this morning, I said to myself, 'Well, the Inglises of Mallowfield *have* come down in the world!'"

"Our meeting was entirely accidental," stammered Esther, with quite unwonted meekness.

"Then why couldn't you just pass on with a bow, and have done with it? You are certainly doing your best to lead Mr. Lang on to propose to you, and I'm disgusted at you! Besides, I thought he was going to marry Mrs. Burnside. It looks as if she must have refused him; and you surely wouldn't accept a man she does not think good enough for her?"

"I have nothing to do with Mrs. Burnside's likes and dislikes: Mr. Lang is very rich, and can give me a beautiful house!"

"A beautiful house, with *him* in it! Oh, Esther, how sadly you are changed from the independent girl you were once upon a time! I used to be proud of you, but now——"

"Am I never to have any happiness like other women?" passionately cried her sister. "You can't wonder if I'm weary of knocking about the London streets, and in trains and omnibuses, stared at by every cad, and treated by the people in offices as if I were the very dirt beneath their feet! I can't get work, though I've tried hard, and I won't go and be a burden on dear old dad! I haven't promised to marry Mr. Lang yet; but, after all, I may as well be a slave to him as drudge all day in a City office!"

"Oh, Esther! how can you?" wailed Lulu. "If there's no other reason, think of Sydney Reynolds! What would he say if you married Mr. Lang?"

"Sydney Reynolds? I haven't seen him for three years, and, if he ever cared for me, he would certainly have apologised before this for his rudeness when we quarrelled. I had forgotten his very existence!" declared Esther loftily.

"But you used to care for him, I'm sure," remonstrated puzzled Lulu.

"If I ever did, the way he has treated me has effectually disillusioned me," retorted Esther in her hardest voice. "He is nothing—less than nothing—to me now!"

And Lulu seeing that it was useless to argue further, left her sister to her own reflections.

CHAPTER XX.

Esther's fate.

FOR form's sake—for she expected nothing would come of it—Esther went round to the employment agencies next morning. To her astonishment she heard at once of a good post. A rich old lady, Mrs. Ingledew, living in Portland Place, required an educated young lady as companion-secretary. She would have a most comfortable home, and sixty pounds a year.

Thinking it might be as well to see the lady of the house, Esther trudged to Portland Place. It had mercifully cleared up, and was a beautiful winter morning. A footman ushered her through a luxuriously carpeted hall into a handsome library, saying that Mrs. Ingledew was engaged for a few minutes, but would see her if she would wait.

Presently she heard a door open, and a man's voice in the hall saying—"All right, Aunt Jeanie, I'll get the book from the library and look." Then the handle was turned, and a young man came in.

Seeing a stranger present, he paused a moment; and Esther, gazing at him, recognised her former lover, Sydney Reynolds. She instantly drew herself up with her haughtiest air, sincerely regretting that by coming to this house she had unwittingly put herself in the way of meeting him again.

"Esther!" he began falteringly, as he came forward with outstretched hands. "Is it really *you*—at last?"

"Certainly, I am Miss Inglis, late of Mallowfield," she answered in her prickliest manner. "I came to see Mrs. Ingledew about a situation she offers as companion. Is she your aunt?"

"My father's cousin only, but I've always called her auntie. She has no children, and I've always had the run of the house. Oh, Esther! why did you never write to me all these years?"

"Was I likely to write, after—after what you said when we parted?"

"I was in a temper, I must own, and I know I said many foolish things; but I'm sure I made ample amends in the letter I wrote to you six months afterwards, from Bombay."

"But I never received any letter from you from Bombay. We left Mallowfield almost directly after, and from that day to this we've never heard a word about you."

"And were too proud to ask, no doubt. I tried to find out, when I came back to England, where you all were, but you had not left your address with anybody, and Mallowfield, of course, was sold. You might at least have let my people know your whereabouts, Esther."

"Sydney!" said a pleasant voice at the door. "What a time you have been finding that 'Whitaker!'"

And a white-haired lady, gentle and benignant of aspect, entered the room. Esther rose, but before she could speak Sydney interposed: "Aunt Jeanie, this lady is an old friend of ours, Miss Inglis, who used to live at Mallowfield Hall, near us."

"Yes; I came from the governess agency to see if you would take me as companion, Mrs. Ingledew," struck in Esther defiantly, determined not to be received under false pretences.

"Miss Inglis is the most independent and outspoken mortal alive, auntie," commented Sydney, wondering at the rich crimson which dyed Esther's face at his words. "We had a tiff in years gone by, and she won't make it up, though I've been trying my best."

The old lady looked from the one to the other, evidently rather puzzled. Then comprehension slowly dawned upon her. "Perhaps you had better finish your explanations, and come to me presently. I can manage by myself very well, Sydney, if you'll just hand me the 'Whitaker.'" And she promptly effaced herself.

"I have thought of you so often, Esther," said young Reynolds, coming to sit close beside her. "But I couldn't trace you, or your people either. You all seemed to vanish completely. I think you've been very cruel to keep me in suspense all these years!"

"In suspense? Oh, Sydney, how can you say so, when you know that before we parted all was over between us?"

"Over for you, perhaps, you hard-hearted girl, but not for me," he doggedly answered. "I've never forgotten you, Esther, and I never shall. I said so in my letter from Bombay. It was most unfortunate that it got lost, as it evidently did; I expect it was some stupidity of the Post Office. I only hope and trust that you are still free, now that we have met again."

Her cheeks were redder than ever. "I am not engaged, but——"

"But you care for somebody else?"

"Oh, no, no!" with a shudder, as she mentally contrasted Mr. Lang's coarse, plebeian features with Sydney's well-cut, dark face.

"Then what is it, my darling?" His tone had grown caressing, and, leaning over the back of her chair, he slipped his arm about her.

She drew away from his embrace. "Oh, Sydney, don't ask me! I got so tired of working, and—and I was just about to accept a horrid man for his money! He was to come for his answer to-morrow."

"My poor Esther! I'm afraid you've had a hard time of it! But now you'll send him to the right-about, won't you?" he coaxed lovingly. "I'm in a position to marry now, for I'm the heir to the property, as my poor brother Percy is dead—killed by a fall from his horse, dear old chap! And I've also come into some money from an old aunt. So there's nothing whatever to wait for, if only you'll make me the happiest fellow alive by promising to be my wife. We'll go and live among all the dear old people you used to know when you were at Mallowfield; and we'll never, never have another quarrel as long as we live! What do you say, Esther?"

She could not say anything, for she was too deeply moved; but she put both arms round his neck, with the confiding gesture of a little child, the tears streaming down her face the while. Proud Esther Inglis had found happiness at last! She had always loved Sydney dearly, though too proud to confess as much, especially after he had, as she thought, treated her badly; and it was arranged, before he escorted her home from Portland Place, that their marriage should take place in April.

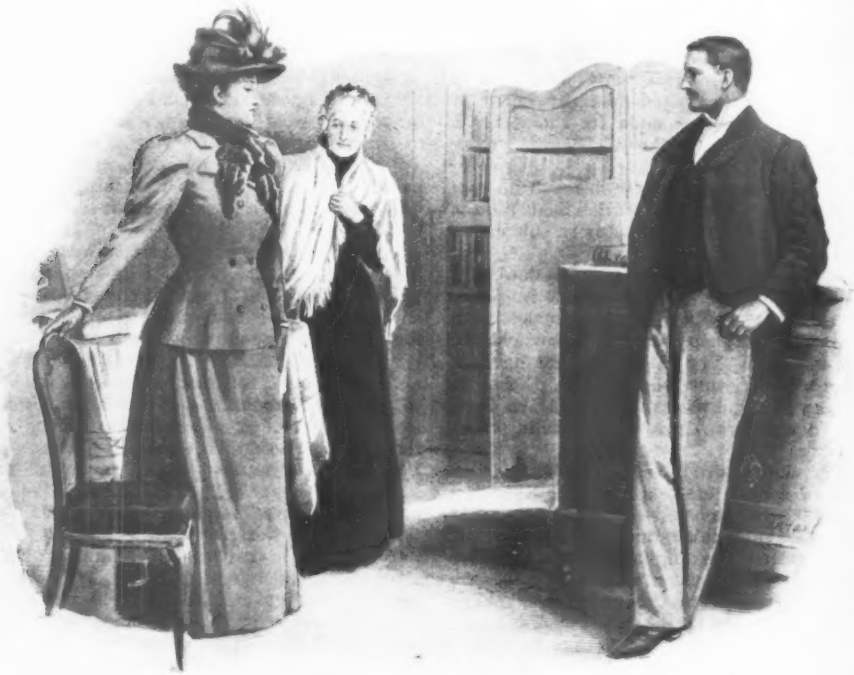
Esther, conscious that she had not behaved altogether well, had not courage to face Mr. Lang next day. So she wrote saying that her engagement would prevent her from having all her time at her disposal as heretofore; but if Mr. Lang liked to come and be introduced to her future husband, she would be most happy to receive him.

She dreaded to be the recipient of an angry letter in reply, accusing her of fickleness and deceit. But, though the plutocrat was in a

terrible rage when he received the news, a little reflection convinced him that he had no actual grounds for upbraiding Esther with jilting him, as he had never yet proposed to her. So he took refuge in sulky silence, and never answered her letter at all. The immediate result, however, was to make him determined to marry May Burnside now at all costs; and he sat down at once and wrote an epistle to her which left her in no doubt as to his intentions in the matter.

On the first of November she returned to Beachbourne. Her aunt exclaimed in annoyance at the way she was losing her good looks. May had gone off dreadfully, she declared.

But the tight clasp of Doris's little arms was some consolation. "Don't ever go away any more, mummy," she pleaded tearfully. "I've missed you so much!" Doris, in her childish way, was no happier in Victoria Square than her mother. Miss Waller systematically snubbed her, and the servants, taking their cue from their mistress, and knowing that May was powerless through poverty, called the child "a beggarly brat" and other choice names below stairs.



The old lady looked from one to the other, evidently puzzled.—*p.* 689.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Lang's ultimatum.

DISHEARTENED though she was by her previous experiences, May once more went the round of the employment agencies; only to hear the same discouraging story. Without conspicuous talents, or systematic training, she could only command starvation wages, if any. There was therefore no resource but to return to her life of slavery, with the abhorred figure of Mr. Lang looming ever larger and larger upon her horizon.

At length arrived a letter for Miss Waller, which she perused eagerly. Mr. Lang wrote to say he had arrived safely; but since his return business—trust him not to mention his flirtation with Esther Inglis!—had prevented him from coming down to Beachbourne. He enclosed a note which he requested Miss Waller to deliver to Mrs. Burnside.

The spinster anxiously scanned her niece's distressed face as she read it. It was a formal renewal of his offer of marriage, saying that, as the writer wished Mrs. Burnside

to have due time for reflection, he was willing to wait one week for her answer.

Miss Waller insisted on seeing it; for she had no delicacy where May was concerned. "Now mind," she enjoined, "by the end of the week—that is, next Wednesday—I expect you to write and accept Mr. Lang. If you don't, you leave my house with Doris the same day. Not another meal shall you eat, not another night shall you sleep, under my roof! But if you consent to obey me in this matter, as a dutiful niece should, I'll give you a splendid wedding and a handsome trousseau, and Doris shall come and stay here whenever you like to send her."

May sat as if in a sick dream, hearing the words, but too stunned to think. Indeed, all that she realised was that by next Wednesday her fate would be decided.

It was not the least among the trials of her hard life that, with all this hanging over her, Miss Waller required her to go out calling with her that very afternoon, as if nothing had happened. May had to sit and smile in crowded drawing-rooms, compare notes with people about their summer travels, and seem as happy as if her life were all sunshine. Was it really she she wondered, who was talking to Lady Lee about the Strathpeffer baths—or was it some other girl dressed like her, whose life was not closed in by that dreadful Wednesday which loomed dark before herself?

With a mixture of the keenest pleasure and pain she encountered Harold Inglis in the last house they visited. They had not met, save in the street, for some time. Whilst Miss Waller was shouting at deaf old Miss Gillespie in a frantic endeavour to make her hear—Miss Gillespie was very rich, and therefore greatly courted—they snatched a moment's confidential talk.

Harold was looking pale and out of spirits; and May, having told him that she had seen his sisters during her recent visit to London, inquired whether Esther had found another situation yet. Harold said she had not; and when May observed that, with Esther's abilities and experience, she was not likely to remain unoccupied long, he answered with unusual despondency—

"We Inglises are an unlucky lot! I have recently lost my best and richest patient, Sir Edward Vane. Poor man, he suffered so much that I can only consider it a happy release, and I would not for worlds disparage his memory. He had left me a substantial legacy in his will, which I counted upon, I must confess, to help me to a good practice. It would have made a great difference to me in every way." With difficulty he mastered a choke in his voice, and continued: "He was a man of eccentric habits and strong prejudices, and unfortunately he took offence at an affair in which my conduct was misrepresented to him, and shortly before his death cancelled his bequest to me, and now I am as poor as ever."

"How hard! How cruelly unjust! And has he left you absolutely nothing?"

"Probably by an oversight, he neglected to strike out the legacy of a Queen Anne cabinet



"Don't ever go away any more."

I had admired, and its contents—a few valueless birds' eggs, some bits of old rusty iron, and so on. I have been advised to send the whole thing to be sold in London, where I am likely to get a better price than here, though I

fear it can only be very little at best. Excuse me for boring you with my insignificant annoyances, Mrs. Burnside," he added, always considerate of the feelings of others.

"I am quite as disappointed as you can be," she responded, with one earnest look into his eyes which expressed much. "Mr. Lang has returned to London," she added in a hurried whisper. "He has asked me again to marry him, and I am to give him my answer in a week."

His pale cheek grew a little whiter. "And you——"

"What can I do?" she breathed. "There is Doris. I must think of her. When I was in London, I went all over the place, to see if I could find any way of earning my own living: but I couldn't hear of anything which would have enabled me to educate Doris properly. And she *must* be educated: she shall not be left at the world's mercy, like her mother!"

What would he not have given to kiss away the tears he saw standing in her eyes? But alas! he was powerless to comfort or help her in any way.

CHAPTER XXII.

At the pillar-box.

THE rest of that week seemed to May like a nightmare; for she was not allowed to shirk any of her duties, but had to entertain callers with a smiling face, teach Doris, and write her aunt's letters as usual.

Miss Waller said nothing, for she was a shrewd woman, and knew the advisability of letting well alone. But she watched May keenly and closely during that week, and she, as well as her niece, counted the days as they went by.

Wednesday morning came—a dull November day, threatening rain. May rose, tired and jaded after a nearly sleepless night, and while she dressed contemplated her livid features in the glass, wondering what Mr. Lang could see to admire in such a poor, washed-out thing. She did not realise that it was the very novelty of finding a woman who objected to marry a millionaire which made him so determined to win her.

Breakfast passed off rather silently, after which Miss Waller called May into the morning-room. "Have you written to Mr. Lang yet? This is Wednesday, you know."

"N—no, not yet," stammered May. "There's plenty of time—the evening post doesn't leave till eight."

"Now, May, no shirking," enjoined the spinster very sternly. "What answer are you going to give Mr. Lang?"

"I—I—I don't know, aunt."

"Well, of all the feeble-minded, foolish young women——However, I needn't say any more. You know my terms. If you refuse Mr. Lang, you may get your boxes packed, for you'll leave to-night, never to return."

May turned away, her heart too full for speech, and, going upstairs, she flung herself face downwards on her bed.

How long she might have lain there, battling with her sorrow, I know not; but about three o'clock loud cries resounded through the house, a door banged, and Doris, oblivious of all the nursery regulations, flew down the stairs calling distractedly—"Mummy! mummy!"

May was up in an instant and, intercepting the little weeping, dishevelled figure on the landing, anxiously inquired what was the matter. At the same time, the drawing-room door opened below, and stately Miss Waller rustled up to ask the cause of the tumult.

It was some time before the child was calm enough to explain. "Mary — Mary — she's always so unkind to me—she called me a little beggar just now! Oh, mummy! I'm not a beggar, am I, like those poor children we see in the street? Shall I have to wear dreadful boots like theirs, and clothes in holes?"

May gathered her child to her, a sudden fire in her usually calm eyes. "No, Doris, never—you will never be a little beggar-girl, but you shall go to live in a beautiful house with mother, and have a pony to ride. So cheer up, and don't cry any more. I am going to write to Mr. Lang now, as you wished," she added, turning resolutely to her aunt. "This decides it—I can't have Doris put upon. I'm convinced that Mary has always been very cruel to her; I must ask you to give her notice at once."

Between her delight at the realisation of her fondest hopes and her surprise at beholding May in this new and imperative mood Miss Waller had not a word to say, but meekly rang a call-bell on the landing which communicated with the nursery. Speedily Mary appeared, half-sulky, half-defiant.

"Get your boxes packed at once, and leave my service to-day," said Miss Waller. "I will send your wages by Jane, and you need not refer to me for a character after the impertinent language you have dared to use to Miss Burnside."

"'Miss Burnside,' indeed!" Mary muttered sulkily as she went upstairs, vexed at heart at losing a good place through her hasty temper. Clearly, for some reason not apparent, May's star was in the ascendent, and she was no longer a cipher in the household.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, May darling," began Miss Waller in her blandest tones. "I had no idea Mary ill-used Doris, or I should have dismissed her at once. Don't fret, my pet,"

caressing the child effusively. "Mary's gone, and can never vex you again. You shall go out with Jane and buy some nice sweets, and you may ask the little Ellises to come to tea with you in the nursery. Won't that be nice?"

Very pale, with a brilliant scarlet spot glowing on each cheek, May wrote, in a few brief but decisive words, her acceptance of Mr. Lang. She drew a long sigh as she closed the envelope. Meanwhile Miss Waller hovered in the background, saying nothing; but when the letter was ready she came and folded her niece in her arms.

"I am so delighted, dear May, that you have had the wisdom to do this! It will be such happiness to me to know that you are adequately provided for, and Doris too. I'm sure Mr. Lang's very fond of you, and he will make a good, kind husband. He doesn't drink, or bet, or squander his money foolishly, and it really is a splendid chance for you."

May drew away from these blandishments rather impatiently. "It is entirely for Doris I am doing this—entirely. Please say no more. I'll go and post this at once."

In truth, she was afraid to trust herself until the letter had been safely despatched, when, of course, there could be no going back.

"Jane would take it, love; but perhaps a little run would do you good, and bring some colour to your cheeks. You look very pale, and I'm afraid Mr. Lang will scold me."

May flung on her outdoor garments in feverish haste, and soon was in the Square. Miss Waller nodded and smiled to her effusively from the window: for, like the rest of us, she could be very sweet when she got her own way.

In a few minutes May reached a pillar-box. "Next collection, 4.15," she read. Probably Mr. Lang would get the letter that night. She was just about to drop it in, when a voice said in her ear—"Oh, Mrs. Burnside, I am so glad to see you! I was coming to call in Victoria Square, to tell you some good news."

"Some good news?" stammered May, hastily drawing back her hand with the letter, as she turned to encounter Harold Inglis.

"Will you take a turn with me in the gardens, and I will tell you?"

As if in a dream, she consented, and walked on beside him, the fateful letter still in her hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A change of programme.

"BEFORE I begin, tell me if I come too late," entreated Harold, turning his handsome face towards her, all flushed with eagerness. "You—you have not consented to marry Mr. Lang?"

"No," said May slowly. "At least, I had written to him, but the letter isn't posted yet. Oh, I've been so miserable! But what could I do?"

"My poor love!" said Harold pityingly. "But I have suffered even more, May, knowing how sorely tried you were, and yet obliged to stand by in silence. I'm poor still—I'm afraid I shall be poor all my life—but I see my way now to a partnership, and, with health and strength, I hope to make a living. You remember my telling you how I had been disappointed about a legacy from Sir Edward Vane, who merely bequeathed me an old cabinet filled with what seemed to me utter rubbish. I was persuaded by the auctioneer here to send it to be sold at Christie's, with its contents, though it seemed to me absurd nonsense. But, to my intense amazement, one of the birds' eggs sold for no less than £225, being a genuine and very perfect specimen of the egg of the great auk. I had no idea Sir Edward possessed such a treasure, and I don't think he knew it either. Another curio, which I set down in my ignorance as a bit of old iron, was bought by the British Museum authorities for a hundred guineas. It was an old Roman helmet which had been dug up near Beachbourne, and bought by Sir Edward, I believe for a mere trifle; but the Museum authorities had long had their eye upon it. There were some rather good coins also, and altogether the cabinet and its contents sold for no less than £450. Imagine what a windfall! An old friend of mine at Guy's, who is established in a growing suburb of London, wrote to me a month ago, saying the work was getting beyond him, and, if I could see my way to pay £500 down, he would gladly take me into partnership. The offer was to remain open till Christmas, and my father, like the old brick he is, has consented to add fifty pounds to the money from the lucky cabinet. So, in a very humble way, I see hope before me. And now May, you know all my circumstances. I'm not in debt, and can offer you a very modest, but, I hope, happy home. Are you afraid to be a poor man's wife, dear? I cannot offer you the luxuries Mr. Lang can, but at least I love you with my whole heart."

"And Doris?" she faltered.

"Doris, of course, will live with us, and, believe me, she shall be as dear to me as if she were my own."

"I feel I have so little to give in return for all your devotion," she answered, with swimming eyes. "I have nothing, literally nothing, in the wide world; for if I marry you my aunt will cast me off. Are you sure you will never repent, Harold, if you marry a penniless wife?"

"No, my darling, you are not penniless;

you are rich beyond words in all that makes life most worth living. Oh, my own! trust me; you have nothing to fear."

And with a great sob May put her hand into his, her sore heart at rest at last. Better poverty, privation, every sorrow, in company with the man she loved than splendid wretchedness in Palace Gardens. It was still a gloomy November afternoon, but to these two it seemed as if they trod the shining streets of Paradise. May took her now useless letter and tore it into the tiniest fragments, deriving the keenest enjoyment from so doing.



"Some good news?" stammered May. —*p.* 693.

Harold insisted on going with her to Victoria Square, and announcing the news to Miss Waller. It was characteristic of him that he was straightforward in all things. As they passed a post-office he went in and telegraphed to his sisters the news of his engagement, and asked them to take May in for a few days until he could make further arrangements. May was most reluctant thus to burden the girls' slender resources, but Harold assured her that a very warm welcome awaited her, and that Esther and Lulu would be delighted to have her. As May did not know another house to which she could fly for refuge, since those of her aunt's friends would, of course, be closed against her, her objections were perforce overruled.

Miss Waller turned ghastly when, as she was dozing luxuriously over the drawing-room fire, happy in the thought that May was at last to make a wealthy match, her niece came in with Harold. Instantly divining that something had gone wrong with her darling scheme, her fierce eye blazed like that of a hawk, and with passionate eagerness she jerked out:

"Did you post your letter, May?"

"No, aunt," May gently answered, coming to stand close beside Miss Waller. "I'm afraid it will be rather a blow to you: I have promised to marry Harold. I have always loved him, and now he has asked me to be his wife, as he has had an offer of partnership with an old friend, a doctor, near London. We may not be rich, aunt, but I'm sure we shall be very happy. If I had married Mr. Lang, I'm certain I should have been very miserable. Don't think me very wicked and ungrateful, aunt; I shall never forget how much Doris and I are indebted to you for all you have done for us. If you would only say you forgive me——"

In her newly found and intense happiness, she yearned to be at peace with all the world, and, stooping down, would have embraced Miss Waller; but that lady imperiously waved her off, her aristocratic face set like a flint.

"Let me have no sentimental nonsense of *that* kind, May! I wash my hands of you and Doris henceforth. After such mad folly and ingratitude as yours, I wish to have nothing more to do with you. Do what you like, and

go where you like: but if you come to beggary, as you probably will, don't imagine I shall ever be so foolish as to take compassion on you again. Don't stand there looking at me; pack your trunks at once, and leave the house with that spoilt child of yours this very night!"

"But, Miss Waller——" deferentially interposed Harold.

"I wish to have nothing whatever to say to *you*, Dr. Inglis. If you have been scheming in the hope that I shall relent in time, and you will obtain some money through my niece, let me tell you that you will be sadly disappointed! Now go, both of you, and let me never see you again!"

There seemed nothing more to be said, and slowly and sorrowfully May led the way from the room. She had a guilty sense of having been very unkind and ungrateful to her aunt, though at the same time she felt intensely thankful that she had been saved from a hateful marriage with Mr. Lang. In the privacy of the hall she turned and flung her arms impulsively round Harold's neck. "Oh, my darling, my darling! You must love me more than ever now, for I have nobody but you and Doris to care for me in the whole wide world!" she sobbed.

But the lover-like clasp of his strong arms reassured her on that point. With Harold by her side she felt strong enough to defy all the ills of life. He soothed and kissed her tenderly, after which it was decided that she should start by the eight o'clock express for London. She would thus arrive at the West Kensington flat shortly after ten, and would, Harold assured her, be warmly welcomed there. In a few days, when he had completed his arrangements, he would follow her to town, and take rooms in the neighbourhood until the deed of partnership had been signed and he had a home ready for his bride. The wedding was to take place in a few weeks' time at latest.

An eager, hurried embrace, a few passionate kisses, and they separated. May ran upstairs, and, after despatching a brief letter to Mr. Lang, set about packing in earnest, assisted by Jane, who was open-mouthed with astonishment at this sudden departure.

When her boxes were packed, she sent Jane to call a cab; and, as Miss Waller absolutely refused to see her niece again, she and Doris took their departure in silence. A weight of oppression seemed to roll away from May's heart as the massive hall door closed behind them. What truly miserable years she had spent in that house, in spite of the perfection of its appointments and its fashionable position!

Harold was at the station to see them off; and May was glad that she had sufficient money to buy the tickets, so that there was no need to adopt his delicately worded suggestion that he should take them. He had despatched a second telegram to his



"Pack your trunks at once, and leave the house."

sisters, in consequence of which May had no sooner arrived at the entrance to Windermere Mansions than impulsive Lulu, who was waiting in the hall, rushed out and clasped her in her arms. A cosy little supper was in readiness, and all that kindness could do to afford a welcome was done. And when May at last laid her head on the pillow beside the sleeping Doris, it was with a sense of utter rest and happiness to which she had long been a stranger.

Chapter the Last.

THE news of Esther's engagement and the sight of her newly found happiness were additional sources of satisfaction to May, whose own long-deferred bliss gave her an intense sympathy with all true lovers. She felt it right, after the kindness received from Harold's sisters, to suggest that if, after Esther's marriage, Lulu should not care to remain in the flat, she was very welcome to make her home with May and her husband. But Lulu repelled the invitation almost with scorn. She and Mabel would be very happy together; and whether or no, she did not want to be beholden to anybody. May did not press the subject: she admired Lulu the more for her independence.

In a few days Harold arrived from Beachbourne, after finally settling up his affairs there.

His first care was to take his betrothed to meet his old friend and future partner, Dr. Fletcher, and inspect the lower part of a furnished house which had been offered to him on advantageous terms. May and he were determined to begin in the humblest way, and studiously avoid debt. Dr. Fletcher suggested that Harold might increase his income by taking a resident patient, an idea at which he and May caught eagerly. Altogether things looked very bright to the once sad-hearted girl, despite her aunt's continued silence and hostility.

Their quietest of all quiet weddings took place in December.

Besides the Inglis family, Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and Mabel Bryan, no guests were present, and there were few presents. May had not bought a single new thing, but was married in a plain tailor gown, and there was no wedding trip, as the young couple immediately proceeded to the new house.

Altogether it was such a wedding as would have excited Miss Waller's horror and contempt by its utter absence of fashion and smartness; but it was a very happy marriage, for all that.

And although her housekeeping was to be on the most frugal scale, May entered upon her new career with her heart full of the peace and content to which it had been a stranger ever since she quitted her father's roof, as an inexperienced girl of eighteen, to undergo the agonising trials of a drunkard's wife. As for Doris, her delight with the new order of things was immeasurable.

Esther's marriage was fixed for the spring. Happiness had improved and softened her wonderfully, and the hardness which formerly threatened to spoil her otherwise fine character had given place to an almost timid gentleness. In fact, as she one day confided to Harold, she felt she had behaved shamefully in being willing to marry Mr. Lang for his money, and sometimes wondered whether she could ever regain her self-respect.

"You've had a very hard struggle, dear," he answered indulgently.

"No harder than Lulu, and yet think how good and patient she's always been!"

"We're all only mortals, Esther, after all. And now I've a bit of good news for you," he continued. "I had a letter from Miss Geare, that eccentric old lady who was so kind to me at Beachbourne. We had a misunderstanding, entirely brought about by a scheming companion of hers, Miss Pepper. Well, Miss Geare writes that she and her friend are about to part, as Miss Pepper has been asked to go out to a brother in New Zealand. Miss Geare is displeased about it, and thinks her 'dear Julia' has behaved deceitfully and badly. As she doesn't care to live at Beachbourne alone, and, as she pathetically says, 'she gets queer sometimes,' she would like to live with a doctor. So, if I'll let bygones be bygones—which I will, most gladly—and take her in with all her pet animals, she'll pay me three hundred a year. So now we can move into a better house. Isn't that delightful?"

"You dear old Harold!" Esther cried, as she gave him an impulsive hug which might well have befitted Lulu. "I *am* so glad, both for May's sake and yours! I'm sure you both deserve the very best gifts Providence can bestow."

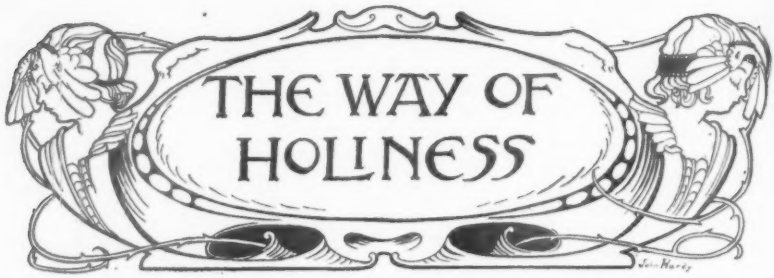
"We will try to deserve them, at any rate," he answered with a gravity which became him very well. "Already May is a different being; she is, I believe, as happy as it is possible to be. She was called 'Lucky Mrs. Burnside' at Beachbourne without any real justification for it; I hope that in future years it may be possible to name her 'Lucky Mrs. Inglis' without departing very greatly from the truth."

THE END.

OUR ROLL OF HEROIC DEEDS



WE record this month a notable deed on the part of a Scottish pit lad, Daniel Hammill, who when returning from his work at Irvine was one evening attracted by the cries of a little girl who had fallen into the river. Without a moment's hesitation Hammill plunged in, and though the river was in full flood with a strong current running, he pluckily swam to the child, and after much trouble, and with the kindly help of a passer-by, succeeded in bringing her to the bank.



By the Ven. Archdeacon Diggle.

HOLINESS is the way as well as the life of the Christian. Because the Christian is born into a new life, he walks by a new way — the way called in the Bible the way of holiness.*

The way of holiness is a very beautiful way, yet sometimes a hard and always an upward way. But although an upward way, ever climbing towards the eternal hills, the heavenly way of holiness is unlike all earthly mountain ways. Earthly mountain ways are broad and easy and beautiful at the beginning, but narrow and heavy and difficult to discern at the end. At first they run through meadows and orchards and pleasant plains—among the smell of flowers and the song of birds and the promise of fruit; but as they mount they leave behind them the joys of fragrance and blossom and song. They run ever harder and harder against the steep. At length they reach wild wastes of moor, or run in thin and zigzag lines across a perilous bog, and in the end are lost amid barren rocks or treacherous sheets of slippery ice, or a wilderness of voiceless, trackless snow. And often, after all the toil of climbing, an impenetrable fog enshrouds the mountain-top, hiding from view the sun in the azure vault of heaven above and the landscape vastly spreading upon the lovely earth beneath.

It is quite otherwise with the upward way of holiness. Its entrance is by a strait and heavy gate which nothing but the mighty love of God can unlock and open. And at first the way is narrow and hard, like a little thread of light amid the encircling gloom. Often, too, sharp stones cut the feet, making wounds which leave a crimson trail in the traveller's path. But gradually the darkness melts into ever-brightening light, the way grows easier and more pleasant, flowers spring about the path, the track is warm with the footprints of those who have gone before, the fruits of joy and peace abound, the sweet songs of angels break constantly upon the ear, and the view from the mountain-top is never hidden from sight. As we look down we behold with lowly, loving gratitude the wondrous course by which we have been led; and as we look up we see the pearly doors of heaven opening to invite our feeble, yet not fainting, feet. Yes! God's ways are like God's wine: the best is always kept to the last.* And the summit is the best, the most beautiful, the most delectable part of all the upward way of holiness.

The way of holiness is not only a way: it is a highway†—the highway of the King of kings and Lord of lords. Its gates cannot be shut by men or opened by any except the King Himself. But the King is all-gracious. To all who knock, without respect of persons or past history, the King freely opens the gate.‡ The gate is very red, for it has been steeped in the blood of an eternal sacrifice, and all the traveller has to do —but this seemingly simple task is sometimes exceedingly hard—is to sprinkle

* Isaiah xxxv. 8.

* St. John ii. 10. † Isaiah xxxv. 8. ‡ St. Matthew vii. 7.

upon the gate the tears of his own self-surrender, and then the red gate immediately flies open. No toll save that of sacramental contrition is needed—no other money, no other price.* Neither the gate nor the way of holiness belongs exclusively to any single nation, people, or church. It is the free highway of all the subjects of the King.

The unclean are the only persons forbidden to pass the King's highway.† Not the sinful, but the unclean. All the travellers by the King's highway are sinful persons: persons keenly conscious of their sins. If you speak with any of them, they will tell you with great, humility and godly sorrow that they have been, and are, miserable sinners. Yet though they sin, they are not unclean. They hate uncleanness in every form. Evil of all kinds is their abhorrence.‡ It is misery to them to displease, or to be disloyal to, their Lord—a misery which would be intolerable but for the infinite mercy of their all-gracious King, Who does not lay their sin to their charge, Who blots it out of His book of remembrance, and does not even call it "sin" when it has been washed away in the cleansing streams of their penitence and His pardon.§ In these streams, which perpetually flow along the way of holiness, the stumbling travellers are ever washing their dusty feet. They need no other washings‖; but this washing of the feet they daily need. Otherwise they would be unfit to tread the way. They *could not* tread it. For to the wholly unclean holiness is a consuming fire; and even to the divinely cleansed who do not daily wash their feet it is a way, not of upward progress, but of downward sliding and constant retrogression. And if the daily washing be for long neglected the way itself vanishes from the eyes of the unwashed traveller.

But those who daily wash their feet in the fountains of penitence and pardon never lose their way in following after holiness. However simple and unlearned and foolish in other things they are, they are always wise in this—they never miss their way. For it is one of the many glories of the way that "wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."¶ The poorest and the youngest and the least experienced, who keep daily clean by daily washing, can never lose their course in the way of holiness. And this is very strange when we remember that the way of holiness, unlike some other ways, is a way in which oftentimes we cannot see one single step ahead. We frequently catch glimpses of the end, the beautiful vision of everlasting life; but the next step onward and upward is hidden from our view.

The traveller has to be content with taking one step at a time. Leaning on the staff of hope, with the sandals of righteousness upon his feet, he marches on in the calm confidence of faith. He does not speculate upon the probabilities of the next turning in the path; he is fully satisfied to patiently wait till he reaches the turning, in sure confidence that, at the turning, though not before, he will be clearly shown the way. Foolishly weak perhaps in other things, the wayfaring holy man is wisely strong in faith: he is not curious about the distant future; one step at a time is enough for him; and so, relying wholly on his Guide, he cannot miss the way. For in the way of holiness every traveller has a Guide; an unfailing Guide who shows him where to plant his feet. However dark the path, the Guide glows with light, and in the light of the Guide the traveller himself sees light for his path. The Guide always goes before, and, putting his feet into the shining footprints of the Guide's feet, the most feeble and inexperienced traveller cannot err in the way of holiness.

In the way of holiness, too, the most timid traveller has no cause for fear. "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there,"* without danger and without dread. The way of holiness, unlike the ways of sin, is a wholly fearless way. The ways of sin are always ways of fear: fear of consequence, of exposure, of punishment. The sinning man is never free from fear; he is full of fears without and fears within. So fearful is he that he fleeth when no man pursueth;† he trembles at his own shadow, an unaccustomed sound is as the trumpet of his doom; he is ever anticipating the impending evil; his days are made intolerable with foreboding suspicions, and his nights are black

* Isaiah lv. 1, and St. John iii 3.
‡ Romans xii. 9.
‖ St. John xiii. 10.
† Isaiah xxxv. 8.
§ 1 St. John ii. 2. *Cf.* v. 18.
¶ Isaiah xxxv. 8.

* Isaiah xxxv. 9.
† Proverbs xxviii. 1.

with clouds of darkest dread. How blessedly different is the way of holiness! It is the way of purity, and therefore of peace. It is a way quite free from fear. However dark the path may sometimes be, it is never dangerous. The lions may roar about the path, but on the path itself they cannot come; or, coming, are unable to devour. So long as we walk in the way of holiness, the holy angels of the Lord stop the mouths of the lions and break the teeth of all ravenous beasts.

It is beautiful to see how bold and brave even little children are when walking in the way of holiness. Guilt makes cowards of the strongest souls; holiness animates the weakest with courage. In the way of holiness there is but one fear, the fear of displeasing the holy Lord. But this fear is sweet and beautiful, and casts out every other form of fear. They who fear God with reverence have nothing else to fear with terror. Yes! even those who once, when living in sin, were full of dread, are gradually made free from fear when, forsaking sin, they begin to follow holiness. Being redeemed from iniquity, they are emancipated from terror. The redeemed of the Lord, notwithstanding their past tremblings and terrors, may, by the mercy of God, learn to walk in the way of holiness, no longer dreading either the lion of avenging wrath or the ravenous beast of a remorseful conscience.

More than this, the way of holiness is not only free from guilty fear, it is full of grateful joy. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."* The way of holiness is, indeed, often the way of conflict, conflict against sin and self and Satan, conflict for goodness and ideals and God. It is a battle against earthliness and wrong, a battle for heavenliness of conduct and character.

And in the conflict we are sometimes worsted, in the battle we are sometimes less than conquerors. Then sorrow and sighing ensue. In sadness of heart at our spiritual defeats the springs of music are dried up within us. We hang up our harps: as did exiled Israel of old, upon the willows that grew by Euphrates' bank. When we have fallen into sin, or failed in some noble aspiration, we cannot sing the Lord's songs. Even in the way of holiness we sometimes are obliged to sit down and weep under a depressing sense of strangeness, and sorrow, and loneliness. Shame, for our weakness and our selfishness, covers our face.

In all such hours of distress what can we do? One remedy alone is possible, but *that* is always effectual. Let us cry unto the Lord in our trouble, and He will deliver us out of our distress.* His goodness will put gladness into our heart.† He will give us "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."‡ In the way of holiness even penitence is converted into praise, shame into song, sorrow for sin into thanksgiving for pardon, human weakness into Divine strength. Ever and again along the way tears of repentance are mingled with the wine of holiness: but as we mount we practise more and more successfully the habit of forgetting ourselves and rejoicing in the Lord, and when at last we reach the summit and enter the shrine of His eternal presence, we shall find the fulness of our joy and pleasures for evermore.§

* Isaiah xxxv. 10.

* Psalm cvii. 6. † Psalm iv. 7.
‡ Isaiah lxi. 3. § Psalm xvi. 11.

AN UNANSWERED TELEGRAM.

A Complete Story. By M. Penrose, Author of "A Vacant Place," Etc.

"One can fancy that a violin upon which no one had ever played would yet be glad to vibrate faintly in unison with the music of a more favoured neighbour, it would bring a sensation of the possibility of music."—F. MARION CRAWFORD.

AGNES TREHERNE smiled softly to herself as she looked out towards the sea, watching the two figures that blurred her view of the horizon. She was all alone, under a broiling sun, and her book was not an interesting one; but it was such intense happiness to watch those two, and to lie there on the rocks, imagining what they might possibly be saying to one another, and dreaming of their future, that she felt the want of nothing.

It was not long since the face of life had changed for her, and as yet she had hardly grown accustomed to the change.

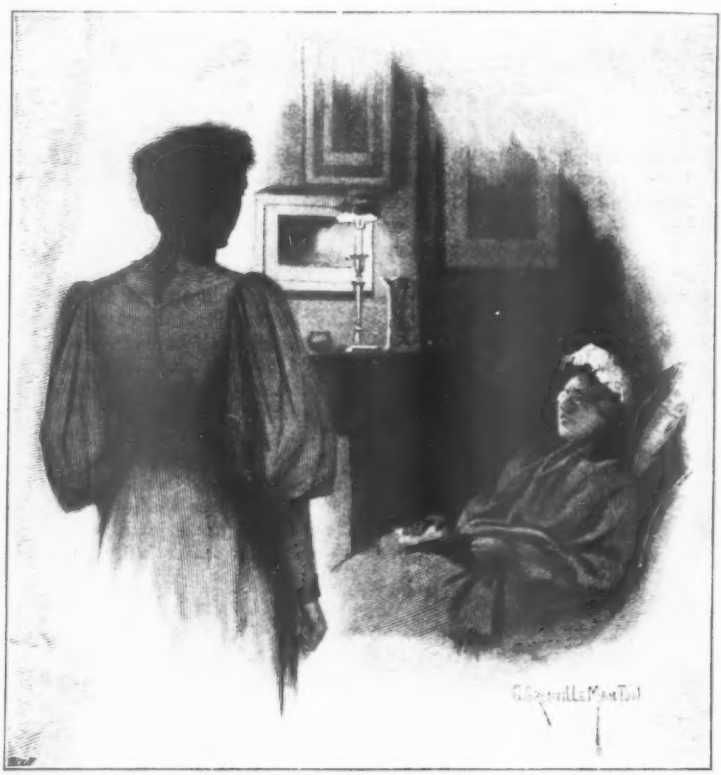
From her earliest youth until a year ago she had been allowed no existence of her own—scarcely an individuality; now she stood with her freedom in both hands, contemplating it, hardly knowing how to use it. She thought she had become a different woman, but in that she was mistaken. She thought also that she still mourned very deeply for her father, and had no idea that an ingrained sense of duty, aided by imagination, filled the place of grief. For thirty-two years his foot had rested on her neck, and rested heavily, but it had never occurred to her that a sense of relief could possibly be natural or excusable. The foot had been lifted, and she believed that she missed its weight, and she felt no gladness at being at liberty to raise her head and look around her. The soft smile that lay upon her lips as she looked out towards the sea had nothing to do with her own position in the world. Her father had been a survival of the



It was such intense happiness to watch those two.

old-fashioned domestic tyrant. He considered it a woman's duty to attend to household affairs to the exclusion of all others; he believed much

When Agnes was twelve years old, her sister Dorothy was born, and her mother died; and as Dorothy grew up Mr. Treherne found that he was



"Why should not Dorothy marry him?"

stitching to be salutary, and complained of waste of time if Agnes opened a book, but felt satisfied that all was as it should be when she pleased him by bending for hours over unnecessary needlework. It counted for nothing with him that he had in his house a goodly number of excellent servants, who were perfectly capable of attending to their business without help or supervision; he did not consider the fact that it would have been more reasonable and more charitable to allow some struggling seamstress to do the sewing over which his daughter's days were spent. He had his own ideas as to how a woman should spend her time, and he had every intention of carrying them out, especially as Providence had provided him with a daughter who was all submission and unselfishness, and might safely be treated without the smallest show of consideration.

not likely to have a second daughter brought up according to his idea of the fitness of things. While still in short frocks Dorothy asserted her independence, talked about the necessity for higher education, and the bad economy of futile employment; and because she was exceptionally lovely, and had the most winning ways in the world, she wound her father round her little white finger like a silken thread, and took her own way from first to last. But for this disappointment Mr. Treherne needed consolation, and his theories were worked out on Agnes more stringently than ever. She had so much to do that she never found time even for the few gaieties and amusements that society offered in the quiet neighbourhood of her home; and when she had dressed Dorothy for her first party she herself found it necessary to stay at home to

make sure that the servants went to bed at their usual hour.

Dorothy was by no means satisfied with these things, and would gladly have obtained her sister's freedom as she had obtained her own, but when a captive refuses to be loosed from his chains none can help him, and Agnes remained in bondage until her father's death set her free In the last year she had read more books than in the whole of her life before, and among them were wonderful stories of the glory called love which had never shone upon her life; it made her happy merely to read them.

Dorothy carried her off to the coast, and shook the dust of the old home from her feet. She watched the gradual expansion and uplifting of her elder sister with her wise girl's eyes, and she decided that there must be nothing in her surroundings to remind her of the old cramped life.

Then there came upon Agnes a strange sweet happiness. Dorothy had a lover, and the faded woman, who was old before her time, let her soul float on the gladness of the beautiful young girl in whom her heart was bound up.

She had gone with her through the first sense of attraction, the first tremulous recognition of a stronger interest, the absolute acknowledgment of surrender, the betrothal, the lover's talk—it was all as if it had been her own, and the dreariest life had been worth living to lead up to this.

She knew now, intuitively, as she lay there on the rocks and watched them, that they were naming the wedding-day, and in her eyes there was a great depth of happiness. At last they came towards her. But for them the beach was deserted, and Cyril Maynard held Dorothy s hand in his.

Agnes rose and went to meet them with beaming eyes.

"When?" she asked, laying her left hand on her sister's shoulder and holding out her right to Cyril.

"One month from to-day," he answered, with the bright smile that both the sisters loved to see. "But how is it that you always know what we have been talking about?"

She could not have explained, and did not try.

"Let us go in," she said. "Aunt Jane will wonder what has become of us."

"Aunt Jane," he returned, in perfect good humour, "is the bugbear of my existence. Why did you bring her here? If it were not for Aunt Jane, we might live out of doors from morning till night without any need to report ourselves periodically."

"I don't imagine the poor old lady, with her continual headaches, enjoys the situation a scrap more than you do," said Dorothy. "She is just a sacrifice on the altar of Mrs. Grundy, and must lie there bound, headaches and all, until the knife descends and frees her."

"And the knife is our marriage? Well, she will be free in just one month. That is a pleasant prospect for Aunt Jane. Let us go and hold it before her eyes among the teacups."

"He has to go away next week," said Dorothy, as she brushed her hair in her sister's room that night. "Isn't it horrid?"

"Has he really?" asked Agnes, with clouding eyes. "Must he go? Is it absolutely necessary?"

"I am afraid so; but, after all, considering how soon we are to be married, I suppose I should find no difficulty in enduring the separation philosophically. Still, it is horrid, and I wish there were no such thing as business."

Agnes remained silent; and her face was far sadder than her sister's. She felt that it was so; and, not wishing its shadow to fall upon Dorothy, she made some trivial excuse of a forgotten glove or handkerchief to leave the bedroom and go downstairs. To her surprise she found Miss Jane Warburton still sitting up, and was about to beat a hasty retreat when her aunt called her back.

"I have not had a word alone with you since Mr. Maynard was here to-day," said the old lady querulously. She was nursing a headache in semi-darkness, and saw nothing of the sadness in her niece's face. "It is no business of mine, I know. I am only here for the look of the thing, not in any position of authority. I have been a cipher all my life, and I complain of nothing. It is to you that your young sister should look for counsel and guidance. She doesn't do it, of course; but it seems to me that, if she did, she would look in vain. What have you been thinking about to let her engage herself to this young Maynard man?"

"I don't quite understand, Aunt Jane. Why should not Dorothy marry him?"

"That is just what I want to know. If we knew, then it would all be straight sailing. The objection is that we know nothing at all. He might be an escaped convict for all the proof we have to the contrary."

"Oh, Aunt Jane! but, of course, that is only nonsense."

"Very well. I don't expect anyone to attend to what I say. I have never been accustomed to it. But, if things turn out badly, you may remember my words then, and give me leave to say, 'I told you so.' It is a pity your poor father did not bring you up to a little more knowledge of the world. Who is this Maynard man? And what business has he idling for two months at a

seaside village, where he has not a single friend or relation to explain his presence?"

"Surely you know, Aunt Jane, that he is a barrister, and came here for a holiday."

"I know he says so; but that proves nothing."

"You have only to look into his eyes, Aunt Jane——"

"I have never had an opportunity. He invariably takes my chair, and sits with his back to the light. I always have headache after his visits."

"I am sorry, Aunt Jane. Dorothy and I will take care that he does not disturb you for the future."

"Don't trouble yourself about me. I am used to being of no account. The person to be concerned about is Dorothy. However, I have done my duty in mentioning what was on my mind. I don't expect my remarks to make more impression than usual, but I have satisfied my conscience by speaking."

"Dear Aunt Jane, I am sure you have said everything with the very kindest intentions; but you won't mind my asking you, please, not to worry Dorothy about her lover. She is so happy, dear child, it would be cruel to disturb her mind with groundless fears."

"Oh, I shan't speak again, to her, to you, or to anyone else. You know what I think now, and that is enough. Good-night, Agnes."

"Good-night, Aunt Jane. I hope your headache will be better in the morning."

"It won't," said Miss Warburton decidedly; and Agnes ran away upstairs.

"I thought you were never coming back," said Dorothy. "What kept you so long?"

"I found Aunt Jane sitting up in the drawing-room, and she wanted a little gossip about the approaching wedding," answered Agnes airily. The slight tussle with her aunt had banished her depression, and she was in good spirits again.

"I was just going to tell you, when you went off," said Dorothy, "that Cyril had been asking me this evening how it was that you had always such a wonderful sympathy with us. He thinks you must have had some very romantic love-story of your own. Had you, Agnes?"

"My darling child, what an absurd idea! How could you have helped knowing if it were so?"

"Quite easily. When you were twenty I was only a little monkey of eight years old. A great deal might have happened without attracting my attention at that time."

"Nothing ever happened," said Agnes with a little reminiscent sadness in her voice. "My life was never different from what you remember it. But that is nothing now"; and the happiness came back into her eyes. "I can feel with you better, I think, than I could have done if my heart had been filled up with a joy of my own. I want no more than I have. I am perfectly happy." Dorothy put her arms round her, and kissed her; but she did not altogether understand. The comprehension of youth is often dull. When the glow of life's morning lies upon the hills of the future, and the world is one great bounding pulse answering the throb of the young heart, profound egotism of a sort is merely a natural and healthy state of mind, and the full understanding of vicarious bliss is hardly a possibility. It is not until youth is lost that the habit of complete sympathy is attainable.

The next few days passed in much sweetness, and then came the parting. Maynard was not to return until the day before the wedding. Agnes and Dorothy walked with him to the little station; they stood on the platform, and he leaned out of the carriage window, talking to them, until the train moved off.

"Shall I write or telegraph?" he asked laughingly.

"Telegraph, certainly," said Dorothy, gaily. "I shall do the same, for I am a wretched correspondent."

"Well, you have my club address. Good-bye. Take care of yourself."

"And it just occurs to me that the club address is the only one I have," murmured Dorothy, more to herself than to Agnes, as she waved her handkerchief while the train was still in sight. "How stupid of us both!"

"Were you in earnest about telegraphing?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, half earnest, whole fun. Of course he will write."

But he did not. Telegrams came at irregular intervals, and Dorothy answered them, but no letters were exchanged. Agnes wanted her to write at last.

"You know it was your own choice," she said. "And perhaps he was hurt by what you said, and is too proud to write without permission. You should send him a few lines."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Dorothy; but her voice was not quite steady. "If he is proud, so am I—much too proud to write without having a letter to answer. If he has any explanation to make, it may wait until he comes. I shall not hurry it."

The fourth of August had been named for the wedding day, and it was an understood thing that Maynard should return on the third. Agnes woke that morning in a state of suppressed excitement.

"Won't you come to the station to meet him?" she asked her sister almost diffidently.

"Certainly not," answered Dorothy, with absolute decision.

"Then," said Agnes, asserting herself for the first time in her life, "I shall go alone. One misunderstanding is enough. I am sure he was wounded about those telegrams; and now, if he should come and find no one to meet him, he might think—all sorts of things. He might go back by the next train, believing you never cared for him."

"Do as you please," said Dorothy; "but don't say I sent you there."

"Of course not," said Agnes simply. "It would not be true."

And Dorothy laughed a little hard laugh that grated on her sister's ear. The girl was hotly indignant at her lover's behaviour, and her indignation helped to preserve her dignity.

At noon Agnes was at the station, alone, expectant; and the train slowed in, and the passengers got out—but Cyril Maynard was not among them. No other train was due for twenty-four hours, and the marriage was to have been at ten o'clock next morning. A trembling seized Agnes, and her lips were white, except where her teeth had pressed little red marks on them.

She made her way to the telegraph office and wrote a message. The clerk who sent it knew her by sight, and, noticing how faint she looked, brought her a glass of water and a chair. She sat down, and waited for an hour, hoping for an answer to her message, but none came. Then she spoke to the clerk, and asked him to send on to her at once any message that might come later. He glanced again at her white face, and offered to send out for a cab. Feeling that she had scarcely strength to walk, she was on the point of accepting his offer, when it occurred to her that the sound of wheels approaching the house might mislead Dorothy and intensify the disappointment approaching her. So she dragged herself home as best she could, and, reaching the door, rang gently, afraid even to touch the knocker; but Dorothy knew as soon as she was in the house, and came to meet her, flushed and dry-eyed.

"Well? He did not come?" she asked, her lips curving contemptuously.

"No," faltered Agnes, scarcely able to pronounce the word.



She fell across the chair, unconscious.—*p.* 706.

"Don't look at me like that," said Dorothy. "Do you suppose I care? Where have you been all this time?"

"At the office—waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"A message—only a message."

"Do you mean to say that you telegraphed?" Dorothy's eyes were flashing danger signals.

"Why should I not?" said Agnes entreatingly.

"Then you *did?* You, who ought to uphold me, have lowered me like that! I would rather have killed myself than entreated him to come. You might have known."

"I telegraphed in my own name, not in yours, darling. And I did not entreat him to come; I only asked him to let me know if illness had prevented him. If an answer comes later, it will be sent down to us immediately. I—I—asked the clerk," she added, with a dry sob that struggled to be a laugh, "not to give it to the boy who stops on the way to play marbles. He promised to send the good little red-haired fellow who never delays."

She went on talking now, quickly, excitably, almost tempestuously, walking towards her own room, and drawing Dorothy with her. Once there, she let go her sister's arms, and, trying to reach a chair, fell across it unconscious.

There was no wedding for Dorothy next morning, and no word came from the intended bridegroom. Miss Jane Warburton forewent the joy of saying "I told you so" to Agnes, in deference to the strange look of absolute despair that lay in the eyes of her elder niece, and in pity for Dorothy who asked for none, but stood to face the world with burning eyes and scornful lips.

The heavy hours dragged their weary length into days, and still no word came. Agnes had grown old again. The transient youth and brightness given by her Indian summer had passed away for ever, leaving her older than her age by years, and careworn, with lines on her gentle face, and threads of grey in her hair.

"What is the use of treating it as if it were your own sorrow?" said Miss Jane.

"It *is* mine," said Agnes; and her aunt had the grace not to argue the matter.

"Do you care to see the paper?" she asked, with a generous attempt at practical consolation. "I have not looked at it myself yet; but that doesn't matter. You may have it."

Agnes took the newspaper listlessly, scarcely hearing the explanation of sacrifice that accompanied it, and turned in feminine manner to the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." A minute later the paper dropped from her hand, and she fell forward with a choking cry.

Miss Jane tore wildly at the bell, and with praiseworthy forethought snatched up the paper and hid it, reading in one glance at the announcements that Cyril Maynard had not given up his wedding-day. He had been married in London on the fourth of August.

Before night Dorothy had found the paper, and the only difference it made was that her eyes were a little brighter, her lips a little more contemptuous. She had youth and pride to help her, but Agnes had neither. It was no help to her even to know that Dorothy's wound would heal. She, who had been as a cloistered nun in all her early days, had lived thus late in the life and love of another, and her own heart was broken. Some day the sun might shine and the sky be blue for Dorothy again, but for her—never. That one vibration had exhausted all her tone. She had possessed her power of music in silence for so many years, it would be easy to be silent now until the end.

A GARDEN IDYLL.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

SWEET, where all things are sweet,
Where sun and shadow meet,
I see the maiden stand,
A blossom in her hand.

And in the garden fair
Each breath of fragrant air
That wanders up and down
Flutters her snowy gown.

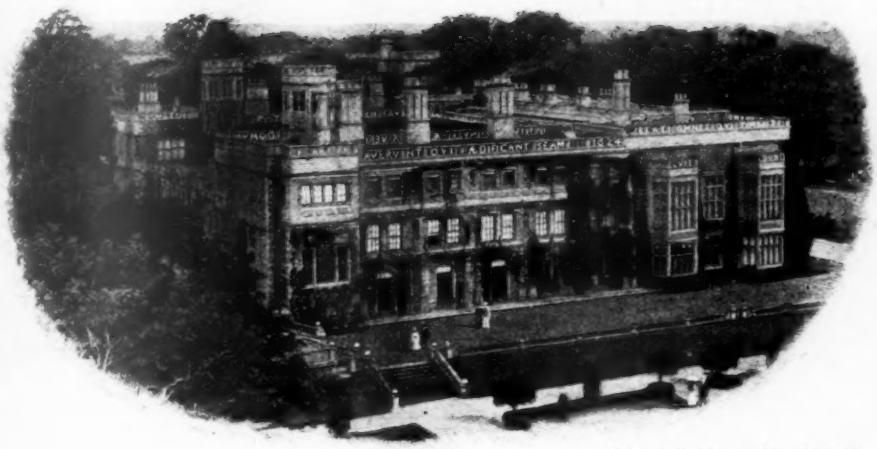
How gladly would I ask
To share her morning task,
To heap her basket light
With roses red and white.

And for one hour to find,
Perchance, her peace of mind,
The joy of her young heart
Untouched by sorrow's smart!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

SILENT SERMONS.

By J. A. Reid.



(Photo: H. Bartholomew, Newport Pagnell.)

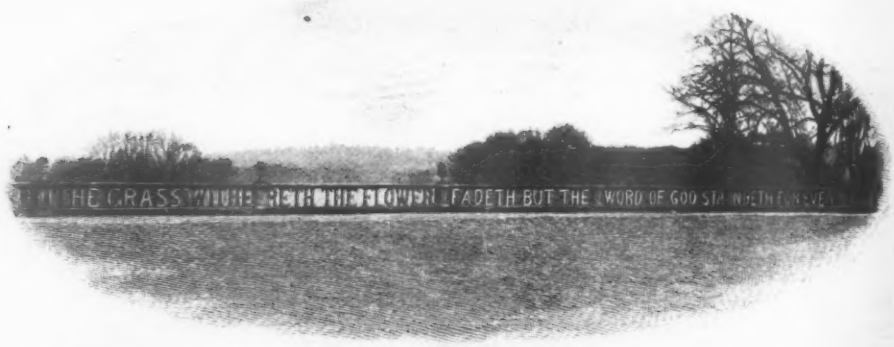
A VIEW OF CASTLE ASHBY.

THERE is the sermon that is delivered in the pulpit, and there is also the silent sermon which takes the form of a text conspicuously placed on a public building or in some equally prominent position. A sermon is none the less a sermon because it is brief. Many people prefer short sermons. A brief sermon may be, and doubtless is, frequently more impressive than a long one. And obviously it would not be possible to imprint anything at all approaching a long sermon on a public building. No; a striking text must generally suffice. A sermon that is heard from the pulpit may be soon forgotten, but that which is imparted to the mind through the eye is with difficulty effaced; and I think it can be truly said that, having once seen any of the texts to be referred to in this article, it would be a difficult



(Photo: W. C. Carphin.)

COTTAGE TEXTS AT KEMP TOWN.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A TEXT AT CASTLE ASHBY.

matter indeed to forget them. Some of them are veritable sermons in stone; others are imprinted on wood.

One of the most remarkable instances I know of is to be found at Castle Ashby, the magnificent mansion of the Marquis of Northampton. This home of the Comptons, Earls of Northampton, is delightfully situated on a broad gravel terrace overlooking the valley of the Nene in Northamptonshire. It was commenced in 1584, and completed in 1624 by the famous architect Inigo Jones. This princely mansion might have been designed for a dignitary of the Church. Everywhere there is evidence that its builder was of a deeply reverent character. Around the coping of the mansion are a number of Latin inscriptions, the translation of which is as follows: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchmen waketh but in vain." That on the north front and partly on the west side was added much later—in the year 1827—and it reads thus: "Blessed are all they who fear the Lord and walk in His ways." Over the façade of the entrance is, "The Lord guard thy entering in." Then around the wall, dividing the gardens from the park, are texts in English, constructed in the masonry. These are, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the

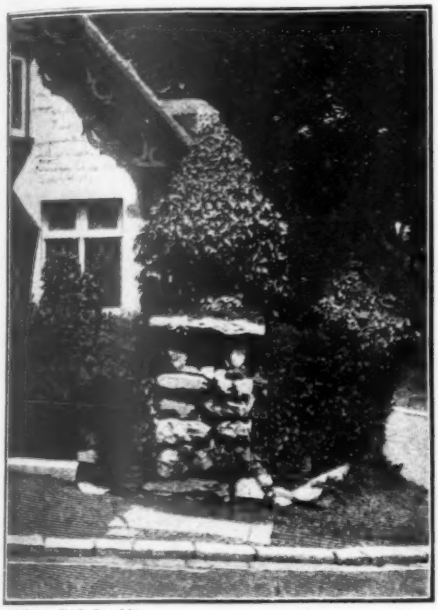


(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

IN THE GARDENS, CASTLE ASHBY.

word of God standeth for ever," and the oft-quoted text, "Consider the lilies of the field," etc. Visitors, who are admitted on certain days of the week, cannot but be impressed by these "sermons in stones." They have been gazed upon by many thousands; such inscriptions, once seen, must linger long in the mind.

We will now leave the beauties of Castle Ashby to refer to another very remarkable series of texts on buildings, which are to be seen on a row of cottages at Kemp Town, Brighton. The cottages are quite modern, and the texts on the various doors include, amongst others, "God is love," "It shall be well with them that fear God," "Prepare to meet thy God," "Seek ye the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This remarkable series of inscriptions is probably unique, and it would be impossible to say how many people they have impressed. There they are, clear and striking, apparent to every pedestrian. The cottages, I understand, were built in 1882, and a relative of the present occupant of No. 37 shortly afterwards bought those on which the texts now appear, she having the texts put on. Silent, yet they speak out their own message in an unmistakable voice.



(Photo: W. C. Carpbill.)

THE INSCRIBED "LONGFELLOW WELL" AT SHANKLIN.

I must include in this category the inscription, consisting of a poem, to be seen on a drinking fountain at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. The words were written by Longfellow during a visit to this delightful place. The poem reads:—

> "Oh, traveller, stay thy weary feet,
> Drink of this fountain pure and sweet,
> It flows for rich and poor the same.
> Then go thy way, remembering still
> The wayside well beneath the hill:
> The cup of water in His name."

What sermon could express more!



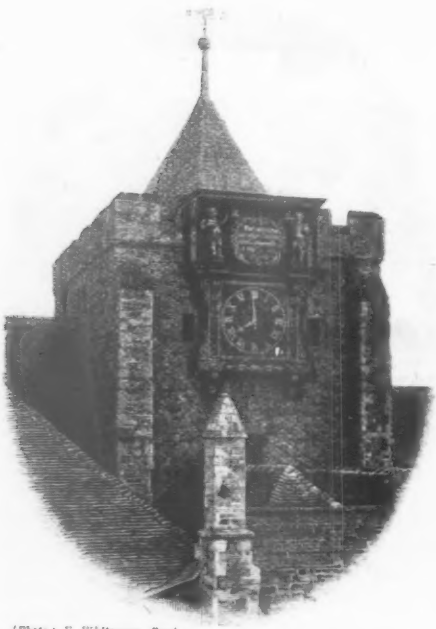
KEMP TOWN COTTAGES, BRIGHTON.

(Showing texts over doorways.)



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

AN INSCRIBED HOUSE AT TURVEY.



(Photo: E. Whiteman, Rye.)

TEXT ON TOWER OF RYE CHURCH.

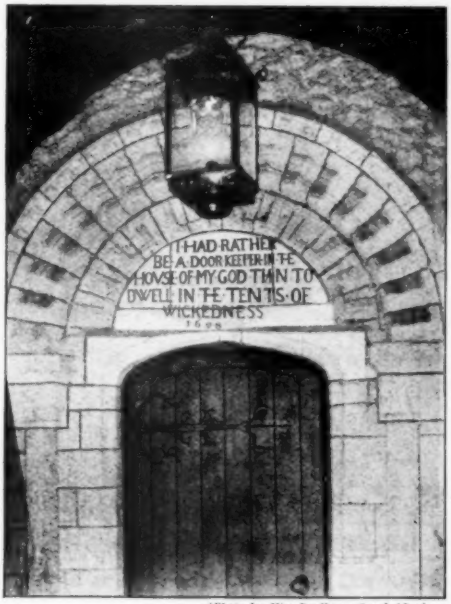
A somewhat frequent quotation is, "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." There is such an inscription at a pretty, well-kept house in the charming Bedfordshire village of Turvey, much loved of Dr. Gordon Stables, the "gentleman gipsy." Sometimes the text is worded a little differently. At Ninfield, Sussex, for instance, there is a similar inscription to that just referred to. The text is, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it. Here we have no abidance."

These texts in the form of inscriptions—which are, of course, but another version of the parable of the house founded upon a rock—are to be seen in various parts of the country, and are, as has been said, the most common; and yet, wherever they are to be met, they must necessarily be impressive to the beholder, as all such quotations from the Scriptures must be.

The inscription referred to at Turvey is but a few yards from the high road, so that all cyclists and pedestrians can easily see it as they are passing by.

"For our time is a very shadow that passeth away." That is the silent message to be seen above the clock of the parish church at Rye, in Sussex. Our readers will admit that it is both appropriate and impressive. It is, indeed, very solemn in character. Was it not Stacy Marks, R.A., the painter of birds, who used to have the words "Life is but a passing shadow" imprinted on his bookmark? Such silent sermons must come home to everyone. The inscription at Rye could not have been placed more conspicuously. As the inhabitants and visitors scan this clock to ascertain the time of day there is no escaping that solemn little sermon above.

A text of a very different character is to be seen on a beam of an old building at Penshurst, in Kent. The text is now somewhat obliterated, and is in Old English lettering. It can, however, be easily deciphered, and the words are, "My flesh also shall rest in hope" The building on which this little sermon is imprinted was originally a guild-room. It is now used by a tailor as a dwelling-house. This specimen is perhaps as interesting and as striking as one could meet. "My flesh also shall rest in hope"!



(*Photo by Miss Beedham, Cambridge.*)

THE NORTH DOORWAY, AXMOUTH CHURCH.

Such words, all the more impressive because of the environment in which they are to be seen, must call up many thoughts to a beholder, no matter what his creed may be.

On the north doorway of Axmouth Church, Devon, is an impressive inscription, of which we present a photograph, which tells its own tale. Curiously enough, this text—"I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness"—remained hidden from the light until 1889, having been



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

TEXT ON BEAM AT PENSHURST.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE FRONT OF THE CORN EXCHANGE, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

being "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." It was rather difficult to depict it photographically, owing to the thinness of the lettering and the shadow cast by the overhanging stone. It is, however, perfectly visible to anyone entering the Corn Exchange, or by persons passing down the street. The building is of comparatively recent date, having been built in the reign of the present Queen.

plastered over. It will be noticed that the date beneath the text is 1689, and this presumably was when it was imprinted on the doorway. For how long it remained obscured it would be impossible to say.

We leave this to refer to the inscription to be seen on a tablet on the house in the village of Little Brington, in Northamptonshire, where the great George Washington first saw the light of day. The words are, "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Examples have been given of texts appearing on private residences, and it will be interesting doubtless to give an instance of a text appearing on a public building. On the Corn Exchange at Bury St. Edmunds we have such an instance, the text

Not the least interesting of the photographs accompanying this little article is that depicting a modest cottage at Hurstmonceux, in Sussex, on which is a very remarkable specimen of these



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A HOUSE AT HURSTMONCEUX, WITH TEXT CUT IN IVY.

"silent sermons." It is literally a "living sermon," and probably it is unique. The letters of the text are formed of ivy, which at one time almost hid the wall from sight. By a happy idea of the tenant the major part of the ivy was cut away, leaving the text as shown.

It is a common custom to imprint a suitable Biblical quotation over the entrance of hospitals and infirmaries, "I was sick, and ye visited me," being frequently so used. Seeing that one of the great differences between Christian and savage nations is the manner in which the sick are treated, such inscriptions so placed are peculiarly appropriate. We give the inscription to be seen on the Bedford Infirmary as an example.

In this article we have restricted ourselves to inscriptions of a religious character, but it might be pointed out that there are many examples of inscriptions to be found throughout the country which would not be so classed. Near West Tarring, on the lintel of the little timbered cottage in which John Selden, the philologist, was born, we have this inscription:

"Gratus honeste mihi non claudar inito sideque. Fur sheas, non sum facta soluta tibi."

which might be translated as follows:

"Noble and honoured, enter into me and sit.
Thief, I am not 'at home' to thee—go, flit!"

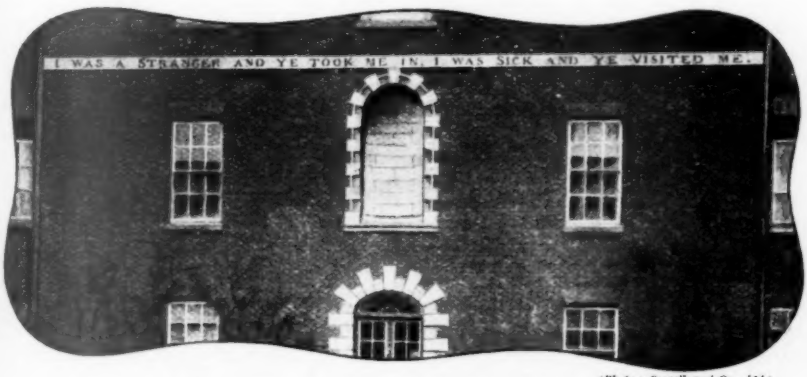
And to conclude we will refer to the



(Photo: A. W. Reid.

THE SUMMIT OF A HILL IN THE SCOTTISH LAKE DISTRICT.

inscription to be found at the top of a hill in the Scottish lake district. We could not, perhaps, describe it as a sermon in stone, nevertheless it is very interesting on account of its appropriate character. The inscription in question is, "Rest and be thankful," and, as the hill is a somewhat fatiguing one, the silent direction is usually carried out by those who read it. It would perhaps be a good thing if the words were taken in a wider significance.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

INSCRIPTION ON THE BEDFORD INFIRMARY.

GOD'S SPIRE



A COMPLETE STORY.

By J. F. Rowbotham, M.A., Author of "Coals of Fire," Etc.

THERE is nothing so exhilarating as, when you have just received the gift of a good living, driving over on a clear, frosty morning, to see your new possession and to take stock of all the points of interest which meet you on the way.

Such was my case a year or two ago, when a noble patron, who shall be nameless, had presented me to the wealthy benefice of Framlington, with the very acceptable intimation accompanying the gift that, if the place suited me, he had no doubt I should not be dissatisfied with the income.

Of course, I should be satisfied with the place. I went down to Framlington fully intending to attain complete satisfaction on that point. And I was not disappointed. It was a beautiful day when I took my drive. The driver was a village Solomon, acquainted with all sorts of out-of-the-way information, which he was ready at any moment to pour into my willing ear.

He had already told me the personal history of half a dozen farmers and twice as many cottagers, whose domiciles we passed on our drive to Framlington. He had bidden me observe two or three beautiful reaches of country from vantage points where a lovely view was obtainable, and was holding forth in praise of a certain well, called St. Ethelburga's, which lay on the road to the right, whose water he affirmed to be a specific against all maladies, when suddenly my eye caught sight of a beautiful aërial spire rising above the summit of a distant hill: such a spire—shall I ever forget it—gleaming in the sun like marble, and raising its tapering form aloft so gracefully and withal so proudly, as if it had been cut by the chisel from an obelisk of marble, for in its beauty and shapeliness and grace it was more like an obelisk than a spire.

"What is that beautiful spire?" I asked, pointing in the direction of the hill.

"That, sir," replied my informant, "is the spire of your new church, and it's more often called 'God's Spire' hereabouts than by any other name. Leastwise, I have never heard it called by any other since I was a boy."

"'God's Spire'!" I ejaculated. "What a strange name! How did that name ever come to be given to it?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the driver. "But close by it there is a still stranger place, and a more extraordinary name. See"—and here he pointed to a clump of trees hard by the church, which we were fast approaching—"in that brake there just by the Hall gates and the church (that is where Squire Marmaduke lives, is the Hall), you'll see something about as opposite to God's Spire as can well be imagined. See, we're at it, sir," continued the loquacious driver,

and he pulled up his horse for a moment, as I gazed through the trees at a pile of charred and mouldering ruins, which looked weird and uncanny in the daylight, but must have looked spectral and terrible at night—when, my informant told me, "nobody hereabouts cared to pass, leastwise by themselves."

"That is called 'The Devil's Ruin,' sir," he said, and next minute we had turned the corner by the Hall gates, and were sweeping up the village, where, right before me, at the extreme end of the street, was the church with God's Spire rising over it, and the vicarage opposite.

Within a month or two after this date, I was comfortably installed as vicar of Framlington, and, after a few visits of a purely pastoral kind among the villagers, I determined that I would pay my state visit to the squire.

Framlington Hall, where the squire, Mr. Marmaduke, lived, was a magnificent building surrounded with beech trees and approached by a splendid avenue of the same, being, indeed, one of the sights of the county.

As I walked up the avenue, I meditated much on the history and traditions of the old family, whose last living representative I was about to see—a family which had maintained itself in these parts for many generations, and round whom the glamour of much local history and legend had gradually collected. A villager had told me much already, but I felt that there was much more to hear. I was not mistaken. Mr. Marmaduke, after the first amenities of acquaintance-making had been got over, proved himself a most genial and a most interesting host. In response to my request to see the sights of the Hall, he insisted on conducting me through the old place himself, and acting as my cicerone, in what was perhaps the most interesting mansion in the whole county.

I went through one carved and tapestried chamber after another, threaded this corridor and that, ascended stairs, and gazed at curiosities in glass cases. But what I was most struck with was the pictures, of which Mr. Marmaduke had an abundant supply, all of them family portraits, for the Marmadukes laid claim to a pedigree of great antiquity. I saw chevaliers in velvet and ruffles, and ladies in lace and furbelows. I saw Elizabethan courtiers with their high collars and pointed beards, and court ladies of the same epoch, with their impossible-looking sleeves and bodices. Older than these, I noticed martial-looking nobles of the time of Henry VII. and the Wars of the Roses, and of still more ancient date, barons in armour, and ladies in true mediæval kirtle and headgear—the latter being of the nature of a pyramid, and occupying, as it generally does, more than half the whole canvas.

But two pictures struck me more than any other—two which caught my eye as I casually passed them in the gallery at first; two to which I returned, and, having returned, requested that I might return again and that my host would tell me something about them.

They were the pictures of two boys, exactly alike—both dressed in blue tunics, both of an age (perhaps twelve or thirteen) and both with curly brown hair clustering round their faces—a pair of faces so much alike that it would have been hard to find any difference between them, unless the position on the wall had assigned a mere distinction of place.

"Who are these two that so strangely fascinate me?" I asked my host.

"These," he replied, "are Randolph and Gerald Marmaduke, the twin sons of old Randolph Marmaduke, my great-grandfather. This boy on the left, Gerald Marmaduke, was my grandfather, and I am proud, Mr. Calthorpe, to be the grandson of so great and good a man."

"These two boys are so exactly alike, I should have said that, if one was great and good, the other would be so likewise; for, if one is fair and handsome, the other is no less handsome and fair."

"So you would have said," replied the squire. "But yet between these two lads there was the greatest possible divergence and contrast of character—so much so that if one were an angel of Heaven the other must have been an emissary of Satan, to make the contrast complete."

I gazed on the two portraits in unfeigned interest.

"Stay," said the squire. "Of course, one of them ought to have a special interest for you—that is, my grandfather Gerald. You have heard, of course, that the spire of Framlington Church is commonly known as 'God's Spire.' It was Gerald Marmaduke who built it."

"Dear me! Of course, I have heard that name of the spire, which has struck me as such a peculiar one." And I continued to gaze at the portraits.

"I will tell you the whole story of the pictures and the spire," said Mr. Marmaduke. "Lunch is not quite ready yet. Let us come for a stroll in the park—it is a bright, sunny afternoon—and there is something there which I would fain show you before I commence my tale."

We walked through avenue and path in silence for some minutes, and at last, just as I was beginning to think that our perambulation was unusually long, we turned into a glade thickly surrounded with trees, in the

centre of which stood a pile of ruins, charred and blackened, as if an enormous house had been burnt to the ground.

"This," said my companion, "is known among our family and among the county people of the neighbourhood who are acquainted with the traditions of our house, as 'The Devil's Ruin.' You," he added, smiling, "have 'God's Spire' in your church, Mr. Calthorpe. I have 'The Devil's Ruin' in my grounds. The possession is not a complimentary one. But one of these things is the work of one of these brothers, the other is the work of the other. And now, having seen for yourself what one could do, and having in your church the memorial of the other, let us return to the picture gallery while I tell my tale."

Once more we were before the pictures, and, pointing with his finger at each in succession, Mr. Marmaduke began:—

"These two boys were the twin sons, as I told you, of Mr. Randolph Marmaduke, the squire of Framlington four generations ago, and he had no other children. But his eldest cousin's daughter, Margaret, who was left an orphan at an early age, was also an inmate of the Hall, and, being of the same age as the two brothers, was brought up with them from childhood like a sister, though she was in reality their second cousin. It had been the darling wish of Mr. Frederick Marmaduke that when she grew up she should be the wife of one or other of his cousin's sons, if her own wishes and theirs were not averse to the union.

"Certainly, by the time the young people reached the age of youth and maiden, Margaret, having been their playfellow from childhood, became the adored of both brothers, and it was questionable to which of the two her preference naturally inclined—to Randolph, who was the gay and dashing brother, or to Gerald, who was the gentle and studious one.

"Time wore on, and before partiality had time to declare itself, Randolph became a cornet in the cavalry and Gerald was sent to the University, where the quiet and retired life exactly suited his tastes. Both brothers, before leaving home, had asked Margaret to pledge her hand to them, but to both she had returned a vague and evasive answer—the truth being that they were all quite too young to think of such a thing in the meantime, and she felt, with a natural maiden bashfulness, that it was better far to wait.

"Randolph distinguished himself by various escapades in London. His name was mixed up with one or two questionable transactions which occurred at that time in high life. Among other things, to please a certain Court lady, he became a Roman Catholic, and greatly annoyed his father by bringing over Romish priests and Roman Catholic society to Framlington Hall, whenever he resided there, which was a great deal.

"It was always the squire's intention to divide his property equally between the twin brothers; but latterly, since the old gentleman had been ailing, and had daily grown weaker and more infirm both in mind and body, Randolph Marmaduke did not scruple to question openly the propriety of this, and his great friend and Achates, Father Bullen, who was constantly at the Hall, was ready with the most irrefragable arguments to prove that such an arrangement was entirely inexpedient. Both he and Randolph were never weary of pointing out to the old man that if the acres were divided their value was lost; that to keep up the ancestral style of the Marmadukes at the Hall all the income was necessary, not a mere moiety; that Gerald, who intended to join the Church, could get on in life very comfortably with a small annuity in addition to his living—with many more reasons equally convincing, which, nevertheless, failed to convince, and with many motives to change, which never altered for a moment Mr. Marmaduke's intention.

"'If there were one thing alone which would prevent me making such an unjust disposition of the property,' he confided to his beloved niece Margaret, 'it would be this Roman Catholic craze of Randolph's. Surely, the money would not go to him, but to the priests—be sure of that—and for their sake poor Gerald would be defrauded of his inheritance. No, I could never think of such a thing.'

"With Margaret knowing that such was her uncle's fixed opinion and intention, Mr. Marmaduke fell ill, grew worse, and became in a dangerous state; and Margaret, like an angel of goodness, nursed him assiduously during all his sickness—nay, it is certain that by her devotion to him she staved off and kept away that approach of death which the doctors seemed powerless to avert.

"One night, after a long, harassing day of nursing and two long sleepless nights, as she sat watching by her uncle's bedside at between twelve and one o'clock, she fell asleep, despite herself, in the great arm-chair which, with its over-arching arms and head, more like some grim sentry-box than an arm-chair, stood at the far side of the fire.

"How long she slept she knew not. But when she woke she beheld a sight which glued her to her chair with horror and paralysed her lips and her very frame—her uncle sitting bolt upright in bed, with glassy eyes in which death seemed seated, and at his side, guiding his hand on a parchment which was spread out on the bed, her cousin

Randolph. A pen was in the old man's hand, and Randolph was making his fingers trace certain characters on the parchment. Simultaneously, she was aware of a tall figure leaving the room, whom by his cassock she knew to be Father Bullen. Next instant, before she had time to collect her consciousness, to scream, or even to realise to herself whether she were awake or dreaming, Randolph, too, had left the room, and Mr. Marmaduke, falling back on the pillows, lay groaning heavily.

"The accustomed sound of her uncle's voice, reminding her of her self-enforced occupation, brought her to herself, out of the half-dreaming sleep in which she lay. She rose from her chair, placed her uncle's pillows to rights, but was astonished at the change that had taken place in him. During the night he was seized with apoplectic symptoms, and, after muttering some incoherent words, died in her arms towards three or four o'clock in the morning.

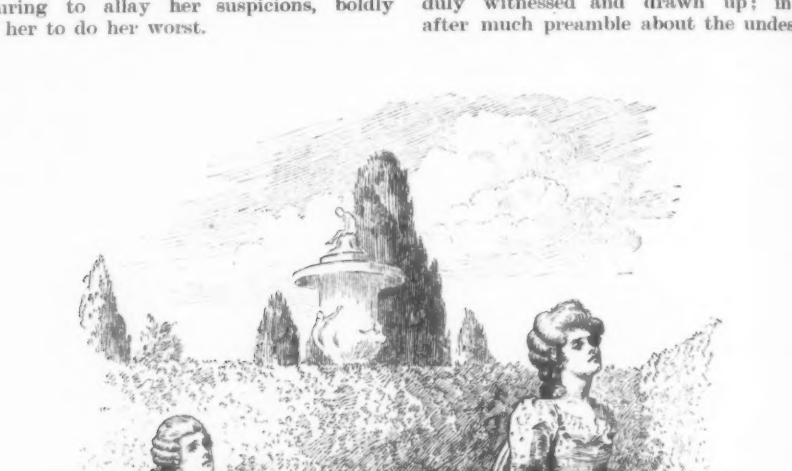
"When the doctor attended next morning, he told Margaret and Randolph, who equally with her seemed overcome with grief, that Mr. Marmaduke's death could not have been much longer delayed, that he died without pain, together with other remarks intended to comfort, but which brought little, compared to the magnitude of the general sorrow.

"Margaret took the first opportunity to inquire of her cousin the meaning of the scene which she had witnessed the preceding night at Mr. Marmaduke's death-bed. Randolph started like a guilty thing at the first words relating to the incident. It was perfectly obvious to Margaret Marmaduke that she, hidden in the arms and canopy of the big arm-chair, had been unseen by the two accomplices, that is to say, if Father Bullen had indeed been present, and if the sight presented to her were no mere phantasmagoria, but an actual and living embodiment of a deed of wickedness. And Randolph's further behaviour made the latter fact quite



In the centre of the glade stood a pile of ruins.

clear. If he started at the mere mention of the incident, he coloured deeply, became confused, insolent, overbearing, as she continued to tax him with what she had witnessed, and, at last, after vainly endeavouring to allay her suspicions, boldly defied her to do her worst.



Randolph was rejected with scorn.

"The real meaning of the scene was evident in two or three days' time, when the funeral had taken place, and Gerald, who had returned from Oxford, and a number of relatives and friends were present to hear the will read.

"It had been a foregone conclusion with everybody that Gerald and Randolph would share the property alike, and many were the speculations as to whom the Hall would be allotted, what equivalent would be given to the other, and which of the two would gain the hand of Margaret. To the universal surprise, however, another will of a later date than the recognised document was put in evidence by the lawyer, and declared to be properly executed, duly witnessed and drawn up; in which, after much preamble about the undesirability of dividing the Marmaduke estates, which had never yet been divided, the testator devised the whole of his property without reservation to his son Randolph, securing to Gerald only a small annuity, which, as some of the company bluntly phrased it, 'was not sufficient to keep body and soul together.'

"I need not pause over the very natural ebullition of feeling which ensued, the expressions employed by the friends and relatives of the young men who felt the

injustice done to Gerald, the threats of Margaret, who, do what she could, was unable to bring any legal evidence worth a jot to impugn the will. Indeed, her story was looked upon as the fabrication of a dream; and, as the will was differently dated from the night of Mr. Marmaduke's death, then the witness to the will, Father Bullen, must also have been an accomplice to a forgery, which, as the lawyer remarked, was out of the question to prove, even if it were within the bounds of possibility to suspect.

"Suffice it to say that the matter was hushed up, buried in silence, and died away, and, except the standing and irreparable injustice to Gerald, nothing remained to show what might have been. Events passed on in their usual course. Randolph proposed marriage to Margaret Marmaduke, and was rejected with scorn. Gerald would not propose to her, but she gave him her hand, which she knew he was too proud to ask. Poverty, with impartial foot, pursued the path of Gerald Marmaduke. Margaret's father had died deeply in debt, and she herself brought her husband scarcely a crown; while the small annuity payable to Gerald from the estates of his brother was at first very remissly discharged by the steward, and ultimately ceased altogether.

"Randolph Marmaduke no sooner found himself master of thousands a year than his wild, imperious nature, which was incapable of brooking any restraint, plunged him headlong into all sorts of extravagance and vice. People, indeed, said that his rejection by his gentle relative Margaret had a great deal to do with the recklessness which speedily began to characterise the owner of the Hall. Be that as it may, such recklessness sprang up in him, and brought its own fruits. Day after day, week after week, the evil days and open wickedness at Framlington Hall became the common talk and scandal of the county.

"With this sort of life, as was natural, debts and embarrassments soon made their appearance. Not only was poor Gerald's annuity forgotten and unpaid, but scores of creditors were treated likewise. But these were men who did not allow themselves to be forgotten. They became clamorous for payment. Randolph's circumstances became worse, but his ways, instead of amending, suffered tenfold deterioration. His guests grew of a more debased type—all respectable people had long ago forsaken him—until, at last, in an orgy with a number of abandoned companions which lasted all night and late into the next day—it was a Sunday, the story goes, and the church bells were ringing—the Hall caught fire, its master and his guests perished in the conflagration, and the magnificent building was almost burnt to the ground, and now only the ruins which I showed you are left. These are called—and you can understand now why they are called—'The Devil's Ruin.'"

"Oh!" I exclaimed in surprise, "this Hall, then, is not the old Hall of the family, but a modern building? I should have thought not from the style of the architecture."

"It is an exact copy of the old Hall," returned my friend, "but in modern stone. Well," he continued, "I have heard the story told by my father—I have seen it in the family records—how the Hall burnt like matchwood, and, it being church-time, everybody was at church, even the servants of the Hall; not a soul was about to render aid for the preservation of the Hall and the safety of its vice-blackened master. So perished Randolph Marmaduke and the greater part of Framlington Hall. And this is the tale of 'The Devil's Ruin.'"

"Now then," I said, "tell me the legend of 'God's Spire.'"

"It is more than a legend," responded my host. "It is so true that stones standing above one another in your church testify to its truth. Would to God that the other tale were a legend which I have just told you! But that which remains to tell redounds to the glory of one great and good member of my family—Gerald Marmaduke, my grandfather; for my father, Charles Marmaduke, was the eldest son of a large family of twelve children, the sons and daughters of Gerald Marmaduke and his wife Margaret.

"The pair were left in the poorest circumstances. Gerald, with difficulty, obtained holy orders in the Church, for he had not been long enough at the University to take his degree, and by the sudden change in his fortunes he could stay no longer. He and Margaret were quietly married, and he was at last ordained to a small curacy of eighty pounds per annum—yes, Mr. Vicar, such were the stipends of clergymen in those days, however much you clergy complain now. This curacy, as it was called, was tantamount to an incumbency nowadays, and there, at Weston Burnley, not far from Buxton, in Derbyshire, Gerald and his wife lived, doing their best to attend to the wants of their parish, and bringing up their increasing family, on the small sum annually received from the living.

"When the annuity from the Marmaduke estates failed, this task was rendered all the more difficult. Sore privations, deep distresses the heroic couple had to endure; yet they went through it all cheerfully, as they said, 'for the sake of Christ and for their children.'

"They were at the point of their deepest

poverty, when news came to Gerald that, owing to his brother's death, he had become sole owner of the Marmaduke estates. But what estates! 'Rather call them encumbrances,' as my father expressed it; 'there was nothing to be seen but clamorous creditors, who seemed actually to cover the whole land.'

"Gerald Marmaduke, assisted by his brave wife, made a manful effort to cope with the difficulties of the property, and by time and patience at last succeeded.

"He managed, little by little, to redeem this piece of land, to repurchase that dwelling, and so on; and, meanwhile, to educate his children properly, and fit them for the world, as he had long wished to do.

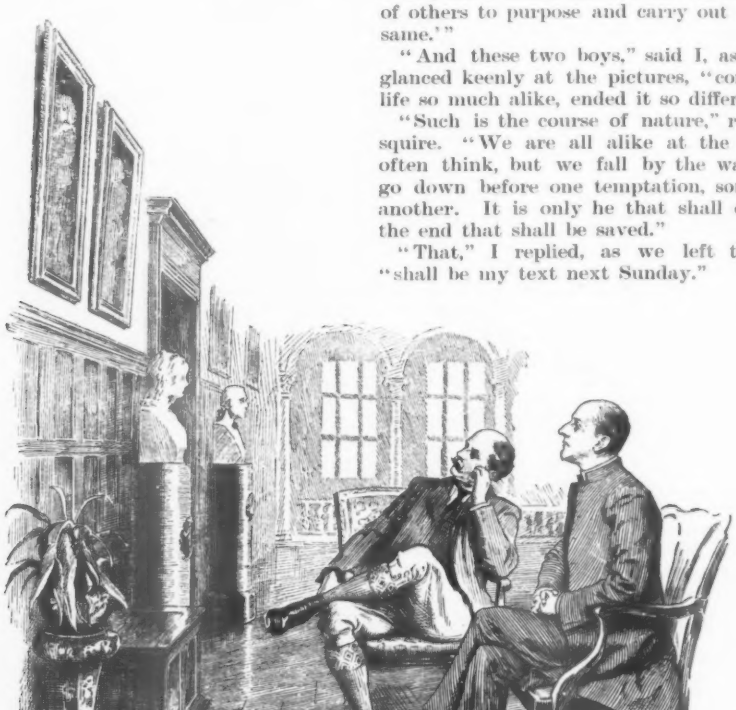
"This life of retrenching and economy was a hard one—it was an uncongenial one to the quiet student and kindly man. Yet he stoutly set himself to carry it out, and he succeeded beyond his own expectation and that of his friends. When he died, he left a considerable property to his family, and over and above it the sum of four thousand pounds to build a spire for Framlington Church; and on one part of the spire, if you will look, vicar, there is an inscription. The words inscribed are these:—

"'I have not taken aught from my family or my relatives to build this spire, nor have I appropriated thereto one halfpenny which the world would consider their due. Nor have I even cut away a slice from my fortune for the purpose, either. But the money for this spire has been amassed by countless little acts of self-denial in the course of a long life. And as each act of self-denying thrift has been done in the cause and for the honour of God, I desire the spire to be called 'God's Spire,' in remembrance of what I, unworthy as I am, have done, and for the encouragement of others to purpose and carry out tasks the same.'"

"And these two boys," said I, as we both glanced keenly at the pictures, "commencing life so much alike, ended it so differently!"

"Such is the course of nature," replied the squire. "We are all alike at the outset, I often think, but we fall by the way. Some go down before one temptation, some before another. It is only he that shall endure to the end that shall be saved."

"That," I replied, as we left the room, "shall be my text next Sunday."

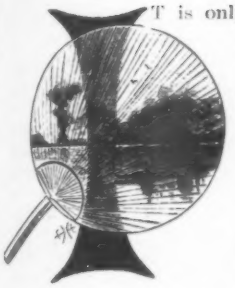


We both glanced keenly at the pictures.

THE PEASANT GIRL POET OF ITALY.

By the late Canon Bell, D.D.

(Illustrated from specially-taken Photographs.)



IT is only a few years, not more than six, I believe, since a young poetess flashed like a new star on the literary world of Italy. This girl, hardly out of her teens, unknown, humble, virtuous, the mistress of a school in one of the far northern Italian villages which even the wheels of a tram had not reached, without any editorial flourish of trumpets, without powerful patronage, without benevolent and interested friends, with only a bundle of leaves sewn together in a white volume, has succeeded in gaining a literary triumph, not in her own country alone, but throughout the greatest part of Europe. In every corner of Italy, indeed, voices are raised in wonder and praise at the supreme power of the poems—their strength and beauty—that have had their birth in the heart and brain of the schoolmistress of Motta-Visconti. Here in this small market town, on the edge of the Ticino, are extensive woods, known to the hunters from Milan, to which Ada Negri resorted to hear the message of the wind as it sighed and sang through the branches of the trees. The poems in which she has interpreted Nature in its ever-changing aspects of glory and gloom; in which she has given a tongue to the woes and sorrows which are the portion of man, to the oppression of the rich, to the hard lot of the poor; and those in which she has spoken of the beauty and tenderness of true love, have called forth the most enthusiastic praises from the most distinguished critics. In England her work may not be widely known, except among literary men, and I am not aware that her poems have ever been translated—either her first volume, "Fatalità," or her more recent, called "Tempeste," one four thousand copies of which were called for before the twelvemonth had expired.

It may be, then, a direct benefit to all lovers of poetry, as well as the occasion of making better known a poetess who deserves to be widely read, if in this paper I say a little more about Ada Negri herself, and give the reader some examples of her great and ideal art.



(Photo: Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.)

ADA NEGRI.

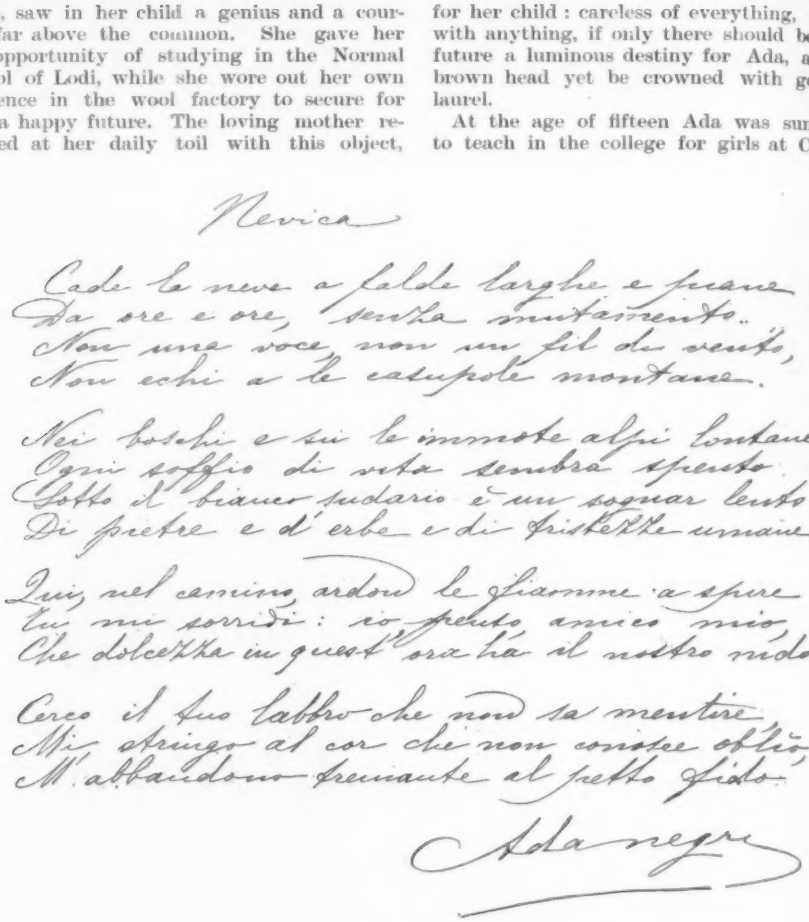
Our appreciation of that art must increase as we listen to her story.

Ada Negri is the daughter of a poor labourer, one who worked in the mines, and her mother was a weaver of wool, who, though often weary and always feeble, worked incessantly in a manufactory, bearing up bravely against circumstances because she was working for her daughter, who wished to study.

The poor toiler in the wool factory, guided simply by maternal instinct, and by the judgment of the mistress of the Asylum where her little daughter was sent for two

years, saw in her child a genius and a courage far above the common. She gave her the opportunity of studying in the Normal School of Lodi, while she wore out her own existence in the wool factory to secure for Ada a happy future. The loving mother remained at her daily toil with this object, for her child: careless of everything, content with anything, if only there should be in the future a luminous destiny for Ada, and her brown head yet be crowned with gold and laurel.

At the age of fifteen Ada was summoned to teach in the college for girls at Cotogno,


Nevica

Cade la neve a falde larghe e piane
Da ore e ore, senza mutamento.
Non una voce, non un fil di vento,
Non echi a le cateratte montane.

Nei boschi e sui le immote alpi lontane
Ogni soffio di vita sembra spento.
Sotto il bianco sudario è un sognar lento
Di pietre e d'erbe e di fattezze umane.

Qui, nel camino ardon le fiamme a spire
Tu mi sorridi: io penso, amico mio,
Che dolcezza in quest'ora ha il nostro nido.

Cerco il tuo labbro che non sa mentire
Mi stringo al cor che non conosce oblio
M'abbandono fremente al petto fido.

Ada Negri

FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL POEM BY ADA NEGRI.

alternating her arduous work with enforced rest in the wards of the hospital, where she was at one time laid up for twelve months, among those who were received within its walls because threatened with consumption. In a few lines in her poem "Madre Operaia," Ada Negri sings of the sublime sacrifice of her unhappy mother, who purchased with hunger, with cold, with life itself, a noble destiny for her child. Her daughter had the means of studying, and the poor wool-weaver took heart, though her limbs were weary, and she was suffering from ill-health. Her daughter studied, and the mother, worn out and exhausted, put into her work, in the immensity of her affection, some drops of blood and sweat that nourished her dreams of fortune and glory

where she was lodged, and where she received every month twenty lire. Here she remained a year, when she was appointed to the post of mistress at Motta-Visconti, where, full of faith and courage, she devoted herself to her scholars, who numbered about eighty, and sorely tried her patience with their noise and obstinacy, as with difficulty she sought to beat into their heads even the letters of the alphabet. She used to return to her mother after school hours were over with burning hands, and her anxious parent could not avert the fear that her daughter would be attacked by illness. The poor schoolmistress was, in reality, leading two lives, one away from her humble home, stern and firm to duty, the other rendered beautiful by imagination, when she was free

to think, and to let her mind roam at will through all that was grand and sublime, and illuminated by the "light that never was on land or sea."

She had never seen the sea nor the mountains, not even the hills or a lake; nor could she say she knew the wonders of a great city, since her only knowledge of Milan was derived from her passage from Porta Torinese to the Porta Romana, as she left Lodi to pass the holidays with her mother. A new vista opened to her eyes in the great populous city when some friends, who wished to give her pleasure, asked her to visit them for two days, at the time when the exhibition made everything brilliant and gay. It was a new life to her. The pleasure-seekers passed in files before her eyes with every display of luxury, of beauty, and of grace. The art treasures she saw at the Brera astonished her, filled her with emotion, transported her; the magic enchantment of distant lands and peoples brought her among those natives of the East and those houses that in her dreams had appeared before her dark eyes.

Then she returned in her wooden clogs and peasant dress to the school in the retired country town, to pursue her avocation, doing violence to her genius, with few books to feed the mind, but with much courage, with boundless love for her mother, and with the noblest ideals before her. Here for seven years she taught by day, and wrote her lyrics of love and sorrow and sympathy by night. So she lived and toiled for seven years, when at last the hour of justice struck, and the tardy reward came in sudden recognition and fame. Through all her sorrows and struggles the cry of genius that rebels against being buried alive sounded loud and clear as a bell, and would not be silenced—

"Son poeta, poeta, e non m'arride
Luce di gloria"

("I am a poetess, a poetess, and the light of glory does not mock me").



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A GENERAL VIEW OF MOTTA-VISCONTI.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE WHERE ADA NEGRI TAUGHT.

No wonder, if her song is sweet, it is also sad, for it may be said "she learnt in suffering what she taught in song."

But she has also a sweet lyrical note, especially when she recalls the memory of her childhood cradled by her mother's love, and which to her was an oasis in the desert of life; but sometimes she withdraws her thoughts from the sorrows of the present, and allows her imagination a lofty flight, to soar to the starry regions of heaven, or, on the impulse of a darling hope, to predict a glorious future for this burdened and weary world, as in the poem called "Non mi turbar" ("Disturb me not").

There is in some of her poems often a revolt against circumstance, and, feeling deeply the squalid reality that surrounds her, she gives outspoken expression to the sorrows and bitter destiny which overshadow her youth. There is a fierce struggle in her heart between two opposing forces, one of which draws the poetess to the realisation of the happiness which is in sight, and the other which chains her down to self-sacrifice, and the result is a stormy cry against her cruel fate. The love of one beautiful and brave, in every way worthy, is laid at her feet, and she feels irresistibly drawn to accept it, but she refuses the happiness within her reach because another destiny pursues her, and she is the poor daughter of the common people. She has no name; therefore, to her suitor she says: "I cannot. Be silent."

This is the subject of two poems, "Non posso" and "Va." Of the latter I give a translation:—

"VA" ("GO").

"Thou who art noble, generous, and brave,
Dost thou of me ask love? Hear me, I pray,
If joy and hope reach thee on fortune's wave,
Throw not thyself upon my darkened way.
Oh, go—the earth is rich, both near and far,
In peace and love—avoid me. I am war.

"There burns a soul courageous in thine eyes,
And askest me for love? Take heed, I pray,
Nor ever kneel to me if thou art wise,
Nor throw thyself upon my darken'd way;
If joy or hope reach thee on fortune's breath,
Depart from me—for know that I am death.

"I see how round my grey-hair'd mother's form,
And also on my own dark youthful head,
There breathes the fury of an unchained storm,
That sorrows one by one are round us spread.
Magre, abased, in garments torn and old,
I wept from pangs of hunger and of cold.

* * * * *

"And dost thou ask my love? Forget me—go.
My burning heart has woes that cannot cease,
I struggle always; dost thou not well know
Struggles like mine never die down to peace.
Oh, let me fly, unlov'd and sad and pale,
Wherever borne by destiny's rude gale.

"Yes, let me fly among the thorns and stones,
Until life dies, oh, let me fly apart,
Without a truce or end, or futile moans
With fever in the blood, God in the heart.
Oh, go—the earth is rich, anear, afar,
In peace and love—avoid me—I am war."

There is a short and graceful poem in which we read how hungry she is for love. It is the thirst of the traveller through the sandy desert as he longs for the well at

whose waters he may drink and his thirst be quenched. The poem is called "Rosa appassita" ("The Withered Rose"). I give it in part.

"ROSA APPASSITA" ("THE WITHERED ROSE").

"Haply it loved, and loved but all too well,
Is weary now, and sinks at last to rest.
Haply it suffered more than one can tell,
And folded lies upon its own stem's breast,
Leaning, with tremulous and timid dread,
Downward its sorrowful and drooping head.

* * * * *

"I know not what a dark and hidden tale
The day reveals, now hasting to a close,
But pungent fragrance scenting all the gale,
And borne from this most fair disflower'd rose,
Invades with sweetness all the lonely room
That evening shadows thickly veil in gloom.

* * * * *

"And in me now is born one great desire:
I would be bitten fiercely to the heart,
Kiss'd on the mouth, with one long kiss of fire,
And thus would prove life's ecstasy and smart;
The madness of the triumph that it knows,
The madness of its bitterness and woes.

"Hark! the bell strikes—'T is 'Ave' that it saith;
Oh, sad and fading! oh, thou hapless flower,
Consumed with passion even unto death!
Oh, rose, with fragrant sweetness for thy dower,
Hear me! I would not die before I 've proved
The joy—the ecstasy of having loved."

The sentiment that dominates and pervades Ada Negri's poems is an ineffable tenderness and pity for the wretched, the suffering, and the poor, and in many of her lyrics appears her admiration of the greatness of self-sacrifice in the cause of the oppressed: hers is a noble altruism. Her mother's sorrow especially calls out her truest commiseration. All that she writes about her is full of the deepest pity, of a compassion that rends her heart, and we suffer with the poetess as she weeps and prays for the mother who has toiled and laboured for her, and is alone, far away, lying ill in the consumptive ward of the hospital. She is content to endure anything and everything—to be deprived of love, of hope, of all—if only her mother may recover health and be restored to life. This intense love for her mother, this intense sorrow is expressed in poems where every stanza seems a bit torn from her own heart.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE INTERIOR OF THE SCHOOLROOM.

There is a graceful little poem in "Tempeste," called "Bacio morto," and which is also in the minor key. I give a free translation:—

"BACIO MORTO" ("THE DEAD KISS").

"In one sad spring, among the other flowers,
A small untimely blossom op n'd wide;
Cold was the air; before it well had lived
The slender flower had died.

"On one sad evening on my mouth a kiss
For you flower'd in my heart, where it did hide.
You turn'd your head; before it well had lived
That kiss of mine had died!"

In the poems of Ada Negri the cries of the poor and the sorrowful find a voice. She testifies to what she has seen. She has beheld men dying of hunger and disease in the city, or of plague in the rice fields. She has marked their wretched existence as they have toiled in anguish of mind and sweat of brow in the factory, sometimes leaving an arm in the wheels of the machinery, or wearing out eyes and lungs in the paper mills, or spinning jenny, or in the furnace. All this, and a thousand other sorrows she has seen, and has endeavoured to cheer and encourage the ranks of the suffering and oppressed.

So in her poems she bids the suffering not to yield in despair to their hard lot; and why? Because they carry their destiny within themselves, in their consciences, in their hearts. They have their fortune in their own hands, in their spades, in their mattocks, in the shuttles of their looms, and in the webs in their workshops. Let them understand the manliness of duty, keep themselves blameless in heart and mind, pure in their affections, moderate in their desires; let them believe, hope, pray, and, beyond all things, love, for love animates the whole life and overcomes the sorrows that otherwise would overcome them.

Her compassion for those who are vanquished in the struggle of life appears in the beautiful poem, "I vinti" ("The Conquered"), in which she appeals to the happy and the prosperous to look with pitying eyes on the sorrows of the wretched and the poor.

At times her burning, restless heart breaks forth in a grand and triumphant strain, as she feels the inspiration of a true genius, which will not be restrained.

In the "Canto della Zappa" ("The Song of the Spade") she sings as one inspired with hope for man and for the world. The dream of a new dawn, when the rustic oriflamme, which shall shine in the sun, shall be unfolded by an inspired people, and shall rise beautiful with vigour and with life from the fertile soil, and the blade shall be free from blood, and the standard white, and the snake of hatred trampled underfoot and killed by a strenuous blow; when the earth, saturated with love and perfumed with roses, purified from bitter strifes, and when a tumult of human voices shall leap to heaven as a hymn and a sob, and the words shall rise triumphant: "Peace! Labour! Bread!"

It is true that her lyre is too persistently in one strain, and it cannot be questioned that this lends something of monotony to her poems, which deal principally with struggle, and heartache, and pain. A tone of revolt is in many of them, and this has laid her open to the charge of socialism. But this, no doubt, arises from the sad environment of her youth; the hard lot of the poor among whom she was born, the sufferings of her mother, and the tragedy and pathos of her life.

She draws nothing from imagination, but paints her surroundings nakedly in their natural dark and realistic colours. One would, indeed, like to find in her poems more faith, more resignation, more submission, more recognition of God amid the trials and sufferings that abound. There is wanting the healthy note amid the sickness and diseases of the world. Nature and its beauties have indeed drawn from her some idyllic poems, and we find her delight in it in such lyrics as "Canto d'Aprile," "Va l'Onda," "Nevicata," "Mistica," and "Strana." She touches, too, on love, but with great delicacy, and lets us see that she believes that labour and duty should distinguish the man who aspires to the conquest of a pure woman's heart.

In closing this notice of a poetess remarkable for her strength and the breadth of her sympathies, it may be frankly granted that, with much that is beautiful and great in her poems, they are not perfect. Her most appreciative critics allow that the form of her lyrics is sometimes faulty, that her employment of epithets is often weak, and that her poems (as was only to be expected from her education, or rather lack of education) show a want of an accurate knowledge of the classics.

It may be added that her poetic imagination seldom soars into the regions of sweetness and light, but too uniformly keeps to the dark side of life and is coloured with sullen gloom. It may be hoped—indeed, confidently expected—that the happier life now opened before her in a happy marriage may give to the poems yet to flow from a heart inspired by genius the radiancy, contentment, and joy, which are absent from those she has already given to the world. It only remains to be said that, to fully appreciate the vigour and grace of her poems, they must be studied in her own beautiful and sonorous tongue.



THE PRAYER THAT MOTHER TAUGHT.

Colina's Island.

By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "The Pride of the Family," Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"HE WENT AWAY SORROWFUL."

THE bell heather was purple on the muirs now, and the dykes were full of ferns. Every bit of dyke on the road was a picture, Colina thought, with its silver lichen, and emerald moss, and ferns; here and there a gay crimson spot, where a "puddock-stool," as the people called them, made fairy seats for wandering elves. She would stop to exclaim over these things, Lilliard and Cosmo waiting for her, smiling. She was getting up her botany, too, and Cosmo would help her in the evenings, their heads bent down over the books together. Lilliard, at the piano, watched with a curious look of smiling disdain, which nobody saw.

There had been many excursions, and they had spent a fortnight in a big hotel at Oban, going thence to Glencoe and the Trossachs, and Staffa and Iona, and even "over the sea to Skye." Next year Colina was to purchase a tiny yacht of her own—so Cosmo advised. She could let her deer forest—he had great plans for its extension by the destruction of a number of small crofts—and the money thus obtained would provide for what Miss Anne called the "up-keep" of the yacht.

"I was discussing the extension of the forest with the new man from Glasgow only yesterday," Cosmo said. "And we see how it could be made a really fine one. You, of course, don't want to stalk the deer, Colina! So the rent shall fill your coffers."

She knew that a fine deer forest had been his ambition in the days when he was regarded as the Island's heir, and looked at him now with a sudden sweet pity. How gently he spoke—how free he was from regret and envy, and all uncharitableness! She had not again dared to ask him to consider the shooting as his—he had refused before, firmly and decidedly. In the matter of the yacht he seemed to think only of her. It would be very charming! She was a capital sailor, and her short visit to the Western islands had only rendered her passionately desirous of longer and more varied sojourns there.

"I do not think I shall ever wish to go anywhere else!" she said. "Think of it, Lilliard! Just to linger as long as we like round Mull, and Tiree, and Skye—to land and explore, and return to our own yacht! To see the sunsets over Iona—the little, lovely, silver-stranded islands—to explore the caves in Mull, the fairy caves, where one must go armed with rowan, or cold steel, if one wants to escape being carried off! To explore the tombs in Oronsay, to climb the Cuchillins in Skye. And always taking just our own time! I shall go and see the old women making the pottery in their peat fires in Lewis, and dabbing it over with milk! I shall learn Gaelic! I know I am of true Highland blood, for I love the West with every fibre of my being!"

Lilliard purred softly, and said Colina was a "dear romantic darling." As a matter of fact, she thought her friend's archæological and botanical tastes rather a bore! When Colina had stayed hours in Iona Cathedral and had gone back by moonlight, and been lost on the "Hill of the Angels," where Columba saw the Vision, she had really been almost exasperated into remonstrance. Iona did not, frankly, interest her at all! Ruins never did. She told Cosmo, who smiled, that

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a Regent Street or a Bond Street shop window interested her a thousand times more, but she did not say this to Colina. She heard all Colina's plans for the yacht next year with her ready smile, mentally designing a pretty costume for herself of blue serge and red silk, with the jauntiest of yachting caps. Would the yacht be amusing?

They had been back from their Oban trip some weeks, when one Sunday Colina announced she was going to the little kirk on the "Knoc Engel."

Cosmo had a headache, and Lilliard, with a deprecating shrug, said she "really could not face those pews!" Miss Anne was not going to church that day; so Colina ordered the waggonette to meet her at the pier and her boatman rowed her up, alone. It was an exquisite day; the meadows on the loch-side were gorgeous with meadow-sweet and clover, and the bees hummed and droned over the bell heather. Cruachan rose in solemn majesty, sun-lit to his twin peaks. The loch dazzled like a mirror of diamonds — every bush, every tree, every boulder on the hill-side was mirrored. It was a day in which death, and change, and darkness, and sorrow, seem impossible — a day in which God's smile seems everywhere, and every little blade of grass rejoices in it.

Colina descended at the foot of the Angels' Knowe. The Gaelic congregation was just coming out; she greeted them with her little Gaelic phrase, and they nodded in their stiff, distant way, one or two of the women glancing at her kindly. She looked very fresh, and fair, and girlish, in her white frock and hat, with its high, nodding roses. But one or two of the men scowled. They had friends over on the muir, where the deer forest was to be extended, and the rents were to be higher than ever, people said. Why, the niece, this shilpit girl, would be as bad as Colin McVean!

But Colina, unconscious of all this—she had really not taken in all Cosmo's plans — had climbed the hill, and now slipped into the little kirk. The number of the congregation amazed her as she put her gold piece in the waiting plate, with its white d'oyley. The church, too, though bald and bare, was clean and well-swept. There was neat matting on the floor. The people, filing in, had an interested, wide-awake expression — the look of people who expect something. And then Angus Campbell walked in, wearing his black gown; and Colina, looking at the quiet, grave face, suddenly felt strangely rested—she felt as if this man would give her something to think of. He would, perhaps, tell her what lay behind all the beauty of the day—all the beauty of the world. He looked as if he had something to say.



Angus Campbell walked in, wearing his black gown.

The sermon referred, curiously enough, to the rich young ruler.

Colina heard with every sense, every nerve, alert. She did not now note Cruachan,

rising in that wondrous and soft dazzle, through the window; she did not see the sheep, nor the tawny hides of the Highland cattle: her whole heart listened. What God wanted, the preacher said, was the heart's readiness to answer His call—not necessarily the selling of all one had and its distribution. But, however rich and gifted one was, or however poor and empty-handed, He asked from us all just this one thing: the yielding of our wills, the yielding of our hearts. Were his listeners afraid to do so? And why? Why were they afraid to trust God?

Colina drew a long breath when he concluded. No, she could not do that. She could not yield all she had to God, or be ready to give it up. Cosmo's handsome eyes smiled into hers; she could not give *him* up; no, nor her Island, nor the inheritance, which had grown so alluring, so entrancing; nor the wealth which brought so much.

Did Campbell follow what he preached? Suppose this quiet-faced man were offered a rich city church, would he not leave them, and go to it? His teaching sounded well in theory, and it was a beautiful theory, but in plain, hard practice? Her young face had a trace of her half-cynical thought when she went outside.

As the people wandered away, she saw the waggonette had not yet come up, and she lingered, sitting on a flat table-stone, her feet in the long grass. Angus saw her thus, and bowed as he passed. Colina rose, however, giving him her hand frankly, and they talked for a little, looking down on the



"Why do you tell me all this so earnestly?"

hamlet. He was very pleasant and simple. He was not cold and severe as she had fancied he would be. She was telling him of their tour.

"Of course, you must have been to Glencoe very often," she queried, "though you are a Campbell? Pray, Mr. Campbell, did you not blush for your forebears?"

He smiled at that, and his smile was wonderfully bright and soft.

"I once asked an old aunt of mine what she thought of 'the Massacre,'" he said, "and she looked at me quite indignantly. 'Why do you call it a massacre?' she said."

"Oh, how could she? It was a shameful, horrible deed," and Colina's eyes sparkled. "I can understand the McDonalds' feeling about it. Oh! if I were a McDonald, I should feel the same. I could never break bread, I think, with a Campbell. And if they defend the deed they are shameless. Even Macaulay cannot defend his beloved William of Orange—he cannot excuse *that*."

"I have talked with many a shepherd about the story," Angus said slowly, watching her little white hand stray over the moss-filled lettering of the tomb; "and it is wonderful what new lights can be thrown on history by the traditions handed down from father to son. And when I was in London once I got access to some old letters bearing on the subject. It interested me very much. I am not excusing the massacre, but there is a great deal to be said on the other side. The McDonalds were perhaps the worst and wildest clan in the West. There was no life safe from them, and it was thought the Highlands would never settle while they were left. So when the Campbells were sent there, they understood it was only to keep order. They did not know till the day before what the end was to be. But the letter which gave them their final orders for the slaughter warned them all that, if they did not exterminate the McDonalds, they themselves would be all killed. I am not excusing these violent remedies, Miss McVean, but I think the full story should be known."

"You have not excused it in the least to me!" Colina cried. "If they were wild and lawless, so were the others! It was a horrible and cruel deed—a horrible death!"

"Such as they had dealt to many and many another in their turn!" And then Angus smiled suddenly. "But we are not going to quarrel over it! I think I must send for some stories for you—true stories, by Lord Archibald Campbell—and you will see the McDonalds were not only sinned against! How is the Gaelic getting on?"

"I wish you would help me with it," she said, turning to him earnestly. "You, of course, speak it perfectly?"

"Oh, yes, I had a Gaelic nurse," he said; "indeed, it is my mother-tongue, and it always seems to me there are thoughts one can only express in Gaelic! But it is difficult—I think it is very difficult—for a stranger."

"Nevertheless, I want to learn it," she said. "For I always think that the people look and speak so differently here when they are talking English. They are stiff, and proud, and distant then—they seem to suspect one. I watched that queer old woman with the face like a winter apple when she was chatting to you coming out. How soft and kindly she was!'

"That was old Morag McNeill. She has a little croft with her son up on the Glen Voil muir." He stopped and looked at her suddenly. His voice took a new and graver tone as he said, "The son is an imbecile—an 'innocent,' as they call him here. But he is happy up on the muir. He has what they call in Gaelic the *cianalus*, or the 'gloom of the rocks,' or 'mountain melancholy.' He cannot even live where there are houses near. He farms the little croft, there, however. He was not always imbecile. He fell over a precipice, and injured his head, and they carried him back to his mother like that. They are very poor, but her devotion to him is beautiful."

The waggonette had come up. Colina was looking at the prancing heads of her fine horses. "Why do you tell me all this so earnestly?" she said, turning round on him suddenly, with her winsome smile. "I have the feeling that you are impressing it upon me for some reason. What is it?"

His face lightened at that. Surely those bright frank eyes, those gentle lips, did not contradict her good heart!

"Because I hear the deer forest is to be extended," he said slowly, "and all the crofts between this and the Pass of Crialloch are to be done away with. Morag McNeill's little croft is just at the far edge. She is in a dreadful state about it! Someone has told her son, and poor Diarmid says he will die on the rocks, but he will not leave his home. I wonder—if you could spare—their croft?"

Colina flushed a little. "I shall tell my cousin," she said. "He will not know this story. I am sure they could spare her little place. I shall tell Cosmo, and see what he says."

Campbell looked at her a little disappointedly. Were she and Cosmo already betrothed? She did not speak as if she were a free agent.

"It would be only a very little bit from the edge of the drive," he said gravely. "And

it would mean such suffering and sorrow for the old woman and her son! I daresay it sounds like mere sentiment to you, and, perhaps, you will think another purple muir and another bleak hill-side would be the same, but these people's hearts have such tough roots — like the heather — you only tear and destroy it, if you pull it up! And they are not idle or dissolute. Believe me, they are not. They get every ounce of good out of the land."

"I shall tell my cousin," she repeated, and then held out her hand, though there was a slight shadow on her face. She felt, with a vague sense of irritation, that he expected more. He tramped away up the hill, and did not look back as she drove away.

"He blames me for something," Colina thought. "I had such a desire to question him about the sermon. What a strong face he has! But is it stern? I think not, when he smiles; and then, again, when he talked about the old woman, it was almost grim. And he was quite wrong about the Glencoe Massacre! He had no right to excuse it, or weigh other things in the balance. I wonder if the people like him?"

She was so curious on this point that she asked the boatman, once they were on the loch, if he was a member of the Established Kirk or of the Free.

"I hef been to the Estaiblisht since the new minister hass come," the man said. "He iss a ferry grand preacher! There will be a great number of people going to the kirk now. And he is as good in Gaelic as he will be in the English. Chust as goot, whateffer."

"Then you will not keep him very long, I fear," and Colina took off her white suede gloves and dipped her hand in the water. "Some Glasgow or Edinburgh church will be stealing him away from you."

At which the man, rowing stolidly, gave a little sly smile. "I do not know about that at all," he said. "For it iss well known that there wass a Glasgow church would hef liked him, and it would hef been £800 in the year! But Maister Campbell—he would not go. No, he would not go! And that iss the truth that I am telling you this moment!"

To which Colina said nothing. They were rowing past an island of which Campbell was to tell her the legend by-and-by, and which was dotted by gravestones. A little cross of grey granite, from Cruachan's stony side, faced her, and was reflected in the dimpling water. Graves to-day! Death in the midst of this lovely, smiling world! She had wondered if the preacher would hint at what lay behind the beauty, and he had. He had spoken of a God whose love will be satisfied with nothing less than all our hearts and wills! She restlessly revolted from that. She was not ready for that doctrine. The thought of it was like a little snake in her memory. She would not think any more of the grave-eyed Scot, even if he did live up to what he preached.

Cosmo was waiting for her at the little pier and helped her to alight. He was full of plans for a row in the moonlight. He listened to every word and laughed at Campbell's defence of Glencoe, sympathising with her indignation.

"I suppose you got a dry-as-dust theological discourse?" he said. "I can't stand that man myself!"

"No, it wasn't that," Colina said honestly. "He preaches well—very well—and he never tries to be eloquent. I think there is poetry, too, under his simplicity of style. He quoted a lovely Gaelic verse and translated it so beautifully. Afterwards we chatted quite a long time among the tombstones."

"Then you want your lunch, I'm sure," Cosmo cried, "after all your hard seat and the half-hour sermon! Colina, you really do not need any sermons. I shall not let you go next Sunday. You shall sit out on the heather with me." He took her hand playfully and put it under his arm. Colina's eyes looked up at him shyly and tenderly. She liked the masterful tone, the tender intonation. How handsome he was — how bright and sympathetic!

"I'm going to row you on the loch myself," he whispered; "and you shall sing to me—we two alone."

Colina forgot all about Morag McNeill and the deer drive. During the merry lunch that followed they were all discussing plans for a picnic to the Pass of Brander. Only when Miss Anne asked her about the kirk did her face shadow for a moment.

"Something is on the bairn's mind," the old lady thought with a sigh. "But she sees nothing but her lover's face the noo. Eh, dearie me! I'd like to be fond o' him, and I'm no'. She'll pit a' her happiness on the throw—and I'm no' sure o' him, ava'. No' sure, ava'."

But Colina went her moonlight sail, and there was no shadow on her face when she returned.

CHAPTER V.

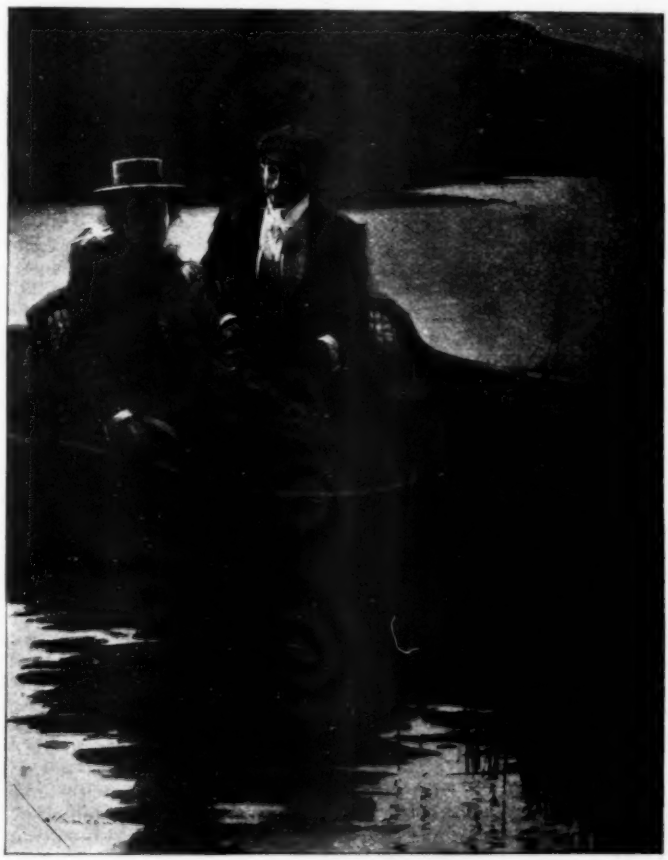
"GREGOR A'THING."

"MORAG has notice to quit at once. It iss chust a ferry bad business! She will be owing a little rent, and she hass said she would be paying it in November from her potatoes. It iss chust a ferry goot year for the potatoes. They are three pounds and

fourteen shillings the ton. But she hass notice to quit. And Diarmid will be chust like a madman! It iss a ferry bad business! And the worst will be that she cannot be even with them. Diarmid is a poor innocent, and can do nothing that will pay them out. I will be chust remembering that myself." Gregor a'Thing chuckled grimly. "Yes, I will remember it myself!"

Gregor was known over all the loch-side as a disreputable character, and the gillies and game-watchers had had their eye upon him for many a year, though they had never yet been able to catch him tripping. Everybody knew that he poached, and poached daringly. Colin McVean had been a hard and greedy master, reaping where he had not sown, and extracting the rents, even in bad years, to the uttermost farthing. But till Cosmo's arrival at the Island he had not cared about the shooting; and the poaching which had gone on, and was going on still, made the so-called heir furious. For Gregor he had a peculiar detestation, and he had snubbed the man openly and savagely. Even the salmon were not safe from this flagrant depredator, but no game-keeper or gillie yet had ever caught Gregor! He was older now, too, and more cautious. Long nights of stolen bliss on the muir, when he lay crouched on the damp heather, had done their work—his joints were twisted with rheumatism, and he had sprained his ankle so badly that it would never be the same: yet the indomitable will of the man was as strong as ever, and, with his keen, cold eyes, stubborn chin, and long obstinate nose, he was better known than any other character on the loch-side. In his day he had followed many trades. Plumber, gasfitter, painter, glazier, rat- and mole-catcher, boatman, coachdriver, blacksmith—from all these varied callings Gregor drifted back to the muir, with his usual calm imperturbability. The loch-side had an odd fancy and liking for Gregor. Campbell felt it, poacher and law-breaker though the man was. There was no softer heart for women and children, for the oppressed and afflicted, than Gregor's; and he would give away every penny he possessed. Now that he was growing old and lame, he lived on next to nothing—sitting gloomily on a dirty old bench outside his tumble-down house, and gazing sullenly down the glen to where his old abode had stood. And now Morag had to go! Morag was his sister, and they were rooted to the soil!

"There are some months left," said Angus Campbell, to whom he addressed his confidence.



Colina went her moonlight sail.

"I shall see Miss McVean about the matter, Gregor. I cannot think she understands."

"Och! she will understand ferry well. She iss to marry the young laird. And what does a young lass like that care? I am going up to speak to Silis about it. I will chust ask Silis; I believe Silis could do something. Silis hass no love for McVean. No, she hass no love for him whateffer."

"Gregor," Campbell said, "I do not like to hear you harking back to folly of that kind. A clever man like you! Do you really and soberly believe that Silis, or anyone else, can do Mr. McVean injury by sticking pins into a wax figure, and melting it before the fire? You know that is folly."

Gregor stuffed the tobacco into his pipe with one dirty finger. His expression was intensely dour.

"Maister Campbell," he said, "you are a ferry book-learned chentleman, and it iss a friend to me, and to us all in Loch Awe side, that you hef been. But there are things that you do not know. Silis is a witch. Her grandmother was a witch, yes, and her great-grandmother. She hass the second sight. She hass the river horse's bridle, and the mermaid's stone. And she can do anybody, from a laird to a *balachan* [wee laddie], a mischief, if you pay her well enough. Colin McVean himself hass been to see Silis, and hass consulted her. And I hef heard the stories of her grandfather. He would kill thirteen deer before breakfast!" Gregor's eyes gleamed, and his fingers twitched. "I would like ferry well to hef gone on the muir with him. But one day he hass seen a hare on the path—a blue hare, mottled with grey—and it wass the bad omen, and he wass found dead next morning at the foot of the Devil's Staircase! Silis saw it all, in the peat-ash, the night before. And if you will not believe me——"

"I don't, Gregor," Angus said frankly. "But I admire your botanical knowledge, and I want you to tell me the name of this plant. After that, I must be going."

So Gregor a'Thing told him the name of his wild-flower, and Angus shook hands, and then went striding off on the muir, saying he would call at the Island that evening. He had been loth to go, for Cosmo's patronising manner was rather ill to thole. He passed the little croft where Morag and her son were in the garden, the old woman digging potatoes. She lifted her face, and then came up to the little gate. Diarmid paid no attention to the visitor. He was sitting on a boulder which jutted up in the centre of the potatoes, staring at the hill-side opposite.

Campbell told Morag he had heard of her notice to quit.

"It iss true that there will be a little owing," she said in her tremulous voice. "It hass been such a bad year—last year—there wass no price at all for the potatoes, and my daughter Màri was ill, and I had lent her all that we had put by. Màri was hoping to wash at the big house, and she hass gone up about it, but they were ferry grand London servants, and they told Màri there wass nothing for her. And no one will ever see the young mistress herself. She iss a ferry great disappointment in Kilvrain, and on all the loch-side. There iss poor Sandy McTab, the merchant: he had got in all his stores from Glesca, and a ferry great deal of stores, thinking she would deal with him, and she does not go there at all. Everything iss from London, and Sandy is chust mad over it, and he will be a bankrupt again. And we must go! Diarmid does not take it in, or understand; when he does, I do not know what I will do. Gregor will be saying he will work her an evil—yes, and him, too—and he will poach; but to steal the deer and the grouse, what iss that to them? It will not give us back the croft. And it iss no good to me or Diarmid."

What could Angus say? She broke off with a dry catch in her voice, then stood patiently looking over the "sullen purple" of the muir. Campbell's heart ached for her. The little he did say about not losing hope, and trusting still, fell (he saw) on deaf ears. Perhaps it is difficult to trust when one is over seventy, and when one feels as if the weight of the world pressed upon one's bowed and weary shoulders! For this little patch of poor land on the hill-side meant all the world to her and Diarmid.

Angus felt a sudden anger against Colina rising in his breast. He had hoped so much from this sunny, bright-faced girl. Her face had haunted him. But she was careless, and selfish, and cold.

She would not help him. She had only eyes and ears for Cosmo. Still, he would go to the Island, and see and tell her.

He rowed there, himself, that evening, and when he fastened the boat he could hear the sound of light laughter and music from the open windows of the house. Gay parterres of flowers blazed in the grass. It was a lovely place, surrounded by matchless scenery. As he walked up the path, he happened to glance through the belt of wood on his right, and there, suddenly, he saw Colina standing and looking down the loch, Cosmo by her side. His arm was around her, his handsome head was bent, whispering in her ear.

Lilliard was singing and playing in the drawing-room, and the sweet sounds seemed

to mingle with the picture of happy love before the minister's vision. She looked round and laughed at something Miss Anne said.

Angus told himself that he dared not interrupt them now. He turned on his heel and strode down the path, and got into his boat and rowed away. His heart felt strangely dull and anxious and foreboding.

"I don't think I'd mind, if I thought he'd make her happy, and guide her well," he said to himself. "Why should I mind? What have I to do with Colin McVean's heiress? Somehow, I had hoped so much from her face. It is a curiously haunting face. Now this man will mould her to his will. And she will not heed the people's wants."

He took up his oars and rowed resolutely, alighting, upon a little, to go and visit a sick woman.

He knew a good deal about medicine, and, as the doctor lived far away, and was very expensive, he would often give the people remedies himself when the case was simple. They were usually efficacious.

But Mrs. McAlpine thought the grave face graver than usual that night, though he was kind as ever. She said to herself with a sigh, "Well, it iss not a' body's happy time! And he hass his troubles!"

CHAPTER VI.

LILLIARD ACTS AS CONFIDANTE.

LILLIARD had finished her song, and was strolling down to the little pier in her evening dress. Her arms were bare, and Colina's last gift, a pretty gold chain, shone against her white skin. Blue was Lilliard's favourite colour, and her pretty gown was of a soft pale blue, the colour of a summer sky.

She was standing looking down the water, her lips were locked together, and an expression rather hard and strained was in her bright eyes, when she heard a step behind her, and Cosmo came up and stood for a moment on the pier. He glanced about him, as if watching for a boat. "Miss Anne said she saw the minister; but he seems to have gone off without coming in."

Lilliard shrugged her shoulders.

"He is rather dull," she said, "though Colina declares he preaches well. Where is Colina?"

Their eyes met then. Cosmo gave her a strange look. "Lilliard!" he said, suddenly and passionately, "I have concluded the matter—I have spoken!"

She gave a kind of quick breath, but smiled bravely, holding out her hand. "Then I congratulate you! Master of the Island—at last!"

He did not take her hand. He was looking over her pretty figure gloomily. "You don't care, Lilliard?"

"Care?" and she laughed lightly. "Of course not! We agreed upon the subject the very first night of my arrival, when you found out who Colina's companion was, and I, who you were. We were fond of each other once, and you came down to see if your uncle would settle something on you, but he wouldn't, and he died and left the Island away from you. We are both too poor to be happy. And you had always meant to inherit the Island! There was a way of securing it still. I advised you to take that way. You are a very clever and sensible man, Cosmo. And, as I say, I congratulate you. There is the story in a nutshell."



She broke off with a dry catch in her voice.

Did she care? Was she really, in her heart of hearts, as indifferent as she seemed? Cosmo felt provoked.

"I hate the whole thing!" he said sullenly. "Of course, she's a nice girl, and all that—and I'm fond of her—as a cousin. But love is

different! Love is different, Lilliard! This is a tepid make-believe."

She knew that. She changed colour a little; but she clung desperately to the *rôle* she had mapped out for herself: he should never see she cared.



"You want the Island, but not the Island's heiress."

"You are like a spoilt child," she cried. "You want both to eat your cake and have it! You want the Island—but not the Island's heiress. And you can't have that!"

"I wanted *you!*" he said.

"But you couldn't afford me—and you may be thankful Colina proved so amenable. Fortunately for you, she made an ideal picture of you—and you have really acted very well up to it!" (Was she mocking him?) "Colina is full of romance and sentiment, and she made a hero and a martyr of you. But, for all that, Cosmo, you must act warily. For I can tell you who does not love you!"

"Who?" he asked, quite surprised.

"Miss Anne Dalrymple! Neither does she love *me*. And she is as sharp as a needle!"

"I never loved *her!*" and Cosmo frowned. "Lilliard, why don't you hate me?" He came nearer, for her cool, half-smiling reception of his news was harder far to bear than her anger would have been.

"I shall tell you why," the girl said, and there was a little humorous twist in her lips. "Because I have inherited, from a severely practical father, a strain of that sensible, commercial instinct which goes to make up the grand backbone of the 'nation of shopkeepers'! I always see the sensible thing to do—so quickly, too, that my common-sense even masters my own likes and dislikes. You would never be happy as a poor man—I know you. Every instinct you have is extravagant. And if you had married me, you would have repented in dust and ashes (and I, in shabby gowns, which is the same thing) all the days of your life! It was a bitter pill, but, bless you! we must all swallow our pills. Mine is down. I don't grumble. Don't grumble either, you foolish Cosmo, but thank the gods for the good fortune they give you. The Island and the heiress! And just think—she might have been plain-looking! You are saved that. I call Colina really pretty, in her fresh, cherubic way! She's just like peaches and milk!"

Was there just the tinge of mockery in her voice? Cosmo was no fool, and he could not but remember Lilliard's gentle flattery of the heiress, her pretty speeches and loving glances.

Was this cynical appraising of Colina due, after all, to jealousy? The thought pleased him, for he was an intensely vain man; and Lilliard's cool and smiling congratulations had piqued him intensely. How pretty she was! How dainty and fascinating! He liked everything about her—even her half-cynical and worldly-wise talk. Colina, on the other hand, provoked him often, and almost bored him. And, then, he had always to live up to her ideal of him; to watch his words and actions. Such a rarefied atmosphere

did not suit him. He did not always breathe easily in it.

"You will stay on, Lilliard?" he said, pleadingly. "There is no earthly reason why you should not. We shall not be married in any hurry."

She smiled at that. "Oh, yes, I shall stay on. I am in no hurry to leave. Colina is very kind to me. I am going in now, but you need not follow quite immediately. Miss Anne's eye may be upon us."

He did not follow, and they parted without further words.

Perhaps Colina, who was blissfully happy, vaguely felt, even in the glimmer and sheen of the love-mist which surrounded her, a faint cold air when Miss Anne Dalrymple congratulated her that night. The old lady was not at all effusive.

"You've ta'en your choice, bairn!" she said. "And when a' 's said and dune, that 's the chief thing! It's no often we please a' body in oor merridge—and if we're pleased oorselves, as I say, I'd let ither folk dae or say what they liked."

"Does that mean you are not pleased, Miss Anne?" Colina felt rather bewildered. "I 'm so sorry; I hoped you would be. Cosmo is so anxious to please you."

"Is he?" and Miss Anne's tone was rather dry. "Maybe aye, and maybe no! The lave o' men think maist o' pleasing theirsels! No, my dawtie, I hope you'll be happy, and I 'm no saying but what you stand as guid a chance as maist—but dinna' expect to walk aye on velvet shune! Bairn, when a woman loves a man, she pits her chance o' life's happiness i' his hands; and the thought o' that is whiles like to fear me!"

"I'm not afraid!" Colina said, and smiled.

After all, Miss Dalrymple had no desire to say anything more, though her heart misgave her. She did not care for Cosmo. She saw very clearly that he spoke to please Colina, that very often his words by no means embodied his real opinions. She vaguely suspected a secret understanding between him and Lilliard Maynard; and we know she did not love that young lady.

"I'm the auld sheep-dog," she thought ruefully, "and I'm no muckle guid. But I'll watch for the bairn. That ither lassie 's as deep as the loch."

Colina's acquaintances—she had few friends—received the news of her betrothal with the remark that it was "a most suitable arrangement." They had also all "seen how it would end."

Cosmo did all the real business work of the estate now, and Colina was glad to permit him to do so. He would tell her of new plans, now and then, and she was still too much in love to do anything but acquiesce. Once or twice she had an uneasy feeling that there were things she should see into and inquire about. She had asked him about Morag, and he had answered, with a caress, that "it would be all right"—she was not to "bother her pretty head" about those "tiresome and invariably grumbling crofters." She let herself drift. They rode, and rowed, and cycled together, all three, and Lilliard seemed quite happy and contented. No cloud broke the blue of Colina's sky. Everyone treated her with deference; her own home-circle, all saving Miss Anne, flattered and caressed her. She tasted nothing but the sweets of life. And thus time went on, and all the summer flowers, with the bell heather and the ling, were past; now there were lovely russet tints on the mountain-side, and orange and yellow and brown patches where the bracken faded; the tint of the dead heather was more beautiful by far, Colina thought, than the purple. Cruachan's splendour seemed to grow dearer to her every day, and the place and the loch were twined about her heart. But, alas! for her high visions, and the vessel which she had said to Miss Anne she felt her hand impotent to guide. It drifted where it would, and Cosmo was at the helm. She took no thought for any welfare but her own.

She was to meet Lilliard in the village, one afternoon, and they were to walk and have tea with the shooters, in a little hut on the muir, after Lilliard had gone to the post-office. Colina, in a very dainty costume, with a white hat, rowan-trimmed, was looking up at the kirk, and thinking that she must really go there again some Sunday, when she saw the minister's tall, spare figure coming down the steep path, in earnest conversation with a harassed, weary-faced man, who glanced at Colina with an odd dislike and unwilling scrutiny as he passed. Angus had walked on, but she took a step after him, calling gently—

"Mr. Campbell!"

He returned at once, and Colina raised her hazel eyes to his. "Why did that man look at me like that?" she said abruptly. "What have I done to him? Do you know?"

"Yes, I think I know," and yet he glanced at her rather unwillingly. "Do you really wish me to tell you?"

"Of course, I do."

"He is the village merchant," Angus said, "and when you came here he had great hopes that his business would mend. All these poor shop-people have to hope for is the little harvest they make when visitors are here. You are the lady of the

manor. Even Colin McVean dealt with him, and yours is a large household. He called for orders — he really charges moderately enough—and was told that all groceries were obtained from London—from the stores—and all provisions by the *Caledonia* from Glasgow. He had got in a great supply of tins and groceries, hoping for, and expecting, your custom. He has a hard struggle; seven children and an ailing wife. And now it is the end of the season, and he is bankrupt again, and the ailing wife is dead. He could not feed her nor have her attended to properly."

His voice was quite gentle; Colina, though crimson and bitterly self-reproachful, was deceived by it.

"But it was not my fault," she faltered; "I did not know. I remember, vaguely, the cook saying—but—but someone said—village stores would not be good. I—I never thought about it. Do you blame me?"

"Yes," her hearer answered gravely, "I blame you."



"Why did that man look at me like that?"

"Oh, why?"

He looked at her almost sternly. The pretty figure in its expensive dress — the lovely, clear-complexioned face. "Because we have no right to say we 'did not think,'" he said. "God means us to think. Not to think is a form of selfishness which is hateful, I am sure, to the Love which has thought so much for us. You ask me, and I tell you. You have so much, and out of all your abundance you will not even give your thoughts to these people. I remember that you said you wanted to know them, and grow nearer to them. Is this the way to do it? And Morag has notice to quit, and there is no appeal. She is fretting herself into a fever, and the son takes wild fits of rage and grief, which terrify her. I am afraid he will do himself some injury."

"Mr. Campbell," the girl cried, "I did not know all this. It is not fair to blame me."

"I wrote to the factor — I had already appealed to you. The factor said Mr. McVean managed all your business, and that he would not give up the few more roods of muir for the forest." There was an intense inflection of scorn in Campbell's voice, under which Colina quivered as under a whip. "So I had to tell Morag there was no hope."

She saw Lilliard approaching them, and stood white and silent. Angus waited a moment, and then lifted his hat and walked away. Colina did not move. The stern voice was in her ear—the searching, unbending reproach in the calm eyes.

She, who had hoped to do so much! And she had done less than nothing, and they hated her! But there was time still—surely there was time still.

"Well, upon what was the minister holding forth?" Lilliard demanded lightly. "Why, Colina, you look as if he had been arraigning you, and the verdict returned was guilty, without any recommendation to mercy."

"So it was," Colina said, and laughed very unhappily. "So it was."

[END OF CHAPTER SIX.]

THE READING OF THE LAW.

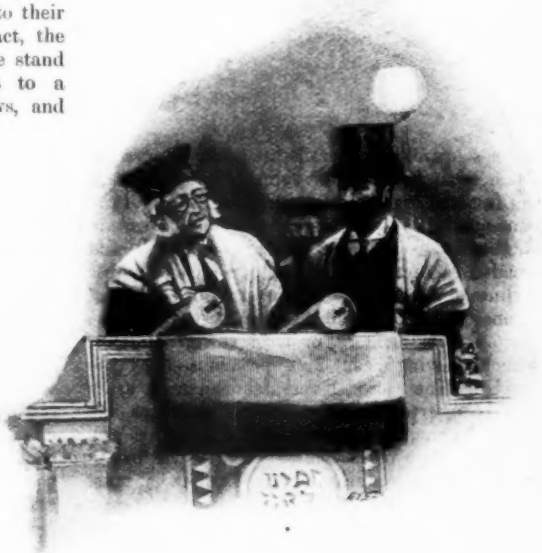
By the Rev. William Burnet, M.A.



THE inspired Book and the Chosen People are two standing evidences of revealed truth which Time's rude hand has left untouched, and have rather become every year more important and convincing.

They are closely connected with each other. Israel in its continued separate existence, scattered amongst the nations and yet distinct from all, has ever been a silent witness to the fulfilment of prophecy. On the other hand, the ancient Scriptures, which the Jews cherish with so much reverence and care, supply the only clue to their wonderful history and condition. In fact, the indestructible Book and the undying race stand or fall together. Rationalism prevails to a large extent amongst the modern Jews, and yet, as a race, wherever they are found, they cling tenaciously to the living oracles committed to them. This is to be seen in their jealous preservation of the sacred text, as as well in the veneration shown to the Law and the Prophets in their public services. A glance at a few facts relating to the former subject, and a more detailed description of the latter, may prove interesting and serve to strengthen our faith.

It is, of course, most important to ascertain as far as possible that the present text of the Old Testament is essentially the same as the original. To some extent we may be assured of this by what we know of the Massorah, the written embodiment of the oral traditions, which was probably begun by the Rabbins of Tiberias in the sixth century after Christ and continued till the tenth or eleventh century. We there see what infinite pains were taken by the ancient scribes to preserve and transmit the veritable originals. With this view they marked the number of words as well as the middle word in each book. They reckoned how many verses began with particular letters, or began and ended with the same words, and the like. They noted words where mistakes in transcription were likely to arise. The Keris, or various readings, and the Kethivs, or received readings, were marked with the utmost care, and these are still of especial value to the Christian student. All these calculations may not have been correct, and mistakes may have escaped their vigilance. Still, we can feel little doubt that, on the whole, the Jews have handed down the Scriptures as they received



THE READING OF THE LAW IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

them. This satisfactory conclusion is confirmed when we observe the care taken even in the present day by the writers of the synagogue rolls. Printed books are never used in the public services; parchment scrolls are alone admissible. These must be made of skins of clean animals and fastened together with strips of leather of the same quality. Each skin must contain a certain number of columns of prescribed length and breadth, each column comprising a given number of lines and words. Ink prepared in a special manner must be used. Not one word may be written from memory, or with vowel points, or without having been first pronounced by the copyist. The sacred Name Jehovah must every time be inserted with the greatest reverence, and before writing it the scribe must wash his pen. A single error or correction vitiates the manuscript. When a copy has been completed, it must be certified within thirty days by a competent authority. It would, therefore, be most difficult for the text to be tampered with.

The providential hand of the Divine Law-Giver of Israel is thus seen jealously guarding His own Word. Through all the vicissitudes of Jewish history from the time of Ezra to the present day the lamp of revealed truth has been by these means carefully shielded from the conflicting currents of human opinion. The Church and the Synagogue have kept watch, as did the kingdoms of Israel and Judah in the olden times, over the revelation which they cherish in common, and neither would have allowed the other to make any change. Their very opposition to each other is a doubly sure guarantee that the text has been in the main transmitted from age to age in its pristine purity.



THE ROLLS ARE BORNE ALONG IN PROCESSION.

But it is still more interesting to notice the reverence evinced by the Jews for the sacred scrolls in their public services. In these the reading of the Law and the Prophets holds a most conspicuous place. The Law, or the first books of Moses, has been divided into fifty-three portions or Sedroth, of which one—or sometimes two—is appointed for each Sabbath. As the Jewish year consists of twelve lunar months, or fifty weeks and four days, and the leap years have thirteen months and fifty-three Sabbaths, on two Sabbaths of the ordinary years two portions are read, so as to complete the reading

within the year. To these lessons from the Law were added selected passages from the Prophets and other books, known as the Haphtaroth or conclusion. These are said to have a singular origin. When Antiochus Epiphanes (170 B.C.), after cruelly persecuting the Jews and polluting their Temple, had prohibited the reading of the Law in the synagogues, to evade this interdict, a table of lessons was drawn up from the other Scriptures corresponding with those from the Law and read instead of them. So matters continued until Judas Maccabæus (in 168 B.C.), restored to his people their privileges.

Then the reading of the Law was resumed and that of the Prophets also continued, so that in the present day, immediately after the Law, the Haphtaroth is read as a second lesson. The tables of lessons are not the same in all parts of the world. The Jews of German origin, the Askenazim, and those of Spanish descent, the Sephardim, have somewhat different lectionaries. All, however, read both the Law and the Prophets, and from this practice appears to have been derived the order of the early Church, still observed in the Church of England, of having two lessons in each service, one from the Old Testament and the other from the New, so that the whole Bible may be read in the course of the year.

We now pass on to describe the remarkable ceremonies with which the reading of the Holy Scriptures is accompanied amongst the Jews. It will be understood that the sacred rolls are kept in the Ark, a sort of chest or cupboard at the east end of the synagogue, which in memory of the Holy of Holies in the Tabernacle and the Temple is covered with a richly brocaded curtain, on which is embroidered the crown of the Law. At the appointed moment this curtain is drawn back and the door of the Ark is thrown open to the view of the congregation. Upon that they chant in rich, deep tones, not unlike the old Gregorians, these Hebrew words—

"And when the Ark set forward, Moses said, Arise, O Lord; let Thine enemies be scattered, and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee. For out of Zion shall go forth the Law and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

The scrolls are then taken out, and that of the Law is placed in the hands of the reader during the chanting of this act of praise—"Blessed is He Who gave the Law to His people Israel. The Lord our God is one Lord. Our God is one, our Lord is great; holy and reverend is His Name"; to which the reader replies, "Magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His Name." Other jubilant psalms and hymns follow, whilst the rolls, enveloped in sumptuous wrappings with silver bells, which tinkle as they are carried, and sometimes decorated with precious stones, are borne along in a solemn procession of Rabbis, readers, and chief men of the synagogue to the desk in the centre of the building. There first the Law is stripped of its wrappings and unrolled. As soon as this has been done seven members of the congregation, first a Cohen or priest, then a Levite, and five ordinary Israelites, are called up successively to hear the Law read. When the Cohen approaches, he touches the roll with the fringes of his "tallith," or prayer-mantle, and kisses the fringes, saying, "Bless ye the Lord, Who is ever Blessed," to which the congregation make an appropriate response. When all seven have duly heard the Law, and the Haphtarah has been read by another official, the Maphtir, the Law is held up before the congregation, who rise and sing, "This is the Law, which Moses set before the children of Israel by the command of the Lord by



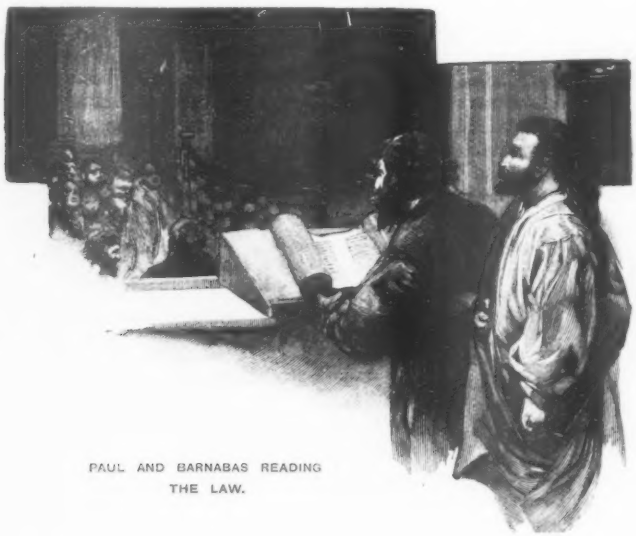
THE DOOR OF THE ARK IS THROWN OPEN TO THE VIEW OF THE CONGREGATION.

the hand of Moses. It is a tree of life to them that lay hold on it, and the upholders thereof are blessed." When all this has been duly performed, the rolls are carried back to the Ark with the same pomp and ceremony as before, whilst all who can press forward to devoutly kiss the Law.

In connection with these rites a singular and not very seemly practice, more honoured, one would think, in its breach than its observance, used to be observed. The clerk of the synagogue would put up for auction the privileges of taking out and elevating the Law, and assign them to the highest bidder. In this way very large sums were obtained for the support of the synagogue, even as much as fifty guineas being sometimes given. To these rules of procedure there was one curious exception. When Deuteronomy xxviii., containing the curses pronounced against Israel for disobedience, was to be read, instead of the honour being sold to the highest bidder, a poor man was given a small sum for consenting to hear the maledictions, which were read in a low and mournful voice!

How strikingly does this illustrate the fact that the Jews are often unwilling, and even unconscious, witnesses to the truth of prophecy, and cherish with veneration the very Scriptures that may condemn themselves!

There is one more line of thought connected with our subject, and deeply interesting to a Christian mind, with which we will conclude. That is the correspondence between these rites and two memorable scenes described in the New Testament. We allude to our Lord's sermon in the synagogue of Nazareth (St. Luke iv. 16), and the visit of Paul and Barnabas to that of Antioch in Pisidia (Acts xiii. 14). Probably both buildings, though smaller, were arranged and furnished in much the same manner as those to



PAUL AND BARNABAS READING THE LAW.

be seen in London, Paris, or other large towns, for the Jews are a most conservative people as regards their religion.

Each may have been a rectangular hall with a pillared portico of Grecian architecture, of which the further extremity, the Sanctuary, pointed towards Jerusalem, the Kebleh, or sacred direction of a Jew's worship, as Mecca is that of a Mohammedan's. There would be the "Tivhah," or Ark, containing the venerated rolls, and in the centre of the building would stand the "bima," or carved circular desk for the readers. Near the Ark would be the chief seats for the Rabbis and rulers of the community.

During the service the reading of the Law and the Prophets took place, as already described. The lessons in those days would seem to have been read by, and not to, competent chosen men of the congregation. Our Lord being already known and recognised as having a claim to perform the office, the Chazan or minister drew aside the curtain, opened the Ark, and handed to Him the roll of the Prophet Isaiah, which contained the Haphtarah for the day. Jesus then unrolled the scroll, found the well-known prophecy of the

Messiah in the sixty-first chapter, and read the opening verse: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me; because the Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent Me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

The congregation stood up to listen. He may have read the whole passage, or only the opening verses, stopping short in a spirit of tenderness before the stern expression, "The day of vengeance of our God," so that the gracious words, "The acceptable year of the Lord," might linger on the ears of the audience and form the text of His discourse. He then rolled up the Megillah, handed it back to the minister, and, according to Eastern custom, sat down to speak.

Something in His aspect and manner at once riveted their attention, and "the eyes of all that were in the synagogue were fastened upon Him." No doubt St. Luke has recorded only a brief summary of His address; but the introductory sentence would thrill and startle them when He said: "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." Upon that He went on to apply the prophecy to Himself, as well as to their consciences, with such force that they were for the moment entranced, until they cast off the spell by asking: "Is not this Joseph's son?" and so tried to evade the conviction that was being wrought in their hearts.

The scene that followed we need not here examine, but would simply point out how truly the account agrees with the Jewish rites of the present day. Whether the lectionary then in use was the same as that afterwards drawn up we know not. Certain it is that part of the same chapter is still read on the fifty-first Sabbath of the year.

Very similar must have been the proceedings at Antioch, when Paul and Barnabas, being distinguished strangers, after the reading of the Law and the Prophets, were invited to deliver the "Midrash," or exhortation, to the people. Now, as then, alas! what St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians is true. When Moses is read, the veil, that once covered the face of the law-giver, and was removed when he entered the Divine presence, is still upon the hearts of the majority of this great people. Yet we are assured that when their heart shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away, and they shall look on Him Whom their forefathers pierced.



THE DIFFICULT SISTERS.

A Character Story. By E. L. de Butts.

THEY were poor—piteously poor—Miss Sarah and Miss Clara, although they lived in a large house all their own, and possessed upwards of two hundred acres of ground. The size of the house and the extent of the ground would have been reckoned "pretty considerable" in the many overbuilt, crowded-out parts of England, which boast of the name of country, or "almost country"; but in the sister island, where things keep more at a standstill, and gardens and grounds and fields stretch away uncramped around the house to which they belong, and miles of other people's fields and trees continue beyond that, unspoilt by any crop of neighbouring chimney-tops, Mountjoice—Miss Sarah and Miss Clara French's home—was looked upon as one of the least large places in the country.

Pitiably poor they were; partly owing to the lavish expenditure in the past of their father and brother, and partly on account of the present withholding of the rents due to them by their tenants.

But poorest of all, they were unnecessarily poor in all that makes life sweet.

The older they grew, the odder and narrower they grew. They shut themselves up in their big dilapidated house, and let their friends drift out of their lives and forget them in new ties and new interests. Some of the friends married and became the centres of other homes; but Miss Sarah and Miss Clara had always declined their invitations to stay on a visit with them, and so, as the years went on, their paths of life grew increasingly apart, and the friends' families grew up as strangers to their mothers' old neighbours. The natural result was that to nearly all the younger generation of the neighbourhood the two ladies were only objects of an occasional idle speculation as to what they did with themselves all the year round, and how it was they were said not to "get on together."

Miss Sarah, the eldest, bore the character of being sweet-tempered. She was always amiable to the few friends who ever did happen to see her—though what there was to be cheerful about was a matter which her rare visitors entirely failed to see. They said it took them a week to recover from the effects of "the blues" brought on by even a glimpse of the dreary big drawing-room, devoid of any but the barest furniture.

Miss Sarah occupied this room in solitary state when she was not shut up in her bedroom. She was lame, and walked with the help of a stick. She wore funny loose-hanging clothes—shawls, and house-jackets, and skimpy trailing skirts which she gathered up above her ankles as she walked about the house. Sarah had a bland, sweet smile for the rare visitor; but, unless she was misrepresented by her sister, there was not a smile near her when they were alone together.

Miss Clara was sharp-tongued and sharp-tempered. She had always come more to the front than the plain lame sister. Somehow Miss Clara had always been the more popular among the many, while Miss Sarah was liked best by the few who knew her best. The younger sister was by way of being the most "fashionable," and, as a matter of mere comparison, she kept up the character still. She wore black things, a severely black head-dress, but one which had more a style of its own about it than the flimsy piece of lace which looked as though it was slipping off the back of her sister's head of thin hair. Miss Clara's white, pinched face, with thin-drawn lips, showed up with no softening effect in this conspicuously gloomy frame. She seldom made open accusations against her sister, but dropped unfavourable hints, and would shrug her shoulders with an air which said, "I can't be accountable for her."

From their early childhood the sisters had been accustomed to bicker and dispute over trifles. Each would assert her opinion with no deference for the views of the other. It used not to amount to quarrelling, but the mere antagonistic tone in which each spoke would provoke an equally antagonistic rejoinder. All day long about the pettiest details of common life it was a constant clash; never a "give and take."

Some few years before the breach had widened to this side-by-side separation, and when the house was a little less dismal and dilapidated, their brother had come back from India, where he had held a civil appointment; this, being at an end, meant a further reduction of money.

The brother had always been a source of pride and admiration to both sisters, who were some years his seniors. He, too, was no longer young now, and was broken down by ill-health. He did

not care for either sister, but minded Clara least. With all their devotion, neither knew one bit how to make things even passingly comfortable for him. Miss Clara sniffed and said she "never interfered"; the house-keeping was entirely Sarah's ground. They each had their drawn boundaries.

Sarah, with the most amiable purposes in the world towards pleasing her brother and the servants, had not the least shadow of a notion how to manage either on large or small means. The maid and the kitchen-help and herself had grown used to "muddling" on. It was a contrast to the Anglo-Indian, accustomed to a retinue of servants, to be now waited upon by one red-wristed Biddy, who plied him assiduously, but awkwardly, with a chipped dish of potatoes "in their jackets," each with a true Irish "bone" in its centre. That was the all-important dish in Biddy's eyes, and it was a case of "bad is the best."

Out of health and spirits, and with the languor of one unaccustomed to do anything for himself, Mr. French



The old maid received the violets stiffly.—*p.* 746.

complained of all sorts of things without attempting to remedy any of them.

"Can't something be done to stop that door from creaking so abominably?"

"It can, sir," replied Biddy cheerfully, and she promptly went to fetch a coal-scuttle to act as weight against it. It was a light baize-covered door, made with no handle, in the passage immediately outside Mr. French's bedroom. So long as the barricade remained unmoved it was all very well, but once the occupant of the room passed beyond it, there was no help, on his return, unless someone from the outside replaced the coal-scuttle to prevent the constant irritating creak which every moment's draught produced.

For the first few months after the brother's return Miss Clara made an effort, for his sake, to be sociable and accompany him to a few of the county gatherings. Ferdinand French liked society. In the old days the two sisters used to jealously try to ward off the advances which were made, or which they fancied were made, by some matrons and their daughters towards what was then considered a *bon parti*. "No one in the world was good enough for Ferdinand," in the opinion of his sisters. *Now* the world simply overlooked him. But the sisters could not take this in. A girl of their acquaintance began to come oftener to see them about this time. Her mother had been a friend of the Frenches in bygone times. Miss Clara could not forget that she had once been foremost among those who, in her opinion, used to set her cap at Ferdinand. Perhaps it was seeing what a wreck he had become that stirred a sense of pity in the heart of the former friend; perhaps, too, the reappearance of Clara French roused feelings of some self-reproach, and brought to mind a sense of neglect concerning them all.

"We really ought to go and see them oftener," she said to her daughters; one of whom only said—

"They don't want us. They like being dull best."

But the other responded, inspired by the same pangs of pity. When Mr. French broke down into a regular invalid, they pictured to themselves something of the dreariness of his surroundings, and brought books to try and interest him.

One day in March, Violet—the girl with the sense of pity—came, bringing a bunch of her namesakes: sweet purple violets from her own garden. She thought it might make one little spot of beauty and brightness for a sick man's eyes to rest upon.

Miss Clara met the girl as she was coming up through the orchard, where apple-trees, covered with mildew, still struggled for an existence. The old maid received the violets stiffly, and with some bridling and sniffing, and a sort of little laugh, proceeded to make a few *staccato* remarks about "Great attentions!" and "Many a young lady paying attentions, but only to lay themselves open to disappointment!"

The girl looked at her for one instant with mystified inquiry in her face, and then flushed like a peony as she caught the construction put upon her innocent offering, and she breathlessly exclaimed in the heat of her anger—

"Who in the world would think of such a miserable old fogey? What in the world do you mean?"

But the quivering white face she saw before her, surmounted with the shabby black head-dress, had something melting in it, in spite of its pride, and the next minute she hastily added—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clara; I don't want to be rude. Why do you make me so angry?"

She went home, determined to bring no more books or flowers—above all, no more violets. Her mother felt still more anger and still more determination, and Maud, her sister, said—

"Old cat! I told you they did not want us."

However, in a very short time Violet and her mother got over it, and took a fresh determination to prove their sincerity of motive by continuing to show kindness, if in somewhat altered fashion.

They felt all the more glad they had done so when, after a few months of gradual decline, poor Ferdinand French's unsatisfactory life came to a close. Upon the loss of this mutual hero both the sisters' hearts were wrung with grief. But that did not prevent them from disputing over the details of the funeral arrangements—just the same old snap and bicker, only intensified by the sharpness of their feelings. The presence of death was not too sacred to suspend the old life-habit; the mutual grief did not succeed in breaking down the old hard barriers, which from that time grew more fixed and rigid than before.

Miss Clara now took her meals alone in the large dining-room, once—very long ago—the scene of gay hunting breakfasts.

Miss Sarah lived upon "hugger-mugger" meals in her own room—just a tray brought up by the one old woman who "did" for them in the place of Biddy and the other girl, both gone off to livelier quarters.

Only on occasional Sundays were the sisters ever seen sitting together. That was in the parish church, which happened to be just outside their gates. They sat together there, and *knelt* side by side, praying the same prayers—

> "From . . . all uncharitableness,
> Good Lord, deliver us!"

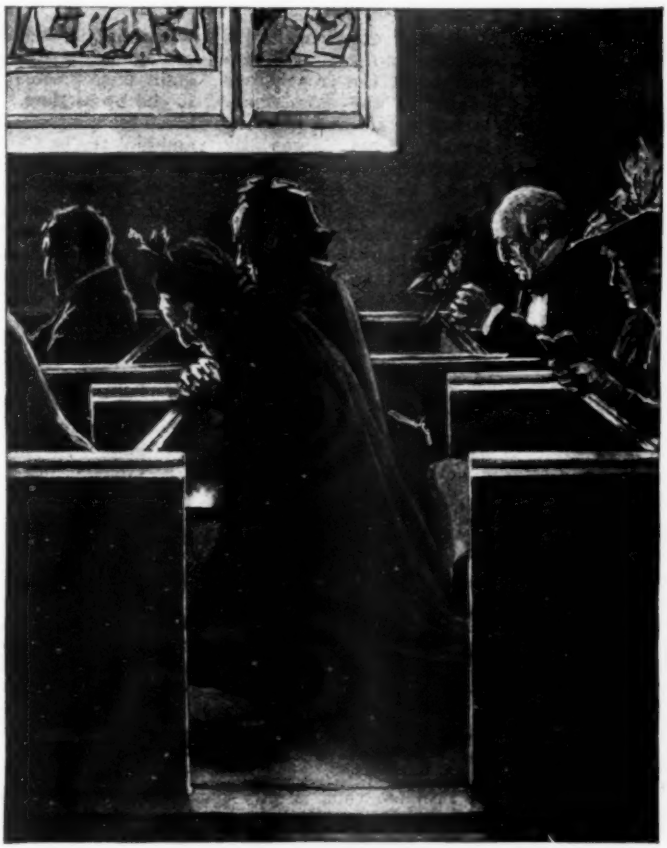
"Shall we ever come to that?" Violet and Maud, the two young sisters, once said in a jest to one another, as they heard of the sort of life lived by the two old sisters. Something sorrowful

about their own jest seemed to strike them as each recognised in an exaggerated form a touch of resemblance in the "sisterly" little "tiffs" which not infrequently were like the "tiny rift within the lute" in their own home happiness.

Violet began to recall one after another of her acquaintances who in strict terms would be justly described as "old maids," yet who brought such sweet dignity to the state that few would ever think of applying the name to them. Others, again, she thought of who might certainly be recognised as "old-maidish old maids," yet who equally, with the first class, were held in high honour by all around them, loving and loved, both in their homes and in the world, helpful and open to be helped. Poor they might be, and too often were; but, as she walked home in silence for the rest of the way from church, she ended the sermon she had begun to preach to herself (about *young* sisters and their ways towards one another) by the trite conclusion that it is not necessary to be rich, or young, or good-looking in order to fill a beautiful place in the world, from which rays of blessing may extend to all around, and return in "good measure, pressed down and flowing over."

Miss Sarah had rather a bad illness the following winter. In a book, illness is often supposed to bring people together; in real life, it certainly *might*, but with Miss Sarah and Miss Clara it certainly *did not*. The invalid was irritating; the sister who had to help was irritated. The illness passed, and they went on as before; but one morning the old woman in attendance came with a scared face to Miss Clara and beckoned to her to follow. They found poor Miss Sarah dead in her bed. She had been dead for hours.

There was no one to dispute over Sarah's funeral. Miss Clara had everything her own way. Since then she has been left in full possession of the old glory-faded drawing-room and every other part of the house. There is not an object in any nook of it but must be filled with ghostly memories of the hundred trifling wranglings of days which are past. Whether there is for her a bitter awakening or whether she is happier (and harder) remains an open question.



They knelt side by side.

There were tears in Violet's eyes, if none in others, when she heard of Miss Sarah's death. Often after that she checked the cutting tone in which she had sometimes felt tempted to meet some sarcasm from her sister with the inward resolve: "We won't grow up like the old Miss Frenches, or their type; by God's help, we will not—we will not!"

THE MOTIVES OF JUDAS.

By the Rev. W. J. Dawson, B.A., Minister of Highbury Quadrant Church.

"This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag."—St. John xii. 6

ONE of our novelists has a striking story of a house built upon the treacherous banks of the Mississippi. It was a fair and pleasant house, where night by night music sounded, lamps shone, and the merry rhythm of dancing feet was heard, a house upon which the passing traveller never failed to look with envy and admiration. It was so pleasant and so beloved by its owners that none of them had cared to face the truth that it stood in a dangerous bend of the river, where sooner or later the scour of the great tides would be sure to undermine it. And so years passed, and, slowly but with deadly thoroughness, the rushing tides of the river did their work, and the foundations of the house were sapped. One night the owner of the house rode home late; he saw its gleaming lights, he heard the familiar music, and, even while he looked, in a single instant the house sank out of sight, as though it had been the "baseless fabric of a vision."

That house and that story may stand as a parable of the character of Judas. Long before the tragic end came for him, his character was undermined, and when the downfall happened it was but the consummation of a hundred deliberate processes continued through a long course of years. And it was because this silent deterioration of character had not been noticed by himself that the end came with such appalling suddenness and completeness.

But to regard the problem thus is only to regard it from the outside; let us dismiss our parable, then, and try to understand the problem from the inside. Was Judas totally unaware of the forces that were slowly undermining his moral nature? Can men be wholly blind to the processes of moral degeneration in themselves? Did Judas know nothing of the real motives which controlled his thought and action? Apparently it was so; and yet the striking fact is that what he did not see himself was clearly enough revealed to those who looked on. For the cogency of this passage lies in the doctrine of self-revelation which it teaches. Judas had just said something which sounded eminently wise, prudent, practical, and even sympathetic. He objected to what seemed an act of waste, and he objected in the name of the poor. In a protest against wanton extravagance, and in love for the poor, he might have reasonably expected to find Christ upon his side; but something in the speech, something in glance or manner, look or gesture, betrayed him, and, quite unconsciously, he revealed his real self to the bystanders. "This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag." If he were indeed a thief, if he had acted dishonestly by the little funds of the disciples, the very last thing he would wish or intend would be the revelation of his dishonesty. He would do his best to conceal it, and it would naturally occur to such a man that the surest way to conceal his crime would be to affect a deep interest in the poor, and a rigid economy of the funds which were especially devoted to their relief. But, in spite of the most astute precautions, he revealed his true self; his narrow soul, in all its meanness and deformity, in a single moment stood displayed. The philanthropist spoke with his tongue, but the thief gleamed in his eyes. He revealed himself, not because he meant to do so, but because it is the very nature of life that we do perpetually reveal ourselves to one another, and most thoroughly and disastrously, perhaps, when we have the least intention of doing so.

Self-revelation is, then, one of the enduring features of human life, and it may be either conscious or unconscious. There is a strange but overmastering impulse in human nature which makes us long to reveal ourselves to others. Thus we think, perhaps, that we are misunderstood or misapprehended, and we long to make it clear to some sympathetic mind that we are not at all the persons that the unthinking world takes us to be. We think that we have capacities of love, of tenderness, of emotion, of thought, which no one has taken the trouble to discriminate, and we passionately desire a friend who shall adequately measure and appreciate our real character. Or we have done some wrong, some sin, or some crime, and the direst torture of our memory is that we have to keep it to ourselves. We know that if we could tell the whole story to someone, half our misery would be relieved by being shared, and hence the impulse which drives some men to confession. Or, again, in other men—in men who have known many strange experiences, and have the literary art to express them—there grows up the notion of autobiography. Such men in their desire of self-revelation will write their own histories, extenuating nothing, often exaggerating their faults and withdrawing every decent veil of reticence

from their actions, as Rousseau has done in his "Confessions." They are impelled to speak the truth about themselves by an influence so strong that they are indifferent to the verdict they incur, and are incapable of discerning how sorry a figure they present to the scornful eyes of posterity. And in all these instances we have illustrations of one thing—the imperative need of human nature to reveal itself, to obtrude itself even upon the gaze of others, to put aside every scruple of humility or shame, that the burden of personality may be shared. All friendship, all love, all that binds men and women together in this world, has at its root this imperative desire of self-revelation.

But in human life unconscious self-revelation plays a far larger part than conscious self-revelation. The artist does not mean to reveal himself in his pictures; but, in spite of himself, the very secrecies and intimacies of his nature are displayed in his art. The man who sits down to write a book means only to describe certain conditions of human life which may be appropriate to a novel; but long before he has done he has given us an exposition of his own tastes and sympathies, and an accurate measure of his character. The speaker means only to illustrate a theme, but unconsciously he illustrates himself. We sometimes say that art and literature should be impersonal; but this they simply cannot be, because each is the vehicle by which the individual temperament expresses itself. No detailed life of Thackeray exists, but in a sense none is needed, because the true life of Thackeray is already written indelibly in his novels. Blot out all that you know of Byron; nevertheless, you will know Byron, because Byron is revealed in every line he wrote. And so, in our own lives, there is not a moment of the day when we are not engaged in the inexorable task of unconscious self-revelation. We are always measuring one another, always taking fresh impressions of each other, always creating fresh images of ourselves in the minds of others. By the way in which we think or feel about things; by the chance word which escapes us unaware; by the phrase used in some unguarded moment; by the glance of the eye that displays coldness where tenderness might have been expected, or the hasty gesture which betrays irritation or contempt where there was an imperative call for sympathy; by trifles light as air, by the silent forces and influences that flow from us, by the emotions we excite, by the sort of atmosphere we carry with us, by a thousand things so trivial that it seems impossible they should be perceived of others since we ourselves do but partially discern them; by all these things, and by many more, to which these are but an index, we unconsciously reveal ourselves. And thus it happens that when, like Judas, we have said something that sounds generous or wise, others who know us better than we know ourselves hold other data by which they measure us, and they say, "This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief."

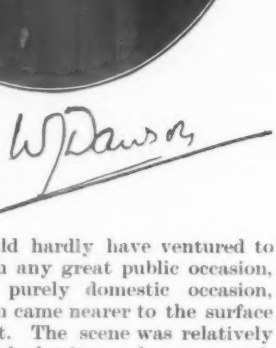
Christ gives us a wonderful instance of this law in His great parable of the Last Judgment, when He pictures the King upon the throne as saying, "I was hungry—thirsty—naked—in prison—and ye did not give to Me, ye did not visit Me." What is it that at once arrests attention in that most dramatic and heart-searching of parables? It is that the good have been unconscious of their goodness, the evil equally unconscious of their evil; each has acted after his own nature, and has revealed his own nature in his acts. If the evil and the selfish had known that it was the King who appealed to them in the hungry, the thirsty, and the naked, they would have run to His relief, simply because it would have been policy to do so; but, since it was only the poor who appealed to them, they did not care. On the other hand, the good and the unselfish helped the poor simply because they were the poor, and even though they had known that they were helping the King, who would one day be their Judge, they could not have done more. And so each stands self-revealed; the righteous having done a kindness to the King, because they would have done a kindness to anybody; the unrighteous having missed the one chance of their lives in not showing charity to the disguised King, because kindness was not a habit with them, and if by any means they acted charitably, it was not because charity was right, but because it was expedient under certain conditions.

We have often occasion to remark that great causes and great crises are the tests by which character is revealed. When some great principle of justice, truth, or liberty confronts us, we inevitably take sides, and we are impelled in our choice by the silent forces of our own character. But the lesson of this theme is that it does not need a great cause or a great crisis to provoke the self-revelation by which the real nature of character is made clear. Indeed, it may be said that the great cause or the great crisis often disturbs the processes by which character is revealed. The real bias of our nature is overcome for the moment by some form of external pressure. Compulsions of circumstances or policy affect us in spite of ourselves. When it is the fashion to be generous or philanthropic, men who have no spark of real generosity in their natures will seek to

be in the fashion, thus simply going with the stream because it is inexpedient or troublesome not to do so. Had it been generally known that the beggar by the wayside was a King, all classes of men would have thronged to His relief, not because He was a beggar, but because He was a King. But it is in the quiet moments, the immemorable hours, the average occupations of life, that the completest revelations of character are



(Photo: G. W. Anston, Highbury Place, N.)



made. Judas would hardly have ventured to speak as he did on any great public occasion, but this was a purely domestic occasion, when the real man came nearer to the surface than was his wont. The scene was relatively immemorable; he had witnessed many such scenes: he had seen his Master adored, honoured, served with a noble abandonment of feeling, many times in these three years which were now drawing to a close. In his heart he had never once shared these emotions which others felt. He had been from first to last an astute and avaricious man, bent upon his own ends, and by this time his fellow-disciples had probed to the truth of his character. Love for the poor?—why, the man loved no one but himself. Economical care for the slender resources of the brotherhood?—why, already he had contrived to enrich himself from those resources. Contempt, rancour, bitterness, rang in his tone, and pierced through its delusive suavity. And so, while he uses large, generous, prudent language, in the spirit of a Talleyrand, to conceal his thought, the thought refuses to be concealed, and beneath all his "unctuous rectitude" the voice of the traitor whispers the confession of a ruined soul. "This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief."

Was Judas then a conscious hypocrite? Probably not, I should say—simply because hypocrisy is seldom conscious of itself. The satirist of religion is fond of painting the man who deliberately acts a part—the Pecksniff who of set purpose covers infamy of motive by pious generosity of speech—but any wide and exact observation of life will teach us that the conscious hypocrite is one of the rarest of men. The Pharisees were hypocrites, but most probably they did not so much as suspect it. They were ready to justify their worst actions, and so subtle is the casuistry of the human heart that there is hardly any action for which man has not attempted a justification, or, at least, a palliation. No one would have been so astonished at the account which historians give of Robespierre as Robespierre himself, could he have been confronted with it. Macaulay tells us of the brutal author of the Glencoe Massacre that he seemed utterly incapable of understanding the measure of his infamy, that he appeared in society with a brazen effrontery, and even boasted of his crimes, describing them as meritorious. Judas may have been a thief, but you may be sure he did not call his conduct by such a name. He had, perhaps, taken the money of the disciples that he might let it out at exorbitant usury; he had, no doubt, used it in such a way as a worldly shrewdness approved—and when did the fraudulent trustee ever call himself by the name which a jury of his fellow-countrymen would apply to him? The final act of Judas, when in his great remorse he went out and hanged himself, is not the act of a conscious hypocrite; but it is precisely the sort of act you would expect from one who had been totally deceived through long years as to the real motives of his life, and at last is suddenly awakened to the truth about himself, and too late sees himself as others see him.

And it is in such a reflection that the sharpest warning of the entire episode is found. Men do not analyse their motives: they shrink from honest self-judgment, they learn to satisfy themselves with empty speeches which deceive no one but themselves. They do more than this; they constantly allege motives for their conduct which are not the real motives.

Thus, you propose to build a free library, and instantly someone raises a huge outcry in the interests of civic economy. Should I be far wrong if I turned on such an one and said, "This you say, sir, not that you have a real love for economy, but because you detest culture, you despise books, you are indifferent to knowledge, and you would withhold from others that which you yourself are incapable of appreciating"?

You propose to build a church or a hall for the poor; instantly, someone argues that you should use the cheapest materials, and cut down expenses to the lowest point. Should I err if I retorted, "This you say, sir, not that you love simplicity and plainness, but because in your heart you hate the poor, and would do nothing at all for them if you were not obliged by the conventions of the society in which you move"?

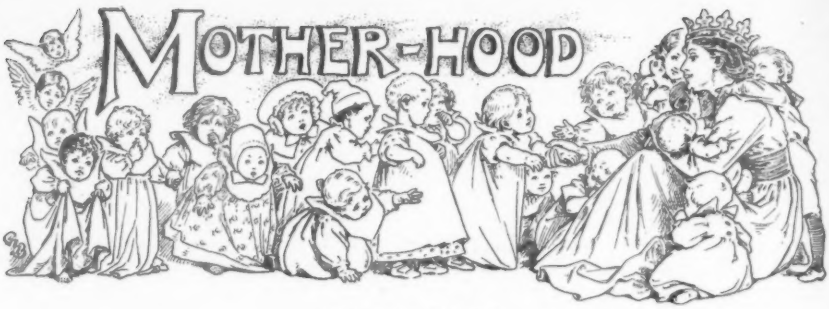
You are asked to contribute something to the evangelisation of the world, and instantly you can find a hundred reasons why you should do nothing of the kind—that there are many really fine elements in heathen religions which should not be disturbed, that the loss of life upon the mission-field is very great, that there is a vast amount of evangelisation which needs to be done at home—all of which things are true, as the speech of Judas about the alabaster box of ointment was true enough—and yet should I not speak justly if I replied, "This you say, not that you know anything about heathen religions, or pity the missionary who dies, or give any substantial sum to the charity that begins at home, but because in your heart you do not love Christ, you do not believe that the world can be converted, and you count it the wildest of follies to enter on any such crusade"?

One of the wisest men of our time summed up all that he had to say to the crowd of youths committed to his care in a single terse and ringing epigram: "Take care of what you are, and what you do will take care of itself." It is by slow accretions that character is formed, all following some growing evolution of design. If you looked upon some great mosaic, such as those which have been recovered from the ruined city of Pompeii, you would see glorious figures and flowing draperies, but you would not forget that the picture was composed of thousands of tiny fragments of coloured glass and polished stone, not one of which found its way into the mosaic except by the will and intelligence of the artist. So, in human life, cause and consequence, will and conduct, act and destiny, govern everything.

Neither goodness nor evil is the fruit of haphazard, and what we do is the exact measure of what we are. Of course, it is true that even the wisest man may be partially deceived in himself. "Who can understand his errors?" is a painful and amazed cry which we have all had occasion to utter. We sometimes do, and think, and feel things which make us wonder at ourselves. We wake up to discover that we have ruined ourselves and others, and we are sincerely puzzled to know how it all happened.

But do not let us suppose that we are exempt from the duty of trying to understand our errors. Probably the greatest calamities which overtake men in life are the direct result of deficient self-knowledge. I know a man who for five-and-twenty years has been a vagabond upon the face of the earth. He had the prospect of a brilliant career; to-day he is a tramp. But he is not conscious of what he is. He thinks the world has used him unjustly, talks of an enemy who mysteriously appears in every quarter of the globe to ruin his character, and acts the part of the misunderstood and persecuted man of genius. He does not understand his errors, he has never tried to do so; but we, who have known him through all these pitiful, disastrous years, understand them only too well. And he might have understood them, too, if he had but once examined his own heart with truthful and exact scrutiny. Nay more, if years ago he had but looked into his own heart and discovered what was really there, he might have been redeemed.

The man who persists in an irrational ignorance of himself, who will not even attempt to discern what spirit he is of, cannot be redeemed, for the first element of redemption is self-knowledge. When the prodigal comes to himself his redemption has begun; but he that saith he has no sin deceiveth himself, and the truth is not in him. We can understand our errors if we will patiently seek for them, if we will trace with accuracy the growth of moral deterioration to its source, if we will insist that our motives shall not pass unchallenged; but if we are unwilling to do this we shall learn neither what our error is nor how to overcome it. It is in utter ignorance of self that the real germ of the tragedy of Judas is found. He saw too late what he might have seen long before if he had but tried, and so he went out into the night of despair and suicide. He saw the peril of the house of life only in the instant when it was sinking into the flood; if he had looked to the foundations long before, the winds and floods of life might have beaten in vain upon that house, for it would have been founded on the Rock.



SECOND PAPER.

By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "Our Home Rulers," Etc.

MY first paper on "Motherhood" and its responsibilities by no means exhausted the arrows of advice in my quiver. As I turn over the pages in a commonplace book beside me, I marvel at the wealth of material at my disposal. The stupendous magnitude of the task involved by maternity is enough to affright the bravest heart; the exceeding richness of the gift bestowed on us is sufficient to fill us with the greatest gratitude.

"I would rather have the littlest baby in the world than the most beautiful view of the highest mountain." So said Mrs. Prentiss, one of the most gifted authors as well as the tenderest student of child-life that ever lived.

Does not the heart of every mother respond to the saying? We value each "trailing cloud of glory" as it comes from its home in God so highly. We love each little bird as it flies into the nest so dearly. We would certainly—each one of us—rather have our littlest baby than the largest thing outside of it!

"Whenever a child was given her, an overpowering vision of its inherent personality was remarkably present with her," was said of Mrs. Willard, that great mother of a distinguished daughter.

"A little child is a figure-head full of pathos," writes a third author. "Without volition of its own, it finds itself in a most difficult scene; it looks around on every side for help, and we who are grown way-wise should make it feel at all times tenderly welcome, and nourish it in the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust, and approbation."

Fortunately, the first of this trio comes without effort. Babies bring plenty of love with them, though otherwise they come with empty hands and infinite needs into our midst. The author of "John Halifax" says, "I hold this law of love and kindness as the alpha and omega of education. I once asked one (in his own house a father in everything but the name, his authority unquestioned, his least word held in reverence, his smallest wish obeyed): 'How did you ever manage to bring up these children?' He said, '*By love.*'" "Do not be severe. Conquer by love, if possible. It is more masterful than all other correctives combined," is a truth to be remembered. We can win our flock most surely by rewards and smiles. We need not frighten them by threats and punishments. Monsieur Guyon, in his notes on Heredity insists on this method. He says, "The child needing punishment is the child lacking affection. Lavish on it enough love, and blows will be unnecessary. For love begets love, the most powerful weapon in education."

For this reason, we must take our troublesome children into our arms and love them into being good, as well as take our good children into our arms and love them for being good. "God allows nothing to be perfect, or even nearly perfect," said Guizot. "This is one of the proofs that this world is only a world of passage—a beginning of our career, and that the goal of our efforts is beyond." So we must purify the imperfect in our nurseries by shedding the sunshine of love upon it.

"Because children are living organisms, they have to be cultured, not chilled" (Peabody), a process only appropriate to insensate stone. "Cultivation and culture must be our object in all training." "Under the sunshine of pleasurable conditions, the better parts of a child's nature unfold themselves naturally, put on added tints of beauty, and grow with a strength and vigour which enables them successfully to resist the dwarfing effects of

evil influences." Thus, "love and faith lie at the root of a child's morality"—and it is our duty to provide the proper environment for growth and well-being of mind as well as body. "The state needing punishment is a diseased one," and, just as we cure illness and destroy germs by introducing sunshine to the nursery, so we eradicate evil tendencies by permeating the home with love and happiness.

Trust is another requisite in maternal dealings. "Where we cannot prove a child is deceiving we must not show any suspicion." We must always expect our children to do well, and "never chain them to their dead faults" (Sewell), by expecting continuance in them.

"All education should be directed to this end—to convince the child that he is capable of good and incapable of evil" (Guyon). This will often render him actually so. "The art of managing the young consists, before everything else, in assuming them to be as good as they wish to be." Pascal says: "By dint of frequently asserting that a man is a fool we make him so." This is doubly true of a child. We must always look at them with an encouraging eye. "It does us no harm when our friends over-estimate us. It stimulates us to endeavour to be such persons as our friends charitably think we are" (Willard). This is suggestion in its primary sense. Thus, trust of our children is one of the first duties in motherhood.

Approbation is the third ingredient in producing the happy, beautiful, loving, lovable, spontaneously open and sincere child. "After her long and beautiful life, when she was setting in sunshine, calm and sweet at eighty-seven years of age, she said to one, when asked what she would have done differently as a mother, if she had to live her life over again: 'I should blame less, and praise more.'' This was the greatest secret of a great mother.

"Two men looked out from their prison bars,
One saw the mud—the other the stars."

Both were there! Well for the family whose mother has anointed her eyes with the salve of real wisdom and who has set "Captain Charity to guard Eye Gate into Mansoul."

"When a child has been naughty, we must not, in blaming it, interpret its action in its worse sense. The child is in general too unconscious to have had a completely perverse intention." There is such a thing as a science of education. Approbation is not always intuitive. The display of it, however, can be cultivated. "One great art in education is to know there *is* an art," and it is our business to see the beginnings of good in our boys and girls. "A too intense sense of sin may lead to moral paralysis," says Guyon in his book on Heredity. On the other hand, encouraging trustfulness acts as a tonic. "You did not really wish to do that; but see how others would interpret your action if they did not know you" points the fault but does not destroy confidence. "It is as useful to make good tendencies self-conscious as it is dangerous to make bad tendencies conscious when as yet they are not so."

To sum up this part of our subject, the charity that "thinketh no evil" is a mighty weapon in a mother's hands. Faith, that "hopeth all things," and patience, that "endureth all things," are no less useful to the woman who would train up her children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."



A TALK ABOUT THE CHILDREN.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

THE WORK AMONG THE WESLEYANS.



(Photo: Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Baker Street, W.)

THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

SOME of the foremost leaders of temperance work, at home and abroad, are to be found among the followers of John Wesley, whose own deliverances upon the evils of intemperance have been frequently used with telling effect. It was not, however, until 1873 that the Wesleyan Conference formed a special Temperance Committee. This step forward was largely due to the persistent and persuasive efforts of the Rev. Charles Garrett and a few like-minded brethren. Mr. Garrett's temperance work extends over nearly sixty years, for he signed the total abstinence pledge so far back as 1840, when he was a youth of seventeen. It may be fittingly mentioned in these pages that he was one of John Cassell's recruits. Mr. Garrett has often told the story of Cassell's visit to the little town of Shaftesbury in Dorset, to deliver a lecture for the British and Foreign Temperance Society (now known as the National Temperance League). That night John Cassell gained an adherent in Charles Garrett, who, in his turn, has gathered a countless host of sympathetic followers. Mr. Garrett's labours in the pulpit, on the platform, and in the press, have made his name a household word throughout his denomination. His election to the Presidential chair in 1882 was the occasion of his receiving the warm congratulations of many friends outside his own communion. Many of his tracts have reached enormous circulations, and his great work among the poor of Liverpool forms a fascinating page in the history of the religious life of the "dark spot on the Mersey." At the close of Moody and Sankey's visit to Liverpool in 1875 Mr. Garrett suggested the formation of the British Workman Public House Company, and the well-known Cocoa Rooms which are planted along the line of Docks, and in many other prominent positions in the city, were the result. These counter-attractions to the public-house have now stood the test of a quarter of a century, and their popularity is as great as ever.

SOME ENCOURAGING FIGURES.

From the most recent published report of the Temperance Committee (that submitted to the Wesleyan Conference last year) we glean the following particulars: The Connexion has at work no less than 4,634 Bands of Hope, and 1,553 adult Temperance Societies. The Band of Hope membership totals 439,525, or an increase of 9,921 in the year, while in the adult societies there are 87,389, or a gain on the previous year's work of 2,463. In addition to the work in the home circuits, it is gratifying to find that there are many indications of the progress of the Wesleyan temperance movement in the foreign field. The Secretary of the Wesleyan Temperance Committee is the Rev. G. Armstrong Bennetts, B.A., who was appointed by the Conference in 1890. His qualifications for the office are a combination of gifts rarely found in one individual. With an intense hatred of the evils resulting from the liquor traffic, he has the self-restraining grace of never over-stating the case for total abstinence. His genial presence and happy disposition make him especially at home with working class audiences, and his addresses to children are models of the art of saying the right thing in the right way.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE REV. G. ARMSTRONG BENNETTS, B.A.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FÊTES.

There will be two Temperance Fêtes at the Palace in July, one on the 5th promoted by the National Temperance Choral Society, and one on the 20th in connection with the juvenile work of the Church of England Temperance Society. The arrangements for the latter mainly fall upon the shoulders of Mr. John R. Newman, the energetic Secretary of the London Diocesan Juvenile Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. Mr. Newman has been connected with the work in London for nine years, but it is only during the past four years that he has held the office of Chief Secretary. This year's fête will be the sixth in succession with which Mr. Newman has been connected, and every year has shown a marked advance in the perfection of the arrangements and the attractiveness of the programme, with a consequent increase in the attendance. Given fine weather, there is every prospect that the coming celebration will, in popular phraseology, "beat the record." The present state of the juvenile work of the Church of England Temperance Society in London Diocese is full of encouragement. Nothing is left undone to interest children of all classes and ages; and, while every effort is made to brighten the lives of those whose homes are in the poorer parts of the great city, the systematic teaching of the scientific basis of the temperance movement forms a definite part of the propaganda. A carefully prepared syllabus of lessons is issued annually, upon which an examination is held on a given date. In 1890 only three branches entered for this examination, whereas this year no less than two hundred and thirty-two branches took part. When Mr. Newman commenced his work the total number of branches in



MR. J. R. NEWMAN.

the diocese was eighty-one; this year there are no less than four hundred and fifty-three branches, and the work is still growing. He is a very telling speaker, and always has something fresh to say. He knows the way to a child's heart better than most folk, and, while his illustrations are childlike, they are never childish or frivolous. He is full of cheery enthusiasm, and is seen to advantage in a conference of workers, where his short and ready method of riding over difficulties inspires confidence even in the most timid and apathetic.



AN INTERESTING GROUP AT THE GOOD TEMPLAR AND TEMPERANCE ORPHANAGE.

A TEMPERANCE ORPHANAGE.

Twenty-four years ago the Good Templars founded the Good Templar and Temperance Orphanage which is now doing such a useful work in a quiet way at Marion Park, Sunbury-on-Thames. On a very slender income—some £1,200 in all—about sixty children are receiving the

benefits of the institution. In the last annual report H.M. Inspector says, "The school is in very good order, and a spirit of conscientious industry pervades the place. . . . The children behave very well, and are improving in brightness and confidence. Attainments are satisfactory: some of the work of the first class deserves considerable credit." The Board report that the Government grant for the year is higher than in any preceding year. The inmates are drawn from all parts of the country, and the needs of the work are shown by the many pathetic applications which are constantly made for admission. A single payment of £250, or a guaranteed payment of £18 per annum, will found a cot, the right of presentation to which, subject to the rules, invested in the founder or his nominee. Mr. Edward Wood, J.P., is the Chairman, and Mr. W. Sutherland the Hon. Secretary, of the Board of Management. This excellent and most deserving temperance charity is only limited in its work by the measure of financial support which it receives.



Photo: W. Campbell, Creed Lane, E.C.

MR. W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

TEACHING THE TEACHERS.

Mr. Walter N. Edwards, F.C.S., occupies a somewhat unique position, inasmuch as he seems to have settled down as the teacher of those who desire to teach others what the late Sir B. W. Richardson termed "the science of temperance." He has been on the staff of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union for nearly a quarter of a century, and is known throughout the country as one of the ablest and most interesting lecturers the movement has ever had. Chemistry, physiology, hygiene, and biology are among the topics on which he so pleasantly discourses, and the educational effect of his work has been most marked. Mr. Edwards frequently arranges for a course of lectures to Band of Hope workers, followed at the close by examinations. Much of his time is voluntarily given to the solving of "vexed questions" submitted by his correspondents, from the perplexed housewife and "brandy sauce," on the one hand, to the busy professional man who has been pressed to preside at some local conference and wants a little coaching-up as to the latest phase of the scientific argument. Mr. Edwards has written several books and pamphlets, some of which have had the honour of translation for use on the Continent. He is the President of the National Association of Official Temperance Advocates, to which the Archbishop of Canterbury will give a garden party on July 1st.

TEETOTAL RAILWAY MEN.

Our abstaining railway men have fixed June 11th to June 17th as a week of self-denial, in aid of the work of the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union. "Every little helps" is a motto not to be despised, and we trust the railway servants will reap a good harvest for their eminently practical temperance work.



Trixie's Talent

by

Mrs Edith E Cuthell.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN

"I DON'T believe he's ever coming!"

"How late the train is!"

"Do you think he's missed it?"

"Oh! I *do* wish Daddy would come!"

It was a melancholy little chorus which broke upon the soft still air of a lovely summer's evening.

The sun was shining low on the meadows and the cornfields that lay around Fernhill Farm. Already down the lane it cast long shadows, shadows of the big elm trees that almost met overhead. Away towards the big wood the rooks came cawing homewards, and the cows were lowing across the pastures.

On the gate which led out of the lane sat three little figures—three figures impatient and waiting. A fourth, a small child with her face hidden by her flapping sun-bonnet, was leaning against the gate, her great soft black eyes watching down the lane.

Rob had taken up a perilous position on the top of one of the gate-posts, that he might look further and see first of any of the others. But he hardly dared speak, for fear of falling off.

Elsie and Donald sat astride on the top bar, chattering and teasing each other to make the time pass. Every now and again one got nearly pushed down by the other, or they laughed so that they nearly tumbled.

But Trixie had not climbed up at all. She was only leaning against the gate, that she might be quite ready to start off running to meet Daddy when he turned the corner at the top of the lane.

"Don't, Elsie! I shall fall!"

"What an age he is!"—with a yawn, from the occupant of the gate-post.

"See, there's a little bunny under the hedge!"—from Elsie.

"There he is! There's Daddy!"

And with a shrill shout of joy Trixie had started off even before Rob had time to think of climbing down.

He outstripped little Sun-bonnet, though, in the race to Daddy, but in another moment all the children were clustering round the latter like a swarm of bees: for they had not seen him for a whole week.

They were spending most delightful summer holidays at Fernhill Farm. But Daddy only came down to them from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, and seemed to get no holidays at all, which rather puzzled Elsie, who had a notion that, when once a person was grown up, life was all holiday.

As usual, Daddy in one hand carried his black bag. But his other hand was full too, for in it he carried another parcel very carefully, as if it was something that must not be crushed.

Forthwith, at the sight of that mysterious parcel, everyone's curiosity was aroused. Everyone wanted to know what was in it, but no one liked to ask.

Everyone, however, had to wait in patience till they had reached the farm, where mother sat working in the deep, creeper-covered porch. Then Daddy sat down, and cut the string and opened the paper.

What do you think the parcel contained? Five large, velvety peaches, pale on one side, blushing on the other, all ripe and luscious-looking, as if begging to be eaten—one for each child, and one for mother.

This was indeed a treat. The farmer at Fernhill Farm wisely kept locked the kitchen garden when he had lodgers at the house. The nuts and the blackberries were not ripe yet in the coppices, and the few wild strawberries in the wood the children had made short work of long ago.

Therefore a silence fell over the merry group. The chattering tongues ceased, and Daddy and Mother were able to get a word together.

Presently the sun sank behind the wood, and—dread apparition!—Nurse appeared and called the children in to bed.

In the little cottage of the carter, across the farmyard, little Johnnie, as he lay in his bed, caught the sun's last golden gleam through the lattice window, and heard the merry shouts of the children as they brought their Daddy home.

Ever since he could remember Johnnie had lain in that little bed. Once he had been a sturdy fat baby boy, just like any other. But one day someone let him fall, down on to the hard brick floor of the cottage kitchen—a neighbour left in charge, or a big sister. The fall hurt Johnnie's back, and he had never been the same since. Never had he been able to run, or walk, or even to sit up.



The children were clustering round him.—*p.* 757.

All that Johnnie had ever known of the outside world was what he had seen through the lattice window, or from the cottage door, when father sometimes moved his bed on a summer's evening. In winter he saw the snow pile up against the pane and perhaps a hungry robin would come and perch on the sill and sing. In summer the setting sun came glinting up all the small bare room till Johnnie's eyes ached. He heard his brothers and sisters come in and out, and Rob and Elsie and Donald and Trixie laugh and shout and play. From the farmyard he heard the cackle of the poultry and the lowing of the cows at milking time and the deep whirr of the threshing machine after harvest. Everything and everybody seemed free to move, to come and go, at their will—except little Johnnie!

The day after the arrival of the peaches was Sunday. In the morning, the children—for one day in the week in their best clothes, gloves and sun-bonnets and old hats discarded—went to church with their parents, a pleasant walk across the meadows, to the quiet country church by the village green.

The congregation consisted of nearly all poor people; the men, some of them, in smock frocks, and the old women in red cloaks and poke bonnets. There was only an old harmonium, and the school children up in the end gallery led the slow singing of hymns that everybody knew.

The clergyman, too, preached very differently from the one they were used to hear in London. He did not use any long words, and there was not one of the four children that did not understand something of what he said.

For he told them the well-known story which our Lord told His disciples, of the master who gave the talents to his servants—to the one five, to the other two, to the other one: "To every man according to his several ability."

Then he went on to describe how he who had received five talents went and traded with them and made ten; how he who had received two talents did the same with his; but that the other, who had received only one talent, went and hid it in the earth, doing nothing with it. So that it was taken away from him and given to him that had ten talents.

All the way home Trixie was very silent. The others, glad to be free to talk and laugh again, scampered hither and thither about the grass. But Trixie held Mother's hand, and walked quietly and sedately by her side.

"Do you feel the heat, little woman?" asked Daddy.

Trixie shook her head.

"No, fanks, Daddy. But I 'se puzzlin' over the sermon."

"Are you, darling?" said Mother. "Well, let's hear, and perhaps we can clear it up."

the bees hummed in and out of the honeysuckle. Mother, after a while, grew a little tired of reading aloud a Sunday story, and as she laid down the book to rest Father asked, blowing a long curl of smoke out of his pipe:

"Well, Rob, and what did you do with the peach I gave you yesterday?"



"He 'd never even seen a peach before."—*p.* 760.

"Why, mother, it 's just this. Elsie had a talent for music, Miss Smith says; and in Rob's report his master said he had a talent for 'rithmetic—didn't you remember?—and even Donald has a talent for taking pains, Miss Smith says. But me, me haven't got a talent at all—not even one! What is me to do?"

Mother stroked the little face lifted up mournfully under the shady hat.

"Never fear, darling. Be quite sure that God has given to every one of us, to each, some talent or other, if we only have the will and the patience to find it out. Try, Trixie, try!"

But Trixie sighed.

"I 'spect mine 's buried ever so deep in the earth then. For I 've never found it!"

After dinner it was too hot to run about, and they all sat in the shady porch while

Rob, with a grin, opened his mouth wide and pointed down his throat.

"Went down Red Lane, Daddy, all except the stone. I 've planted that in the garden, and I daresay it 'll be grown up next summer when we come back here again, and in a few years' time I shall have a peach tree of my own and be able to make no end of money selling the peaches."

"And you, Donald, what about your peach?" Father asked again.

Donald, who, I fear, was rather a greedy little boy, answered, smacking his lips:

"What did you 'spect me to do with it, Daddy? What are peaches made for, eh? I ate up every bit, skin and all, 'cept the stone, of course; that I threw away. And then I had some nice large bites out of the rosy side of yours, didn't I, Mother?"

Mother smiled, but shook her head. She

never could resist Donald's coaxing, for he was the youngest, and had been so delicate as a baby that he had been spoilt all his little life.

"He had my peach, too," put in Elsie. "He offered me his new threepenny piece out of his purse for it, and his bright penny and two farthings. That 'll buy me several peaches, won't it, Father? Besides, I found his stone and cracked it, and ate the inside, which was nice and sweet. It was a pity to waste it."

"And what did Trixie do with her peach?" Father asked again. Then he looked round, and added: "But where is Trixie?"

But as the talk about the peaches had begun Trixie had crept away and was nowhere to be seen.

Elsie went after her, and found her hiding behind the arbour. Trixie was brought back with her head hanging so that her sunbonnet flapped all over her face and hid it.

"Daddy wants to know what you've done with your peach, Trixie," said Rob.

Trixie grew very red.

"Don't be afraid, Trixie," said Mother. "Daddy won't scold you if you speak the truth."

But Trixie only got redder still, and made no reply.

"She's been and done something naughty," whispered Donald to Rob.

"I—I didn't fink it was naughty," stammered Trixie. "I fought Daddy give us the peaches for our very owns."

"So I did, Trixie, so I did. Go on."

"Well, I took mine over to little Johnnie at the carter's cottage over there—the little boy what's ill and can't sit up, ever, you know. Do you know, he'd never even seen a peach before? I wanted him to eat it. But though he looked very pleased, he only said, "Oh, thank you!"

"Well?" asked Father.

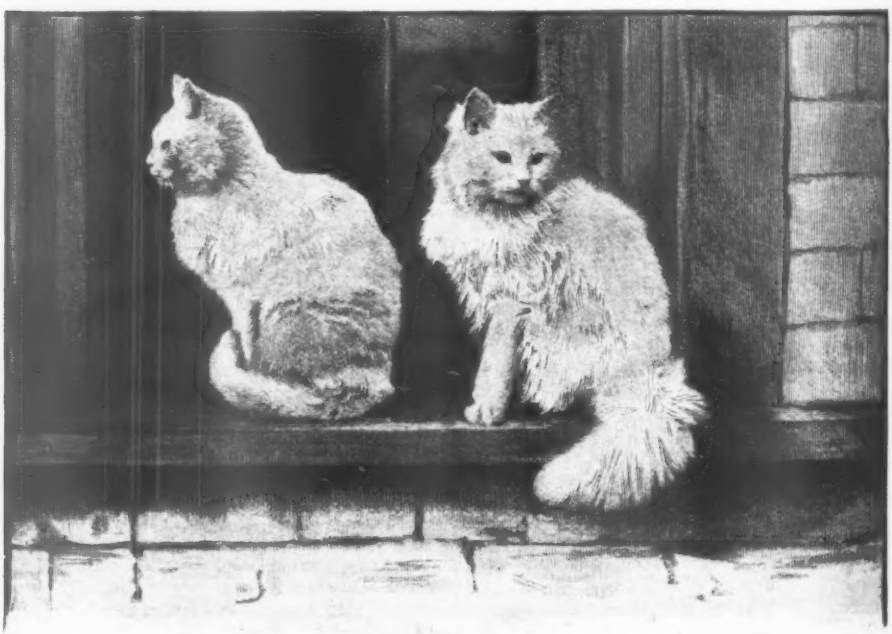
"Why, then I just popped it down upon the bed beside him and ran away!"

I rather fancy that Rob and Elsie and Donald all felt a little ashamed of themselves, each respectively, for their miserliness or their greediness.

But Mother bent over Trixie.

"I think my little girl has found her talent, after all," she said, very gently. "It is better than being clever at music or good at sums, for it is the talent of thinking of others and not of oneself."

Daddy's arm stole round Trixie's curls, and drew her gently to him, and I think she felt his kisses sweeter than any peach could possibly have been.



(Photo: C. Reid, Wisbech.)

A WELL-TREATED PAIR.

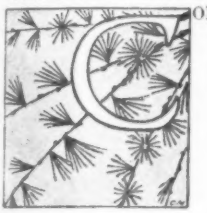
SCRIPTURE LESSONS for School and Home

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

JUNE 18TH.—The New Life in Christ.

To read—Col. iii. 1—15. *Golden Text—Ver.* 15.



COLOSSE, a town in Phrygia. Its church probably founded by Epiphras. This letter, written by St. Paul from Rome, reveals the glorious Person of Christ and the union between Him and the Church. To-day's lesson teaches the practical duties which result.

I. **Duty to God** (1—4). *A fact.* Christians are raised with Christ to a new life. The old life of sin now put away, the new life of holiness begun (Rom. vi. 4—6). *A duty.* To seek the aims, joys, occupations, and dispositions of Heaven. *A reason.* Christ is sitting there, at God's right hand—position of honour—waiting to welcome His people (St. John xiv. 3). *Another reason.* Christians are no longer dead *in* sin (ii. 13), but with Christ are dead *to* sin. Their life is one with His in its principles and actions. *A third reason.* Christ is not merely Author of His people's life, but the essence of it. He will be made manifest in glory, and His people with Him.

II. **Duty to Ourselves** (5—11). *Mortification.* Old nature still some vitality in it; must be kept under. Christ is holy. His members must put away sin, *e.g.* sins of the flesh of all kinds. Also love of money, which becomes idolatry These sins hateful to God, and punished by Him, *e.g.* Sodom burned with fire (Gen. xix. 24), Ananias and wife struck dead (Acts v. 5, 10). Also sins of the heart, indulging anger, which leads to murder, etc. Sins of the tongue, bad words and lies.

Change. Two natures in man—the old, corrupt, with curse of death on it, to be kept down always; the new nature from Christ to take place of old, by degrees overcome it through increase of grace of Christ and partaking of His nature. In Christ all distinctions of race done away. All are united in Him and to one another. Christ is all.

Lesson. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.

III. **Duty to Others** (12—15). *Kindness.* No one must live for himself only. God's children must think of others, be kind and helpful. Examples. Dorcas making clothes for poor (Acts ix. 39), Lydia receiving apostles (Acts xvi. 14). *Forgiveness.* As David forgave King Saul his wrong (1 Sam. xxiv. 10), and Stephen his murderers (Acts vii. 60). *Love,* the best virtue of all, unites all other Christian graces. Then will have God's peace within.

Lesson. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.

Christ is All.

A great sculptor spent eight years in producing a face of Christ. At last he wrought one in which the emotions of love and sorrow were so perfectly blended that persons wept as they looked on it. He was afterwards asked to employ his great talent on a sculpture of the heathen goddess Venus; but he replied, "After gazing so long into the face of Christ, do you think that I can now turn my attention to a heathen goddess?" Here is the secret of true religion—turn from sin to serve God. I have seen the face of Jesus; my soul is satisfied.

JUNE 25TH.—Review Lesson.

*Golden Text—*1 *Tim. i.* 1.

ELEVEN lessons from St. John's Gospel on the "Lord Jesus Christ, which is our hope" (Golden text). All show His Person and work.

I. **Raising of Lazarus** (xi. 32—45). Death, man's last enemy, causes sorrow and sadness. Christ restores joy and happiness by raising the dead. Death meets its conqueror. His friends believe.

Lesson. In Christ all are made alive.

II. **Anointing by Mary** (xii. 1—11). Christ accepts Mary's gift; rebukes Judas for grudging it; teaches the beauty of loving service and self-denial done for Him.

Lesson. Let your light shine before men.

III. **Teaching Humility** (xiii. 1—17). Christ's whole life one of service. His disciples must follow His example. They must be cleansed, and help others to wash in the living water. Mysteries of religion will be cleared up in Heaven.

Lesson. He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

IV. **The Way, Truth and Life** (xiv. 1—14). Christ alone has opened Heaven to sinners; given hope for the future; exposed falsehoods of world; brought immortality to light by His death. Is One

with the Father. Reveals the Person, works and love of God. Who hears prayer in His name.

Lesson. In Thee is the well of life.

V. **Comforter Promised** (xiv. 15—27). Christ's people not left. Holy Ghost (Advocate) sent to guide, strengthen and teach His people. Result: comfort, joy, peace, love here and hereafter.

Lesson. Lo! I am with you always.

VI. **Vine and Branches** (xv. 1—11). Union with Christ involves life from His life, resulting in fruit of good works, answer to prayer, joy in believing, glory to God. If severed from Him, eternal loss.

Lesson. The gift of God is eternal life through Christ Jesus.

VII. **Betrayal and Arrest** (xviii. 1—14). Result of covetousness, betrayal of his Master for money. Result of prayer, calmness in time of danger. Christ submits to arrest, heals servant's ear; is willing to go forth to die.

Lesson. He loved me and gave Himself for me.

VIII. **Before High Priest** (xviii. 15—27). The judge questions; the Prisoner answers calmly; appeals to His life, submits to indignity. St. Peter, afraid, denies his Master.

Lesson. The fear of man bringeth a snare.

IX. **Before Pilate** (xviii. 28—40). A royal Prisoner. By His patience and manly bearing conquers His judge. No fault found. One day He will try His judge.

Lesson. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

X. **Christ Crucified** (xix. 17—30). Different actors. Priests reject; soldiers crucify; women believe; Saviour dies. Gives His life a ransom for sinners.

Lesson. What think *ye* of Christ?

XI. **Christ Risen** (xx. 11—20). Has conquered death. Angels announce; women believe; news told. *Result.* Faith increased; joy to His people; hope reassured.

Lesson. Because I live ye shall live also.

Christ His People's Only Hope.

"One evening, while engaged in prayer, the great deliverance came. I received the full witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I felt that I was nothing, but Christ was all in all. Him I had cheerfully received in all His offices; as a Prophet to teach me, a Priest to atone for me, a King to reign over me. Oh, what boundless happiness there is in Christ, and all for such a sinner as I am! This happy change took place in my soul on March 13th, 1772." —WILLIAM CARVOSSO.

JULY 2ND.—**Gracious Invitations.**

To read—Hos. xiv. 1—9. *Golden Text—Ver.* 1.

HOSEA prophesied during the dark st times in the Kingdom of Israel. The land was full of idolatry. He sets forth the wickedness of sin and its punishment. But also tells of mercy to penitent.

I. **The Call** (1—3). *Israel*, God's chosen people, over whom He yearned as a father over an erring son. They had fallen away from their God. Who now pleads with them to return. *Confession.* They are taught the very words with which to make confession. They must confess sin, pray for pardon for the past, dedicate themselves anew to Him, give up one by one each past sin. What are the three mentioned? Trust in arm of flesh (Asshur), trust in their own strength (horse and horsemen; i. 7, Ps. xx. 7), trust in idols. The only trust will be in a merciful God.

Lesson. Save me, O Lord, for Thy name's sake.

II. **The Promise** (4. 5). God, the Saviour of His people, will forgive their departure from Him. Notice the three actions of His grace—healing, loving, refreshing with the dew of His Spirit. God's anger ceased because of their repentance.

The Spirit like dew. Moisture in air coming down in cool evening to refresh plants, grass, etc. So the Spirit, always near us, comes to hearts thirsting for God. Falls gently, but with power.

Lesson. Establish me with Thy free Spirit.

III. **The Result** (5—9). *Growth.* As a lily with pure, clear brightness. Such is the result of Spirit in heart. Mary, the sinner, becomes a loving disciple. Peter, the coward, becomes brave for his Master (Acts v. 29). Also the work spreads. Cedars of Lebanon have far-reaching roots. So the Church increased rapidly. The one hundred and twenty (Acts i. 15) became three thousand (Acts ii. 41), and in one hundred years spread over the whole known world.

Life. God's people shall be nourished as with corn, blossom and bring forth fruit as the vine, and be pleasant as new wine. All God's graces are sweet to the soul, pleasing to God and man.

Lessons. 1. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth.

2. Great peace have they who love Thy law.

Changed Lives.

"Have you ever heard the Gospel before?" asked an Englishman of a Chinaman whom he had not seen in his mission-room before. "No," was the reply, "but I have *seen* it. I know a man who used to be the terror of the whole neighbourhood. He would curse and swear frightfully, and was as dangerous, when angry, as a wild beast. But when the religion of Jesus took hold of him he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, and peaceable. Truly the teaching of the Gospel is good."

JULY 9TH.—**Daniel in Babylon.**

To read—Dan. i. 8—21. *Golden Text—Ver.* 8.

PEOPLE of Judah taken to Babylon by King Nebuchadnezzar, as foretold by prophets. This happened B.C. 606, in reign of Jehoiakim, King of Judah (ver. 1). Among captives were some royal princes. Four chosen, fourteen years old, to have three years' training, to be educated as judges. Were to have new names taken from idols to blot out memory of their old home and God.

I. **Princes under Trial** (8—16). Daniel appears as leader of the four. At once objects to the food provided. Jews forbidden to eat blood of fowl or beast (Lev. vii. 26), or any heathen sacrifice (Ex. xxxiv. 15). He also was a total abstainer

from wine. Therefore at once makes a stand. Has already gained favour with his guardian, so makes a request to him. He cannot go against his conscience, but he can trust God to uphold his strength. So he begs a trial for ten days of plain and simple food for himself and friends. Vegetables instead of meat, water instead of wine. What was the result? Their *bodies* were healthier. Their *minds* were fresh and vigorous. Their *trust* in God was increased. Therefore during their three years' training they lived on simple fare.

Notice the character of Daniel:

Strong in faith and courage; dared to do right.

Used his influence over others always for good.

Result. Was in favour both with God and man.

Lesson. I will keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.

II. **Princes in Favour** (17—21). They all increased in knowledge and wisdom, which God's Holy Spirit imparts (1 Corinthians xii. 8). Daniel's special skill was in interpreting visions and dreams.

At last, their training over, were sent for to court. The king tests them; compares them with his other learned men; finds them far superior: assigns them high places in his service. Only hear one incident about the other three; but Daniel "continued" in his work in Babylon for the whole seventy years of the Captivity.

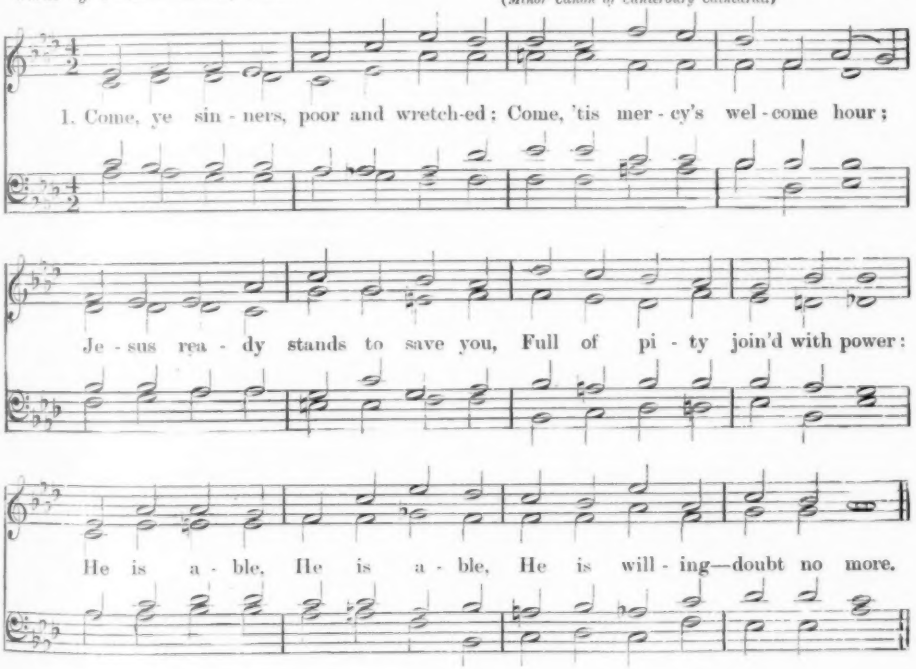
Lesson. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Drink.

Philip, King of Macedon, was commended as a jolly good fellow, who could drink up quantities of liquor. Demosthenes answered that this was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king.

Come, ye Sinners, Poor and Wretched.

Words by JOSEPH HART, 1759. *Music by the* REV. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus. (Lond.). (*Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.*)



2. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

3. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of Heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

Short Arrows

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

THE QUIVER SUNDAY SCHOOL MEDALS.

An Interesting Ceremony.

THE uniqueness of the Stockport Sunday School, alike as regards size, fundamental principles, and character of teaching staff, was recently exemplified in a remarkable manner. No fewer than eighty-five of its teachers had been awarded our National Bronze Medal—another "record" for the famous institution, nothing like that number having been obtained by any other Sunday school in the United Kingdom—and the presentation to the recipients took place in the school before a large gathering on the evening of April 17th. Sir Joseph Leigh, once a scholar and afterwards a teacher in the great institution, was in the chair, and he was supported by the Rev. R. Harley, Mr. T. B. Leigh and Mr. E. F. Ward (general inspectors), and others. Mrs. William Leigh presented the medals to the recipients, who were all heartily applauded as they received at her hands those acknowledgments of long and loyal service. Particularly warm was the demonstration of honour accorded to those veterans in Sunday school work, Mr. Charles Crossley and Mrs. Hannah Burtinshaw. The aggregate length of service thus recognised was extraordinary—2,461 years, or an average length of service per individual of 28·95 years! Merely from a statistical point of view, this is a striking fact; but its true value is that it shows in a concrete form what manner of men are they who uphold the power of the "big school." Great interest and enthusiasm were shown in the whole proceedings; and, as the meeting was preceded by a tea—to which about three hundred teachers and scholars sat down—and vocal music was interspersed among the speeches, a diversified and agreeable evening was spent.

The Prayer that Mother Taught.

(*See page 727.*)

THE child wanted her mother. Who could wonder? Everything in the little home which had been a working man's castle seemed to be crying out for the missing presence. The sun was sinking: the darkness gathering over the world was only a curtain that a few hours would lift on his return in the east; but this man's life seemed to have entered into a night without any hope of a morning. His little girl could not be satisfied to lie down and sleep without saying the prayer her mother had taught her. Her father must at least stand by the crib to hear her and help her if she should forget. As she knelt before him the soft, bowed head and folded hands came very close to his broken heart. The words "Our Father" were the same that his own mother had taught him, yet they had never passed his lips since he left his old home. "Bless father, bless mother: make them good." He said "Amen" involuntarily. Then followed the familiar evening hymn:

"Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well."

She hesitated; her father's hand pressing her own made her forget, and she waited for him to prompt her. He had learnt the same prayer before he was her age, and supplied the words, only changing them to make it embrace them both:

"Take *us* when *we* die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell."

They were no mere words now, but for the first time rose from his heart. The cry to "our Father" brought the conviction that the God Whom his wife had loved and served held them both in His mighty keeping. In Him they might still be one, for the Love that was above the world was stronger than death itself. The prayer her mother taught her was answered.

The Seven Days' Newspaper.

THE Master of the Temple Church says:—"Surely many of us must have learned, however imperfectly, the blessedness of changing the atmosphere of the weekday for that of Sunday—of being forced (even against the grain) to recognise that there is a spiritual side to us which can only be ignored at our peril. This is no appeal to you or to any to cultivate what is called Sabbatarianism—a thing which may be just as lifeless as the worldliness it imagines it is counteracting. Let us put some

intelligence and some experience into the management of our Sundays, but let us not seek to reduce them to the level of our weekdays. We must, and should, crave for some reading on a day of leisure, but let it be reading which recognises and recommends the life and the spirit of Jesus Christ. It need not even be ostensibly religious in order to do this, but let it be on the side of religion—let it deal with the things that are eternal, not only temporal; let it minister to the noblest and deepest instincts and cravings of our nature, not to the desire to stifle or to hide these cravings from us." These words express in a few telling sentences what THE QUIVER has been exemplifying in its long career of nearly forty years. While it has never strictly confined its range to what has been technically termed "Sunday reading," the whole tone of this magazine has been (and is) such as can always be appreciated by religious-minded readers, and is therefore equally acceptable for weekdays and for Sundays. With such literature already in the field, and in the hands of a large public, the recent launching of Sunday editions of weekday papers is not only a demoralising encroachment upon the Lord's Day, but it is absolutely uncalled for, and is only a means of further secularising an institution essentially sacred in its origin and character. Nobody desires to have back the unnatural restraints of the old pharisaical Sabbath, so severely censured by the Lord of the Sabbath Himself. But when we remember that our Christian Sunday is the Lord's Day, instituted because of Him and for the honour and worship of God, as well as for the bodily and spiritual rest and refreshment of man, it is evident enough that to destroy the sanctity of the day is to deny the whole principle on which the Sunday is distinguished from any other day in the week, as well as to abolish the Divinely-given right of every man to one day's rest out of every seven.

An Indian Christian Wedding.

HENRY MARTYN believed that the conversion of a Brahman to Christianity would be a miracle. The marriage of the son of a Brahmin convert with the daughter of an Indian Christian clergyman is no longer considered a marvel, though it is highly satisfactory. Before the light of Christianity many evils such as child marriage and its outcome, child widowhood, disappear. In the group that has been photographed, the bride and the bride's mother, who is beside her, dare to be seated in the presence of their husbands—unwarrantable presumption in the eyes of orthodox Hinduism! The six bridesmaids wear wreaths instead of veiling their faces in *saris*, although the bridegroom's best man is near as well as the officiating minister, the Rev. A. Logsdail, who stands beside his wife. Eastern and Western fashions and costumes are generally intermingled as well as etiquette. In a wedding described by an English lady who had been required to act



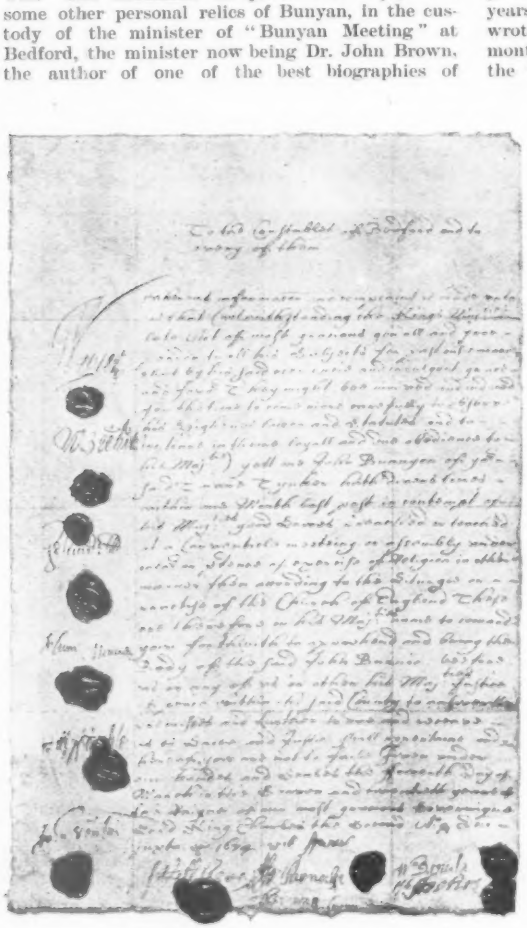
(Photo: The Rev. A. Logsdail)

A NATIVE CHRISTIAN WEDDING PARTY IN INDIA.

as mother to an orphan girl, the bride wore, instead of a veil, a rich magenta silk *sari* embroidered with gold, and the bridegroom surmounted his European costume with a garland of yellow chrysanthemums. Christian homes are increasing in India. It is to be hoped that the new generation will preserve what is good in national dress and customs whilst embracing Christianity in spirit and truth.

Two Interesting Bunyan Relics.

PRESERVED among the relics of John Bunyan at Bedford is a large page of strong paper, on which is written in his own hand the great Dreamer's will. The document in question is kept, with some other personal relics of Bunyan, in the custody of the minister of "Bunyan Meeting" at Bedford, the minister now being Dr. John Brown, the author of one of the best biographies of Bunyan. In the document Bunyan calls himself simply a brazier, and in the last paragraph but one he declares he has "put the said Elizabeth," his wife, "in peaceable and quiet possession," by the delivery to her "at the ensealing hereof one coyned piece of silver commonly called twopence fixed on the seall of these presents." This coin, however, has disappeared, though a good deal of the wax remains. The reason for executing this deed was probably the fear that he might at any time be thrown into prison for his Nonconformity, and his possessions confiscated. In order, therefore, to protect his wife (and family) as far as possible, he handed over everything to her in legal manner. This fear of imprisonment was unfortunately only too well founded. He had been already immured in gaol on two occasions, one period being for twelve years (1660–72), and the second occasion, when he wrote the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," for six months in 1675. He was released first in 1672 after the "Declaration of Indulgence," and became a Nonconformist (Congregational or Baptist) preacher by licence under this Declaration, being, indeed, chosen as pastor by the Nonconformist church of which he was a member. But in February, 1675, the Declaration was revoked, and the Nonconformist preachers' licences were withdrawn. Next month a warrant signed by several magistrates was issued for his arrest; he was tried under the atrocious Conventicle Act, and imprisoned for six months in Bedford town gaol on the bridge. Previously he had been imprisoned in the county gaol. The warrant for his arrest in 1675 was preserved with the Chauncy MSS., and appeared when these documents were sold at Messrs. Sothebys' in July, 1887.



A BUNYAN RELIC.

(Facsimile of the warrant under which Bunyan was apprehended and imprisoned for the six months during which he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress.")

New Books.

AMONGST the works which call for notice this month are two of special interest—"Cromwell and his Times" (T. Fisher Unwin), and "England in the Age of Wycliffe" (Longmans). In the former, Mr. G. Holden Pike gives us a popular sketch of the great Protector, which is rendered additionally attractive by the accompanying review of the social, religious, and political life of his time. The work is issued with a number of excellent illustrations, and has the merit of timely publication. "England in the Age of Wycliffe," by Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, is a more ambitious work. It forms an exceedingly valuable contribution to the history of Wycliffe's period, and as such will be eagerly welcomed by the serious student of that most pregnant time. Mr. Trevelyan has included in his comprehensive work many records never before published, and we regret that our limited space prevents us from dealing at length with this and other important features. We must refer our readers to the volume

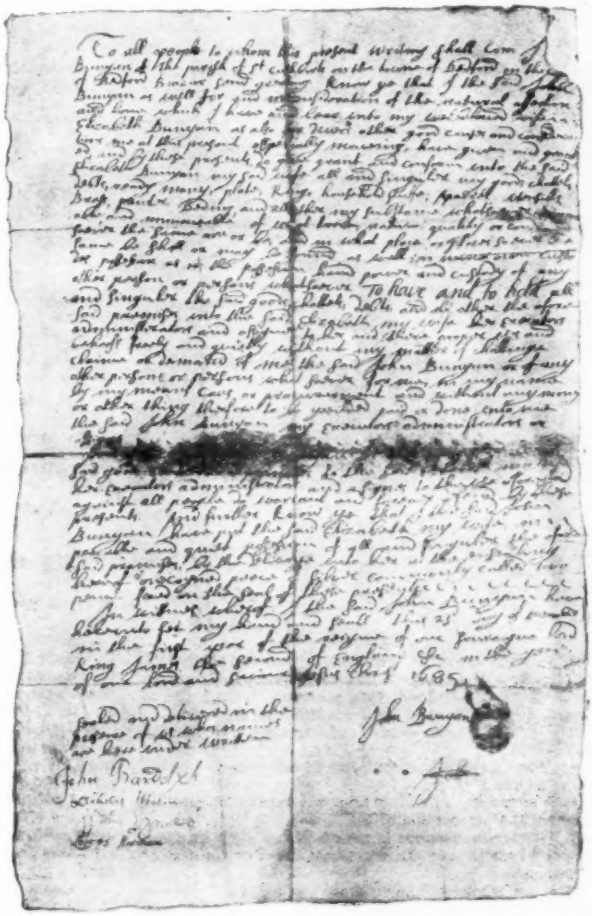
itself, which will not only be studied with pleasure and profit, but will form a useful work of reference on the historical and ecclesiastical conditions of Wycliffe's age.—To turn for a moment to fiction, we are very pleased to give a hearty word of commendation to Mr. Max Pemberton's latest novel, "The Garden of Swords" (Cassell)—a healthy, robust story which centres round the historic siege of Strasburg. The reader's interest is awakened at once by the love-story foreshadowed in the opening chapter, and the author skilfully holds and deepens that interest throughout the many thrilling incidents narrated, until the dramatic climax is reached.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a profusely illustrated story of mission-work in zenanas, hospitals, schools, and villages, "In Northern India" (S. W. Partridge and Co.), by A. R. Cavalier; an interesting autobiography of the late Mr. J. M. Weylland, recounting, under the title "Valiant for the Truth" (same publishers), his remarkable work as a London city missionary; the latest and concluding volume of the Rev. F. B. Meyer's valuable series, "Our Daily Homily" (Morgan and Scott); and a useful little manual of the "Principles of Practical Cookery," written by E. E. Mann, and published by Messrs. Longmans.

A Grand Old Worker.

It should rebuke the indolence of some of us to read how Dr. Johnson, who was at times a prodigious worker, frequently regretted his indolence, and at the age of seventy-two retired to the summer-house in the Thrales' grounds at Streatham, and wrote the following lines in his notebook: "After innumerable resolutions formed and neglected, I have retired hither to plan a life of greater diligence, in hope that I may yet be useful, and be daily better prepared to appear before my Creator and my Judge, from Whose infinite mercy I humbly call for assistance and support."

The Latest Quiver Hero.

We have recently made an award, under The Quiver Heroes Fund which, we feel confident, will be heartily endorsed by all our readers. According to the official account supplied to us, a fire broke out on March 26th last in Kinning Street, Glasgow, and was first discovered by Constable Philip Tracey, who tried to force open the door to warn the inmates, but was unsuccessful. He thereupon immediately smashed the window of the front room, and, entering the burning apartment, brought out an unconscious victim. With the help of a neighbour, he then forced open the door, and at great risk to his life, rushed into the house and rescued a man named Patrick Brannigan. Knowing that there was still another inmate, Tracey heroically endeavoured to complete his work of rescue; but the flames had by then obtained too great a hold on the house, and the constable was beaten back, considerably burned and scorched. For his self-sacrificing bravery we have had great pleasure in sending Tracey our Bronze Medal and in adding his name to the Roll of Quiver Heroes.



FACSIMILE OF BUNYAN'S WILL.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Cheshire** (for which applications were invited up to April 29th, 1899) has been gained by

MR. WILLIAM CLAYTON,
Park Lane, Poynton,
Cheshire,

who has distinguished himself by **sixty-two** complete years of service in Poynton Church Sunday School.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

SOMERSETSHIRE,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before May 31st, 1899. We may add that **Cumberland** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being June 30th, 1899. This county, in its turn, will be followed by the county of **Cambridge,** for which the date will be one month later—viz. July 31st, 1899.

Since this scheme was promoted in November, 1897,

2,354

medals have been distributed to those applicants who supplied credible testimony to the effect that they had, at the time of application, completed at least twenty years' service in the Sunday school, and, in accordance with the discretion reserved to the Editor in the first announcement, no further Bronze Medals will now be awarded. In their place, however, a Certificate of Honour will be given until further notice, and forms for this purpose will be supplied to all eligible applicants who have not previously received a medal.

The offer of the special Silver Medal will remain in force for the present, under conditions specified above, but the Editor reserves the right of discontinuing the awards at any time.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from April 1st, 1899, up to and including April 29th, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* A Glasgow Mother (107th donation), 1s.; J. J. E., Govan (137th donation), 5s.; Yeovil, 10s.; A Friend, Kilburn, 10s.; R. S., Crouch End (9th donation), 5s.; J. McE., Wookey Hole, 1s.; Cornwall, 5s.; A. M., Wallington, 10s. 6d.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* Madame Scaravaglioné, 5s.; An Irish Girl, 10s.; A Friend, 10s. The following amounts, which we are asked to acknowledge, were sent direct: C. Z. P., £1 10s.; A. M. W., 2s. 6d.; Otto, £1; M. O. W., 5s.; Inasmuch, 10s.; Godalming, parcel of useful clothing.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund:* Madame Scaravaglioné, 5s.

For *The St. Giles' Christian Mission:* We are asked to acknowledge the receipt of a parcel of clothing from L. O. J., Brighton.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

85. What is known of the ancient town of Colosse?

86. Quote a passage from the Epistle to the Colossians in which St. Paul shows that salvation through Christ is open to all, whatever their condition in the world.

87. By what name was our Lord known to Martha and Mary?

88. What prophecy concerning Christ was spoken by Caiaphas the high priest?

89. Where did our Lord go after the raising of Lazarus to avoid the persecution of the Jews?

90. What circumstance is mentioned only by St. John connected with our Lord's arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane?

91. From whose writings do we gather that Lebanon was famous for its vineyards?

92. What wild beasts are mentioned by the prophet Hosea as being known in the neighbourhood of Palestine?

93. The prophet Hosea speaks of the destruction of Admah and Zeboim. What is known of this?

94. What prince of Judah received his education in Chaldea?

95. Why did Daniel refuse to partake of the food from the king's table?

96. What special favour did God bestow upon Daniel which was not granted to his companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 672.

73. To the house of Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas, who had formerly been high priest, and was now the head of the Sanhedrim (St. John xviii. 13).

74. By the Law of Moses the office of high priest continued for life, but when the Romans ruled over the Jews they constantly changed the high priest, so that the office became practically a yearly one (St. John xviii. 13; Exodus xl. 15).

75. Upon His disciples and His doctrine, in the hope doubtless that our Lord would say something contrary to the Law of Moses (St. John xviii. 19).

76. None of our Lord's accusers were present at the trial in the Judgment Hall, but Pilate had to go out and ascertain the charges which were brought against Jesus (St. John xviii. 28, 29).

77. Our Lord spoke of Himself as a king, but not of an earthly kingdom (St. John xviii. 36, 37).

78. God appeared to Pilate's wife in a dream, and attested to her the innocence of Jesus (St. Matt. xxvii. 19).

79. On the ground that Jesus had been guilty of blasphemy in calling Himself the Son of God (St. John xix. 7 and x. 30-36).

80. The fear that the Jews would accuse him of disloyalty to the Roman Emperor Tiberius (St. John xix. 12, 13).

81. "It was without seam, woven from the top throughout," thus corresponding to the description given by Josephus of the high priest's coat (St. John xix. 23; Jos. "Ant." b. iii. c. 7, s. 4).

82. That it was a new tomb in a garden in the place where our blessed Lord was crucified (St. John xix. 41).

83. They saw the linen cloths in which the body of Jesus had been wound lying carefully arranged, and the napkin which had been about His head folded together in a place by itself (St. John xx. 6, 7).

84. "Go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God" (St. John xx. 17).

XUM



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THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

THE CHASING OF THE SHADOWS.

"Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half,
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon.
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light!" and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereaved the prime decree?"

IT is more than two centuries since the blind poet cried out in anguish through the blind Samson of his creation. Before Milton left the darkened world and learnt, we may believe, the full meaning of the trial that had befallen him, light chased the shades from his mind. He speaks of God's answer to his cry in the sonnet on his blindness, one of the most frequently quoted of his poems. With the conviction that

"They also serve who only stand and wait,"

he rose above the trial. His darkened windows reflected the glow from Heaven, and Heaven only knows how many fellow-sufferers, both blind and sighted, have learnt through him to be content and patient under enforced inactivity.

To be of service to God and man is a noble ambition. An energetic spirit could as easily repose on a bed of thorns as submit to be laid on a luxurious shelf. Happily, the ministry of patient waiting is not the only talent entrusted to the blind. One sense gone, the remaining four may be brought by cultivation into greater activity. The well-endowed world scarcely recognises its debt to the afflicted for contributions to art, comfort, and utility. It is not always known, for example, when the exquisite strains of devotional music lead the worship of praise or delight the senses of an audience at the Crystal Palace, that the organist has been trained in the Royal Normal College and Academy for the Blind, Norwood, or a similar institution. How many riders in hansom cabs are conscious that their feet often rest on mats bought by hundreds from the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Circus, Southwark? How many travellers on the Metropolitan Railway know that the stout coal baskets and the mats in constant service at the stations



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

BASKET-MAKERS AT THE INDIGENT BLIND SCHOOL.

have never known the admiring gaze of their makers?

"For nine years we have made here all that the Metropolitan Railway Company have used," remarked the Secretary of the Industrial School for the Blind, 10, Upper Avenue Road, Swiss Cottage, "and all the baskets for the Hampstead Vestry, and for several companies of the Royal Horse Artillery."



(Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

BRUSH-MAKING AT THE INDIGENT BLIND SCHOOL.

It is the honest pride of these institutions that they obtain contracts or employment for their students in open competition with the sighted. "We are up-to-date here; we are, indeed, inclined to be socialistic," the Principal of the oldest institution, the School for the Indigent Blind, affirmed when explaining and showing the departments of work to me. The socialism which teaches independence and self-respect will commend itself even to those who shrink from the word. In this case it rules that an old pupil who comes back to the workshop to use the trade he owes to the institution shall be paid at a fair and just rate. Not more than his sighted brother who works equally well, for this reduces him to an object of charity; not less, for though he acknowledges his obligation to the School, the training has been given to make him an independent member of society. Every article when finished is offered for sale at market price.

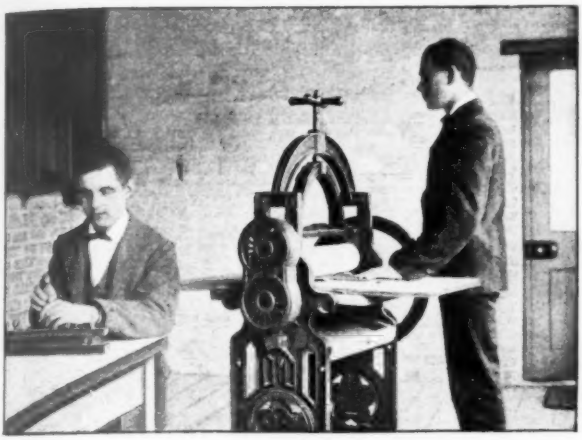
"That man is the quickest blind worker in England," the Principal remarked of one basket-maker. "I have known him earn 33s. in a week. He begins soon after eight a.m. and knocks off at six p.m. He supports a wife and family."

This up-to-date institution, having been founded in 1799, is a centenarian. It may be said to bring forth fruit in old age. Though it can hardly claim to be fat and flourishing, each year finds it standing on a sounder financial basis, and it presses on to still higher ideals. The candidates enter between the ages of seven and twenty-six, for a term of six years. Pupils of ordinary ability can in this space of time acquire a trade. They are meanwhile under influences likely to raise them in moral and religious tone. There is no question of the genuineness of their enjoyment of the services in the chapel after they have learnt to join in them intelligently. Daily a sighted person reads the newspaper, and some standard book, aloud to them, so that the infirmity calculated to cut them off from the rest of the world is bridged over and becomes in itself a spring of sympathy. They need it when the time arrives to seek for work in England's overstocked market. No wonder if an employer, however charitably disposed, turns away from the stooping figure and pale, anxious face of a blind suppliant for a trial of skill!

"It makes a difference to a man if he walks erect and holds himself well," said the Secretary, in enumerating the advantages of the gymnasium. "The pupils like the drill and exercise. They will run up that rope ladder as quickly as lads with sight. We never have an accident."

"Never an accident," again repeated, was reassuring in the department for chopping firewood. The keen blade came down with swift precision, each blow apparently just shaving the fingers holding the wood; but neither nervous tremors nor distractions hindered the rapid accumulation of large baskets of bundles, tied and packed by the pupils.

The institution shelters 200, of whom forty are in the Junior Branch School, Wandsworth Common. A certain number of ex-pupils, at



BLIND PRINTERS.

(At the Industrial School for the Blind.)

present thirty-one, who live outside the school, are admitted daily as journeymen and journeywomen. The men earn on an average nineteen shillings per week. It is far harder for the women to maintain themselves. They must work diligently and for long hours to earn nine shillings or ten shillings a week by brush-making, the most remunerative industry. But new interests in life—the power to knit, sew, read, write in script or by a typewriter—open the way to a new world. Perhaps the heaviest trial that loss of sight entails is the limits which it imposes. Darkness is opposed to everything in which Grace or Nature delights; its conquest by the sublime word "Let there be light" stamped it as an enemy from the very beginning of history. But the darkness of night need not be the darkness of chaos or of a dungeon. It may be enlightened and become a blessing. The earlier the blind begin to struggle with the bonds of their infirmity, and escape from the black walls of ignorance that enclose them, the better for them and the world around them.

Elections to the School for the Indigent Blind take place in January and July by the votes of subscribers, and entitle the successful candidates to be fed, clothed, and taught a trade, as well as to read and write by script and typewriter. Those with the taste for music have also lessons in pianoforte playing and tuning free of all cost. In every case the friends should obtain a form of application from the Secretary before attempting to canvass for votes, in order that a candidate may be proved eligible in age and in health of mind and body. This rule is frequently lost sight of, and disappointment ensues. It holds good in other institutions, which, in some respects, vary in character.

Admission by election to all the privileges of the school at 10, Upper Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, was an addition made in 1874 by the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read. The institution—now sometimes known as the Industrial School for the Blind—was founded in January, 1838, in consequence of the visit



THE CHOIR AT THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

to London of Mr. Lucas, of Bristol, accompanied by some blind pupils taught to read by his system. What Bristol children could do London children should do. A day school was opened in Fitzroy Street, solely to teach reading by feeling raised characters.

year before the term expires. None stay beyond these ages. They learn various industries besides all the familiar schoolroom subjects.

"Some fingers are much more sensitive than others," the Governess in the Girls' Department remarked, in explaining the



OUTDOOR CLASSES.
(Royal Normal College.)

In two years' time music and industrial work were added to the accomplishments, and applicants for admission increased. In 1848 the school was removed to its present building, which has grown by leaps and bounds—or, rather, by dormitories, printing office, concert room, dining hall, kitchens, infirmary, and bathrooms. It now fulfils the requirements of seventy pupils. Some are admitted by the payment of £20 per annum; but in special cases the Executive Committee may either increase the sum or reduce it to one of not less than £15 per annum. An additional payment in advance is required for music or singing. Day or resident pupils are admitted free either by election or on the nomination of a Governor entitled to a presentation. The elections are held once or oftener in a year, and are announced in the daily papers at least two months beforehand. This entitles pupils to nine years' maintenance and education—unless a boy should reach his twenty-first and a girl her twenty-fourth

length of time required to accomplish the art of reading and writing. A little girl who had been admitted a fortnight, and had only had two lessons, could already decipher some of the letters formed by the raised dots which, to the uninitiated, appear a deep mystery.

Patience and perseverance in teachers and pupils carry them on from one degree of dexterity to another. From the first the children learn the use of their hands after the kindergarten system, and mould clay into various shapes. One little boy, delighted with his success in making a perfect globe to show his master, said, with his face alight with smiles, "And I can make a cup, sir"; and immediately, without the help of the model offered to him, proceeded to transform his lump. Two others had erected an elaborate fortification. Real water washed the foot of the cliffs on which it stood, and they were adding groups of houses.

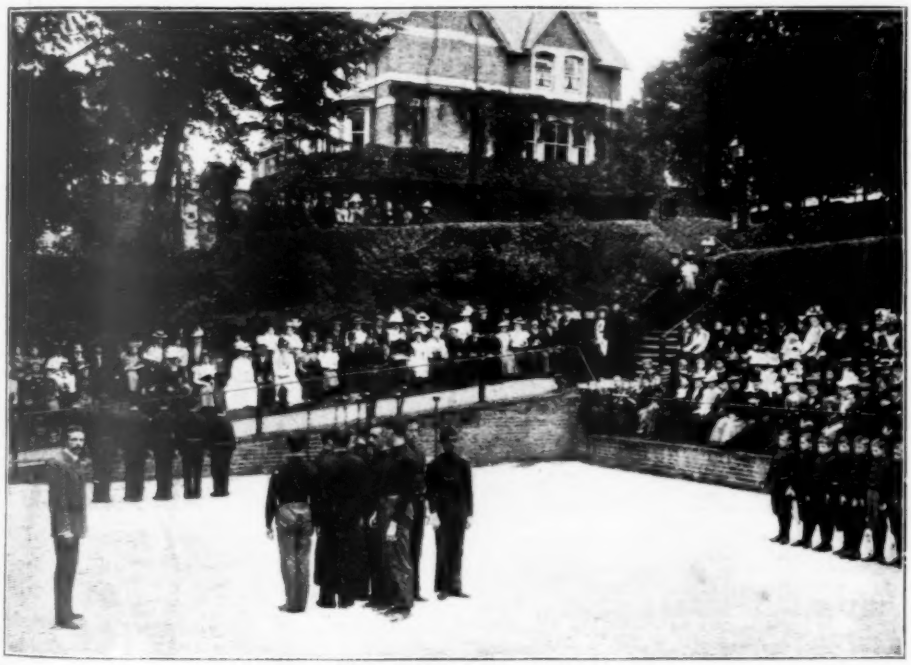
"They are quite happy," the Secretary said, and their manner bore out his statement as

they readily explained their various interests and accomplishments. In the chair-caning room a young Jewess, one of the day pupils admitted by payment, said it took her only a day and a half to cane a chair; her Gentile neighbour confessed to requiring a fortnight for the same amount of work.

The institution is open to pupils of all religious creeds. Unless their friends take them to their own place of worship, they attend the parish church. Religious instruction is given daily, and by the rules its general superintendence is in the charge of the chaplain or some other clergyman of the Church of England. But members of different denominations are not obliged to attend if they receive other teaching. In spite of the regular routine and limited interests, there is sufficient going on in this little world to demand a school journal. The editor was called upon to read some paragraphs aloud. Like the mighty company to which he belongs, he issues notes to keep his readers informed on the condition of the weather and events of contemporary history, and treats them to contributions of original prose and poetry. The current number contained a musical composition by one of the pupils, a girl on whose attainments the musical examiners complimented the teaching staff. She played an accompaniment of her own setting for two other pupils, who sang together a song that they had picked up from hearing casually. One of the clear, sweet voices came from a little body of about three feet high.

"That one is twenty," their mistress remarked; "she is about to leave, for she has just completed her nine years here." Neither the mind nor the soul within that small, erect frame was dwarfed or deformed. Her song about the two wings of Patience and Prayer concluded, she went back to the chair she was caning. When standing, she could just smile over the seat as her little hands worked dexterously to and fro.

Even whilst singing, some fingers were busy. The school has furnished the Alpine Club with armour for invading the ice kingdom, and takes a pride in the compliments it receives on the even and elastic knitting. But of all that it produces, probably nothing is more far-reaching than the Publication Department. Here, formerly, a valuable library was embossed in Lucas's stenographic characters. The Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and collections of hymns, chants, tunes, canticles, and selections of



GYMNASTIC DRILL AT THE NORMAL COLLEGE.

prose and verse were printed and sold at the school; but since the introduction of Braille's type for the blind (which possesses the great advantage over Lucas's that it can be easily "written" as well as read) books in this system only are produced.

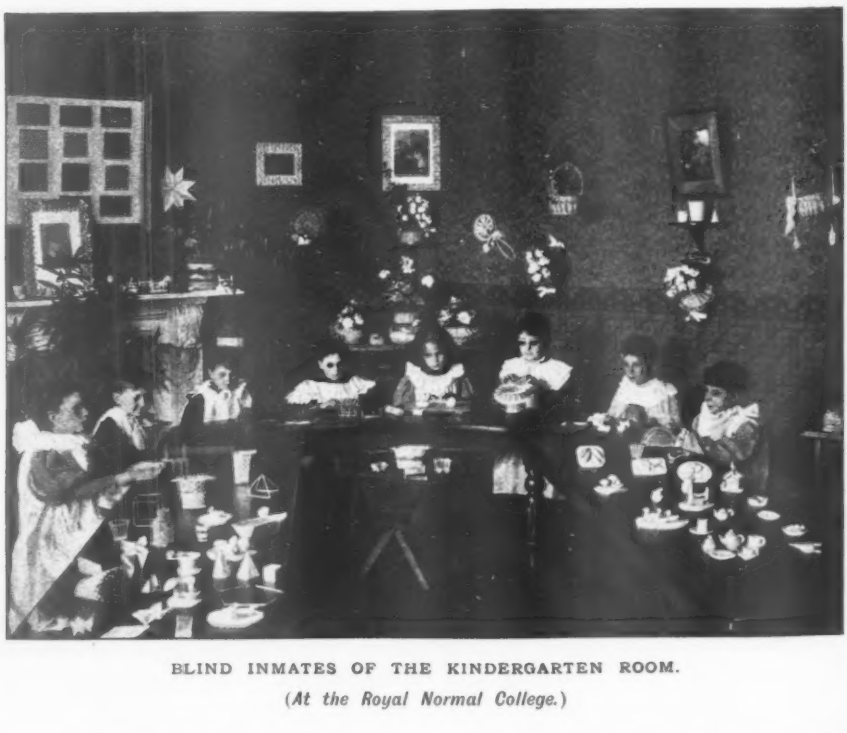
The great proportion of pupils are totally blind, but candidates who are so nearly sightless that they are quite incapable of learning by ordinary methods are also received. Lessons are given by the Professor of Music for an extra payment of £2 2s. the term, or by the Assistant Teachers for 21s. per term, and this includes daily practice for at least one hour. The fee for learning pianoforte tuning is 10s. per term, payable in advance. Certain favourable exceptions are made to these rules when pupils give evidence of more than ordinary ability and the promise of making music a means of livelihood.

Music is the speciality of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Norwood. The life-work of the Principal, Dr. Campbell, began in America. The institution possesses all the enterprise that ought to be expected of descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers who sought a new England where they might exercise liberty of conscience. Boys and girls enter upon every branch of study likely to mould them into accomplished men and women, upright in mind and body.

"Is that boy really blind?" I asked, looking at one starting alone at a brisk pace down the grounds, which cover sixteen acres.

Not that one only, but all just released from lessons, who raced down a path of the undulating garden with equal boldness. One jumped on a swing and set it motion, three others followed, each springing on to the boards without checking the speed. Meanwhile, eleven pupils with a sighted steersman careered round the outside path on a remarkable cycle of twenty-four wheels. These wonders, however, paled on entering the skating rink. There, three girls with arms interlaced skimmed round, followed by two more, whilst another skated alone just behind them. They never deviated from the circle, nor touched the walls even by the sweep of a skirt.

The only sighted person there was the instructor, and every face beamed with healthful enjoyment. A pupil trained at the College was the first woman in the country to carry off the two-star badge for the



BLIND INMATES OF THE KINDERGARTEN ROOM.

(At the Royal Normal College.)



TYPEWRITING FOR THE BLIND.

(A scene at the Normal School.)

second-class figure test of the National Skating Association.

Dr. Campbell was warned, when he began his work in England, that the American notion of mixing all classes would not answer.

"Then my work shall be for the poor, who need it most, and the aim shall be to make the College so good that the richer shall ask for admission," he replied. Many of the pupils are from the very poorest classes; at least forty of them are partly paid for by the guardians. "What the pupils were before they came here is lost sight of when they are once admitted," Dr. Campbell said to me. The first rule is that "the College is open to the young of either sex, and of any rank, but only those will be received as pupils who show sufficient ability to render it probable that by instruction they will become self-supporting." They enter as probationers for three months. The annual charge for ordinary pupils, as recently fixed by the London School Board, under whose management it was placed in 1890, is as follows:—Pupils under thirteen, £48; pupils between thirteen and sixteen, £58; pupils over sixteen, £63. The greater number are supported wholly or in part by scholarships.

It was calculated in 1898 that the total earnings of the 200 pupils who have already graduated at the College amounted to £25,000. The great majority were either organists, certificated teachers of music, or tuners. This College of Music, from the lowest to the highest class, teaches pupils independence and self-reliance. I was taken into a room where little children of seven years old and somewhat older were engaged in an object lesson. Some oranges had been divided in sections and distributed amongst them.

"Look well at your pieces of orange and tell me what they are like," said the teacher.

Each section was "looked at" by intelligent fingers, and one child discovered that it was "a thing with three sides." Others described numerous peculiarities of shape and texture that might escape the notice of casual observers who depended only on their eyes. In a class for the study of the "science of common objects" some little boys worked out the mysteries of raising weights by pulleys and balance, and waxed enthusiastic over their practical demonstrations with a small model. The students of mathematics sat round a table with slates of a novel character—sheets of tin with rows of octagonal holes and a supply of square metal pegs, each with a line at one end and two dots at the other. A peg is capable of sixteen designations by changing its angle or arranging line or dots uppermost in the octagons. A lady instructress shot off an abstruse problem. A

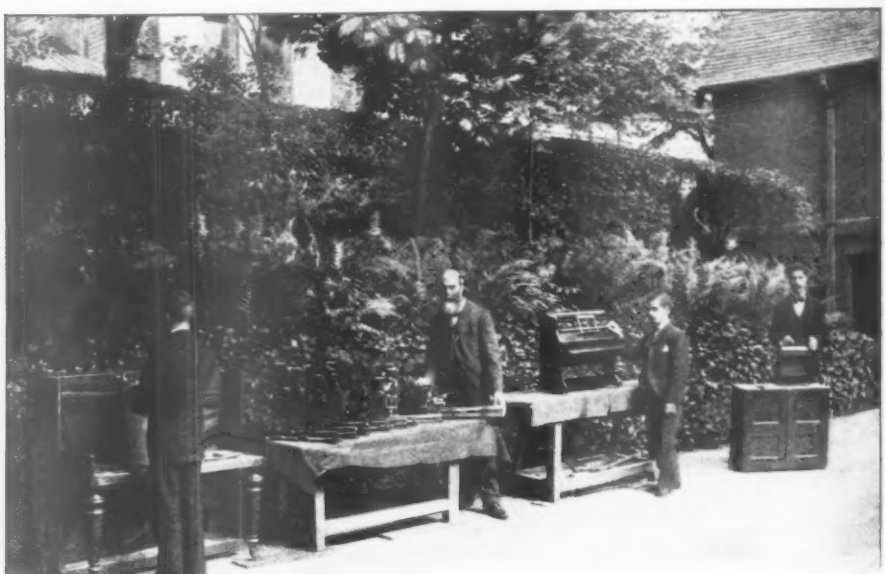
soft rattle of metal indicated the loading of mental artillery, and then all awaited in stillness the command equivalent to "Ready—present—fire!" The answer was given by one boy at a time. There were no random shots; each struck the mark—the total of the sum worked out by the teacher's pencil.

Mathematics are believed to be useful in learning the theory of music, to which other studies are subservient. But training of character, without which all might be practically useless, ranks first. Highly strung nerves are often a peculiarity of the artistic temperament, and, unless controlled, will bring it into slavery. One pupil, when first admitted, would tremble all over if he had to walk alone about the grounds, but he afterwards travelled by himself without any hesitation from Norwood to Broadwood's Pianoforte Depôt in London, where he worked as a pianoforte tuner.

The whole conception of the Royal Normal College is to regard the blind, not as a burden, but an integral element of the whole community—a class under deprivation and disadvantage indeed, and therefore having some special claim for sympathy and aid, but yet a class which, having received that aid, is capable of self-dependence, capable of claiming its place in the education and work of the nation, capable in degree of performing duties to society and bearing some share of the burdens laid upon it.

Since the Light of the World walked on earth and gave sight to the blind, the kingdom of darkness has undergone a gradual revolution that is still in progress. Certain envious Jews spoke more truly than they knew when they accused His humble and obscure followers of turning the world upside down. It is due to this grand overturning that in Christian countries, all that skill and knowledge can do to restore sight is at the service of the poor, and when science fails means are devised to ameliorate their condition. How does this state of affairs contrast with the day that the Emperor Basilius had the eyes put out of nearly 15,000 Bulgarian captives? But there are still in England alone 32,000 blind, of whom more than half are in destitution. As long as one blind beggar is found by the wayside something remains to be done to lighten the darkness. There is an art in painting known as chiaroscuro, which lessens the intensity of the shadows. This art is capable of wide application when Light represents Knowledge, Gladness, and Righteousness. The Children of the Day are called upon to help to diffuse it, until the great Day breaks, and all shadows flee away.

D. L. WOOLMER.



LESSONS IN PIANOFORTE TUNING.

(At the Royal Normal College.)

[A NEW SERIAL STORY.

LOVE-LIGHT

A ROMANCE OF CAPRI.

By M. H. Cornwall Legh, Author of "A Hard Master," "The Steep Ascent," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

TWO EXTREMES MEET.



THE afternoon sun was shining serenely on the island of Capri, bringing out the grey-green of the olive trees, and the warm shades of brown in the soil of the empty vineyards, and all the exquisite tints of the group of rocks which thrust themselves up as peaks through the blue waters just beyond the Punta di Tragara. These rocks, the Faraglioni by name, are one of the most picturesque features of Capri, the objects most certain to be transferred to paper or canvas.

Now, as every artist knows, there is generally one aspect from which any view in Nature may be seen to the greatest advantage. A yard to the right or left, and the picture is gone; the scene "does not compose." This spot may come in the middle of a stream, or in the thickest recess of a clump of blackberries; but the artist, if a true artist, places his camp-stool straight in the running stream, or plunges into the midst of the bramble-bushes, regardless of the thorns, so as to secure his picture.

The view of the Faraglioni, however, is not thus austerely situated. There is, or was, at the time when this story opens, a wooden bench placed some half-way down the side of the steep hill, at the foot of which lies the bay named La Piccola Sirena, or Marina, seated on which the painter finds the exact view that he might have spent the whole day in searching for. Here the rocks themselves, the middle distance, the bit of foreground, are just as he would have arranged them to form a picture.

Towards this particular seat, on a particular afternoon in December, two figures were wending their way, each following the stony, zigzag path, at whose side the bench had been placed for the benefit of weary travellers; but one from the top of the hill, the other from the bottom. He, who was ascending with an easy deliberation suggestive of a touch of laziness combined with unbounded leisure, was a slight, well-built, good-looking man, of about twenty-eight. He wore a short, pointed beard, such as artists not infrequently affect, and there was a negligence about his dress which escaped the suggestion of slovenliness, and was rather picturesque.

She, who was coming down the hill, with quick, determined footsteps that did not become a run only because of the exceeding stoniness of the road and the weight of her paint-box and easel, was a girl of twenty, of medium height, with a compact figure, a round face that would have been childish but for the earnestness of its expression, a clear olive skin, and hazel eyes with long black lashes, to set off against too large a mouth and an unclassical nose. She was so neatly dressed that it was not till her attire was examined and analysed, in the way that women have, that one took in how little any portion of it could have cost her. Nor even then would one have known that she had made her blue serge frock herself, for it fitted her to perfection: or that her sailor hat had been bought at a sale for sixpence three farthings, two years ago now; or how often her boots had been resoled, though it is true that these had lost their shape a little. The only point that proclaimed her poverty was the pair of cotton gloves she wore; these had

besides been darned at the finger-tips, though it would have taken a very keen eye to distinguish the darns.

The man's name was Nugent Cleveland; the girl's was Phyllis Bevan. His deliberate strides and her quick little footsteps, both directed towards the same spot, brought them rapidly nearer to each other. They met exactly in front of the seat, and their eyes rested first on the bench and then on each other. Phyllis had divined the young man's intentions from the moment she discerned his figure making its way up from the shore, and had put on extra speed in consequence. He did not guess hers till they stood in front of each other, or he could easily have won the race. Had he moved only a little less deliberately he would have been ensconced on the seat by now, and she would have had nothing to do but retire. So thought Phyllis, and it gave her a touch of compunction to feel she had won the position by being sharper in looking out for her own interests than he.

As their eyes met she blushed, and he lifted his hat slightly, while in the eyes of both there was a twinkle of merriment. He stood back to let her occupy the place.

Phyllis was conquered.

"Were you wanting to take a sketch from here, too?" she asked.

"*Place aux dames!*" Nugent answered, smiling, with the happy ease of manner, free from familiarity, which belongs to high breeding, and perhaps in extra measure where that is combined with Celtic blood. Though he was by birth an American, his mother had



In the eyes of both there was a twinkle of merriment.

been an Irishwoman. "I think you will find the best view from the further end of the seat. That is where I was taking it from."

"If you have begun a picture," said Phyllis, still standing where she was, "it is not fair for me to take your place."

"My sketch does not amount to a picture," he answered. "It is only an experiment in pastels. And I can easily finish it another day. I live here."

"It is very good of you!" There was an accent on the "very" and a look of gratitude in the girl's eyes that struck and almost amused Nugent. The young ladies of his acquaintance at Boston would not have had so much hesitation in accepting a concession so obviously demanded from a gentleman, or shown all that gratitude about it. This little girl had evidently not been accustomed to meeting over-much courtesy and consideration from the other sex, he reflected, as he made his way down the hill again, if anything, more deliberately than he had come up it, with a final "Thank you" sounding in his ears. He smiled for a moment at the recollection of her eager face as she made for the seat, and the various changes of expression it had undergone, up to the final one of self-reproachful gratitude as she settled herself on the bench at the end which he had recommended her to take.

Nugent Cleveland was something of a student of nature, a thinker rather than an actor; a deep thinker, as he supposed—but deep thought needs more exertion than he was in the habit of putting into anything, so that "wide" would have been a better adjective. He was at least a sufficiently accurate observer to be able to make a fair diagnosis of most people's characters from but meagre symptoms, and the little episode with Phyllis had given him a tolerably complete estimate of her. She was very poor; that was why the world had not been more kind to her. Amongst other things, in women, Nugent was always careful to note their dress; a woman's character invariably went into her clothes. It must be confessed that he did not generally take much interest in cheaply, commonly attired women, but, somehow, he pitied Phyllis for having to wear cotton gloves.

Nugent's reflections on the poor girl he had just met led him on to the consideration—very frequent with him—of what a very bad time most people had in this world. It was a bad world altogether, and existence a thing only tolerable for a man with the largest means and freedom to do what he liked with his life. These were ideas which he could not consider original, since they permeated the literature which was his almost exclusive reading, and were the conclusions at which all the thinking men of his acquaintance had arrived, but which he considered profound, distinguished, and with something of elevating grandeur in their pathos.

The melancholy or—to put it brutally—bored expression which had vanished from Nugent's face during his short interview with Phyllis, remarkably to its improvement, settled down on it again as he strolled about aimlessly, beginning to feel a little vexed at not having been able to accomplish his sketch when the rare impulse had come upon him to do some work. The lights and shades were particularly good to-day, too, and as his eyes rested on the Faraglioni, half lit up by the brilliant southern sunshine, and half softened into tender grey from the shadow of a cloud that flitted across the sky, the dissatisfaction on his face deepened into what might be described as crossness. He took what easing is afforded to the misery of existence by the smoking of a cigarette, and decided to pass away the rest of the day with an artist friend who had a villa at Anacapri. It was a nuisance to have to walk all the way up that hill; still, one must do something, and Beasley wanted his advice over the picture he was painting for the Paris Salon. Poor little Beasley! he would never get into the Salon, and there he was, slaving away day after day, week after week, painting out and painting in again, miraculously hopeful and desperately despondent in turns; while Nugent himself could get his little sketches in wherever he wished, and sell them for just four times what Beasley got when he was, by rare luck, successful in disposing of his work. And he (Nugent) had not enough enthusiasm over the gift he knew to be in him so much as even to produce one really serious work of art! "The irony of things!" he said to himself. However, advice is a valuable gift which can be bestowed without much sacrifice of exertion, and the rest of the afternoon must be passed somehow, so towards Anacapri he bent his steps.

In the meanwhile Phyllis, with whom time literally meant money, had set to work vigorously upon her painting. It was on a small canvas, because she could not afford large canvases. These necessitated large frames, too, and they could not be carried to the dealer without a cab.

But after half an hour's sketching, during which her eyes were never off her subject and the outline she was making of it, Phyllis, too, stopped, and did nothing. It was all so beautiful, so exquisitely beautiful, the blue of the sky, with those soft clouds that made its azure the more intense, the blue of the sea still deeper against the pure white of the narrow line of surf which showed at

the foot of the rocks, the brightness and clearness everywhere! What a contrast to the leaden skies and foggy atmosphere of London, in which Phyllis had spent all previous winters and the early part of the one which had changed so gloriously to this. They were really in Italy, the dream of twelve months and more actually accomplished. How beautiful the world was, and how full of joy! Phyllis's eyes filled with tears, and her heart with a thanksgiving that turned into a prayer that somehow, sometime, the beauty and the joy that had been given to her might come into the lives of those towards whom her heart turned with a longing pity, who had been left behind in the great, dim city.

"It will come to them some time," she said to herself; for Phyllis was an optimist of what Nugent would have called the most hopeless order, that which believes that all the troubles of life will be made up to the sufferers hereafter. "But if one could only give it to them here, now!"

It being, however, very clear that the four million inhabitants of London were not to be transported instanter from their grimy surroundings to the island of Capri, and Phyllis not having leisure enough to be a dreamer, she shook the tears from her lashes and set to work again, and very hard she was working when Nugent strolled past once more on his way up the hill.

She looked at him with a bright smile, though once more there was a touch of compunction in her eyes. He stopped for a moment to speak. Their comradeship as artists made that allowable. Besides, there was a pretext; one of her brushes had dropped among the brambles beside her. He picked it up.

"I was afraid you might lose this," he said.

"Oh, thank you!" Again that smile and that disproportionate gratitude. If one did anything real for her, now, what would she say? Nugent asked himself, and determined to ask her, if he ever came to know her well enough. He wondered how long she was going to be at Capri. That, at least, he could inquire, though not perhaps directly.

"Do you intend to finish your sketch to-day?" he said.

"No. It will take me a good many days, for I cannot spare more than an hour or two at a time for it. But"—mistaking the underlying thought in his mind, while replying to it—"I will not go on with it after to-day until you have finished yours, as I suppose we both want the same light. We expect to be here till March, so I shall have plenty of time."

"Please go on with your picture till it is done," Nugent replied, with a vigour unusual for him. "Really," with a reflective glance round, "I believe one could get just the same view a few feet to the right, if one brought a camp-stool. I don't see why we need be like Box and Cox, or the man and woman in the weather-glass."

Phyllis met this suggestion with a satisfaction the innocent *naïveté* of which pleased Nugent.

"I couldn't bear the thought of turning you out," she said.

"I hope you haven't been feeling badly about that?" Nugent occasionally used a Transatlantic term, though, in common with others in the first rank of American society, he spoke with hardly the suspicion of an accent. "You need not, really, for I have my whole time at my own disposal."

"How nice!" Phyllis's voice was distinctly envious, yet not discontented.

"One gets rather tired of having nothing to do after a time, though."

"It is not hard to find a remedy for that, I should think," Phyllis responded with a merry laugh. "Certainly not at Capri! There is such a lot to sketch here, one wants to be at work at it from morning till night." Again she sighed a little, and again there was a reserve of cheerfulness at the bottom of her sigh.

"And do you intend to do so?"

"We should not be able to stay long here, if I spent my whole time sketching," she answered, laughing. "And I daresay I should catch the most dreadful colds if I did; for it can be chilly at Capri, can't it, when one is out of the sun?"

"Oh, yes! The 'sunny South' is a fraud. There is no place where one feels the cold as one does in Italy. You know that you ought always to be in at sunset, if you are delicate at all?"

"I am not delicate, but my mother is. We came here for her health. Thank you very much for telling me."

That was the "we" then, she and her mother. Nugent had wanted to know. His curiosity was also satisfied on another point—what had brought this person, so different from the kind of people generally to be found at these winter resorts, to Capri. He had learnt the motive: before long he would probably be apprised of the means. He guessed already that this child's exertions had provided them.

"It is getting near sunset now," Phyllis said. "I must be going home." And she began to put up her painting materials.

"You will miss the best effect. The whole

colouring is at its finest just as the sun goes down."

"I want to warn my mother to go in. I left her sitting on one of the sheltered seats in that pretty walk that leads to the Punta Tragara, and, if I don't look after her, I am afraid she will stay out too long."

"Will you allow me to help you in carrying up your things?"

But Phyllis was beginning to fear that she had already drifted into too much familiarity with a stranger. She thanked Nugent again, but declined his offer with a decision that once more roused his amusement.

He did not press his services upon her.

"I hope you haven't far to carry your belongings?" was all he said. Then she told him the one remaining thing that he particularly wanted to know.

"Only as far as the Romano. Good-evening."

"Good-evening."

And he went down the hill and she up it again.

That was the way these two extremes came to meet.



The scramble down the narrow stony path.—*p.* 784.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE ROMANO.

NEXT day was Christmas Eve. It had turned cold, and occasional showers of hail justified Nugent in his dictum that the "sunny South" was a fraud. So he thought, at least; and the artist friend with whom he was dining that evening was surprised when, on remarking, "They are having some sort of festivity at the Romano to-night—a German Christmas, I believe. Rogers wanted me to bring you up there, but I said you would not think it good enough," Nugent replied—

"We might just look in for a few minutes. Those old German ceremonies are rather quaint and picturesque—so out-of-date at the end of the nineteenth century."

"Get some philosophy out of it," laughed Rogers; "like that Johnny in Shakespeare—who was it?—the melancholy Jacques, who used to 'moralise' everything, you know. Really, you ought to have lived in those days, Cleveland. You would have shone!"

"As a fool? Thanks!"

"The Shakespearian fools were always the philosophers of the piece."

"Now the philosophers are mostly fools."

"Not far wrong, old man!" said Beasley, who was one of the party. "If you stop to dissect everything that you come across, you take the soul out of it, and then, why, where's the good of living?"

"Where indeed?" answered Nugent.

"That's the way with you young bachelors," Beasley proceeded: "you look on at life in such a detached, impartial way that you have fine opportunities for philosophising and forming your grand theories destructive of all the old faiths and affections. When you come to be married, and have a wife and five children to support ——"

"From which the gods defend me!" put in Nugent fervently. "I am idiot enough now, but I'm not such an idiot as all that!"

"Well, if we are going to this festivity, we had better be off," remarked Rogers. "The Romans will have got through their dinner by this time, and we may as well see the affair from the beginning. If it is worth it, I thought of writing a short description, with sketches, for *The Weekly Moon*. One ought to be able to get some caricatures out of those Deutschers!"

So the three men went out into the night. One hailstorm was just over, and the moon looked out frightened between a mass of drifting rack. There was a strong wind blowing, and the scramble down the narrow stony path which led from Rogers' villa to the main road was not pleasant. Indeed, till they got within shelter of the little town of Capri they had to hold their hats tightly and tramp sturdily along with heads set to the gale. They entered Capri under an old archway, and once inside proceeded quickly along the stony streets till the door of the Romano was reached.

It was a large, rambling old hotel, once frequented mainly by artists, but now chiefly resorted to by Germans, of whom only a small proportion come to do anything more than enjoy life in their own way, here in the sunshine, during the months that their own country is buried in snow.

The three friends opened the front door of the hotel, and found themselves at once in a large hall, lofty and gorgeously decorated with flags and greenery, while dozens of candles stuck in niches in the walls lit up the scene as brilliantly as they knew how. Without the decorations, the hall was bare and primitive, but its whitewashed walls looked gay enough, festooned with evergreens and draped with bright colours, and so large an assemblage was gathered on its rough stone floor that this was almost hidden.

The ceremony was about to commence. Through an opening in the wall at the farther end of the hall, half-way up the stairs, a party of Germans was visible. One played the piano, two others the first and second violin, and the rest burst out into the full, rich chords of an old German hymn. A little way up the stairs, before these vanished behind the wall in the curiously shaped building, stood Phyllis, listening raptly. There was a pause at the end of the first hymn; then a second was sung, and after that a third. This was the end of the religious part of the festivity. Now the fun began. There was going to be a free prize-drawing, and the whole company pressed forward towards the dining-room, where an enormous Christmas-tree, resplendent with lights and tinsel, spread its boughs over the table on which the prizes were displayed.

A young German stood at the door, holding out the last ticket. Nugent took it, and turned to look for Phyllis, whom he found watching the proceedings from afar, he fancied a trifle wistfully. He went up to her.

"I have been persuaded into accepting a ticket for this trashy affair; would you mind using it?" he said. "The prizes seem all intended for ladies."

It seemed foolish to refuse, and with one of her own "Thank you's!" Phyllis took the bit of cardboard marked "57," and went down with Nugent into the dining-room, where the numbers were just beginning to be called.

With a child's excitement, Phyllis watched the progress of the game, while Nugent stood watching her, "moralising" her eagerness in a way that had more sympathy in it than was usual with him, as he looked on at life, and noted the keenness with which people strove for what would prove so little worth the having.

If just a twopence-halfpenny little pastime like this could please her, what a pity she could not be in the shoes of some of the young ladies he knew, just for a few weeks! Yet, was it a pity? Perhaps she would not have her present capacity for spinning joys out of nothing if the same materials for pleasure were given her as were given to other girls.

"*Numero sieben und funfzig!*"

Phyllis moved shyly forward and presented her ticket. The prize was a big straw hat with a ribbon of Sorrento silk in gorgeous shades of crimson and gold knotted round it.

"Try it upon!" cried one of her German friends. Phyllis obeyed, laughing and blushing. She looked very pretty as she tied the ribbon under her chin.

"Ah, that goes you wonderfully fine!" exclaimed the German girls in quaint English; and they carried off Phyllis to display herself and her prize to their mother, while Nugent lingered to examine the pictures of unequal merit which covered the walls, painted straight on to the whitewash and giving an uniquely

picturesque appearance to the long bare room. He was standing in front of a procession of merry little gnomes rolling a keg of spirits down a vine-clad slope, when Rogers joined him.

"You know the history of these wonderful works of art, don't you?" he said. "In old Romano's time, a good many of the artists who patronised his hotel were impecunious persons like ourselves, and when they could not afford to pay their bills, they were set to paint a picture on the wall instead. Now the walls are all decorated, and I presume the reckoning has to be paid in cash."

"I don't imagine the bills here can be exorbitant," remarked Nugent, looking round.

"Six francs a day. Old Romano, who had evidently a soft corner in his heart for the penniless, left it in his will that no one should be charged more than that."

Nugent strolled round the room examining the various paintings till there came in from the hall strains of music, discoursed by a violin and two mandolines. Then he sauntered out with a languorous smile.

A concert was just beginning of a picturesquely primitive kind.

A group of Capriotes, dressed in the picturesque national costume unhappily now abandoned for daily wear, were the performers. First they sang some of the quaint Neapolitan songs, the airs of which have become familiar of late years to English ears. A stalwart young fellow gave the solo part, displaying a great deal of action as he sang, concerning the selling of his *spingole francese*, and smiles that showed the whole of his two rows of white teeth. The rest of the group joined in the chorus, rendering it most heartily, and gesticulating to each other with much vigour.

Nugent caught sight of Phyllis up in the gallery, overlooking the hall, standing with her German friends, the mother of whom had taken the solitary English girl this evening under her wing. Her animated face and merry laughter showed the remarkable amount of pleasure she must be getting out of the performance; and when, the chorus over, another of the fishermen stood by and began to sing "Santa Lucia,"



He made his way casually to Phyllis's side.

there could not have been more rapt attention and more delight had Patti been rendering the latest of Tosti's productions.

Nugent sauntered up the stairs, addressed a few sarcastically flavoured words to Rogers on the music and the audience, then by degrees made his way casually to Phyllis's side.

"You are enjoying this?" he asked, in a voice absolutely emptied of expression.

"Oh, yes," she answered enthusiastically; "wasn't 'Santa Lucia' lovely? And the Hoffmanns say 'Margherita' is more beautiful still! They are going to ask the men to give us that. Mother says it is very Philistine of me," she added, "but I enjoy listening to a German band!"

"Do you ever go to hear the County Council bands in the parks?" Nugent asked.

"Oh, yes, when I have time. We did several evenings last summer, and it seemed to put fresh life into one's work for weeks afterwards."

At this moment Nugent caught sight of a vacant chair. He fetched it for Phyllis, and asked her if she would not like to sit down. Her surprise brought the colour to her cheek. "Did you get that for me?" she exclaimed. "How kind of you!"

It was an almost pathetic fact that Nugent Cleveland was the first man Phyllis had ever met who treated her with the refined courtesy a girl in society expects as her right from a gentleman.

"That bearded German might have offered you his," Nugent remarked.

"The chair he is sitting on was mine," she answered, "but I stood up for a moment to lean over and look at the singers, and he pounced upon it directly."

Nugent made an uncomplimentary exclamation. "Why didn't you tell him it was yours?"

"It wasn't exactly civil of him," Phyllis agreed. "But I always think it is better not to seem as if one saw it, when men are rude to one. Don't you?"

"Do you often have that experience?"

"Oh, no, not often, but the people one wants to sell one's drawings to are not always very polite."

Phyllis had in her mind an interview she had lately gone through with an editor to whom she had shown some of her designs. The young man—he was young—had gone on smoking the whole time he was talking to her, and his unflattering opinion on the value of the drawings submitted to him had not been expressed with delicate consideration.

"Poor little girl!" Nugent said to himself, for a wonder not stopping to philosophise over the hardness of life in general to the weak, but wishing genuinely that he could make it easier for this one member of the human race. A fine instinct of tact, however, prevented his putting his pity into words. He addressed her on an indifferent subject, asking—

"Have you seen the Blue Grotto yet?" the stock question of strangers to each other at Capri.

"No," with a little hesitation. "It's rather an expensive thing to do, isn't it? The boatmen charge a good deal for taking one."

"About three lire, I believe. I have never been there either." (Then he, too, was poor!) "I never 'do' the sights of a place. I was in Rome three months without going to the top of St. Peter's."

Nugent's nonchalant tone implied that he did not go in for sight-seeing because he was indifferent to it, but Phyllis read between the lines. Men who were poor were generally proud.

"There is plenty to be seen here without what are called the regular sights, isn't there?" she said. "The sunrises and sunsets alone, and then the sea that is constantly changing from one exquisite picture to another, and Vesuvius, who is always making fresh cloud effects with his smoke. And there are so many interesting places to visit that one doesn't have to pay for. I went up to the Castle of Tiberius this afternoon, as it was not fine enough to go on with the Faraglioni. Isn't it wonderful? And the view from that hill! And it is an art education to stay at the Romano. I shall never get through the little sketches I have found on the way from here to our bedroom before we leave."

"Are you leaving soon then?"

"Yes, we are going to move into rooms—'an apartment' they call it in Italy, don't they?—as soon as we can find such as will suit us."

"I should think the Romano was a little rough for ladies," Nugent responded.

"Oh, it isn't that; we are very comfortable, but, of course, hotels are dear."

It so happened that Nugent knew of an apartment to be let on very low terms, which Phyllis thought, from his description, would just suit her and her mother.

"If my small amount of Italian will carry me through the task of engaging the rooms," she said.

"Perhaps your mother will let me come with you and act interpreter," suggested Nugent, adding apologetically, "I must call her 'your mother,' as I don't know her name."

Phyllis expressed her gratitude and the certainty she felt that her mother would be glad to avail herself of his offer. "Our name is Bevan," she said. "I am Phyllis Bevan."

"And I am Nugent Cleveland. When do

you think Mrs. Bevan is likely to be well enough to make this expedition? I hope she is not seriously ill?"

"No; but she caught a little chill yesterday. It was so careless of me; I didn't get up to her in time to warn her about the sunset."

"And she didn't think of it herself?"

"No. You see we don't know anything about the ways abroad, because we have never been out of England before. But I always have to look after my mother," with a motherly accent of her own that made Nugent smile. He drew her out to speak more concerning this mother to whom her young life was so evidently devoted, and Phyllis, led on by his sympathetic listening, told him all about the influenza which had left Mrs. Bevan's chest and heart so weak; how miserable she had been all last winter, shut up in two rooms; and how the doctors had told them that, if this winter could be spent in the South, it might prove the saving of her health. Phyllis did not tell of the incessant work on her own part, drawing and teaching drawing, the whole day long, with the careful saving of every half-penny, in which the spring, summer and autumn had been spent. They had got a cheap passage out to Naples in a small steamer, the captain of which was the father of one of Phyllis's pupils.

"And now we are really here!" Phyllis exclaimed at the end, with so radiant a face that Nugent never asked the question which had been upon his lips: "And do you think, now you have seen it, that Capri was worth so much looking forward to?" "And if we can only live here for what we do at home, there are three months of it before us!"

Nugent was sure they could do that. "Food costs next to nothing," he said. "My living does not come to a lira a day. But then I have no expense of house-rent, for I live in a cave!"

CHAPTER III.

NUGENT IS INTRODUCED TO PHYLLIS'S MOTHER.

NEXT day was Christmas Day. Nugent strolled up to the Romano with some hope of meeting Phyllis casually, but no Phyllis was to be seen. She had gone to church.

Presently he found himself strolling down the stony street and along the pathway which ran by the side of the hill-slope, till he reached a little building nestling up to the rock. And lastly, he found himself strolling inside it.

It was not often in his life that Nugent had been inside a church. His father had been a Unitarian and his mother a Roman Catholic, and the discussions between the two, marked by contemptuous iconoclasm on one side and illogical fervour upon the other, had not attracted him towards religion. He philosophised over life, leaving out of consideration altogether questions to which, according to his views, no answers could be found through any thinking, and kept clear of the region of those heated controversies which were abhorrent to his nature.

As he entered the small building, decorated, as it seemed to Phyllis, so strangely for Christmas, with narcissus, unfamiliar evergreens in the place of ivy, and arbutus fruit instead of holly berries, a hymn was being sung, the old "Hark! the herald angels sing!" One sweet young voice caught his ear at once. Tracing the voice to the tiny choir, composed of a few ladies and gentlemen from the different hotels, he discovered Phyllis. "Glory to the new-born King!" Her voice rang out fresh and clear, and her face was, of course, the happiest in the building. She was not at all smartly dressed, even to-day, when she was presumably wearing her best attire. If Phyllis had bought a new gown this winter, or had decided that her jacket could not be made to last another season, Mrs. Bevan would not have been at Capri. Yet hers was certainly the merriest face in church of all who had wished each other 'A merry Christmas' to-day.

So Nugent observed as he sat, and it can hardly be said listened to the sermon. He found it a good opportunity for watching faces when they were all thus in repose and comparatively free from self-consciousness. It struck him to-day, as it often had before, what far from cheerful faces the large majority of them were. That fitted in with his theory that life was a miserable thing; for Nugent had too often sat and watched the faces at concerts and parties to put down the prevailing melancholy of these countenances to the fact of their belonging to religious persons, as a less wide observer of nature might have done.

And yet there was Phyllis, with as little right as any of them to look on existence otherwise than as a penance, with a quite absurdly joyful face! When would her time come for the up curves of her mouth to turn into down ones and the light in her eyes give way to a lifeless sadness? he wondered, half-cynically and half-scornfully. It was certain enough that trouble would meet her some day.

Nugent left the church before the final hymn, and had marched half a mile back and forth when he and Phyllis met outside.

Her mother was better to-day, she said, in

answer to his inquiries, and would like to go and see the apartment with him to-morrow, "if it won't take up too much of your time?"

"Oh, no," Nugent answered drily. "I have occasionally an hour to spare."

"Ah! there is mother coming to meet us," Phyllis exclaimed, as a figure appeared.

"Is that Mrs. Bevan?" Nugent opened his eyes wider than he generally took the trouble to do. He had pictured Phyllis's mother to himself as a gentle, frail, little old lady, in a rather rusty black gown, with a shawl round her shoulders. The way Phyllis had spoken about her, with that sort of motherly tenderness and solicitude that good daughters feel towards a parent in the latter's declining years, had given him that impression of her.

But here came a tall, exceptionally handsome woman, not over forty, dressed in clothes quite as juvenile as her daughter's regarding their make, and considerably more so as to age. She bore herself with a graceful, easy carriage, and there was about her an air of distinction which marked her as a lady in the most limited sense of the word.

"This is Mr. Cleveland, mother," Phyllis said. The two shook hands, and their eyes met with a mutual scrutiny. Mrs. Bevan's in some way caused vexation to Nugent. He would rather have had for Phyllis's mother the fragile old lady of his imagination than this clever woman, as a glance at her face assured him she was, whose knowledge of the world was in inverse proportion to that



"I have just come in for such a piece of luck!"—*p.* 790.

of her daughter's. However, they smiled amiably upon each other, and, on Phyllis referring to his offer to help them to an apartment, she thanked him, though not with the same overflow of gratitude that Phyllis was wont to show. Nugent had no difficulty in perceiving that Mrs. Bevan was a person accustomed to receiving services, and one who knew how to accept them with the due amount of recognition and no more.

"Do you feel equal to a little walk, mother?" Phyllis asked, taking her mother's wrap from her to carry. But Mrs. Bevan never overflowed with energy.

"I have had a long walk already, coming from our bedroom to the front door," she answered, as they walked back. "First I went down some steps and across a stone terrace, then down a second flight of stairs—all out in the open—then I went over a bridge crossing a lane, then along another terrace; more steps, then a narrow stone path, and by that time I was at the entrance of the first floor of our hotel!"

"The Romano," Phyllis explained, "has been growing out and out, absorbing one house after another, and connecting them all by steps and bridges and causeways. Our bedroom is quite by itself at the top of a flight of steps, though one or two other rooms open on to the terrace below. It is all so delightfully picturesque!"

"Exceedingly so!" assented Mrs. Bevan, "according to my definition of the word 'picturesque'—'the reverse of comfortable.' Imagine such a position, Mr. Cleveland, when one wants to find one's way down to dinner, on a dark night, with a thunderstorm going on, as there was the evening we arrived, and in the teeth of a hurricane! One requires a compass and a bodyguard to make the expedition."

She chatted away amusingly, till the Romano was reached, giving a more sprightly than flattering description of the hotel itself and the foreigners who mainly frequented it.

"You must find all those Germans rather a nuisance," observed Nugent.

"Yes. But, of course, one can't expect anything better at a hotel of this kind."

Mrs. Bevan was too much a lady to pretend not to be poor when she was so, but she abhorred and despised poverty, and had never sunk in her tastes to real content with anything short of the best. Before her mad, runaway marriage with the young master of the School of Art where she had studied, Ellen Latouche had had everything that wealth could give. After her union with him, though her relations and friends had refused to have anything more to do with her, and she had altogether forfeited her position in society, her husband's absolute devotion had led him to spend on her every penny that he made during his lifetime, insuring her comfort then, though at the expense of making any adequate provision for her widowhood. Since his death Mrs. Bevan had known hard times and nothing else, but she had never become reconciled to this state of things. Of the small amount that her own tiny income and Phyllis's earnings combined gave them to live on, the proportion spent on the refinements of life hardly left them enough for their actual needs. And Phyllis, understanding her mother well, and having the one aim of making her life as happy as might be, did all that in her lay to keep the brunt and grind of poverty from her shoulders, even when that meant bearing a double burden on her own.

There was in the girl a curious mingling of childish subjection, unhesitating bowing to her mother's judgment and obedience to her wishes, with a sense of responsibility for her health, comfort and well-being, which struck Nugent from the first as one of the most unusual combinations in a character that he had seen. Phyllis was like a little tug towing a magnificent vessel four times its size, he thought to himself. It was on Phyllis's exertions mainly that the two lived; he had learnt that much for certain, though it had not been told him in actual words.

When they reached the hotel, Nugent said good-bye, promising to come the next morning and conduct the Bevans to La Casa Bianca.

Phyllis looked after him regretfully.

"I wish that we could afford to ask him to luncheon," she said. "Poor fellow! I wonder if he will find anything to eat in his cave when he gets home?"

"I have my doubts about his being so very poor, as you imagine," Mrs. Bevan answered.

"Why, mother?"

"He does not give me the impression of a person out at elbows, somehow."

"When he can't afford even a room to live in!" Phyllis had lain awake half the night before, sympathising with Nugent in the depths of poverty to which he had been reduced.

"Did he tell you that it was because he could not afford anything better that he took to cave-dwelling?"

"Yes, I think so." Phyllis tried to recall the actual words Nugent had used. "And the whole way he spoke to me implied it. 'When a fellow has hardly a lira to bless himself with,' he said——"

"He has to console himself by smoking the very best cigars?" Mrs. Bevan suggested as the ending of his sentence. "I should think it would be a consolation."

"Mother, you are too bad! How do you know that he smokes the best cigars? It

may have been somebody else's that you smelt. You know he threw away his before he spoke to you."

Mrs. Bevan only shrugged her shoulders, with a little French gesture she often used.

Phyllis thought again, a little.

"Yes," she said at length, with a firmer conviction than before. "He told me yesterday evening that '*once* he was quite well off.' That was how he had been able to travel so much; he has been to a lot of places."

"What a pity that he ran through his money!" remarked Mrs. Bevan drily. "I wonder if he gambled?"

"I'm sure he didn't!" Phyllis's reply was warmly given. "He spoke in the most unworldly way about how little happiness there was to be got out of being rich."

"There's less to be got out of being poor, though—as he will find out before long, when he begins to get tired of his cave."

These were the first and last doubts that Mrs. Bevan ever expressed concerning Nugent's impecuniosity. She valued her daughter's simplicity at a high rate, and treasured in her the artless nature she had never herself possessed, as none but a woman of the world would have known how to do.

Next day the Bevans, accompanied by the "Cave-dweller," as Phyllis's mother had taken to calling Nugent, set off to look at the rooms in La Casa Bianca. Nugent made them turn out of their way before leaving the town to see the panorama visible from a walled-in terrace, built on the side of the steep slope down to the sea. There was a glorious view thence across the Bay of Naples, over to Vesuvius, snow-capped now, and smoking sullenly with thoughts of coming eruption.

"The path that leads down from here is the shortest way to the Grande Marina," said Nugent. "That is where you embark for the Blue Grotto. By the way, I have just come in for such a piece of luck! Living as I do, I make friends with a good many of the Capriotes, and one good fellow has offered to take me to see the Grotto to-morrow. He says there will be room in his boat for two or three of my friends." As with a sudden thought, addressing himself collectively to Phyllis and her mother, he added, "Most of the people I know have been there already; would you care to go? It might be pleasanter than doing it in the usual tripper way."

Phyllis's face lit up with pleasure, but Mrs. Bevan shook her head.

"No, no; you young people may go and risk your lives on those horrible waves, if you like," she replied, laughing. "I am sure one of my daughter's German friends will be delighted to go and chaperon her, if you will allow me to transfer my invitation to them. But I had enough of the sea the other day, coming here in that wretched little steamer. I thought the whole time her engines were going to burst, for they groaned so that they could certainly have been heard a mile off. Has Phyllis told you about our landing? It nearly killed me, it was so rough. No, you won't find me venturing my life in one of those boats again."

However, Nugent expressed his perfect willingness to introduce any German lady Phyllis might select to accompany her, to his Capriote friend. And so the arrangement for the visit to the Blue Grotto—with all that was to come of it—was irrevocably made.

[END OF CHAPTER THREE.]

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

By the Rev. S. J. Stone, M.A., Author of "The Church's One Foundation," Etc.

THE Poets, singing of the poet-bird
Silent in sunshine, but the sad night long
Outpouring the full torrent of that song
Whereby the thickets to their depths are stirred,
Oft of their woodland fellow have averred
That the clear music, passionately strong,
Has at its heart a wail of woe or wrong:—
Yet all have counted it the sweetest heard.

So, hidden Heroine, about thy name
The English patriot may not only read
A tale of help so noble in such need,
But hear an undertone of English shame;
Yet that is lost in thy melodious fame
Whose wordless song was such angelic deed.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN JULY.

By **the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A.**



SEAL OF ARCHBISHOP LANGTON

THE English Church and people have good cause to recall Stephen Langton, who died on July 9th, 1228. Made Archbishop of Canterbury against the wishes of King John, Langton came in time to fight the power both of the King and of the Pope. He was one of the earliest workers in the cause of constitutional liberty. Three counties contend for the honour of his birthplace; his last days were passed in retirement in Sussex. Langton's conflict with Rome makes it but natural to recall the fact that on July 2nd, 1489, there was born Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop and martyr. Ordered to be burnt as "heretic and heresiarch," he atoned for whatever of weakness he showed before by a triumphant death at the stake on March 21st, 1556. John Bradford, Prebendary of St. Paul's, another of the Marian martyrs, suffered at Smithfield on July 1st, 1555.



ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

Christian Schwartz, one of the most eminent of missionaries associated with the work of the English Church, was not an Englishman but a German. He went to India under the auspices of the Danish Mission, and landed in the country with which his name will always be linked on July 16th, 1750. But the part of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in supporting Schwartz and his colleagues, and their identification with the British in India, justifies us in recalling his name and work. Few missionaries have ever won equal, not one has ever earned greater, confidence from the natives.



ISAAC WATT .



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

July is a month of literary anniversaries. On the 6th was beheaded Sir Thomas More, whose "Utopia" has lost nothing of its charm now that social ideals are of rather more concern than they were in the days of Henry VIII. Coventry Patmore,

the author of "The Angel in the House," was born on the 3rd. Richard Brinsley Sheridan died on the 7th. Shelley was drowned on the 8th. Bentley, the scholar and critic, died on the 14th. On the 17th, Isaac Watts was born. On the 18th, Thackeray was born and Jane Austen died. On the 21st died Robert Burns; on the 25th Samuel Taylor Coleridge. A brilliant array of varied and contrasting talent is gathered up there.



JOHN ADAMS

Among other personalities the world cares to recall there are Sir William Blackstone, the jurist (born July 10th, 1723); Inigo Jones, the architect (born July 15th, 1573); Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy (born July 16th, 1723); and Sir Richard Owen, anatomist (born July 20th, 1804). This also is a group that might distinguish any month.

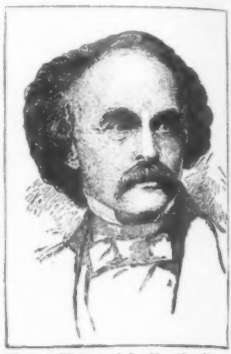


(Photo: Savory, New York.)

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

July is, in a manner of speaking, the national month of the United States. It was on July 4th, 1776, that the American colonies, forced into conflict with the mother country, and their "olive branch" now rejected, declared themselves "free, sovereign and independent." On the fiftieth anniversary of that Declaration, viz. on July 4th, 1826, died two ex-Presidents—John Adams, the second, and Thomas Jefferson, the third in that honourable line of which George Washington was the first. On July 2nd, 1881, President Garfield was mortally wounded by the assassin Guiteau. He lingered till September 19th, when his pure and noble spirit passed away amongst expressions of sympathy in which Queen Victoria, in a message to Mrs. Garfield, joined. On July 4th, 1804, was born Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most original and distinctive of the men of letters America has produced.

In July, 1624, was born George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. The exact date is unknown, the parish register of Fenny Drayton having been mutilated. On July 30th, 1718, died William Penn, one of the most eminent of those who followed in the steps of Fox. On July 14th, 1858, died Joseph Sturge, Friend and philanthropist. Of the humanitarian work done in Great Britain during the present century, how much is due more or less directly to those who either were Friends or inherited the traditions of the Friends! Joseph Sturge was no unworthy member of a society which has so distinctly left its mark on the moral and religious life of the nation. No less distinct than the principles of the Friends, and working as independently on lines of its own, is the Salvation Army. General Booth looks upon July 2nd, 1865, as the Army's birthday. It was in that year that he established in the East-End of London the Christian Mission, which became so widely known under the later title of the Salvation Army. It has survived opposition and lived down harsh criticism. Men may deem its creed imperfect and some of its methods doubtful; but they cannot question the reality of the spiritual and social force it has become.



(From a Photograph by Mayall. By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



JOSEPH STURGE.

"FORGIVEN HITHERTO"

By Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

"Pardon, I beseech Thee, the iniquity of this people, according unto the greatness of Thy mercy, and as Thou hast forgiven this people, from Egypt even until now" (*Margin*, "hitherto").—NUMBERS xiv. 19.



WALKING with some friends amid the blackened ruins of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, we noticed certain iron columns, of which one of the party said, after closely scrutinising them, "But where were they in the building?" Now, it so happened that they had occupied a very prominent and important position in the structure, and the questioner had doubtless seen them hundreds of times. Yet, for the moment, he failed to recognise the old and familiar friends. This gave rise to the remark, "It is wonderful how long we may occupy a house without knowing its contents, or worship in a sanctuary and yet quickly forget its details." It made me think also that it is possible to have—aye, and to read—the Bible without appreciating and appropriating its contents. Familiar passages fail to exercise their power till some special circumstance calls it forth, or the Spirit of God illuminates them afresh. To the very pillars in the Temple of Truth we become so accustomed that their comeliness and stateliness remain unnoticed. Thank God for the events, however painful in themselves, that draw our attention to them.

How long we may look at a text of Scripture upon the wall of our dwelling without hearing its voice! For many a year I have had in one of my apartments the well-known words, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." I suppose that scarcely a day has passed without a glance at it, and some stimulus from it; but it was only a few weeks ago that the words really lived before me. It suddenly became an illuminated text indeed. It was as the handwriting of God upon the wall. So distinct was the message, I could not fail to hear. It was a welcome word, too—a word in season to one that was weary. Soon my heart of hearts was crying "Ebenezer!" with great delight.

A train of thought was thus set in motion. I bethought me of the other occasions wherein the word "hitherto" was associated with the special favour of the God of all grace. I remembered that the tribe of Joseph, when asking for an increased inheritance, admitted that it had been "blessed hitherto," and that David confessed, when God commissioned him to build Him an house, that he had been "brought hitherto." Yet another "hitherto" was discovered in the margin, and it was perhaps the sweetest and most suggestive of all—"Forgiven hitherto," *i.e.* "from Egypt even until now." Then these thoughts framed themselves into verse.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us,
To His praise be this confessed;
Hitherto His hand has brought us,
Hitherto the Lord hath blessed.

But of all His gracious dealings
Since our feet set out for heaven,
Pardon is the very sweetest:
Hitherto we've been forgiven!

I found the word "hitherto" to be itself a means of grace—a pivot on which turned many a glorious truth, a nail from which to suspend not a few precious promises. Each word of Holy Writ is suggestive. Every grain from the strand of Scripture is golden. Oh! to prize every word that has come from the mouth of the Lord—prepositions, and adverbs, and conjunctions, as well as nouns and verbs. The "not only so"

of Romans v., the "nevertheless" of Hebrews xii. 11, the "buts" of 1 Corinthians vi. 11, the "notwithstanding" of 2 Tim. iv. 17—all these and many more are as drops of honey exuding from the comb. So is "hitherto."

The history of Israel is a record of sins and of pardon. Scarcely had the music of Miriam's timbrel died away along the Red Sea shore ere the ransomed host began to murmur because of bitter water. "What shall we drink?" they cried. It is not at all certain, by the way, that the waters were really harmful. God's tonics are better than the world's nectars.

Marah's murmurings were repeated a little later in the wilderness of Sin. This time it was lack of bread that caused the people to complain. Yet they soon grew weary of the heavenly manna which fell about their tents. "Our soul loatheth this light bread," they said with one accord. At Rephidim, because "there was no water for the people to drink," they charged Moses with wanting to slay them. Later still, missing their leader for a while, they made themselves gods of gold, and said, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt"; and in the case before us their unbelief led them to accept all too readily the exaggerated report of the timid spies, and to suggest the appointment of a captain to lead them back to Egypt's bondage. They did, indeed, sin "from Egypt hitherto."

It is a wholesome, if a dreary, task to discover the terms by which the Scriptures describe the sins of Israel. They are none of the sweetest. It is left for erring men to apply flattering terms to flagrant crimes. God always labels them accurately, and denounces them severely. He knows naught of "indiscretions," "infirmities," "peccadilloes," "white lies," and "mere bagatelles."

Psalm lxxviii. provides a true picture of Israel's waywardness. It is a horribly black list; yet the offenders were "forgiven hitherto."

Murmuring was one of the most common offences, and one of the most heinous. The terrible indictments in the epistle of Jude concern murmurers and complainers. These are classed with others who are compared to raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, and to wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. In such esteem does God hold murmurers. Yet these were "forgiven hitherto."

They "tempted the Lord," and "spake against God," yet they were "forgiven hitherto." They proved themselves a stiff-necked and gainsaying generation, to whom God stretched out His hands all day long in vain, yet they were "forgiven hitherto." They "corrupted themselves with idols," and "turned aside out of the way," yet they were "forgiven hitherto." "They flattered Him with their mouth, and lied unto Him with their tongues," yet they were "forgiven hitherto." They were in a state of almost perpetual rebellion. Disobedience is rebellion. Murmuring is rebellion. When the old salt began to instruct the sailor lad, he said, "Look here, youngster, there's only two things aboard a man-o'-war; one's duty, and the other's mutiny." The children of Israel were mutinous, yet they were "forgiven hitherto." "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

For all of this, however, they were very sorely punished. God could by no means clear the guilty. Deadly plague and consuming fire, and flying serpents and foemen's swords, slew them by thousands. Yet, as a nation, they were preserved and pardoned.

Remember, too, that they sinned in the face of abounding mercy. Their providences were special and peculiar. For them God clave the sea and rent the heavens. Angels' food dropped daily round their tents, and the rock ran with living streams. God rebuked kings for their sakes. He sent His angel before them. He was Himself among them. Sin was exceeding sinful in the light of such remarkable favours. The ancients said that Venus never looked so fair as when she sat beside Pluto. I suppose that Pluto never seemed so swarthy as when contrasted with the white-armed goddess. Sin looks its blackest when set against the loving-kindness and tender mercy of a long-suffering God. Yet even such enormities as black ingratitude and rank rebellion were "forgiven hitherto." Here is the record—is it not wonderful? "He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned He His anger away, and did not stir up all His wrath." Weigh well those words, my soul, for

they are true of thee also. Here are founts of joy and rivers of delight.

Note, next, how Moses used the fact that God had never ceased to pardon as a plea that He would extend His clemency again. "Pardon, I beseech Thee, the iniquity of this people according unto the greatness of Thy mercy, and as Thou hast forgiven this people from Egypt even until now." This proved a prevailing plea. "And the Lord said, I have pardoned according to thy word." Was not that thoughtful and trustful praying? Moses laid hold on the immutability of Divine mercy. "Forgive, as Thou hast forgiven; O Thou unchanging God, continue as Thou hast begun." David spake in similar strain when he said, "Look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as Thou usest to do unto those that love Thy name." This was tactful as well as trustful pleading. He turned an apparent obstacle into a vantage ground. "As Thou hast forgiven" was an admission of many a previous folly on Israel's part. "This seems to make against him," says Matthew Henry. But he knew that he was dealing with a God who delighted in mercy. Oh! to plead with God after such a sort! We should not be so often empty-handed if we used such mighty arguments.

From all of this it is evident that the history of the Israelites was a record of sin and of pardon "from Egypt hitherto." Thank God that the mercy kept pace with the folly; both were "even until now."

Does not this remind us of our own experience? We, too, have been "away down in Egypt's land." We have not forgotten its sore bondage. But we know also the meaning of the words, "From Egypt." Our bitter cry was heard. God raised up for us a prophet like unto Moses. "The Lord brought us forth with a mighty hand, and with an outstretched arm." He delivered us from the oppressor. Glory to His name!

We remember, too, how we thought that, if we were once set free from sin, we would never sin again. As to wishing to be back in the land of Ham, that could never be! Egypt would be left out of sight and out of mind as soon as the flood was passed. So we dreamed. Alas! how different the facts have been. We have forgotten that we were purged from our old sins. We have lusted after the flesh-pots and the succulent vegetables. "From Egypt hitherto" we, too, have sinned, and have been forgiven! Sins of youth—how vain and foolhardy we were! sins of mid-age—how obstinate and disobedient we proved!—have all been put away as soon as they were repented of. And now, with some, there are sins of hoar hairs, more inexcusable than any, but these also are blotted out immediately they are confessed and forsaken. "Forgiven hitherto!"

Let us review our past. It is wonderfully like that of Israel. How easy it is to sit in judgment upon the "stubborn Jews—that unbelieving race." With all our extra light we should be far superior to them. But are we? Has there been no murmuring on our part? Have we never been as those who shoot arrows into the air? These are the murmurers whose shafts come hurtling down upon their own heads. Is our record clear of rebellion, of stiff-neckedness, of covetousness which is idolatry, of provocation, and of unbelief? Nay, verily, we have sinned "from Egypt hitherto."

We have been punished, too; not, indeed, as our sins deserved, but we have had scourging enough to prove our sonship. Our Father has loved us too well to spoil us.

And what about the forgiveness? Oh, who can tell what lovingkindness and tender mercy have been ours? As there is a dewdrop for every grass-blade when morning sows the earth with Orient pearl, so have there been for every fault and folly a word of grace and an act of pardon.

He has been faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness as often as, and as early as, we have made full and frank confession. He has never refused us. He has never really kept us in suspense. If the assurance of pardon has tarried, it has been because our repentance was incomplete, or our faith imperfect. We were straitened in ourselves. Had we pleaded like Moses, we should have received an immediate response, and a full assurance. He has proved Himself "a God of pardons," despite our impenitence and unbelief.

"Forgiven hitherto"—let the bells peal it! "Forgiven hitherto"—let harps and trumpets sound it! "Forgiven hitherto"—let the saints shout it! It is "the anthem of the free!"



A SHORT STORY.

By Scott Graham, Author of "How Barnford Church was Saved," Etc.

IT was really remarkable with what singular unanimity the successive curates who came to the small town of Langford fell in love with pretty Edith May, the Rector's only child. Tall or short, dark or fair, handsome or ugly, they immediately fell under Edith's spell; and when they had expressed their affection, and been rejected, they were naturally unwilling to stay in the place, and, accordingly, took steps to remove to another parish. The other ladies of Langford, indignant at this state of affairs, called Miss May a heartless flirt; but she was nothing of the kind—only a very pretty and very winsome girl, such as few curates could have the heart to resist.

But she was fastidious, and at twenty-five was Edith May still, because, though she had received many offers, she had never yet met her ideal man. Her rivals sneered, predicting that she would go through the wood and choose a crooked stick at last; and even her indulgent father, in his secret heart, sometimes wished she were more easily pleased, for, as things were, no curate stayed more than a year at Langford, and such constant changes were very trying. "If Mr. Beckett ends, like all the rest, in falling in love with Edith, and then finding the air of this place does not suit him, I'll get a married man of fifty!" he solemnly resolved to himself, on the occasion of his eighth change.

Mr. Beckett duly came, highly recommended, and equal, as he himself declared, to any amount of work. The Rector rejoiced, for his last curate, Mr. Simmons, preferred tennis and tea-parties to visiting sick people; but Edith eyed the new arrival with a demure little smile of amusement, resolving to make a caricature of him at the first opportunity.

She had a great gift in that way—an amount of talent which, if cultivated, might have brought her wide renown. She had, at one time and another, caricatured almost everybody in Langford. The harmless specimens she exhibited to her friends; but it was currently reported that she had many sketches which she dared not show for fear of consequences.

One sunshiny spring morning she was sitting in the Rectory dining-room, which had an open French-window leading into the garden, the latter being only separated from the churchyard by a wall. The old church, with its ivy-covered tower, the haunt of jackdaws and owls, made a pretty background to the gay beds of hyacinths and tulips set in emerald turf.

A mischievous smile dimpled Edith's charming face, as with pen and ink she put the last touches to a masterly caricature of Mr. Beckett. No one could have seen it without laughing: for the new curate, besides being very plain, had several peculiarities, which the mischievous girl had hit off to the life. The sketch was in profile, representing a flying figure, with a large hat resting almost on the tip of an upturned nose, an umbrella sticking out at a most comical angle from under one arm, coat-tails streaming in the air, and large square shoes turned up at the toes. It was altogether so successful that Edith, who was not at heart ill-natured, would not have had the original see it for the world.

"If you please, miss," said the stout cook, appearing at the door, "the butcher's come to say he's sorry he has no beef to-day."

Edith rose, and after a lengthy conference with the butcher's man she proceeded to put out the groceries; and was still rummaging in the store cupboard when the front door bell rang.

"Mr. Beckett's called to see the master, miss, and I've showed him into the dining-room, for I'm turning out the drawing-room, and it's all upset," announced the housemaid, appearing from the hall.

"Into the dining-room! Oh, Mary!" gasped her young mistress, turning as white as a sheet as she remembered the caricature of the curate left lying in fatal prominence on the crimson tablecloth. What an unfortunate mischance that he should call just then and see it! Quite flushed and breathless, she entered the dining-room, prettier than ever in her excitement, and prepared to utter the most abject apologies.

She expected to find the visitor glaring in righteous wrath at his counterfeit presentment, but, to her amazement, no such thing happened. The unlucky caricature was not on the table—was, in fact, not visible anywhere—and Mr. Beckett, as he rose to greet her courteously, made no sign of being at all offended or aggrieved. He was so calm that Edith was quite puzzled by his manner, and decided that he had quietly taken possession of the caricature, probably intending to destroy it without letting her know he had seen it. If such were indeed the case, he held a nice rod in pickle for her for some future occasion. She made a mental resolve never to draw a caricature again.

She longed to ask him whether he had seen the fatal sketch lying anywhere about, but the words stuck in her throat, and her father, appearing from the garden, carried Mr. Beckett off on some parish business after a brief chat. The two clerics had hardly disappeared when Edith rang the bell frantically, to ask Mary whether there was a piece of paper lying on the table when she ushered the curate into the room.

"I couldn't say, miss: I never looked," stolidly answered the handmaiden.

"But it must have been so conspicuous on the red tablecloth!"

"I can't say, really, miss."

And Edith, in dismay, was confirmed in her original opinion, that Mr. Beckett had not only seen but appropriated the derogatory caricature; and, although too much of a gentleman to make a scene with a lady in her own house, would doubtless loathe and despise her ever after. The picture must be in his possession, unless he had destroyed it; for she had hunted over every inch of the dining-room, peered under the furniture, shaken the curtains, rummaged the waste-paper basket, and even lifted the hearth-rug, in the vain hope that it might have been blown from the table by a sudden draught, and be lying hidden in some corner.

Her guilty conscience made her unwontedly shy and timid in his presence after that; and, as the weeks went on, and he became highly popular at Langford, her remorse and shame increased proportionately. She listened with crimson cheeks to the eloquent sermons of the best preacher Langford had known for twenty years: and, whether she entered her friends' houses or the cottages of the poor, nothing but encomiums upon Mr. Beckett's unselfishness, kindness, and tact met her ears.

But she never felt at ease with him; if she could, she bolted down a back alley when she saw him coming, and if she knew he was to be present at any gathering she refused to go. Nevertheless, it was impossible to avoid meeting him frequently; and one day, at a large tea-party at the Hall, the hostess, Mrs. Needham, innocently chanced to remark,

"By-the-bye, Edith, I don't think you ever do any caricatures now—at least, I haven't seen any for ever so long!"

May suddenly turned quite white; so much so that the curate, who was in the act of handing her some cake, glanced at her in surprise. "Is that one of your accomplishments, then, Miss May?" he asked.

Edith could hardly hold the cup in her shaking hand; she thought he must be mocking her. "I—I used to sketch sometimes," she stammered guiltily. "But I—I've quite given up doing caricatures now."

"What a pity!" commented Mrs. Needham. "They were splendid, Mr. Beckett—simply splendid! Edith can hit anybody off to the life."

Miss May's cheeks were as red now as they were pale before; for she felt the curate's keen eyes bent upon her.

"Edith has made sketches of all her father's curates, let me tell you," mischievously added the hostess.

"Oh, *don't!*" implored the girl, in a tone of such sharp pain that involuntarily several pairs of astonished eyes were turned upon her. But Mr. Beckett saved the situation by exclaiming, with the ready tact for which he was already celebrated—

"Speaking of caricatures, have you ladies seen this week's cartoon in *Punch?* No? Then you must; it is capital, and I happen to have it with me."

He extricated it from his pocket, and the laughter which ensued gave Edith time to recover herself. But five minutes after the curate was called away; for a summons came from a poor, sick woman, and, leaving the bright scene and the pleasant attentions of which he was the object, without a murmur, he hastened away, only pausing to say to Miss May in passing—

"I'm so sorry I must go, for I hoped you would allow me to see you home."

It seemed to her that he was always heaping coals of fire upon her head; for, no matter how she tried to avoid him, he was continually paying her delicate little attentions, and endeavouring, as far as possible, to smooth her path in every way. Of course, it was nothing new for Edith to receive such homage; but not one of her father's former curates, she felt certain, would ever have spoken to her again, had they seen such an unflattering portrait of themselves as she had drawn for Mr. Beckett's inspection that unlucky spring morning.

Three more months went by—months of strangely mingled happiness and torment to Edith; for, though she strove to avoid Mr. Beckett, as before, she was conscious of being anything but displeased when he ignored her efforts, and thrust himself in her way, whether she would or no. "Poor silly man!" commented Edith's envious rivals. "Just going the way of all the other curates, to meet the inevitable refusal at the end. What a pity she has no mother to give her good advice!"

When he did at length declare his deep and fervent love, to his intense amazement, Edith burst into passionate tears. "Oh!" sobbed she, "I do think you must be the best and most forgiving man who ever lived."

"*I* forgiving? My darling Edith—if I may call you so without presumption—what can I possibly have to forgive?"

"You can't have forgotten that horrid caricature I made of you."

"Did you make a caricature of me? Never mind: you must show it to me, and we'll laugh over it together. Of course, I know I'm very ugly and clumsy, and not half good enough for you, my sweet, but——"

"But did you really never see the sketch I made of you? Think a minute. One morning last April you called to see my father, and were shown into the dining-room—was not the caricature lying on the table then?"

"No, indeed. I remember coming that morning, but I never saw any sketch of myself lying about anywhere. And, even supposing I had—— But why need we waste time in talking of such a trifle now? I am only interested in your answer. Am I to be blessed beyond measure by winning the love of your heart?"

And, with a great sob, Edith laid her face against his shoulder; only too glad and thankful to be chosen by the man with the turned-up nose and big feet she had once despised, before she knew how good, how true, how gifted, he was.

The engagement was a nine-days' wonder in Langford; but the lovers were far too happy to care. Edith

simply adored her *fiancé*, and made no secret of it. She tried to make amends for the caricature, which had so unaccountably disappeared without any human agency, by making a portrait of him so seraphically beautiful that he absolutely laughed at it.



May suddenly turned quite white.

Spring had come round again, and in August they were to be married, and go to the living to which Henry had recently been appointed. It was lovely April weather, so sunny and warm that the inmates of the Rectory, with its open windows and doors, enjoyed quite a foretaste of summer.

But when various small articles began to suddenly disappear in a mysterious manner, it occurred to the family that perhaps it was scarcely wise thus to leave the place at the mercy of any wandering tramp who might be passing by. Some of the fraternity must be answerable for the disappearance of a silver teaspoon from the kitchen window, and a half-sovereign which Edith had left on one of the drawing-room tables for a short time. The servants were absolutely trustworthy, and, though it was not the first time small things had been missed about the house, it was impossible to suspect them. The Rector spoke to the police, who promised to

keep an eye upon any suspicious characters who came to the town; but the only result was that a few days afterwards quick-sighted marauder who might be passing by to thrust in his hand and take the spectacles. But the puzzle was how any tramp could come so close to the Rectory as to commit the theft without being seen by any of the household.



They stood eagerly watching below.

Greatly vexed, Mr. May went to inform his faithful old gardener, Cartwright, strictly enjoining him to keep all the outer gates closed, and not allow any ill-looking stranger to approach the house unchallenged.

"It 's very curious, for I haven't seen no suspicious-looking characters about the place," observed Cartwright, leaning meditatively upon his spade. "It may not have been a tramp at all; I don't see how it could have been. If I was you, sir, as we 've been missing small things off and on for some time now, I 'd have a look at them there jackdaws' nests in the church tower. They 're the greatest thieves goin' be jackdaws, and I often see 'em flying about the garden here."

"But surely jackdaws wouldn't take my gold spectacles?"

"They 'd fly away with anything bright and shinin' they could get hold of —I 've heard of 'em stealing diamond rings and suchlike afore now."

"But would they be so audacious as to come right into the house?"

"Bless you, sir, they 're as bold as brass. At any rate, I 'd search them nests. I can get Andrew Harvey to help me, and with a couple of ladders we can easily manage to reach them."

"Well, then, you 'd better do it this afternoon. I 'm obliged to go to the Rural Deanery, but I shall be truly glad if you can find my spectacles for me, for I feel lost without them."

Accordingly, ropes and ladders were procured, and, to the great astonishment and indignation of the cunning birds which had built their habitations about the windows and projections of the old tower, the two men searched the nests thoroughly. Edith and her lover, who

Mr. May, who had laid his gold spectacles on his study writing-table whilst he went to speak to his gardener, returned to find them gone. Nor could they be found, though they were hunted for high and low.

It was intensely vexatious; for, though he possessed other pairs, those best suited his sight, and he was almost helpless without them. The writing-table stood in the bay window, which was open at the bottom, only a little way, but still sufficiently so for any

stood eagerly watching below, were made aware by the men's exclamations of astonishment that a mass of plunder had been accumulated up there. The first find was the Rector's spectacles—broken, unfortunately—followed by the teaspoon, a pair of small scissors, a brooch which Edith imagined she must have dropped when out walking, a coil of wire, a tin patty-pan, and a bright new halfpenny. In addition, was a miscellaneous mass of rubbish which the gardener, at Edith's suggestion, hastily bundled into a basket, to be examined at leisure in case it might contain any hidden valuables. The heap was tumbled down on the table in the summer-house, where Edith and Henry gingerly turned it over.

There were bits of old metal, rags, paper, and all manner of odds and ends; and, whilst poking about in the hope of discovering her lost half-sovereign, Edith was startled by an exclamation from her lover, who was examining a crumpled and dirty half-sheet of notepaper he had taken from the heap. She hastily glanced over his shoulder, and wished the floor would open and swallow her up as she recognised, all creased and soiled, the fatal caricature of Mr. Beckett, which until now had been securely hidden in the nest of the jackdaw, which must have stolen it from the dining-room during her absence.

It was impossible that he could fail to recognise his likeness, unflattering as it was. A dull red rose to his cheek as he scanned the ugly figure, which bore underneath the initials "E. M." and the date. But he had his temper so well under control that he uttered no angry word, though the temptation would have been too powerful for most men to resist.

Unable to bear it any longer, Edith flung her arms round his neck. "Oh, Henry, don't look at that horrible thing! It's not a bit like you, really, and I was a wicked, heartless wretch when I did it. I was sorry directly afterwards. Oh, say you forgive me for being so unkind!"

He drew a long breath. "I can't say it's a flattering likeness, Edith; but don't distress yourself any more about it. It is very evident that you have a decided talent for caricature: you have contrived to hit off all my weak points admirably."

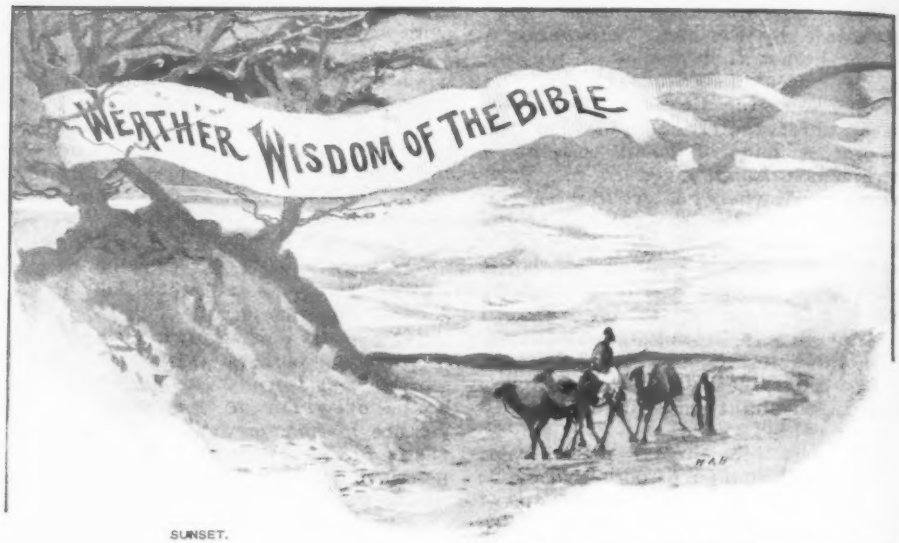
She snatched it from his hand and tore it into a hundred pieces. "I will never caricature anybody again, dear. I never have since I did this one of you, and in future I will make no use of such a dangerous gift."

"Caricature is certainly amusing, within limits, but perhaps, after all, Wordsworth's rule is the best," he said gently, as he drew her to him with a fond gesture, his momentary annoyance having passed away. "Let us make it the motto of our married life, Edith—

"'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.'"



She recognised the fatal caricature.



SUNSET.

By the Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A.

WE look out for our weather forecasts in our morning newspapers nowadays very much as we search for the freshest foreign intelligence, or the doings of last night's Parliament. Will it be fine or sultry, chilly or rainy? May we adventure that glossiest silk hat, or that most delicate fabric of a dress? Our weather prophets are expected to settle such momentous issues, and they have reason to pride themselves on the average accuracy of their predictions.

Lightfoot tells us, and, indeed, we can see it ourselves from a study of the sacred writings, how deeply the Jews were fascinated by their investigation of "the face of the sky," and this knowledge of ours adds force to the lessons taught on the two occasions when our Lord Jesus Christ condescended to point His moral from the rudimentary weather lore of His epoch. The question of meteorology, in fact, may well have a greater attraction for Christians when they perceive how its known results were recognised, and (as we shall point out later) sanctioned, by their Master Himself.

The Divine answer to the Pharisees and Sadducees (St. Matthew xvi. 2, 3) reflects the crispness of the original much better if the words in italics of our Authorised and Revised Versions are omitted: "When it is evening, ye say, Fair weather: for the sky is red." There is evidence to suggest, by the way, that this talk took place at sunset. The proverb has many parallels. "If around the setting sun the clouds glow red," says Pliny in his "Natural History," "you have the assurance of a clear and fine morrow." Then there is the old English distich—

> "The evening red, the morning grey
> Are certain signs of a fair day."

The north was supposed to be the quarter for fair weather. "Fair weather cometh out of the north," says Elihu to Job (xxxvii. 22). "The north wind driveth away rain" (Proverbs xxv. 23), if our Authorised rendering is correct.

> "A northern air
> Brings weather fair"

is an English weather proverb.

"In the morning, foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowring," said our Lord (St. Matthew xvi. 3). "Red clouds just before sunrise," Pliny tells us, "betoken wind, and if black clouds are mingled with them, then rain." Compare, too, the English proverb—

> "If red the sun begins his race,
> Expect that rain will fall apace."

The next couplet more or less reflects the "lore" of both the verses in St. Matthew:

"Evening red and weather fine;
Morning red of rain's a sign."

"Foul weather" in Palestine from May to October is practically unknown. Travellers tell us that for days and weeks together not a cloud will stain the intense blue of the Syrian sky. Thunderstorms during this period are so rare that they would be regarded as miraculous should they occur. When Samuel said to Israel, "Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call unto the Lord, and He shall send thunder and rain," the storm that immediately broke was evidently considered as a miracle of Divine judgment (1 Samuel xii. 17).

The weather-wise Elihu, who strikes us as more conspicuous for his knowledge of Nature than of the depths of an afflicted

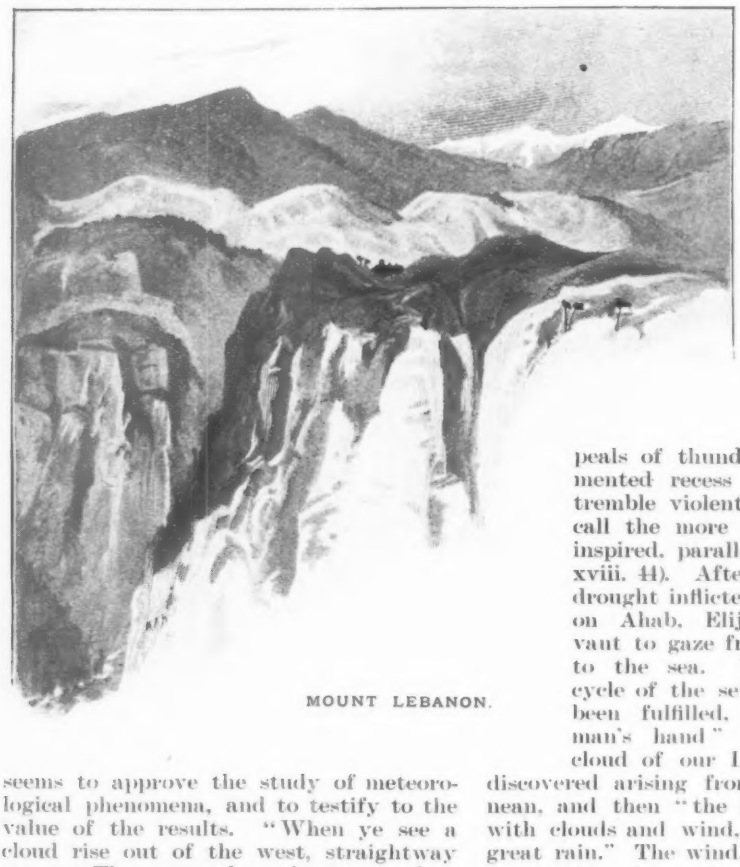


A RAIN CLOUD AT HAIFA.

human heart, tells how the Almighty shatters the dense cloud with His bursts of lightning, and, in an extremely interesting passage (Job xxxvi. 33), remarks how the cattle are affected by the approach of the storm. He does not merely say with Virgil (and, no doubt, many other poets), that the beasts make an affrighted stampede, and rush to a place of safety, but he indicates something of the influences which later observations have shown that elemental disturbances have upon the animal kingdom. We think of the immense probable antiquity of the Book of Job, and, proud as we justly are of the forecasts of the Clerk of the Weather to-day, we cannot deny that those husbandmen of the "land of Uz," kept their eyes and ears open under the Chaldean stars. No less a philosopher than Sir Isaac Newton, if we may trust Dr. Anthony Thomson's "Philosophy of Magic," was deficient in the cattle lore of which Elihu possessed, at least, the rudiments. Sir Isaac was out riding one day, when he met a drover, who advised him to go no further, as a sharp tempest would soon wet him to the skin. The author of the "Principia," trusting in a sky which was at the moment perfectly serene, pursued his adventurous way. The soaking, however, came on as prophesied,

and the sage condescended to ride back and find out on what the drover had founded his forecast. "Well, master," answered the drover, "all I know is, that when my cow twists her tail in a particular way there is certain to be a shower." Next time our domestic cat performs her toilette when the barometer is low, and we watch her pass her paw over her left ear, we may flatter ourselves with a sense of our superiority to Sir Isaac Newton, and rejoice in a bond of hitherto unsuspected sympathy with the youngest of Job's comforters.

In our Lord's next two notable utterances upon weather wisdom (St. Luke xii. 54, 55) we are instructed and encouraged to find how distinctly He seems to approve the study of meteorological phenomena, and to testify to the value of the results. "When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; *and so it is.*" Many scholars would read "the cloud"—that is, "the cloud with the appearance and shape of which you are familiar." The "west" in Palestine would be in the direction of the Mediterranean. The clouds charged with moisture from this inland sea strike the hills of the mainland, and descend in shower or storm. Miss Rogers, in her "Domestic Life in Palestine," has a very apposite illustration of our Lord's proverb. "At Haifa," she says, "I was sitting one day in the oriel window at the British Consulate with Dr. Bowen, the late lamented Bishop of Sierra Leone: black clouds came travelling quickly from the west, over the lead-coloured sea. Dr. Bowen observed, in the words of Christ, 'When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is.' He had scarcely uttered the words when the clouds spread and fell in a tremendous torrent, the sea swelled, and rolled heavily to the shore, the ships looked as if they would break away from their anchors, and loud peals of thunder made the casemented recess in which we sat tremble violently." We shall recall the more splendid, because inspired, parallel picture (1 Kings xviii. 44). After the three years' drought inflicted as a punishment on Ahab, Elijah sent his servant to gaze from Mount Carmel to the sea. When the sacred cycle of the sevenfold quest had been fulfilled, a cloud "like a man's hand" (perhaps "the" cloud of our Lord's saying) was discovered arising from the Mediterranean, and then "the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." The wind, it is likely, had previously risen, for before Gehazi's mission to the top of Carmel Elijah had



MOUNT LEBANON.

told Ahab that there was "a sound of a noise of rain"; perhaps, as we say, "it was blowing up for rain."

Drought has always been the great annual dread of Palestine. Water in the Bible is the symbol of physical and spiritual life. One solitary advantage—a comparatively frivolous one—the Hebrews possessed over ourselves. They could, at least, depend upon settled weather after a fixed date in the year. Many a modern hostess would be glad to be able to arrange her picnics or garden parties in June or July with the absolute confidence in her climate expressed by the writer of the Book of Canticles (ii. 11) as to the sunlit and stormless summers of the Holy Land: "The rain is over and gone."

Even, however, in the height of a Syrian summer, the dryness is a little mitigated by the extremely heavy falls of morning dew, to which there are several Scripture references. Isaiah (xviii. 4) speaks of "a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest." Dew, as its diamonds sparkle in the beams of sunrise, frequently looks just like rain. Canon Bell, in the volume in which he describes his Palestinian travels, says, "I have gone to bed dry as a parched pea, and have been awakened in the morning to find myself limp and damp. The riding whip hung on the hooks of the tent pole would sometimes be dripping with dew in the morning, and our clothes often felt moist."

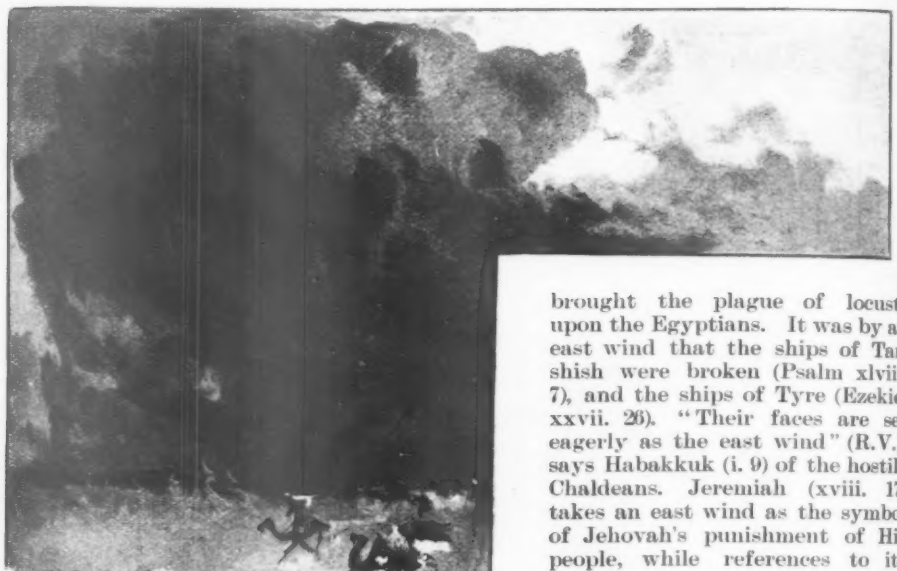


MORNING DEW ON LEBANON.

Again we have our Lord's sanction of deductions from the observation of natural phenomena in verse fifty-five of St. Luke's twelfth chapter. "When ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will be heat: *and it cometh to pass.*" The term which answers to our "sirocco" is used of all winds which blow from the desert, from the south to the east. This sirocco comes laden with fine particles of sand, frequently obscures the face of the sun, and is irritating and enervating in its effects. The present writer has had experience of this desert wind upon the northern coast of Africa, and can bear witness how trying it is to the nerves and temper. It is stated that only when the sirocco is blowing does the thermometer in the parts of Palestine most familiar to us as scenes of the three years' ministry ever go above ninety degrees in the shade. That is to say, no normal day ever passed by the Master and His disciples was as hot as was Thursday, September 8th, 1898, at Greenwich. The Psalmist (Psalm lxxviii.

26), in describing the sending of the quails, speaks of the south wind, in connection with the east wind, with admirable accuracy. The birds were probably taking their spring flight northwards, having started from Southern Egypt. Till they crossed the Red Sea, the south wind would naturally speed them on their way. Kibroth-hattaavah, where the Israelites had their spring encampment, was not far from the top of the Gulf of Akabah, and up this gulf it would need an east wind to bring the quails.

The Old Testament curiously reminds us how ancient is the unpopularity of the east wind. The sacred writers seem fully to share the modern aversion. In the whole range of English literature we only recall one notable eulogy on this "ugly duckling" of Nature, and that is Charles Kingsley's spirited ode. It has been plausibly conjectured, by the way, that the keen blasts of his favourite wild north-easter, which the good Canon encountered during his American travels, sowed the seeds of his fatal illness. The east winds referred to by the historians and prophets appear to have been a violent form of sirocco. It was the east wind (Exodus x. 13) which brought the plague of locusts upon the Egyptians. It was by an east wind that the ships of Tarshish were broken (Psalm xlviii. 7), and the ships of Tyre (Ezekiel xxvii. 26). "Their faces are set eagerly as the east wind" (R.V.), says Habakkuk (i. 9) of the hostile Chaldeans. Jeremiah (xviii. 17) takes an east wind as the symbol of Jehovah's punishment of His people, while references to its withering and scorching properties are numerous; from the seven thin ears of wheat of Pharaoh's vision in Egypt, to the sultry blast which helped to afflict Jonah outside the walls of Nineveh. The east wind still breaks at times with terrific violence upon the coasts of Palestine, and the records of victims tell of tents that have been blown down by its fury.



A SIROCCO.

Two main lines of thought remain with us after our comprehensive survey. First, we learn to appreciate the simple trust with which the Hebrew regarded himself as a pensioner for the blessings of favourable seasons and the bounties of Nature upon the goodwill of Jehovah. The Psalmist calls the winds "His messengers" (R.V.), and speaks of "fire and hail, snow and vapour; stormy wind, fulfilling His word." "Which the Lord thy God shall give thee" was the Hebrew's meteorological motto. And Dr. George Adam Smith has recently pointed out with great suggestiveness how remarkably the climate of the Promised Land lent itself to the inculcation of moral and disciplinary ideas. The fact that man owed the very necessaries of existence to the

punctuality of the early and the latter rain, could not fail to foster a sense of dependence upon his Maker. Palestine, with her always possible droughts, earthquakes and locusts, had nothing of the "mechanical regularity" of that Egypt from which Israel came out of bondage. If the Egyptian husbandman was willing to faithfully second the Nile's prodigious effort in the yearly overflow, he could not agriculturally come to much harm. It was otherwise with Jacob, or Barzillai, or Amos.

Many of the Jews of our Lord's day were, as we said, specially keen observers of the face of heaven. Nor were they rebuked for this: it was only a pity, as their Divine Teacher told them, that they did not carry their useful habit of deduction into the spiritual sphere. A real and reverent faith in God as the supreme Controller of Nature need not imply or include the pretty simplicity of the little girl who took her umbrella to church because she had been told that the clergyman was going to pray for rain.

As a matter of fact, the industry and intelligence which modern science has brought to bear upon the human side of weather wisdom has been sadly but beautifully exemplified in this very climate of Palestine. It seems undeniable that the country was less prolific in Gospel times than in the days of the Judges; and this is due to the circumstance that the rainfall has seriously suffered by the destruction of the gigantic forests which were cleared away by Hiram, king of Tyre (1 Kings v.) as a friend, and by Nebuchadnezzar (who boasts of his wood-cutting in one of his vaunting inscriptions), as an enemy. The prophet Habakkuk (ii. 17) pathetically alludes to the violence which had been wrought on Lebanon. And for this "violence" Israel has paid dearly. We have every reason to believe that man has been able, in his short-sightedness and insolence, to alter, and for the worse, the weather even of the earthly home of God's people. The precariousness and deficiency of rainfall, consequent upon the tremendous Carmel and Lebanon depredations, must always keep Palestine from being (as it appears to have promised to Abraham), a country of unexampled fertility. It was only by labour, hard, anxious, but, no doubt, salutary, that the later Hebrews were able to realise that blissful dream which floated, so long ago, before the weary eyes of the Children of the Wandering—a land that flowed with milk and honey.



"SNOW AND STORMY WIND."

OUR ROLL OF HEROIC DEEDS



THE above picture represents a thrilling incident which occurred some years ago at Portland, when three young people rashly essayed to climb a dangerous cliff. They eventually reached a point from which it was impossible for them to proceed or to return, and it was only by the heroic efforts of several men, coupled with the use of chains and ropes, that the children were finally rescued, none the worse for their terrible adventure. Two of the rescuing party—Sansom and Stone by name—were specially commended for the clever foresight of their plan of rescue and the brave manner in which it was carried out.

SARAH'S DELIVERANCE.

By Mrs. Herbert Martin, Author of "Britomart," "Gentleman George," Etc.



It was dusk on a chilly afternoon when, on an order of the Codlington Board of Guardians, an old woman was admitted to the drear hospitality of the workhouse. The order had been given on her showing that the first ten years of her life had been spent in Codlington. Since then sixty odd had passed without her having spent any time in the place of her birth, and all her "folks" were dead and gone long since.

"And how comes a tidy, decent body like you to be upon the rates and wanting to come in the house?" the matron asked with some curiosity, eyeing the shrivelled, bent, though alert and eminently respectable figure of old Sarah Lane, a voluntary applicant for admittance. Women of her sort have to be in the last stage of decay or illness to take refuge in the abhorred house that is never home to anyone. Sarah was dressed in garments of a make at least twenty years old, but her black gown, if threadbare, had an anxious look of well-preserved self-respect which accorded with every detail of the woman's outside, as well as with the half-shamed, yet resolute, self-control of her still comely old face. Long years of honest life and hard labour, of care for others, and the cheerfulness that only comes in age that forgets itself, was stamped on the withered face, giving it that peculiar comeliness which Shakespeare has described as a "winter, frosty but kindly." This beauty of age has nothing in the world to do with feature; old Sarah's nose and chin had become nut-crackers, her teeth had taken their departure, and the thready colour of her complexion only gave hint of a bygone brilliancy no longer brilliant, but still fresh and wholesome. Out of the hollow sockets, however, the blue eyes had still a sort of dim brightness, and the crisp, curly, white hair its own real and distinct beauty. She looked at the matron with the friendly directness of a person who has never been ashamed to front her world. Mrs. Garway was a kindly woman, and did not miss the usual servility which she generally received from her tiny court.

"Well, mum, I bein' too old a woman to take service any more, I've no money to keep me, nor no kin as is bound so

to do. I've worked pretty hard in my days, and it don't seem too much just to ask for my bit and sup in here for the time as is left me. I reckon 't won't be very long, mum; I am only in my seventy-three, but I've done a power of work, for the askin'. But there may be circumstances as alter cases. I've no more call to complain of no one nor they has of me.'

"Well, it's no business of mine, and you've a claim on the rates at your age,



"How comes a tidy, decent body like you to be upon the rates?"—*p.* 809.

and I m feelin' pretty nigh wored out. My 'eart ain't so dreadful strong, I believe. And that's my best comfort, mum, I shan't stay long."

"If you've been a servant all your life, and you look as if you'd been a good one, it's odd as there's no one to keep you," the matron said, looking her over.

A distinct flush reddened the honest old face, and reserve came into the determinedly cheerful voice, which seemed forced not to show feeling.

"Yes, mum, I reckon I've been a good-ish servant; I ain't one like the gals nowadays as seeks a place where the work's put out and the pay's to be 'ad Sarah. I'll see to getting you your clothing."

"There ain't no possibility of my wearin' my own, mum?" Sarah said, with just the hint of a tremble in her voice; "it do seem to make one a bit common to be all turned out just similar."

The matron shook her head. "I must keep to the rules"; and Sarah, strangling a sigh and setting her lips, submitted to be invested in the uniform of her order—no longer an honourable labourer in the great army of independent people, but simply an "aged pauper" in blue-and-white check, coarse apron, and close cap; yet, even in this, the innate

dignity of the poor soul triumphed, and she looked different from the common run of inmates.

"I can't make that old body out," the matron said to her husband that night. "She oughtn't to be in the house, you know; she's just the old-fashioned sort of servant that one would think would never be let come to it."

"Maybe she's a secret drinker or thief," the master said obtusely. Twenty years' management of a workhouse had not given or left him much faith in pauper nature, and he was of harder stuff than his wife, though not so callous as such officials often are.

"She's no *drinker*, at any rate," Mrs. Garway returned emphatically; "bless me! if they can deceive my eyes, they can't my nose. Tea and cold water are her drinks, or I am a Dutchwoman: as to thieving, of course, I can't say. She *may* be, but she don't look it: there ain't many thieves as will stare you straight in the eyes, as she does."

"It seems a pity she's come to this, for there ain't too many of the old-fashioned kind left, and one'd think they might be looked after."

"There must be something wrong about a woman who's got no friends."

"Or maybe with her friends," the matron returned.

In the morning, when she looked old Sarah in the face, she perceived easily enough that the new inmate of Codlington Workhouse had had no sleep: the worn and weary look and reddened heavy old eyes told their tale of wakefulness and weeping, secret but bitter.

"You don't look as if you'd had a good night," the matron said kindly; "aren't you well, Sarah?"

"Oh, yes, mum, thank you, I'm well enough, but none so peart: I couldn't get off somehow—'t was the strangeness, I reckon. And that old lady in the corner groaned fearful: I had to get up to see what ailed her."

"Oh, she?" Mrs. Garway said, with a half-contemptuous glance, "she's always groaning, there's nothing the matter with her: I'm sorry you could not rest."

"Oh, it ain't no consequence at all, mum," the old woman answered quickly, as if surprised; "a bad night ain't nothing"

"Well, I hope you'll get on better, Sarah. I'm short of help in the kitchen: would you rather be there or in the washhouse?"

"Oh, in the kitchen, please, mum," the woman answered, with a brightened look. "I ain't a bad hand at cooking—not but what I can wash—but I'd rather cook; and if there's sewing or knitting to fill up, mum, I ain't one of them as wants to laze; my eyes be a bit gone for fine sewing, but I can see fairly well yet, and I'm a quick knitter."

"I see," Mrs. Garway said, smiling, "you're one of the old sort—they're getting scarce—who can do most things."

"Well, mum," Sarah rejoined with modest pride, "I 'ave set my 'and to most things 'cept booklarnin'; I can just make shift to read a chapter and write my name large, but I wasn't born in these days, when the children larn just a scurrock of everything 'cept how to keep a house clean and comfortubble, and to patch their clothes."

"Well, you come along into the kitchen, and we'll see; but there isn't much fine cooking wanted here, Sarah."

Sarah distinguished herself in the cooking department till, the hot fire suddenly proving too hard for her, she dropped one day fainting on to a chair.

"It's been too hard for you," the matron said, as she took her into her room and revived her; "I'm afraid you're a little past work, Sarah; I'll be bound you've done over your share of it."

"Don't say I'm past work, mum," Sarah implored piteously, "I just couldn't live without it: it keeps one off the thinking."

"Well, but why should you mind thinking," Mrs. Garway asked in a virtuous tone, "if, as I should hope, you've led a good, useful life and are looking forward to your rest?"

Old Sarah regarded her for a moment or two in silence, with rather a queer expression.

"Well, mum," she said slowly, after this little pause, "it might strike you so naterally. I hope as I've led a useful good sort of life, but I didn't expect just to end it like this; and as for rest, restin's all very well in its way, for them as likes it, but I never was one for restin'; give me a good day's work and strength to do it with—that's what suits *me*. I'm dreadful sorry as I can't keep up the kitchen work; I ain't reg'lar worn out yet, but I'm a bit past my best, and my 'eart werries me

by times. Maybe, mum, you'd let me help with the babies; I could do that."

"Yes, to be sure you could, Sarah. But they're all poor little creatures here, born in sorrow, as a rule, and destined to misery."

The good old face flushed with indignant pain. "Lor' bless me, mum," she cried, forgetting she was a pauper speaking to a mistress, "don't go for to say that on 'em, the poor blessed crayters! They don't have nothing to say to the way they comes, and, if they ain't got any good fathers here, they've their Father in heaven. I'd love to give 'em a bit of mothering: I was always desp'rate fond of babbies."

So Sarah was transferred from the kitchen to the mothers' ward—a dismal nursery for those babies who get scant justice and less tenderness in this world, but who, for a brief space, under old Sarah's wing, had their hour of cosseting and fondness, while, unfortunately, they were too young to know what they were enjoying.

When she went into the mothers' ward that cold December day, she looked about her with a pitiful sense of contrast with the nurseries where she had reigned before. A fine genial fire behind an iron grating was the only point of resemblance: here were no low, cosy chairs on which to sit and let the baby lie at ease on the soft knees made warm with flannel; here were no nursery luxuries, only clean scrubbed boards, bare whitewashed walls, an uneasy wooden chair or two, and the beds side by side. There were two mothers here and three children. One woman, a respectable wife, though miserably poor, ill-treated first, and then deserted, by her lord and master, with her wretched puny infant of a month, wailing at being forced to take up its tale of woe in a world that had been cruel to its mother and promised to be more cruel to it. A child of three, also belonging to the same woman, stunted in its growth, not yet attempting either to talk or walk, with an old pathetic face, the black eyes looking with wondering sadness upon all it knew of life. The other mother, a servant of the poorer sort, had married improvidently, and, losing her home, felt the puny, pretty little girl born to her nothing but a misfortune.

Nobody had looked lovingly on any of the babies then in Codlington Workhouse till old Sarah came and, bending over the hopeless-looking Mrs. White as she sat drooping over the puny object feebly whimpering and fidgeting on her lap, took it bodily from her with the experienced grasp of one used to generations of babies, and hushed it against her breast. It ceased its forlorn wail as if charmed, and the old woman, moving softly from one foot to another to keep it soothed by the swing of her frail figure, had leisure to look about her. She regarded the mother with kindly compassion touched with contempt for her evident "weak-sperritedness." "Eh," she said, as she patted the baby lying against her shoulder with a pat for every word spoken, "it's a pore little crater: you'll heve luck if you rares it."

"I shan't never," the woman whined, turning the dull hopelessness of her eyes to the face that was above her, "'t ain't likely. And if it's took, it'll be a mercy, too."

"Don't say it, woman," Sarah said sharply. "If there's one thing as I can't abear 't is to hear a mother talk so of her own flesh and blood!"

"Oh, I don't wish 'un dead," the other went on, unmoved by the indignation, as she was by anything short of actual violence. "Now it's come—wuss luck!—I'd rayther it lived than not: one don't wish 'em dead when one's got 'em, only that they'd never been borned. But I know I wun't live: I've buried five—all but that poor cratur there, as ain't like to grow up with its senses. I was terrible bad used before she was borned; the wonder was 't was alive: it's a pity it was."

"It's a pity any of 'em is alive," cried a voice, weak yet shrill with pain, from the bed where the girl mother lay, too weak yet to sit up. "I wish this'n was dead and safe in 'eaven, for it's a misery alive—or I wish I was dead, I do," and she broke out into miserable crying.

Old Sarah went up and sat on the bed beside her, still holding the child she had quieted with one hand; with the other she put down the bedclothes and looked tenderly on the tiny downy red thing beside the girl mother.

"Now, don't you be so wicked, lass," she said, but gently enough. "There's them as love the pretty dears, ah! and if

you'd let yourself you'd find you love it, too. The Queen's baby couldn't be perfecter, when it's clean and sweet asleep like that, pore dear! with its bit of a fist doubled, as if it wanted to fight for itself as no one else wouldn't."

"What shall I do with it?" sobbed the girl, turning her hot tear-dabbled face away on the coarse pillow. "I'd be good to it if I could: I ain't wantin' to do it no 'arm, but how am I goin' to keep myself and it too? There ain't no one to 'elp me, nor to work for me."

"Well, well," Sarah said, "I'm real sorry for you: things do go hard for gells like you."

"Ay! you may say that, missus: I've never 'ad no chance. I was sent out to service from the 'ouse only twelve years old, and my first missus was good to me till 'er caught me eatin' of her cake. I know I didn't oughter, but I was only a little 'un then, and 'ungry: then 'er sent me packin', and then—then"—she hid her face, sobbing—"I married the wrong sort—I didn't seem some'ow as if I knowed 'ow to take care o' myself. I was forced to go in the 'ouse and the baby come. Oh! I was that bad I very nearly died. I wish now as I had, for I can't get no strength: and if I do, what am I to do with the baby? I knows it's wicked—I s'pose I am wicked—but it's 'ard not to wish it dead."

Sarah put her hand over the girl's trembling mouth, but tenderly. "Hush, hush, my lass! Stop frettin' now, or you'll make the child ill, and you must love it, you know, and not wish it dead Poor lamb! but it ain't no blame to it: and you must bear your sorrows and try to be good, and the dear Lord will pity you—so long as you're good to the baby as is born into a world it'll find too full o' troubles, I'm afeared, without *you* ill-wishin' it. You was a poor ignorant gell as didn't have much chance."

She stooped to kiss the sleeping child with a tenderness that no one had given it yet. From that day she cared for and tended poor little Ann, insensibly teaching in her homely way, as the girl had never been taught before, lessons of womanly care and kindness, all the easier to learn from one only a little removed from her own class.



Old Sarah sat beside the girl mother.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CHURCH LIFE IN CANADA.

By Our Special Commissioner.



(Photo: William Notman and Son, Montreal.)

THE WESLEYAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.



THE REV. DR. SHAW.
(Photo: A. G. Walford, Montreal.)

OF Canada's population of five millions two-fifths are not of the Protestant faith. That is a fundamental fact which must be fully discounted before attempting to form any ideas concerning the activity and success of the British Churches in our largest colony. Of the two million Roman Catholics, however, fully two-thirds are in the province of Quebec, where, as is well-known, they have an overwhelming preponderance.

Bearing this fact in mind, Canada can be conveniently treated as a whole in relation to its religious life. The organisation of the three principal Churches—the Anglican, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist—is co-extensive with the Dominion. Religious federation may to some extent be said to have followed in the wake of political federation, the Presbyterians becoming united in 1875, and the Methodists in 1883. The Methodists are united in a sense other than geographical, and in point of numbers have obtained the premier position. The Presbyterians follow rather closely, the Church of England comes third, and the Baptists are a long way behind in the fourth place.*

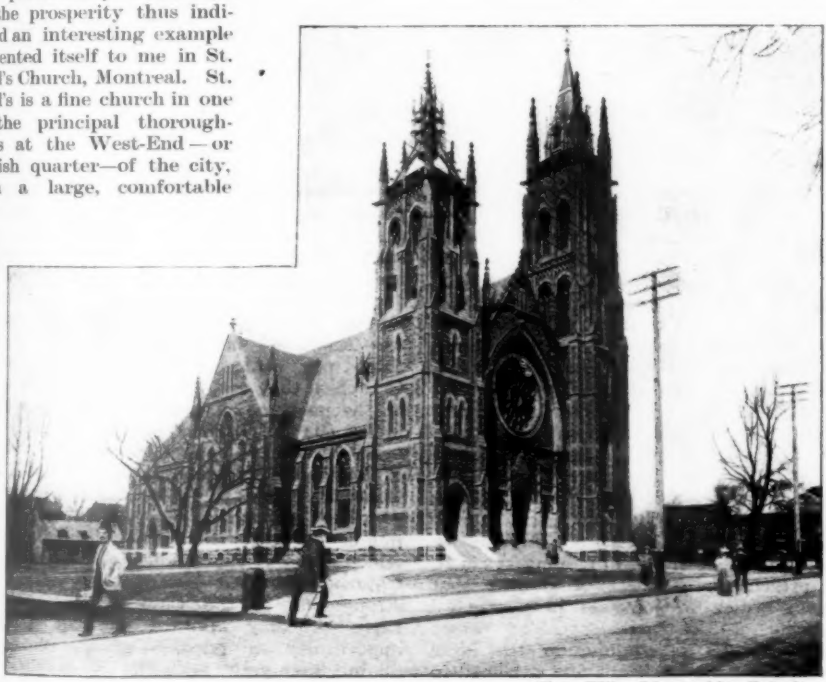
At the same time, it would be admitted, I think, by leading men in all denominations, that, in reality, Presbyterianism at present exercises the strongest influence on the national life of Canada. As Dr. Shaw, the Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College, put it to me, "The Presbyterian Church contains by far the largest proportion of the culture and wealth of the Dominion." In the allegiance of high officials and influential politicians, the leaders in commerce and the professions, it would seem to enjoy an advantage which usually

* The exact figures, according to the last census, are as follows:—Methodists, 847,755; Presbyterians, 755,326; Anglicans, 646,059; Baptists, 393,839.

belongs to the Church of England. In connection with all the principal Universities of Canada there are Presbyterian colleges, which have gained pre-eminence for the number and success of their students, whilst the Presbyterian pulpits enjoy a reputation for scholarship and learning, if not for eloquence, which, generally speaking, those of no other Church can claim. On the other hand, the financial prosperity which is associated with Presbyterianism is largely devoted to its advancement; rich members freely give of their riches. The Canadian Presbyterians raised for various purposes last year considerably over £430,000, the average contribution of each family being thirty-two dollars and fifty-five cents, or about £6 10s.

In walking about Canadian towns, one of the things which most impress a stranger is the handsome solidity of the buildings devoted to public worship. Only brick and stone are used, and in architectural design and finish the churches challenge comparison with the best of the buildings devoted to secular purposes. This is more or less true of the edifices of all the principal denominations, but the external attractiveness of the Presbyterian churches – due to liberal donations to building funds –is particularly noticeable. Of the prosperity thus indicated an interesting example presented itself to me in St. Paul's Church, Montreal. St. Paul's is a fine church in one of the principal thoroughfares at the West-End – or British quarter—of the city, with a large, comfortable manse attached, where I made the acquaintance of Dr. Barclay, the present pastor, one of the ablest of many able representatives of Presbyterianism in the province of Quebec. From the particulars with which he kindly furnished me I learned that St. Paul's had a membership of 670, and an income of over £4,000. The congregation not only paid their pastor the liberal stipend of nearly £1,500, but also a pension of £400 to his predecessor, who now resides in England. In connection with the church are carried on a mission to the Chinese in Montreal, a mission and mission club in a poor French quarter of the city, a Dorcas Society, and a circle of "King's Daughters"—the young ladies' organisation so widely spread in the United States and Canada for various benevolent objects. For these and other purposes an additional amount of nearly £3,000 was raised by the congregation. There are seventeen other churches in Montreal belonging to the Presbyterians, and although St. Paul's is the richest of them all, none can be said to feel the pinch of poverty.

The Church of England, I believe, finds much greater difficulty in raising the funds



(*Photo: William Notman and Son, Montreal.*)

ST. JAMES'S METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.

necessary for the efficient carrying on of its work. By some people it is thought that the diocesan method of organisation of many of the present clergy. It is said that the Canadians are wedded to simplicity in their church services, and that



(Photo: W. J. Topley, Ottawa.)

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, OTTAWA, IN WINTER.
(From the Government House.)

in a country like Canada is not the best adapted to the full development of its resources. There are two provinces, having seventeen dioceses, and three independent sees. In some of these dioceses the Church is is extremely weak in proportion to the population; in the diocese of Montreal, for instance, it numbers only seven per cent. of the inhabitants, whilst in the diocese of British Columbia but little more than £4,000 could be raised last year for Church objects. These dioceses can obtain little assistance from those in which the Church is much stronger, such as Ontario and Toronto, and are obliged to appeal for help from English societies. Such criticism of its organisation may or may not be well founded. But the Church of England in Canada, although slightly gaining ground, has at present no prospect of gaining that supremacy which it possesses in nearly all other parts of the English-speaking world by drawing into its communion the large residue of the population not now attached to any denomination. Another reason you hear given is the increasing Ritualistic tendencies they resent the innovations which influential prelates in recent years have introduced.

At the same time, the Church, as I have said, can claim a slight gain, whilst Presbyterianism would seem to be almost stationary. During the decade 1881-91 the population of Canada increased by eleven per cent., whilst the Anglicans increased by twelve and a third per cent. Like the other British Churches, they are, of course, most numerous in the province of Ontario, more particularly in the city of Toronto. In comparison with other Protestant bodies, however, the Church of England is strongest in Quebec and British Columbia, these being, indeed, the only two provinces in which they have the largest number of adherents. The city of Ottawa, which is on the borders of Quebec and Ontario, must be regarded as one of the strongholds of the Church, and my stay there probably afforded me as good an opportunity as possible of practically acquainting myself with its work. Of the population of the Federal capital, about 19,000—or not quite one-half—are Protestants,

and with nearly 8,000 the Church of England has the largest proportion of this number. Two years ago Ottawa became the centre of a new diocese, Dr. Charles Hamilton becoming the first bishop.

The story of the new see is one of the brightest chapters in the history of the Canadian Church. The endowment is about £11,000, and this amount was mostly collected within the diocese by the Rev. Canon Hannington in the course of eighteen months. Every parish and mission, and almost every family, contributed to the fund, which was largely made up of small sums of one dollar and upwards. Since its foundation three new missions have been started in the diocese, and the year's mission fund had a surplus of about £250. This record of successful effort is partly due to the organising skill of Canon Hannington, and partly to the energy and earnestness of the new bishop. In the first year of office Dr. Hamilton went all over the diocese, which is about three hundred miles long and seventy-five miles wide, holding confirmations and other services in each parish church and mission room. The bishop's cathedral was the parish church of Ottawa, but, judging from the zeal which animates the Ottawa Churchmen, it cannot be very long before the capital of the Dominion has a new cathedral. Besides the cathedral *pro tem.*, there are seven Episcopal churches in the city of Ottawa.

Of the position of the Church of England generally in Canada we obtain an interesting glimpse from the Primate, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, in his opening address to the sexennial General Synod, which was held at Winnipeg in September, 1896. Dr. Machray's principal theme was the withdrawal, actual or contemplated, of the support given by English societies to the work of the Church of England in Canada. In reference to a resolution of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Dr. Machray spoke as follows:—

"In fact, but for the magnificent aid of that society, the Church of England in Canada would to-day have been small indeed. But neither the Dominion of Canada nor the Church of England in the Dominion are yet in that unified condition that they can with accuracy and reality be spoken of and dealt with as the resolution of the society implies. There is no doubt one Government and one Parliament for the Dominion and one General Synod of the Church; but practically our Dominion consists of various jurisdictions, each with its own feelings and interests; and the Church is a consolidation of dioceses, each with its own individual funds, aims, and efforts. Even if Churchmen in Canada have the ability to do what the society expects, those who are acquainted with the real condition of things must feel that it will take a considerable time to bring out that ability. . . . The needs over the whole country in every diocese are so great as to give for some time—I am inclined to say—no hope of the Church being able to grapple with the pressing needs of the young settlements in the North-West."

Dr. Machray spoke thus from an experience of over thirty years in Manitoba. After a distinguished career at the Universities of Aberdeen and Cambridge, and some years' experience of parish work in England, Dr. Machray was appointed Bishop of Rupert's Land, which comprises the whole of Manitoba and some part of Ontario in 1865, and now occupies his present position as head of the Church in Canada by right of seniority.

The relations between the different Churches in Canada are, as a rule, I am told, fairly cordial, although there is comparatively little



(Photo: Sproule and O'Connor, Ottawa.)

THE REV. CANON HANNINGTON.

union for the promotion of common objects. The Presbyterians and the Anglicans are probably in the greatest sympathy with each other, sharing as they do so much of the culture and wealth of the country. The Wesleyans, on the other hand, compel the admiration of all other bodies if only by the great success with which they maintain their hold upon the

masses. To this success conclusive testimony is borne in various ways. At the last numbering of the people, for instance, it was found that the Methodists had increased by fourteen per cent. in ten years, or three per cent. more than the population. In 1896 a census of church attendance was taken at Toronto. The figures came out as follows:—Population of the city, 200,000; church accommodation, 112,852; morning attendance, 60,171; evening attendance, 63,820. Total attendance, 123,991, divided among the principal denominations as follows:—Methodists, 36,655; Presbyterians, 25,647; Church of England, 21,916; Baptists, 10,074; Roman Catholics, 14,703.

These figures were given to me, I may add, not merely as showing the strength of Methodism in Ontario, but also the comparative excellence of Canadians in church-going. These figures, in this respect, were said to be typical of the towns generally. On the other hand, in Montreal and other places under French influence there is a latitude in Sunday observance which could not be matched in the United Kingdom.

But although the Methodist Church is the Church of the masses, it shows an unbounded enthusiasm for education, and the deficient culture of some part of its ministry will have few heirs. There are now twelve Methodist colleges, connected with the Universities, and attended by more than 2,000 students. These colleges are under the control of the General Conference, which is representative of eight local Conferences. The simple, elastic form of government by "Conference" has, it is thought, greatly favoured the spread of Methodism over the immense territories of Canada. On the other hand, it has been found expedient to make one important modification in the English system of changing pulpits every three years. By a two-thirds' vote a congregation can extend their pastor's term to five years. This concession on the part of



(Photo: W. J. Topley, Ottawa.)

CHRIST CHURCH, OTTAWA.

conservative Methodists was made four years ago. It has been largely availed of in towns and villages alike, but it is at present rather too soon for anything to be said as to its results.

The Baptists and Congregationalists, although so much smaller in numbers, have not the unity of the Methodist organisation. There are two Baptist Conventions, one for Ontario and Quebec, and another for the Maritime Provinces, and three Congregational Unions, comprising Ontario and Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories. The Baptists have gained an exceptionally strong hold upon the Maritime Provinces, by which name Canadians usually refer to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. In these provinces, indeed, they occupy second place to the Presbyterians; they have 169,000 adherents, and of this number nearly a third have been brought into active membership of their churches. In the provinces of Ontario and Quebec the number of adherents is much less, but they are ministered to by a larger number of pastors, and consequently the effective strength of the denomination is much greater. Canadian Baptists are not increasing in numbers, and, as was frankly admitted to me by one of their representatives, for some time to come all their energies are likely to be required in securing and maintaining the ground which they have already won.

The Congregationalists form so small a body in Canada that, having regard to their numbers only, one might totally ignore them in any general review of religious life in the Dominion. But although they form only a fraction of the population, the thirty thousand Congregationalists and their one hundred and twenty-four churches exercise an influence in the community, I believe, out of all proportion to these numbers. For one thing, their churches are to be found in all the centres of population, and in the larger towns they are generally represented by men of exceptional ability in the pulpit and on the platform. In Montreal, for example, I met the Rev. W. H. Warriner, who combines the pastorate of Zion Chapel with a lectureship in the Congregational College of Canada, which is attached to the University of that city. I had heard of Professor Warriner as a man of the most pleasing personality and large intellectual power, and in my half-hour's interview with him he fully confirmed this good report. Professor Warriner spoke with natural pride of the historic part which Congregationalism had taken in the development of Canada, and this feeling gives its ministry generally, I fancy, an inspiration which goes far to make up for any feeling of weakness arising from small numbers.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF RUPERTSLAND.

(Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.)

According to Professor Warriner, Congregationalism in Canada is influenced much less by secular movements than it is in England. All the same, it has helped to pioneer the growing interest of the Canadian Churches in social questions, although, to use his own words, it has never deviated from its primary purpose of "preaching the Gospel." Up to the present this widening interest has been chiefly devoted to legislation against the drink traffic, and questions relating to education, such as that arising out of the Separate Schools Act in Manitoba. But signs are not wanting that, as in England, labour questions may soon find their way into the pulpit. Trade unions have recently addressed communications to Church of England synods and similar assemblies, and have received more or less sympathetic replies. It is to be noted, however, that nothing like political partisanship has so far entered into Church life. Party spirit is probably stronger in Canada than in any of our colonies, but Liberals and Conservatives are to be found indifferently among Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists.

In all spheres of Canadian life the influence

of the United States is to be found, and that of the Churches is no exception to the rule. American tricks of speech are to be



(Photo: Tait and Morris-n, Innamincville, Ontario.)

THE REV. PROFESSOR WARRINER.

heard in the pulpit: American methods of organisation are to be seen in the congregation. Some of the smaller sects, such as the Disciples and the Adventists, are in close communion with their brethren in the United States. In a few cases Canadian pulpits are recruited from among American preachers, but many more young men, after graduating for the ministry in the Dominion, obtain their life-work in the United States. This is because the Canadian theological colleges, as a whole, send forth more young men of great talent and promise than can find congenial spheres of employment in their own country. In several religious societies, too, there is much intercourse between the Republic and the Dominion, notably in the Epworth Society of Christian Endeavour, which unites many thousands of young people in the Wesleyan Churches of both countries. At important church gatherings there are usually deputations conveying "cordial greetings" from fraternal bodies "across the lines." Considering the animosity which is always ready to break out between these two important sections of English-speaking people, such intercourse between the English Churches of Canada and the United States has probably considerable political value.

There are two distinctive features of the work of the Churches in Canada to which special reference must be made — French evangelisation and missions to the aborigines still forming a large part of the population in the North-West. The four leading Protestant Churches are all engaged in the endeavour to draw the people of Quebec to their faith, and the following extracts from their respective reports for 1894 will be read with interest:—

	Mission Stations.	Workers.	Expenditure.
Presbyterians . . .	36	73	38,300
Baptists	15	31	20,423
Church of England .	5	13	12,342
Methodists	7	13	11,578
Total	63	130	82,652

It will be seen that in this work the Baptists, although fourth in membership and resources, occupy the second place. As was only to be expected in such a movement, however, there is the most cordial feeling between the four Churches, which are careful not to encroach on each other's sphere of work, and a weekly paper, *L'Aurore*, is the organ of all the missions. I could not gather, however, either from the printed reports or from personal inquiry that this evangelising movement had so far met with any striking success. No adequate effort has been made to overcome the first difficulty—that of language. Dr. John Ker, a well-known Episcopalian in the Montreal diocese, declared, in reference to his own Church, that "no effort has been made to learn French. What is the result?—disastrous in every way, politically and religiously." In his opinion, there was not likely to be much improvement until French is made a compulsory subject in the Diocesan College. The words of an old Presbyterian pastor are much to the same effect:—

"The difficulties of another language have been allowed to stand in the way of leading our French countrymen and neighbours to share our greater privileges and blessings. If I were beginning work again, I should learn the language of the majority. I believe that every English minister should be able to speak to his French fellow-countrymen of 'the wonderful things of God' in their own tongue."

On the other hand, the Baptists are said to have shown greater wisdom in the matter, and this may account for the comparatively large share which they have taken in the movement.

In respect to the Indian missions in Manitoba and the North-West Territories the last ten years are said to have seen great progress on the part of the Presbyterians, the Methodists and the Church of England alike. The work of one or two Episcopal dioceses newly created in this period is almost entirely a missionary work to the Indians and the Chinese, whilst

the income of the Presbyterian Church in the same cause has trebled. Mission stations and mission schools have been so multiplied that one or two tribes in the southern part of the diocese of Selkirk are said by the bishop "to be almost the only unevangelised Indians yet remaining in the Canadian Dominion." The results of this activity on the part of the Churches have been strikingly summed up in the last annual report of the Presbyterian Missions Committee. "Ten years ago," say the Committee, "Western Canada was plunged into the horrors of civil war through an Indian rebellion; now there is such a good understanding between whites and Indians that not only is another outbreak impossible, but even the hardest-working agitator can hardly raise an 'Indian scare' worth a headline in the newspapers. Ten years ago on Sabbath hunting, fishing, and any other kind of work and diversion went on, on many reserves, as on any other day: now on these reserves there are churches well-filled with devout worshippers. . . . Ten years ago they refused to listen to the missionary; now they welcome him, and although they do not all follow his teachings, there are among them many devoted Christians."

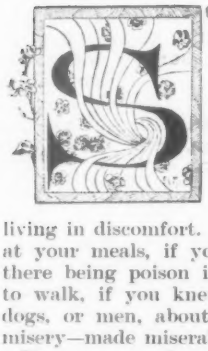


(Photo: Steele and Co., Winnipeg.)

KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

"DON'T BE AFRAID OF GOD."

By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., Author of "The Oiled Feather," Etc.



OME people's religion is all, or almost all, "fear"—it consists chiefly in being afraid—afraid of God. This kind of religion is both uncomfortable and unprofitable. Living in a state of continual fear must be living in discomfort. Imagine the discomfort at your meals, if you were always afraid of there being poison in them; or of going out to walk, if you knew that there were mad dogs, or men, about. Your life would be a misery—made miserable by fear.

No one can imagine that the Emperor Domitian's exercise was very pleasant, although the man made it his boast that he had steeled his face against a rush; yet from fear of assassination he had the ends of the corridor in which he took exercise lined with polished marble to reflect the image of anyone behind him.

And yet some people have good cause enough to fear. I don't say to them, "Don't be afraid." I say to them, "Be afraid"—and a great deal more so than you are. Be afraid morning, noon, and night, for you have cause enough for "fear." I, for one, shan't think the worse of you for being afraid—on the contrary, I shall have a much higher opinion of your good sense.

You have to do with One whom you know *only* as a *Holy* God; and you do know Him as that; and because you know Him to be holy, and yourself to be unholy, therefore you are afraid of Him.

I don't wonder at it. It is quite right. His holiness and your unholiness can never be made to match, or dwell together; and you are afraid that, as a Holy Judge, He will condemn unholy you. It is not a very comfortable religion that goes no farther than that; and beyond that, apart from Christ, you cannot go.

But suppose that matters are worse: that you are at enmity with God, that you don't want Him to rule over you, that you won't obey Him—then, my friend, I say to you, "Be afraid"; for good cause have you for fear. You have a very determined enemy to deal with—a very powerful one—One who will not trifle in this matter; One whose mind is made up to bring this matter to a point with you, some day, when it shall be determined who is master—He or you; whose will shall be law—His or yours. Oh, be afraid, I say, with all your might and main; for if it come to this with you, you will come fearfully off at last.

So now, while I say to some, "Be afraid," there are others to whom I would say, "Don't be afraid." There is a great deal of fear which is dishonouring to God; there is nothing in God of which the one in union with Christ Jesus His Son need be afraid.

There is that all-important attribute of God—His holiness. You need not be afraid of that. We are to reverence, admire, adore, and humbly try to imitate in this matter, but not to fear.

If man were in himself a holy man, he would never dream of being afraid of the holiness of God. Adam was a holy man until he fell, and he was not afraid of the Holy God; it was when he sinned, and by disobedience became unholy, that he became afraid. "I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid" (Genesis iii. 10). And now, because we know and feel that we are unholy, we are afraid. We think God cannot love such an unholy creature, God cannot like him, God cannot have him with Him. God must punish him—put him away from Him, not let him enter heaven, be His enemy now and evermore.

And if there be no help for a man from the outside, the more he knows of his unholiness the more must he fear God—and, I am afraid, the more he will hate Him too. It is a natural feeling, a feeling arising from the badness of a man's nature, to hate and dislike the one he has injured; and we feel that we have injured God, and by the badness of our nature we dislike Him on this very account.

Now, how are we to get over this feeling that would so naturally make us afraid of God? *We* could not get over it, but *God* gets over it for us. He speaks to us. He says, "I hate your unholiness—all your uncleanness"; but He says, "I do not hate *you*: I will not the death of a sinner; I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but would rather that he turned from his iniquity and lived." So, then, it is plain He has no enmity to us, apart from our sin. If you could suddenly separate a man from his sins, that man would not be touched, no matter how thickly God's thunderbolts fell around.

God says, "I will so separate you from your sin that you need have no fear that I

will hurt you; you need not be afraid of coming close to Me, or of My drawing very near to you."

It was for this purpose that Christ died—that sin might be put away from man. God wanted to draw man back to Himself; but He must put away the man's guilt. And He did it. Jesus, by His will, made Himself an offering for sin, once for all. God has put away the sin of every man who becomes one with Christ, and is accounted as dead and raised with Him. There is now no condemnation to him that believes, and who shows his belief is true by his walk, who walks not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

Christ is not afraid of God—in Him is no sin; if there were any sin in Him, He would be very much afraid of God, so much afraid that not only would He not wish to stay at God's right hand, but He would not wish to stay in Heaven at all.

As He is, so (blessed be His name!) are we. We are one with Him, and He with us; and so we may have "boldness" and "access" unto God through Him.

Therefore, never let thoughts of the great holiness of God make you afraid. Fear is not the proper emotion. Let it make us self-abased, and humble, and tender-hearted; and let it make us admire, and adore, but let it not make us afraid. If we fall at the feet of the One with the white robe, as though we were dead, He stretches out His right hand, and lifts our feeble, frightened nature, and says, "Fear not."

The feeling that we should have about our Father in Heaven is to rejoice that He is holy—that He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Holiness is happiness; and if He had the least flaw in His holiness, there must be a flaw in His own happiness, and in the happiness which He can confer on us for ever. That is why He will make me perfectly holy—"without holiness no man shall see the Lord." If He were imperfect Himself, He must leave me imperfect somewhere for ever; and with that imperfection misery in some form or other would come. I should be more afraid of an unholy man than of a holy God.

But what about my sins—my past sins, my present sins? God has provided perfectly with reference to these; the guilt He puts away when Christ is accepted by you as the One to bear it for you. Then there is His teaching; His discipline. Yet there is a sense in which we might tell people to be afraid to bring down upon themselves the chastening hand of God. But what I am anxious about is that we should not then be afraid of Him as an enemy; but love Him, and submit ourselves to Him as a Father.



"Father, it is dark! take my hand."—*p.* 824.

Therefore, when you feel that you have sinned, come to God as your Father. Come to Him in confidence—come to Him with shame, indeed—but with blessed assurance. Fear would drive you away from Him—even in times of guilt, let love draw you to Him.

If the poor prodigal had allowed fear to rule in his heart, he would never have returned to his father and said, "Father, I have sinned"—he would never have received the kiss, the robe, the ring; we should have

heard nothing of the music and singing, and the killing of the fatted calf.

Let us not, if we have given ourselves to Christ, by the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit, be afraid of God as a Judge.

This is one way in which ungodly men are afraid of God—that is, when they think soberly of the position in which they are. If the Judgment were certainly near at hand—say, at the end of the year, or nearer still, in a week or month—they would be very much afraid; but now, as it is some way off, they do not think about it. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil" (Ecclesiastes viii. 2). They have cause enough to be afraid of the Judgment and the Judge; but the man who is one with Christ has none. His sin is put away: the punishment which fell once so heavily on Jesus will not fall again on him.

The mighty power of God! That is something for those who are not reconciled to Him in Christ to be afraid of. That power will be exercised against them, and not for them; and no doubt it will be a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. But so far from being afraid of God's strength, we may take hold of it: "Let him take hold of My strength, that he may make peace with Me; and he shall make peace with Me" (Isaiah xxvii. 5). All God's mighty power is for us—we are depending upon it. It would be a dreadful thing if we had not it on our behalf. It never will—it never can—hurt us. Whenever we are afraid of anything, then the best way to get rid of our fear is to bring God into it as our friend. "Mine enemies" said the Psalmist in Psalm lvi., "would daily swallow me up: for they be many who fight against me, O Thou most High. What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

A father said that his little girl, who was much afraid of the dark, slept at night in a crib beside his bed. Often had he been awakened during the night by a little voice saying, "Papa, it is dark! It's dark, papa! Take Nellie's hand." And when in answer he had taken hold of the lifted hand, she sank quietly to sleep, all her fear being taken away. And the child's being reassured by the father did that father good; for when he remembered her pleading voice, in the times of his own trouble and distress, he bethought him that he too had a Father to whom he could lift his hand and say, "Father, it is dark! take my hand!"

Some people, perhaps, think that, if fear be removed, men will not be afraid of sinning, and they will not care for obedience. But this is a mistake. Something stronger than fear has taken its place; and that is love.

"Perfect love casteth out fear; for fear hath torment." That man who loves will have a new kind of fear—a blessed, tender, holy, loving fear, which will make him do and leave undone, as the case may be, what fear, working only upon his hard heart, would never have accomplished.

We know what that kind of fear is which makes us shrink from grieving or offending those we love. We are not afraid of their punishing us or hurting us—perhaps they have no power of doing so—all that they can do is silently and grievingly to bear the wrong; but our love would make us say in our common way of expression, "I am afraid to do so-and-so, for it will grieve So-and-so"; we love too much to grieve—at least, willingly.

And so love takes the place of fear, and more than does its work: love works with the grain, and not against it. We love Him because He first loved us, and the love of Christ constraineth us. The man whose law of life with God is not fear, but love, knows as well as anyone that God is an awful God, and that He is One to be terribly afraid of if He enters into judgment with man; but he also knows that "love" leads beyond "fear"—that, God having first loved him, he in turn loves God: and without taking away one scrap from the fact that God is in Himself a God greatly to be feared, he says, "My fear is swallowed up in love."

Yes, God is not changed by the relationship between Him and us being one of love, not fear. He is still in Himself as awful, as much to be dreaded in His anger against sin, and His power and determination to punish it, as ever; let the relationship of love but grow again, and the relationship of fear will come out clearer: as love recedes, fear will come to the front. When we get out of the law of love, we immediately get within the sphere of the law of fear. Perfect love casts out fear; but fear, though cast out, has not lost its vitality, it is only superseded; let what superseded it depart, and it will come in again.

But God grant that we give it no place—that we may be able to say to it, "We do not want you as a working principle of our life; we can do without you what we could never have done with you. We obey, we reverence, we confess, we try, we worship, we adore—but not because we are afraid, but because we love. The liberty of Christ is liberty from fear; and "if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

"Man Proposes."

By Alan St. Aubyn, Author of "A Fellow of Trinity," Etc.

HE was the "Master of Modern Languages" at a country grammar school. He was a German by birth. It was rumoured that he came of a noble family: that if he cared to do so, he could call himself Baron—Baron Von Hengel. His stipend at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School was exactly one hundred pounds a year, and he earned something more, another fifty perhaps, by private teaching.

He could scarcely call himself Baron on one hundred and fifty pounds a year: he preferred to be known as Herr Von Hengel.

He was already married when he came to Meldreth, which was the pity of it. A handsome, genial fellow, kind-hearted and sweet-natured, he might have had his pick among the girls in Meldreth: there were two or three girls worth marrying, to say nothing of widows; he could have married a fortune with his good looks and his title.

His wife was not good enough for him, everyone agreed—a commonplace little thing, short and sallow and dark-haired, with no features or complexion to speak of; and she could not speak one word of English.

People discovered she was *gauche* and ill-mannered; no one could understand his choice. An idea came to be entertained in Meldreth that he had married beneath him. Perhaps he had Mrs. Von Hengel, as she was called, was certainly not descended from a noble family; she was *bourgeoise* in appearance, and she was shy and silent among strangers. She did not get on well with the ladies of Meldreth. A plain, dowdy little German woman who couldn't speak English fluently was no addition to Meldreth society.

After her first baby was born she gave up society altogether; she was no longer in anyone's way. She could not leave her baby, she said. She made the excuse so often that at last people left off asking her. But they did not leave off asking the Baron, and he went alone. He was a capital musician, a man of culture, and he could talk well on any subject.

People had no patience, no sympathy with his infatuation for the plain little woman. His devotion to his wife was almost an object of derision; it became in time a by-word. It had not abated, it had rather increased, when three children had been born in that poor household. There was only one little servant kept. Anna was the willing drudge of the family. She was toiling from morning till night for her husband and children. She could never do enough for them. Her love could only take one form. It found expression in service. She had no room in her heart—in her life—for other interests. Her circle was small, but it was complete—husband and children. She had nothing outside it.

There was only one cloud on her narrow horizon: she had no boy; the three children were all girls.

It was not till the fourth baby came that the poor woman had her desire.

Carl Von Hengel went round to all his friends one morning and told them, with tears of joy in his eyes, that Anna had got a son; that God had sent them a little Carl at last.

She had got exactly what she had asked for—a blue-eyed, golden-haired angel, with the loveliest smile in the world.

Little Carl prospered. Before he was twelve months old he was voted the most beautiful child in Meldreth. He would have carried off the prize for beauty at any Baby Show. There were no Baby Shows at Meldreth, but there were a good many mothers, and all the mothers were of one opinion as to his beauty. Where he got it from no one could tell. There was nothing seraphic about the Baron, whom he most resembled, and little Carl at a year old was nothing short of a seraph. If there had been a rising artist in the neighbourhood who could paint children—a Reynolds, a Gainsborough, a Millais—Von Hengel's lovely child would have made his fortune.

Of course, people declared that the child was spoiled—that is, as far as he was capable of spoiling. It is always a question where the capacity for "spoiling" comes in—and the limit. It is not love that spoils. A babe can never have too much love. It is its natural food.

Little Carl was fed on love. He thrived upon it, and grew rosier and more dimpled every day; yet people were so unreasonable as to say that he was "spoiled."

"Spoiling" may mean anything: it is an unknown quantity. In little Carl's case it meant absence of control. It is difficult to control an unreasoning, irresponsible creature. Little Carl's reason developed late, and he had no memory. It was ridiculous to expect an infant to remember things and exercise judgment; no amount of judicious training and unfeeling discipline could avail while the faculties were undeveloped.

At two years old they were still undeveloped: the boy was as lovely as a cherub, but he was more "spoiled" than ever. He was unlike other children: he did not heed what he was told; he did not learn by experience. He was deaf to the voice of blame or warning; perhaps he had heard it too late.

If he burned his finger in a flame one day, he would burn it again the next; if he stumbled into a pit in the morning, he would stumble into it again at noon. He wanted to be watched continually: he could not be left a moment. Some children learn to talk late, but at three years old little Carl had not spoken a word. He made strange noises and uncouth cries; his mother, who never left him for a moment, knew by the sound—by intuition, perhaps—what he wanted. She seemed to divine his thoughts; she did not need their expression in speech.

People persuaded her to consult a doctor, but Anna only laughed at their advice. Carl would talk presently, she said; there was no time lost; boys do not talk so early as girls.

At three years old little Carl was the terror of the household. He would destroy everything in his reach if he were left in a room alone; he would even try to put the kitten on the fire.

But his mother could not find it in her heart to be angry with her idol: she would not have punished him for the world! Perhaps there was some reason in what the neighbours said: she was not judicious in her training: she was not bringing him up in the way he should go.

But they did not know all.

They did not know that she never trusted him out of her sight—*she dared not trust him*—that she rose early, before any of the rest were awake, to do her household tasks; and she sat working till late at night that she might have her day free for her boy.



All the mothers were of one opinion—*p.* 825.

There never was such consuming mother-love—love and fear; she was always dreading that something might come between them and separate them.

Von Hengel was as foolish over the boy as Anna. But he saw clearer. He saw, he could not help seeing as the days wore on, that there was something lacking in little Carl. He would injure and destroy what he most loved; and he did not realise any law of right and wrong: he knew no law but his own wandering will.

With the advice of a medical friend a specialist was consulted, and he pronounced the awful verdict that the father had long dreaded.

Little Carl was an idiot.

The anguish of the parents when the dreadful sentence was pronounced must be passed over. Only those who have gone through the terrible ordeal can understand what they suffered. They never talked of it to others. Carl Von Hengel went about his work, his teaching, as usual; but he did not smile so readily; and he laid aside his fiddle. Anna shut herself up with her child: she had seen little enough of her neighbours before, and now she saw nothing of them. The doctors urged them to put the boy away, to send him to an asylum. But they would not listen to them. Besides, they could not afford the expense. They could not pay the fees charged at an institution where only special cases were received; and they could not let him go to a Pauper Asylum provided for children from the workhouses and the slums. So they kept him with them for some time longer, but at the end of the year, the disease—it was surely a disease—had developed into a mania—a mania for destruction. Nothing was safe in the house, and the lives of the other children were in hourly danger.

Anna at last reluctantly suffered her darling's name to be sent up as an applicant for admission to a paying asylum, and she allowed her friends to canvass for votes.

She did not ask for a single vote herself; if her child's election had depended upon her soliciting a vote, she would not have asked for it. She consented. She could do no more.

When the result of the first half yearly election was known, and she heard that the application had failed, she could not conceal her joy. Perhaps Von Hengel was glad too. His disappointment was not very keen, people who had been raising heaven and earth to get votes remarked; but they did not guess the depths of his ingratitude.

Another half year their efforts—they made special efforts this time, even to the extent of becoming subscribers—were crowned with success.

When poor Anna heard that little Carl had been elected at the head of the candidates for admission to the Asylum, she fainted away. The kind friend who was the bearer of the good news, who had been working so zealously on the child's behalf for months past, thought she had fainted for joy; but her husband knew otherwise.

"I can never give him up, Carl," she said, when the woman had gone, and she was left alone with her husband, and the child was sleeping quietly in the room above; "it will kill me to give him up."

"It will be for his good," Von Hengel said; "you must think of that, Anna. He will never get better here; but there he will have a chance. Everything will be done for him that skill and science can do. Who can tell that he may not come back to us—some day—cured——"

Anna shook her head.

"It will be for his good; he will have a chance," she repeated to herself, when the thought of the separation rose up before her. It was this that reconciled her to giving the child up.

"He will have a chance," she repeated to herself softly all the time she was getting his little things ready to go away.

She made all his little clothes herself with her clever, active fingers. She did not complain to her husband after that first day, when it was settled that the child should go. She even tried to be cheerful when he came in after school, and she never failed to have his slippers ready by the fire, and a muffin toasted for his tea.

It was in November, the time for muffins and warming slippers. She would not let him think when he came in out of the damp and cold, tired from his work, that she had been unmindful of him; that she had been so full of her grief that she had no thought left for him.

The burden of the impending separation would be as heavy for him to bear as for her; she would not have added to it for the world.

The effort to keep up, to hide her grief, to go about her household duties as if she had no secret sorrow gnawing at her heart, was too much for poor Anna. It brought on a physical pain that was almost as intolerable as the mental strain. There were times when she felt a pain at her heart that made her hold her breath, that would not allow her to move. Sometimes she awoke in the night with it; but it mostly took her by day when she was busy working at the little

clothes, and Carl was sitting at her feet, looking up at her with his innocent blue eyes, smiling at her as the angels smiled. Once she thought she would have died when the twinge seized her; but she did not mention it to anyone, not to the friend who happened to be talking to her at the moment; she only bent over her work and turned her face aside.

"If I die, it will be easier. I shall not know," she said to herself, and then she thought of her husband, and made an effort, and the breath came back.

It was the lady who had been so active in getting the votes for the asylum, who was so anxious to help her in getting little Carl's things ready. Her presence always tried Anna. She would not let her put a stitch in the little clothes; and when, one day, Miss Garland insisted on sewing a sleeve into a coat, Anna picked out all the work she had done the moment she had gone away.

"This is the last day," her husband said at breakfast, when the last dreaded day of preparation had come; "will you be ready in time, Anna? Is there anything more to be done?"

"There is nothing more to be done. We shall be ready in time: Carl and I—I am going to pack his box."

She spoke quite steadily; her lips did not even quiver as she spoke. She knew how hard it was for him to bear. He did not trust himself to answer her. He looked over to the corner where little Carl was amusing himself with some bricks, and she saw his mouth tremble.

Von Hengel kissed her when he went out—he always kissed his wife when he went out—and he murmured something in German. It sounded like a benediction.

When her husband was gone, the little box was brought out, and Anna knelt down beside it and began putting in her boy's little things: his small shirts and socks and vests that she had knitted. As she put them in, she wondered whether the people who took them out would know, would understand, that the warm vests were for the winter—if they would make a mistake; and then the thought that she would not be there to arrange for him, that the love, the care that had surrounded him all his life could follow him no farther, broke her down.

She let her tears fall into the box; she could not keep them back. Little Carl watched her putting the things in with great interest. He brought over the toys he was playing with and put them down beside her, and cooed in his strange fashion—he had not learnt to speak yet. She understood what he meant, and she put in the toys among the clothes, and her tears fell faster than ever. She had not intended to pack the old broken toys, she had intended to keep them as treasures; something to kiss and weep over when he was gone.

She was putting in the toys, and little Carl was sitting on the floor watching her, when a lady came in. It was the kind friend who had got his admission to the asylum.

"You are packing his box, I see," she said cheerfully when she came in.

Anna got up from her knees and straightened herself, and made an effort to choke the tears back. She did not want the woman to see that she was crying. She was a single woman, and she would not understand.

"Yes, it is nearly packed. Everything is ready."

"And Carl, is he ready to go?" Miss Garland asked, patting the child on the head.

The boy began to scream when she touched him, and shrank away from her, and Anna had to take him in her arms to comfort him.

"He—is—quite—ready—" she said. "I—am going—with him."

There was a catch in her breath as she spoke, and her words came slowly; and the colour had gone out of her lips.

"What is it!—are you ill?" Miss Garland asked in alarm.

"It—is—nothing; only the stooping—it will pass—presently."

"Then I am sure you ought not to stoop over that box; let me finish it. What more have you got to put in?"

Let her finish it!

Anna got well directly; the pain passed like magic. She would not have let any other hands touch those dear, dear little clothes for the world.

"There is nothing more to put in at present," she said, "not till by-and-by; and Carl will cord it when he comes in."

When Miss Garland found she could not be of any use, she went away, and Anna went into the passage with her to let her out. She had to put the child down off her knee and straighten herself. The pain had not quite gone; it came back when she got up from her seat.

"I think it is a great pity you should take the child yourself. You would not feel the parting so much if you said good-bye to him here, and let his father take him up to the asylum alone," Miss Garland said as she went down the passage.

"I—I shall—not—feel—the—parting," Anna was saying some distance off. She had not

come far down the passage, only just outside the door of the room, and little Carl was

When a doctor arrived there was nothing to be done; Anna had been dead some minutes.



"I can never give him up, Carl."—*p.* 827.

clinging to her hand. Her voice sounded faint and far off, and she was leaning against the wall for support; and her hand, her disengaged hand, was pressed against her side.

"What is this? You are faint—let me take you in," Miss Garland said, coming over quickly, and leaving the front door, which she was unfastening, wide open.

She had no need to ask what it was. The poor quivering lips were white; the colour had dropped entirely out of them, and the drawn face was ashen grey, and there was a dreadful moisture upon it.

They got her back into the room, the woman and the servant maid, and laid her on a couch, with little Carl still clinging to her hand.

She had died with the little child's arms about her—and there had been no parting.

Who shall describe the desolation of that poor household!

The strong man staggered beneath the shock; he never knew how he lived through that dreadful week. The wife of one of the masters at the Grammar School took away the little girls and kept them till after the funeral. But he would not give up the boy. People urged him to take the child to the asylum, as it was arranged. Everything was ready but the strapping of the little box that still stood open as Anna had left it. He shook his head; he could not explain. No one understood him but Anna.

They let him alone until after the funeral. He had the boy with him through all those dark days; he could not have lived without the boy.

A change had come over the child since the mother's death; he was strangely subdued and quiet, and went about the house from room to room, looking for something that he missed out of his life. Father and child wandered about together, touching reverently the things that she had touched, and coming back to the place where she had sat and worked. There was her work basket on the table still; some socks of the little girls were in it that she had begun to darn; only girls' things. Carl's things were all finished and packed away.

After the funeral, before the little girls came back, Von Hengel locked away the familiar work basket with the things in it that his wife was always using. He remembered her always at work, never idle: he could not bear that other hands should touch her things.

The box that she had been packing was never corded. There was no need to cord it. Little Carl did not go to the asylum after all. He was not long separated from his mother. A convulsive fit—he had been subject to convulsions all his life—carried him off a few weeks after her death. He would have died in it at the asylum in any case, the doctor said. It was just as well he had not been sent away.

Von Hengel buried his little child beside his wife, and he put up a small white stone to mark the spot—not that he wanted a stone to mark it.

The stone marked the two graves, but there was only one inscription upon it—

"TO ANNA."

Only this. No name; no date.

"He was a foreigner," people said who passed by and read the name on the stone; "he did not know English ways."

After Carl's death, Von Hengel gave up his appointment at the Grammar School and left Meldreth.

There were two or three women at Meldreth who would have been willing to fill Anna's place—Miss Garland among them—and look after Anna's children. Everybody was sorry when he went away. It was a public loss—a kind, simple-hearted gentleman who made no pretence, who valued the love of wife and children above everything else in the world.

Miss Garland used to hear from him after he went away, from time to time; she would not give him up. She was a good woman, and she was interested in the little motherless girls.

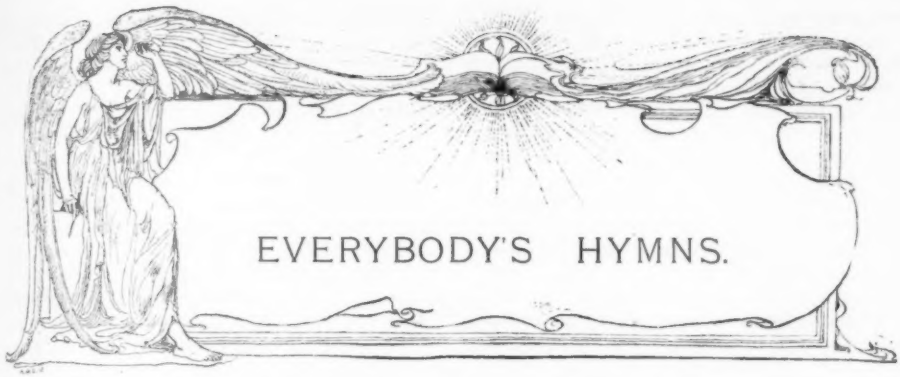
They were not always motherless. Von Hengel married again after a time. He had his girls to consider. He married a very suitable person: people said it was a splendid match for him—a widow with handsome means and a beautiful face. It was rumoured that she had found out his sterling qualities and offered herself and her handsome fortune to the poor schoolmaster, and for the sake of his children he had accepted her offer. He could not have done better.

When he came back from his honeymoon he wrote to his Meldreth friends, and told them of his marriage. He sent a photograph of his beautiful wife to Miss Garland.

"I am very happy," he wrote to her in his unaffected way. "I never expected to be so happy again. The children have an affectionate mother, and I a devoted wife—*but it isn't Anna.*"



He locked away the familiar work-basket.



By the Venerable Archdeacon Wynne, D.D.

THE well-known hymns of Christendom are truly a golden bond of union among various branches of the Church of Christ. As in the Bible, so in our familiar hymns, all feel their share of the goodly heritage. All, that is, who are Christians. For our hymns are not a world-wide heritage. Buddhist and Mahometan, Hindoo, Fire-worshipper and Ancestor-worshipper, find no response to their aspirations in Christian hymnody. But, wherever Christ is named and looked up to as the eternal Son of God, wherever the heart has its sorrows and temptations, and owns the power of Christ to relieve with present balm and future hope, there the same great body of Christian hymns exists for all, and there is no difference, for all have sinned, and there is a Propitiation for our sins, Jesus Christ, to Whom all alike look for salvation.

The fact which has set in motion the train of thought here followed is the recent publication of a most valuable collection of 639 hymns—the Church Hymnary of the leading Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, England, and Ireland. It is with extreme satisfaction that one who holds office in another Church takes up and studies a collection like this. The sense of union which binds hearts together even when ecclesiastical organisation differs is never more deeply felt than when the utterances of worship are compared. In prayer and praise we have no desire to bring into prominence the questions which are inevitable at other times. When we present ourselves, at our moments of truest earnestness, before our Father, much disappears which seems to divide us. We learn how much more we have in common than we thought while we were engaged in argument. These words, however, are comparative truisms. I shall not pursue the subject. It may be more interesting to give a brief analysis of facts as to the identity of spiritual taste and feeling which is exhibited when we come and sing unto the Lord.

A few years ago a clergyman compared fifty well-known collections of hymns, and set down as the most popular hymns those which he found in the majority of these books. He found that there are one hundred and five hymns which appear in thirty of these fifty hymnals. He called these first-rank hymns, and the twelve first, which occur in almost every book, he asked us to look upon as those which take the lead as favourites in English religious thought. It would take too much space to give the list of the one hundred and five, but it is interesting to look at the first twelve, every one of which is found in the new Hymnary referred to above, as they are also in the Irish Church Hymnal. In passing, I may say that of the twelve, eleven are embodied in the Methodist Collection with Supplement.

A few words may be given to these twelve first-rank hymns of the whole Church. It will not be denied that, endorsed by the common love of count-

less thousands of worshippers, they possess for us a sort of inspiration, as the deepest heart utterances of such a number of Christ's people filled with His Spirit. But the truths embodied are of the simplest and the most familiar. Here are no novelties, nothing of man's invention. No claim is made to teach anything but what the Apostles taught. And out of all that the Apostles taught the greatest and the most heart-supporting truths alone find place here. The choicest material supplied by the Book of God has been brought in closer contact with the eternal wants and hopes, the trials and affections of Christian hearts, by those who possessed the sacred gift of the poet. It cannot be said that it is the music to which these twelve are set that has imparted to them their popularity; for of the twelve, certainly ten are familiar to us as sung to various melodies. The old truths and hopes are here, but an indefinable tenderness of power has been infused into the truth by the mysterious art of the poet; and yet in most cases there seems to be no art at all in the matter; all is so simple. But the writer in each case has been able to help less gifted spirits in their approaches to the Throne. Imagination, lovely words, the indefinable charm of rhythm and of rhyme, the heart-searching force of words both strong and plain to every understanding, the condensation of much theology into a phrase which everyone can take in and make his own—all are here. Men in the midst of busy lives have found here that they were not without deep religious emotion, the existence of which they hardly suspected because they did not know how to utter for themselves that which they find given them to utter by the bard. The man and the child have met here, as both one and the other sang "When I survey" or "Rock of Ages."

The twelve chief hymns, thus established as the leading hymns by the arithmetical test of the number of hymnals in which they are found, are the following:—(1) "All praise to Thee, my God, this night." (2) "Hark! the herald angels sing." (3) "Lo, He comes, with clouds descending." (4) "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." (5) "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." (6) "Awake, my soul, and with the sun." (7) "Jerusalem the golden." (8) "Jesus, Lover of my soul." (9) "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear." (10) "When I survey the wondrous Cross." (11) "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty." (12) "Jesus Christ is risen to-day."

From what sources are these twelve chief hymns derived? Three are by the Rev. Charles Wesley; two are by Bishop Ken; two are from old Latin hymns, translated for our use; and one each by the Rev. A. M. Toplady, the Rev. H. F. Lyte, the Rev. John Keble, Bishop Heber, and the Rev. Isaac Watts. The oldest are "Jerusalem the golden," and "Jesus Christ is risen to-day."

And now, what follows? The prevailing tone and teaching of the hymns must be taken as presenting the truths and aspirations which find most hearty response with Christian men of many ways of thought. There is in "Awake, my soul," the prayer for guidance in the path of duty with which each Christian day begins. There is the absolute trust which, as in "Abide with me," and "Sun of my soul," desires to commit each night the body and soul to the protection of our Lord. Then, as if all involuntarily, the whole scheme of redemption is traced in the remaining ten hymns. The eternal Trinity is presented to our adoration in "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty"; the Incarnation of Christ in "Hark! the herald angels sing"; the Crucifixion and Atonement in "Rock of Ages," and "When I survey the wondrous Cross," and "Jesus, Lover of my soul"; the Resurrection in "Jesus Christ is risen to-day"; the Second Coming of Christ in "Lo, He comes, with clouds descending"; the eternal Kingdom in "Jerusalem the golden."

Does not this show that the mind of Christ's people, tested by this plebiscite, is more fully expressed by hymns which re-echo the great truths of our religion and turn them into devotional language than by others more strictly emotional in style, and what is called "experimental"? Faith rises above subjective feeling in all the greatest hymns of Christendom; or rather, in them feeling is closely wedded to faith; and nothing comes to the first rank which is not rooted in the great facts of the New Testament embraced by believing hearts and animating earnest wills.



The Angels' Song.

by the Rev. Henry Biddell.



There is a song the angels sang,
Who saw this world a-making
When forth from heaven the Day-star sprang
In golden splendour breaking —
"In earth below and heaven above
Sing — God is light and God is love."

There is a song the angels sang
By Bethlehem in their glory,
And through their message still there rang
The same eternal story —
"In earth below and heaven above
Sing — God is peace and God is love."

There is a song the angels sing
When victory crowns endeavour
And we o'ercome the sins that cling
Through Him who lives for ever —
"In earth below and heaven above
Sing — God is might and God is love."

There is a song we too shall sing
With angels in their glory
When heaven's responsive arches ring
With this eternal story
"Ye happy saints in heaven above
Sing — God is joy and God is love."

COLINA'S ISLAND

By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "The Pride of the Family," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"A LITTLE RIFT."



COLINA was very silent as they walked up the hillside to meet the shooters, and she did not at first confide in Lilliard. She had a vague, instinctive feeling that her friend might not sympathise, or indeed even understand her feelings.

Ready as Lilliard was with interest and co-operation in any plan for their amusement, Colina had found her slightly unresponsive when once or twice she had tried to elicit her interest in the people. She did not quite understand this, but she did not blame her friend. The glamour of the old school-girl adoration—and a school-girl love is something like a first love, we are always loth to part with it—was about Lilliard still. Besides which, Colina had always the instinctive dislike of a thoroughly sweet nature to blame anyone.

"I wonder you don't go in for shooting, Colina," Lilliard was saying as the two girls stood for a moment to rest on a heathery knoll; "I should, if I were you. I think it would be the greatest fun."

"Oh, would you?" Colina shivered. "I should hate it! I suppose it is foolish, but I can never quite understand a man's love for sport. I know you will laugh at me, Lilliard—Cosmo does. But the pretty, happy brown birds——"

She broke off as a covey rose with a wild rush of wings just before them and flew over a brown peat burn which was tumbling riotously over its amber stones. "See! If we had had guns, they would be lying on the heather—to fly no more!"

At which Lilliard gave her pretty, rippling laugh.

"My dear Colina! You do amuse me! Don't the 'pretty brown birds,' as you call them, taste good? For my part, I could live on game. But you are just a wee bit sentimental, Colina, aren't you? It's very sweet of you, of course."

Was there just a trace of contempt in the musical voice? Colina was looking at her friend in rather a puzzled way. She sighed.

"I wonder if Cosmo will think me sentimental?"

"About what? Mr. McVean is certainly not overweighted with sentiment! What are you thinking of?"

"Something Mr. Campbell was telling me about. Lilliard, do you know I have been very careless and selfish?"

"I don't believe that! You are the most generous person I know."

"Generosity costs nothing when one is rich," Colina said, looking over at the burn's peaty-brown torrent. "Just nothing at all! But unselfishness costs one something! And I have been very selfish!"

"And is that horrid dour Scot—I am sure odious John Knox was just like him when he was young—your father confessor? Is it he who has brought you to this distressfully humble frame of mind, darling? For my part, I always think a thoroughly selfish person is to be envied. It is a great bore always to be wondering if other people's interests are concerned"; and Lilliard laughed. "Is this a bog before us, Colina? Do tell

me, for I have not on my Walkinfasts. May I ask how you are selfish?"

Colina told her story briefly, conscious all the time of a very unresponsive silence, and when she had concluded Lilliard laughed almost hilariously.

"My dear Colina! What a terrible confession! I should certainly not give in to the old woman and her idiot son! What can it possibly matter to them in which particular dripping shanty they reside? It is all nonsense—sentimental raving! I should really snub Mr. Campbell, if I were you."

"Lilliard!" Colina said, "you must not cover my sins of omission like that. I must speak to Cosmo. These people must not go! I had let things all drift. I was so happy.

She forgot her companion then, and let her gaze wander over to Cruachan's peaks—sun-dazzled to the weary old top. "Do you know the legend about Cruachan's stag?" she said absently. "How two brothers fought for the love of the same lady, and the one she loved was killed. And how she climbed the mountain and wept and wept, and her tears made a stream which flows still. And always, in the soft autumn evenings, when the bracken is golden and the lapwings call, her lover comes back in the form of a stag and wanders by the stream. Mr. Campbell told me someone had made a Gaelic poem about that legend. They say one can see the stag in the evening light if one goes alone."

She saw the shooters in sight then, and Cosmo waved his hat to them. They had had excellent sport, and the gillies had made tea in the hut. McVean was in very good spirits, and, on Colonel McNeill's walking on with Lilliard, he followed with Colina, talking gaily.

"The Colonel says we must make a big party for the Oban games, Colina! You know the regatta and the games are in the same week. If Miss Anne doesn't care about it, Mrs. McNeill will chaperon you and Miss Maynard. Miss Anne won't go, of course." Cosmo's voice was conclusive; he decided on what he wished.

"I should like to go," Colina said; "I have never seen anything of the kind. And I daresay some of our men will be at the games. I know John McVean wears a pile of medals won for pipe-playing. Cosmo, I wanted to ask you something: Do you remember my speaking to you about that woman Morag's letter? What did you do? Surely you did not understand about it! She must not go!"

"Morag? What Morag?" Cosmo was helping her to leap across a stream which trickled over a bed of shale in their path. "What are you talking about, darling?"

"I was sure you did not understand!" Colina said, a little ring of triumph in her voice. "You know she has an idiot son——"

"'The idiot mother of an idiot boy!'" Cosmo laughed lightly. "I remember now. Well, what about her? Has she been down bothering you? Impertinence! She has notice to quit in November."

"Oh, Cosmo, no! You did not understand!"



"You did not understand!"

"My dear Colina, I should have warned you of these people's gift of tongue! She is an idle old wretch. And as Colonel McNeill was just saying, these tiny crofts

are the nuisance of the Highlands. He won't allow them; and we shall clear our property too." His tone was just a trifle dictatorial, and Colina, in all the lovely sunlit muir, was conscious of a vague sense of wincing, shivering pain. "You leave me to deal with the old lady! *I'll* answer her!"

"But Cosmo! what can it matter?"

"To her? Nothing! Isn't one smoky shanty as good as another?" (What had Lilliard said?) "My dear child, do you know her next request will be if she may not live rent-free? Upon my word, darling, it is a good thing that you have me beside you." He came to her side, and put his hand under her arm, and Colina looked up at the handsome knickerbockered figure wistfully. "You women are all sentimental! You have no more head for business, Colina, than—than the pointers yonder! A woman always makes a muddle when she attempts to manage an estate, or, indeed, put any business through."

Colina was staring at the heather at her feet. The shooters' hut was in sight, and Lilliard's pretty laugh came down to meet them. "Cosmo," the girl said, feeling she would have dearly liked to drop the subject, and yield herself to the old sweet, caressing talk, "I did not mean what it would matter to *them*—but what would it matter to *us!* A few more roods of land to chase the deer over! And—their home! She has spent all her life there."

"Did you ever see the sort of home these people have?" Cosmo's voice had the weary patience with which one talks to an ignorant but questioning child. "My dear, isn't it best to leave such matters to me? Don't you think I know best about them? Won't you leave it all to me? I know best, I assure you."

Once she had thought so, too! Remembering the ring of stern reproach in Angus Campbell's voice, did she think so now?

There was a pause, and many thoughts swept over Colina. "No, Cosmo," she said faintly at last; "that is what I should *like* to do—but I cannot! I have my duty to these people. And—I must think out and study such questions."

He frowned sharply, then drew himself up. "Very well, Colina!" he said stiffly. "You do well to remind me that you, and not I, are the mistress of the situation! You shall do, of course, exactly as you will! The people can stay on—rent-free, if you will—which is a method certain to demoralise and ruin them! I wash my hands of the whole matter! Understand that."

She looked at him in hurt amazement. He spoke like a sulky boy.

"Cosmo! You are not angry?"

"Angry? Oh, no!" and he laughed. "Only, my dear girl, you don't know what a hornets' nest you are bringing about your ears! A Highlander is the laziest and the most obstinate being in the whole universe! You will have the whole village living upon you. But you shall do exactly as you please. I, of course, am merely an outsider! My day is over."

"Cosmo!" she pleaded, bitterly distressed, "how can you say so?"

"Are you two never coming? The tea is growing cold!"

She roused then, and they went on, though Colina's heart was heavy. It was their first quarrel, and, besides all the pain of that fact, there was a chill sense of wondering disillusion. Did he really care nothing at all for what the eviction would mean to Morag and her son? Was she, Colina, foolish and sentimental? Ah, surely not!

They had tea in the hut, and Colina talked to the Colonel, Cosmo devoting himself to Lilliard. He had all the weak spite of an essentially small nature, and he wished to punish Colina thus, but she did not notice his devotion to her friend at all, and Lilliard laughed his attention off. Colina's mind was pursuing a maze of troubled thought. Walking back, Cosmo kept by Lilliard resolutely, the gillies following with the tea equipage. Colina was asking the Colonel about the various places close at hand, and trying to distract her thoughts; Cosmo unbosomed himself to Lilliard.

"And may I ask who put this business into her head?" he asked impatiently. "Was it the old woman herself?"

"Oh, no! It was the minister! The parson!"

"Campbell?" Cosmo whistled. "What outrageous impertinence! By Jove! I'll teach him to mind his own business! The plan for the forest was complete. And I wanted it to be as extensive as the Bond Street bootmaker's! Lilliard, you know her better than I do. Is she obstinate?"

"She is very fond of *you!*" Lilliard said coolly. "And I expect the two things will wage warfare in her mind—this bogie-conscience of hers and your displeasure! Dear me! What a disagreeable thing it must be to be troubled with a conscience! It generally means making yourself disagreeable to other people!"

He laughed at that, then sighed. "I thought she was such a jolly little thing!" he said petulantly. "And that I could do as I liked with her! But if she's going to turn out tiresome the position would be intolerable. Oh, Lilliard, if the Island were only mine, and I could choose where I would! If it were mine, with no drawbacks!"

Lilliard shrugged her shoulders. "What is the use of crying over the impossible?" she

said. "The Island isn't yours; it is hers. But it will be yours to all effects and purposes pretty soon! For the rest, give her her head. Of course, I think she is extremely silly. But it wouldn't do to quarrel with her"; and she gave him a half-bitter, half-cynical look.

"No, it wouldn't!" Cosmo sighed. "Though, perhaps, after all, she won't insist, if I work the thing a bit. Confound that man! Where did he meet her?"

"At the kirk yonder. I think he has a kind of fascination for Colina," Lilliard laughed. "He is one of your masterful men, and some girls like the type. Horribly well-informed, too; a sort of walking encyclopædia. He inserts neat little bits of natural history and botany into his sermons—science in small, sugary doses—and the people like it. It flatters their intelligence, and I suppose, after the old uncle, he's a relief! He is a clever man, really. I'd watch him, if I were you, Cosmo. If he gets Colina under his influence, we'll see her inaugurating mothers' meetings, and psalmody classes, and Zenana sewing parties on the Island!" She burst out laughing. "And you will be the secretary and treasurer to a G.F.S. society! Oh, Cosmo! it is a humorous picture—it really is!"

Did she wish to make him feel more provoked and exasperated with Colina? Her laugh rang out; she sprang, nimble as a doe, from the heather clumps. "And all the Island's provisions are henceforth to be got from the village," she resumed, still battling with her bubbling mirth. "There is a little hut on the road, where Sheila Mc-Something keeps loaves, and retails them at an innocent penny profit more than the bread-cart. Colina pines to add her penny! Bread from a nasty little hut! And the 'merchant,' who is verging on an interesting bankruptcy, is to have a host of orders—fancy the tea from a village shop!—and we are all to live on lamb and mutton because he doesn't kill anything else; and it is wicked and sinful not to encourage local talent in the shop-keeping line, and to send to Glasgow! I wonder if the loch will feel insulted if Colina orders her salmon from any other locality? She wouldn't like to wound its feelings, you know!"

"She isn't going to be such a fool!" Cosmo was too stung by the girl's tone and too angry to be polite. "Lilliard, is all this true? Are you joking?"

"He did it all in a quarter of an hour, Cosmo!" And Lilliard looked up, fastening a little late cluster of pink bell-heather under her round, white chin. "And the dear girl felt so bad and wicked and thoughtless! She is all pricking—her conscience, I mean! Oh, dear! Mine never pricks!"

Cosmo knew perfectly well that Lilliard was mocking him, just as she was mocking Colina, but he was too angry to answer her, and the worst was that he was not angry with Lilliard. No, she only saw things in a clever, sensible, common-sense way. It was Colina who was ridiculous and made him ridiculous!

He recovered himself with difficulty, when they joined the other two, and the Colonel got into the waiting wagonette. The girls went into the post-office, which was just at the head of the village, to see if the evening mail was in, and the old soldier leant over and tapped his young friend on his shoulder.

"By Jove! you're a lucky fellow, McVean!" he said. "She is a sweet little girl! I never had the chance of a chat with her before. She'll make yours a happy home!" And he watched them come out of the post-office, quite unconscious of the frown on Cosmo's handsome face and the meaning of the young man's inarticulate murmur.

"I only wonder what she saw in him!" the Colonel cogitated as he drove away, "A girl like that! Cosmo McVean's not a bad shooting companion—but he's got a vile temper, and not a thought above his own pleasure! I liked the look in that little girl's eyes. There's something I never liked in Cosmo's."

The other three drove down to the loch-side, where the boat awaited them, and the Island was reached in time for dinner. Colina waited for her lover to join her after, when they usually strolled round the Island, but he did not appear, and presently she saw him seat himself by Lilliard, in the drawing-room, where her friend went to try a batch of new music at the piano. Presently she heard him laugh and join in the refrain of a new popular song. A little pain tightened at Colina's heart. She had thought he would come and explain—and make it up. Was she jealous? Jealous of dear Lilliard! Surely not.

She went down to the loch's edge, and stood on the end of the pier. The water lay under the starlight, a dream of beauty. To her left Ben Lui rose at the head of the loch, a huge, towering heap of a mountain, before which was old Kilchurn Castle. She wanted to go and see Kilchurn Islet, where once, Angus Campbell had told her, an eagle's eyrie had nestled in the birch trees, but Cosmo and Lilliard did not care for ruins. Colina had got into the way of yielding to them in all the minor questions of their pleasure and hers. Perhaps that was why Cosmo had been so full of angry surprise when she did not at once yield about Morag's cottage.

Cruachan towered majestically in the

velvety dusk behind. There was a band of pale silvery light across his peak and on the "hill of Mary" on his right.

"He has as many moods as a woman," Colina thought. "He looks sometimes quite near, and placid, and gentle, and approachable; and I think I should love to climb him, and stroll on the heather—and then he is suddenly cold, and terrible, and repellent, and fearsome, and one realises all his precipices, and his dim, mysterious gashes and corries. And then he will look so old. Oh! so weary and old, and mysterious and terrible, and one shrinks away. What will he be like in winter? Mr. Campbell says the winter is lovely here."

"Are you not coming in, Colina? Miss Maynard has been trying her new songs."

Cosmo's voice, slightly restrained, made her start.



He saw her pass the window.

"Yes, I know," she said. "The loch was so lovely I stayed longer than I meant, Cosmo"—and she gave a little nervous laugh—"I cannot bear to think you are vexed with me. Tell me you are not."

She looked very young, and gentle, and yielding in the soft light. He came near and kissed her, and told her "No," he was not vexed. He made sure she would yield then, and whispered that she must trust him, and leave all such matters in his hands.

Colina was conscious of a little chill. But she dared not say more then, and they returned to the house in apparent amity and restored love.

Only Miss Anne noticed a slight cloud on her young friend's face, later, and she drew Colina down to her for an extra kiss. Her own old face was framed in a frilled cap.

"What's bothering the heart o' ye, bairn?" she said fondly. At which Colina tried to laugh. She could not tell Miss Anne all. Instinctively she shrank from the thought of the old lady's probable comments on the matter, though not for her own sake.

"My own sins," she said lightly. "Aunt Anne, do you know I am a very selfish and careless person?"

"Are ye? Well, there's a hantle o' selfishness in the world, tho' sin' ye say that, I suppose some o' yours has been brocht hame tae ye. I'll no say ye are parfact, Colina"—and the old lady gave her a keen, yet loving look—"but this I will say: I think ye have the desire, if ye see yersel' in the wrang, tae try and pit the matter richt."

The words acted like a tonic, and Colina's face cleared. Lilliard's honey had left her merely depressed.

"Come what may, I'll try," and she stooped and kissed the wrinkled face. "Well, good-night, Aunt Anne."

Next morning Cosmo was cleaning a gun in the gun-room, and thinking comfortably that Colina would give up all thought of the vexed question, under fear of his dire displeasure, when he heard the voice of one of the London servants in the hall—"Miss McVean wishes Sandy to get out the boat; and someone who knows the muir is to go with her."

"Who knows the muir"! Cosmo's jaw dropped, and he flushed angrily.

"Is she going off to see that old woman? What impertinence! What defiance of *me*, and my wishes!"

He saw her pass the window presently, in a plain serge walking-dress, a little cluster of white heather in the band of her dark-blue sailor hat. He heard her voice speaking to the young gamekeeper.

"It is Morag McDiarmid's cottage—do you know it? I wish to walk there. How far will it be?"

"It will be chust a good six or seven mile over the muir, once we will leave the road," Dougall said. "And that iss what it will be."

Colina nodded. Presently Cosmo saw the boat skim away from the pier.

"Upon my word!" he thought furiously. "And I made sure she had given it all up!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHICH BY-AND-BY WILL MAKE THE MUSIC MUTE."

COLINA had not walked much over her domain. Lilliard was fonder of riding and driving than of walking, or even bicycling, and, as has been said, Colina had got into the way of yielding to Lilliard's wishes.

There was a little ache at her heart now, in spite of the reconciliation of last night; she was out of tune and conscious of a jarring note. But she tried resolutely not to think of Cosmo's displeasure. She had not explained the matter properly to him. It could not surely materially matter to him if the poor woman were left in her cottage? And it meant so much to her!

Dougall tramped behind his young mistress, now and then giving her scraps of information about the crofts they passed. It was a lovely day, and Colina could not but enjoy it.

The loch lay beneath them, slate-grey, without a ripple on its surface; the encircling hills dazzling softly in the calm golden light.

Colina passed into the muir, striking to her left, and leaving the coach road by a tree which had three gaunt, naked branches, and was called "the witch's fingers." She followed the path easily with Dougall's directions, and enjoyed springing over the boggy bits. The scenery grew very wild; not a house was to be seen anywhere, and then suddenly the path wound round a high wooded knoll, and Dougall pointed below to two huts. "That will be Morag's house, and chust beyond will be Silis, the witch's. Miss McVean will perhaps not know that Silis is a witch?"

He spoke so gravely that Colina did not smile openly; she was looking down the pass—a wild, mountain-girt place of sweeping brown-green bog and heather. The heather was of a lovely dim tint now, impossible to describe.

"If I had lived here all my life, and the hills were my friends! Think of the sunsets she has seen! It seems cruel to turn her out! So much to her, so little to us! Surely so little to Cosmo!" The thoughts swept over her as she stood and gazed. But they showed that Colina quite forgot to take into account that not to have their own way is a great thing to some people, and not a little thing at all.

She stopped at the rickety gate of the first cottage, and Dougall gave a lusty shout. The place was certainly very old and barely weather-proof, but it was spotlessly clean. A little bit of starched muslin hung over the one window: the stone step at the door was scoured; there was a desperate attempt at order in the tiny garden: and what scenery around! The Queen of England could not have chosen a lovelier spot for her abode.

"It iss Miss McVean herself, Morag," and then Dougall plunged into Gaelic. He had told Colina he was not free with "the English."

Morag, in her short wincey gown and white cap, had dropped Colina a curtsey. She looked up with a kind of puzzled wonder and terror, and her head began to shake tremulously. Her rough and twisted hands held on to the gate.

"If the leddy would only give me a little time," she said huskily. "It iss not for myself, but it iss for the lad. He iss not chust quite like other lads. And he iss crazed, chust crazed to think of leaving. He hass the '*cianalus*'; he cannot live with other people. He will say to me ferry often, 'Mother, I will not go, though she will send the soldiers! I will just lie on the muir, and sleep there, and I will die rather than go.' And I will know ferry well that the lady hass the right and that I am owing a little of rent. I hef been to the Island and asked if she will hef any fine lace to wash—or anything like that, for I hef washed many a day for Mistress Campbell, of Loch Awe; but they said there would be nothing. I would pay, if I could—yes, if I could—this ferry day. And if the lady would chust wait——"

She broke off. Colina was looking down, flushed and distressed. What an ogre they thought her! What an ogre! And she had come with such high hopes of being their friend!

"Morag," she said slowly, "I did not quite understand about it all. I am very sorry now that I did not ask about the matter. You shall have time to pay your rent, Morag. You shall not go, you and the boy."

The change in the woman's face! She fairly gasped.

"Dougall!" she cried, "you will be hearing that. It iss like the work of the good people. Who hass been working with her?"

She ran into the cottage then, but came out with the intelligence that her son was asleep—and it was never goot to awake people from a happy sleep, because, as Colina might hef heard, it might be "the smoothing of the hand," and would Colina take a glass of milk, and maybe a scone?

The girl took the milk, and she stood chatting to the old woman, who every now and then gave a little sobbing sigh of relief, and a glance back at her cottage.

Colina turned to go, however, at last, remembering the long walk home; Morag had gathered her a piece of late honeysuckle, and a spray of southernwood, or "lad's love," from the tiny garden, and the proprietress of the hut walked on, feeling strangely light-hearted. She could explain to Cosmo—he would not be vexed. And she had left such a beaming look! On the road through the village she suddenly passed the young minister, and she stopped him with a little additional colour in her bright face.

"I wanted to tell you I had been out and seen Morag," she said, "and she is to stay. I shall write to the factor about it to-night. We—I—did not understand."

"You walked there yourself? Are you not tired?" he said, with the old pleasant and hearty ring in his voice. "But that is good news. She would be very grateful."

"Oh, yes, she was. I wanted to go on and see 'the witch'!" and Colina smiled. "But I fear that would make me too late. I passed such a queer man on the road, with a dog. He said something in Gaelic. My Gaelic studies get on no better," and Colina looked up rather ruefully.

"I'm afraid it is a very terrible language to grapple with." He smiled. Thinking of Cosmo, he dared not offer to teach or help her. "The man you saw must have been 'Gregor a' Thing.' He is one of the celebrities about here. But I'm afraid I should tell you he has the character of being a confirmed poacher."

"He looked very poor," Colina remarked. "I never saw such ragged clothes—nor such a humorous face. Does my cousin know him?"

"I think he does"—Angus was thinking of the well-known hostility between the two men. "But your cousin, very naturally, has no love for the poachers."

"No, I suppose not. But, do you know, I can fancy the wild temptation to a man like that, in the midst of game. Do you shoot, Mr. Campbell?"

"I have had shooting in Islay and in Mull. I was born in Mull," he said. "It is a marvellously beautiful island, but the shooting is not particularly good there—at least, not the grouse shooting. But I have been in places in Mull—the pass you came through was noisy in comparison!"

"It was solitary enough," Colina said, looking up at him. "Dougall and I only met Gregor a' Thing. There were only the two cottages."

He smiled, looking up at Cruachan thoughtfully.

"Still, you could see the sheep grazing, and every now and then hear the distant bark of a shepherd's dog. But I used to go up one hillside, at home in Mull, up to the very top—they call it the 'hill of silence,' and never a sheep is seen there—no, nor a grouse. There is no sign of life at all. It is a wonderful feeling, Miss McVean. One realises why it was the old prophets, and the Lord Himself, went up on the hills so much. I think one is nearer God there than anywhere else. I have stood on the edge of a precipice, and seen an eagle sweeping upward, and heard, coming up from the abyss, the strange iron croak of the raven. Nothing is around one but the everlasting mountains; nothing above one but the sky; nothing beneath but the heather and the ling. Silence one can *feel* everywhere.'

"Did you compose your sermons there?" Colina asked. "I remember in one I heard there was a great deal about the hills, and the hills' lessons."

"No, I think I listened to sermons!" and he smiled. "I hope Miss Dalrymple is well?"

"I wish you would come and see her," Colina said earnestly. "She does not go out very much, and she has a great horror of little boats"—he laughed—"but she loves what she calls 'a crack'!"

"I shall come," he promised her, and then they parted, and Colina walked down to the boat, thinking of his absent and rapt look when he spoke of "the hill of silence." She thought she would like to go to Mull.

"I should have liked to ask him what sermons the hill-top taught him!" she ruminated. "What a strong, simple man he is! One feels him to be so perfectly true and honest. Lilliard calls him 'dour'—but I think there is such a gentle look in his eyes!" And then she got into the boat, and her thoughts returned to the Island and Cosmo. How would he take her news?

Cosmo, however, had been in a manner prepared by seeing her go, and he managed

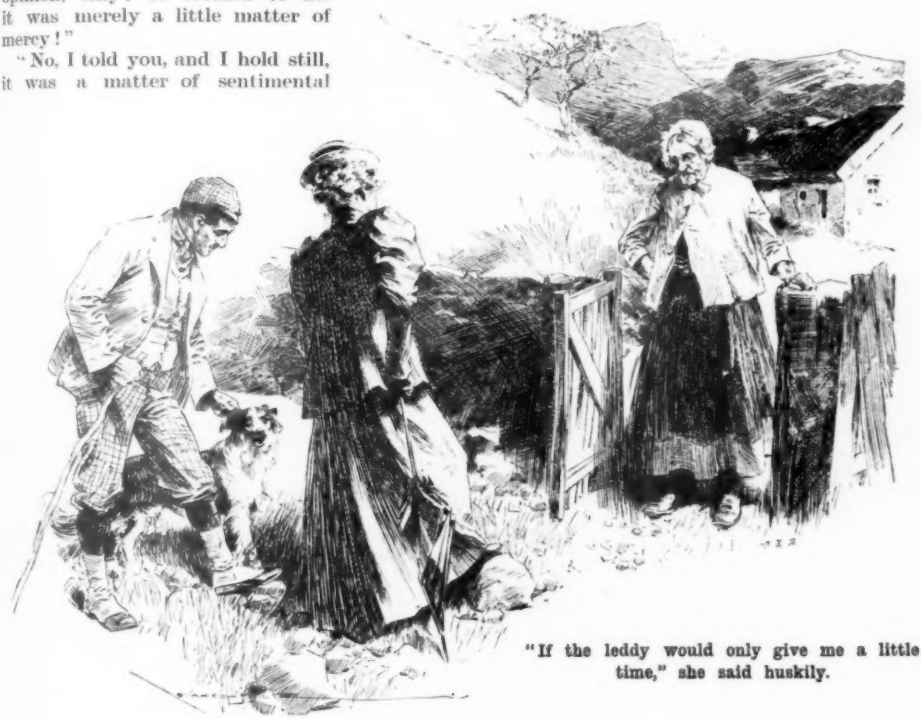
to restrain his temper when she told him what she had done. Colina wondered, however, as she looked up in his face, to see a kind of baffled struggle going on, which puzzled and hurt her. He looked away from her, resolutely.

"You do not really care, do you, Cosmo?" she faltered. "It seems such a little thing."

"Is it, Colina?" and he laughed, not easily. He was leaning over the piano where she had been playing. "Is it a little thing, do you think, for you to side against me? To prefer other people's opinions to mine?"

"But, Cosmo"—and she opened her eyes—"surely it was not a matter of opinion, only! It seemed to me it was merely a little matter of mercy!"

"No, I told you, and I hold still, it was a matter of sentimental



"If the leddy would only give me a little time," she said huskily.

yielding to an idle old woman!" He spoke almost furiously, and the pettish, angry voice struck Colina, and made her shiver. He went on, passionately and impatiently—

"Goodness, Colina! You don't know these people! *I* do! You will have the whole of them down on you now, wanting reductions of rent, and goodness knows what! To live as our position demands needs every penny you have, I can assure you! You are not Crœsus!"

"I feel very rich, Cosmo," the girl said gently. "You know I was teaching for thirty pounds a year before I inherited the Island! I am not used to wealth."

"I wish to goodness you were teaching still!" Cosmo was thinking irately, though he only shrugged his shoulders. "We never consider ourselves rich long," he told her. "Before a year or two are over, you will understand that! Besides, you do not seem to see that you put me in an exceedingly small position."

Colina raised her eyes wearily. Was this peevish, angry voice really Cosmo's? It was such a little thing—oh, me! such a little thing!—to make all the music of their love mute! Something seemed to contract in her heart.

"I do not see that, Cosmo!"

"No, because a woman never can understand business! I said 'No' to Morag—you say 'Yes'! That is a pretty position for *me!* And you intrusted me with the business arrangements of the property—you put it into my hands. I did not ask it of you."

That was true, and Colina flushed. In the first halo of her love-dream, when she had made an ideal of the handsome face, and a romance out of Cosmo's disinheritance, she

had indeed begged him to act as master, and to manage the Island affairs for her. She was Colina McVean, Mistress of the Island, but she meant him to be not only Prince Consort but King! And yet had she not been too impulsive? She had asked herself the question, with a little cold quiver of fear, very soon. Decisions, even trifling ones, were made which she would not have approved. He liked London servants, London goods—he had a way of deciding things rapidly and carelessly, which Colina would have liked to consider. She had given the power into his hands in her love and romantic loyalty; but day by day, almost hour by hour, she was seeing she had been wrong. Yet it was true—she had given it unasked!

"I know, Cosmo!" she faltered—"I know! And, indeed, I shall not interfere in purely business matters. But in things like this, where it seems to me right and wrong are concerned—I must!"

Perhaps he was clever enough to see he should not go too far. At all events, he restrained himself then, and bent over and kissed her, and Colina, feeling as if she must push it all away from her, and forget her fears and doubts, looked up into the handsome face, and called herself foolish and fearful. After all, men did not look at things as women did. She should remember that. She could not expect him to be perfect.

So peace was apparently restored, and the little spot on the garnered fruit was apparently healed. Lilliard looked on with her cool and slightly inscrutable smile.

The girls went into Oban with their chaperon for the week of festivity, though, in spite of her best efforts to be gay, Colina was astonished to find with what little zest she viewed them. Something was all wrong—she would not, yet, tell herself what. Cosmo was not the same. If he was caressing and flattering, something rang in her ear as out of tune; it struck her sometimes that he came to her side as if it were a duty. Had he not forgiven her in the matter of Morag? Was that it?

She had sent for party costumes for herself and Lilliard, but she did not enjoy the function much. It was not that Lilliard outshone her, and was called the prettiest girl in the room—Colina's nature was too generous for jealousy—it was only that the little ache and fear which had taken possession of her would give her no peace. Did Cosmo love her? Was he tiring of her already? And yet was she not bound in honour to him—even if she could have killed her own love? The Highland games were new to both her and Lilliard, and Colina made the acquaintance of the western aristocracy present, and strolled about the grounds with kilted chieftains, who thought old McVean's heiress a very charming and simple-mannered little girl.

Lilliard enjoyed herself in her own way, seated in the carriage and observing the toilets.

"As for the pipes, I think them quite excruciating!" she said to Cosmo. "But of course we won't say that to Colina! She wants to learn them, so we have a happy time before us; and Dougall McConnachie is to teach her! Miss Elspeth Campbell plays, you know! I heard old Colonel McLean telling Colina the story of the Highland girl who learnt to play the pipes secretly, and she played so well that her father was enraged—he heard her on the Islands, from his boat, and said it must be one of his sons, or the best piper in all the West! And when he found out it was she, he cut off her little finger! Colina was horrified!—but I am sure if women are going to learn to play the pipes, too, I think that worthy man set a good example! Is this skirling going on for ever, Cosmo?"

McVean was looking rather bored, too. Colina, in the tents, was examining the tartans spun for prizes and the stockings. "All those who have entered must play, I suppose," he said. "They don't make me a judge! Indeed, I never took my place properly in the county"; and he lit a cigar sulkily.

"Poor Cosmo!" Lilliard smiled in her light, half-mocking way. "But you don't pine to sit on that hard bench with bare knees, do you? Oh, I think it is a hideous costume! And you wouldn't suit it, Cosmo. I like you much better as you are!"

"It isn't that," he said, and bent over her with a look which Colina, alas! had never seen in his eyes. "It's the odious position: I'm only Prince Consort, Lilliard! I'll never be anything else!"

"But better that than nothing," she said coolly. "Come, don't cry over spilt milk! You don't take the right way with Colina, I fancy. She's so fond of you; she'd do anything, if you'd work on her love for you."

He moved, with a restless and peevish shrug. "If my uncle had only acted fairly by me, I'd not have had to study a girl's whims. I think he was mad, Lilliard; but so many people are mad in this world that unless they are raving you can't lock 'em up! He used to tell me he was 'making wills,' and then he would chuckle and rub his hands. He knew I was writhing, though I always pretended I didn't care. That was after I told him about *you*, and he wanted me to marry that red-haired Glasgow man's daughter. You were the rock on which we split, Lilliard!"

"If poor Colina knew that!" and Lilliard

sighed. Colina, in her tartan cloak and silk Tam-o'-Shanter, was coming out of the tent looking bright and animated. "Who is the old frump with her? Someone of importance, I suppose, since she can afford to dress like that! I saw Lord Lorne speaking to her. Is she a chieftainess?"

"Yes, it is Lady Grizel Douglas. I hope she won't go putting any of her mad notions in Colina's head. She's one of your latter day reformers," and Cosmo frowned. "She owns a lot of land in the Islands, and has schools and libraries and missions, and goodness knows what! She's one of the judges of the work to-day. She was a McDhouhaill of Castle Corbie before she married Douglas. As you say, she's an awful fright!"

Colina and her new friend came up to the carriage presently, and the speakers' faces changed. Lilliard was introduced, and made a show of interest when Colina told her that an Island tenant had won the first prize for a plaid woven in the county of Argyle.

"I was telling your cousin I was the only person who ever got a subscription out of your uncle," her ladyship said placidly to Cosmo, erecting a very old-fashioned sunshade deliberately. "I got it by seating myself and refusing to budge till he wrote me a cheque. It was for the Deep Sea Fishermen. Do you know anything about them?"

Lilliard, who had been absently watching the sun sparkle on the medal-covered coat of one of the pipers, who was marching up and down the little platform, while his pilbroch wailed over the field, said "No" with a start.

"Neither did she till I told her," Lady



"Is it a little thing for you to side against me?"—*p.* 841.

Grizel said, nodding at Colina. "Now she's going to knit me hoods for the men and give me a generous cheque. We can't all do that. But I'm sure you'll be a good little girl and help her with the hoods!"



Colina and her new friend came up to the carriage.—*p.* 843.

At which Lilliard smiled sweetly.

"Are they becoming?" she demanded wickedly. "If they are picturesque I shall help with pleasure. You know, I always maintain that we women have no right to add to the ugliness of the world by making unbecoming things. Ruskin says so, I assure you. But I'll help with the hoods for Colina's sake." At which her ladyship remarked trenchantly it did not matter whether they were becoming so long as they were useful and fulfilled their purpose, and that the young lady would find Ruskin bore *her* out in that; and presently she walked away.

"What a tiresome old lady!" Lilliard said then. "She's really a shock to one's preconceived ideas of 'old nobility.' I suppose, if one is sufficiently blue-blooded, one can afford to dress like a scarecrow! *I* wouldn't! And my darling Colina, don't say you've promised her too much money. She'll be a regular old man of the sea!"

"She's really very kind, and so interesting," Colina said. "Don't laugh at her, Lilliard. She does *so* much good! Real good! She knows every tenant and crofter on her estate. She manages all the property herself. She's made them dig for peat, and she has developed the kelp; and she organised a shop in London for women's knitting, and has paid for nets and boats for the men. She has told me how to start a reading club and library and make it self-supporting. Mr. Campbell once suggested——" Colina broke off then, for Cosmo had given an impatient exclamation, and Lilliard was fairly laughing.

"Oh, my dear Colina," she cried, "when you have given away every penny you possess for nets and boats, and schools and missions, and good works, *don't* dress like that! I see it all in my mind's eye, Colina! You are going to be a second Lady Grizel! And you are so pretty that it is a terrible shame!"

Colina tried to laugh. She looked at Cosmo with the happy energy dying out of her eyes. "I wish every tiresome meddling, old woman was restrained at Bedlam!" he cried savagely. Colina's colour faded. But she stood, saying never a word more.

[END OF CHAPTER EIGHT.]

JANE AUSTEN'S PRIVATE LIFE.



JANE AUSTEN, one of England's greatest novelists, and one of the pioneers of women writers, died on the 18th of July, 1817. Holding a high place in the ranks of our country's noted daughters, her fame is world-wide; and not only is England and the English-speaking world proud of her, but she is an honour and a credit to her native county—Hampshire.

Jane Austen was one of a family of seven, and was born at Steventon Rectory, 1775. Her eldest brother, James, was fond of writing, but he attained no distinction in the world of letters. Her second brother, Edward, was adopted by a wealthy relative, Mr. Knight, of Chawton House, near Alton, Hants, and Godmersham Park, Kent. On coming into possession of the property, he changed his name to Knight. The other brothers were Henry, a clergyman, and Francis and Charles, who entered the Royal Navy and became admirals.

To her sister Cassandra, who was about three years her senior, Jane Austen was most devotedly attached. Living in the same house and sharing the same bedroom, they were inseparable. Cassandra's temperament was calmer, but less bright and winsome. Of the sisters it was said that, while the elder had "the merit of having her temper always under command," the younger had "the happiness of possessing a temper that never required to be commanded."

Such were the members who composed Jane's family circle. Her whole life was essentially home life. She had no restless public life surrounding the sweet peace of her private life. Few were the interests outside the home that constituted her world. She was an excellent housekeeper. This we state on the authority of her mother. She was also clever with her needle, and some of her liveliest conversations were while her fingers were busy making garments for the poor. A "housewife" that she made is still extant, and shows how careful and precise she was in all her work.

Her writing did not occupy all her time and mind; but at Steventon three novels were written, these being "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northanger Abbey."

Twenty-five happy years were spent at Steventon. The village is in a pretty chalk district, about seven miles from the town of Basingstoke. The rectory (which is not now standing) was situated in a valley amidst meadows dotted over with large elm-trees. On its southern side was a quaint, picturesque old garden, along which ran a terrace of turf.



STEVENTON RECTORY, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JANE AUSTEN.

Probably this terrace is represented where Jane depicts Catherine Morland's juvenile pleasure in rolling down a green slope.



JANE AUSTEN.

The family circle at Steventon was a very united and happy one, but Jane was fond of society and was not averse to a little gaiety. On one occasion, when returning from a ball, she said, "There were twenty dances, and I danced them all without any fatigue."

She possessed a good ear for music. Her voice was very sweet, and she loved to sing simple ballads and accompany herself on the piano. Her reading, of which she was very fond, comprised *The Spectator*, Henry's "History of England," the works of contemporary writers, the masterpieces of Scott and Byron, and books in the French language.

Of this simple character was her home life. She was attached to domestic duties, and so modest and retiring was she concerning her writing that, were any visitor announced, she would quickly conceal her manuscript under a pile of needlework on the table. All her composition was done in the sitting-room used by the other members of the family. Never was Jane's ready pen wielded in undisturbed privacy.

As the years rolled on, nephews and nieces were included in Jane's interests and affections, and she was much beloved by them. She would charm them with the recital of long fairy tales, which captivated and fired their childish imaginations.

In 1801 came a break in her peaceful career, for in that year her father resigned his living to his son, and removed to Bath. Jane was absent from Steventon when the matter was settled, and she deeply regretted this departure from the old home, with which were associated so many pleasant memories of a happy and free country life.

To Steventon, with its leafy hedgerows and rustic walks, with its familiar church and fine old manor house, Jane Austen had to bid farewell. We may be sure that she did so very sadly, and that the thoughts of the joyous days spent there would linger for ever in her memory. She would recollect with pleasure the long rambles that she had taken with Cassandra. When the roads were muddy, the sisters had not been daunted, but, donning the now obsolete pattens, they had set out for their walks.

Bath opened before Jane a wider field for observation, and she was evidently very contented there, but during four years her pen lay idle. Her home was first at 4, Sydney Terrace, and then in Green Park Buildings. In 1805 a severe blow descended on the household, for in that year the Rev. George Austen died.

Shortly afterwards, Jane, with her sister and widowed mother, went to Southampton. They established themselves in a comfortable old house in Castle Square, and remained there until 1809. This house stood in a cheerful garden, on one side of which were the ancient city walls. The top of these walls formed a good promenade, and commanded a wide view.

In 1809 Jane's brother, Mr. Edward Knight, gave the little family a choice between two houses, one near Godmersham Park and the other at Chawton. The latter was selected. This house, Chawton Cottage, was a large, rambling building on Mr. Knight's estate, and it was almost opposite the beginning of the park surrounding his residence, Chawton House. It stood (and still stands) at the juncture of the Winchester and Portsmouth Roads close to the village pond.

Past it went the merry Winchester College boys on their way home for the holidays.

The garden was surrounded by a hornbeam hedge, and the shrubs rendered it as secluded as was desirable.

Jane was very happy in her rural home. Chawton is picturesque, and forms a delightful haunt for the artist. The number of its quaint thatched cottages, some of which are clothed from base to chimney-pot with creepers, is probably rivalled by but few English villages.

In this retired spot the quill was seen once more in Jane Austen's hand. Once more three novels added to her literary reputation. These were "Emma," "Mansfield Park," and "Persuasion," and they were written between the years 1811 and 1816.

Her little mahogany writing desk was used in the large, pleasant room on the ground floor at the left corner of the house. Our illustration shows that one window overlooks the garden, and that facing the road a window has been bricked up and is partly concealed by ivy.

This room is now a reading room, for at the present day the Working Men's Club is located at the village Institute, which was once Chawton Cottage, and which will be ever associated with the illustrious authoress and three of her famous books.

Miss Austen was a frequent visitor at the stately old Elizabethan mansion which was her brother's home, and where at family gatherings she assisted in composing charades. We can picture her crossing the high road, and following it outside the park wall for a short distance, and then turning in at the gates and going up the pretty carriage drive, past the little church on the right, and entering the ivy-clad, gabled house.

This also we know, that her tall, slight figure and bright face with its hazel eyes, might be seen, and her firm, light step often heard, on the road to Alton, the pleasant little town one mile distant.

She was friendly with her neighbours in the quiet village, and took a good-natured interest in them.

She was very skilful with her fingers, and it was admitted that none could throw spilikins in so perfect a circle or take them off with so steady a hand. Her clever performances with cup and ball are not forgotten. At Chawton she used an easy one, and caught it on the point over a hundred consecutive times. Such were her simple amusements.

A slab of black marble in the north aisle of Winchester Cathedral marks the spot where she was laid to rest in 1817, near William of Wykeham's chantry tomb. An inscribed tablet was placed on the wall, and it has been scanned by the eyes of many modern celebrities who admire the graceful, polished diction of her literary work.

There in that stately cathedral, amidst the dust of Britain's ancient kings, is the grave of Jane Austen, the exquisite writer whom, as a delineator of character, Macaulay placed second only to Shakespeare.
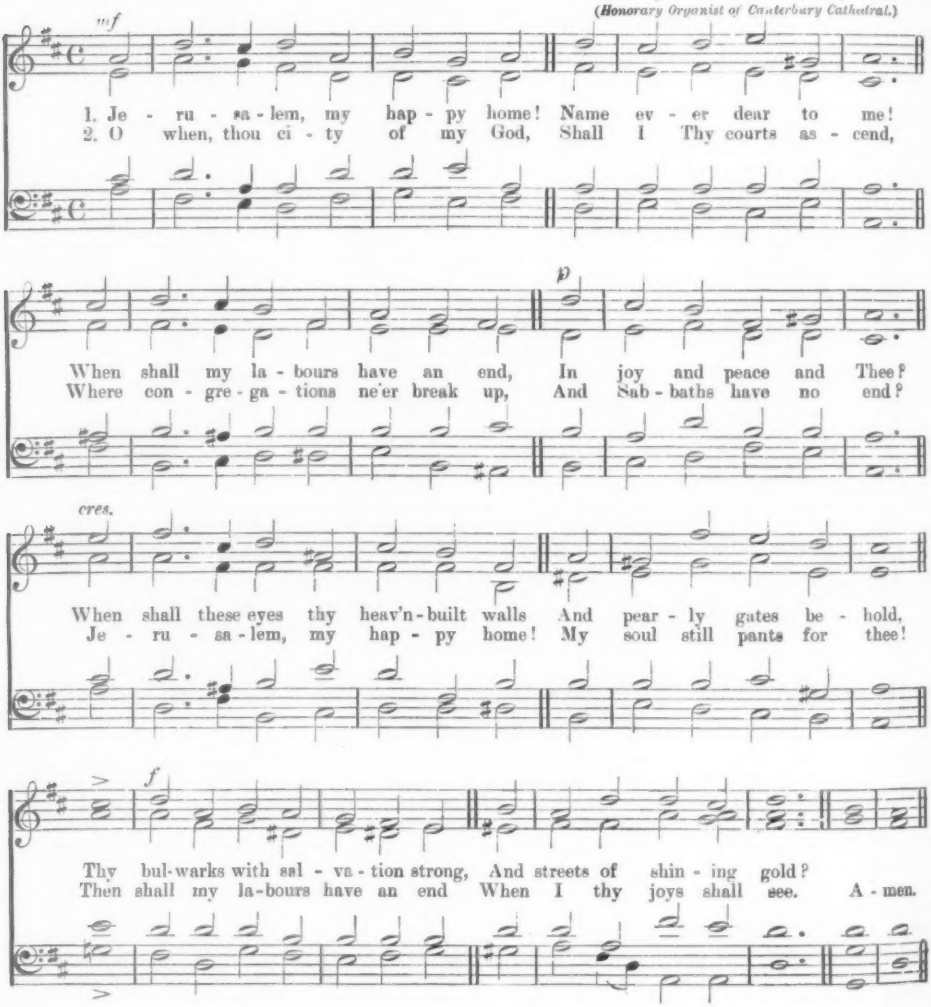


(Photo: George Frost, Alton.)

CHAWTON COTTAGE.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

Music by W. H. LONGHURST, Mus.D.
(*Honorary Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.*)





ESTHER AND HAMAN.
By M. L. Gow, R.I.

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THE BIG CAPTAIN FELLOW.

By Edith E. Cuthell, Author of "Only a Guard-room Dog," Etc.



"'M! He's awfully big!" This was Teddy's comment as we surveyed the arrival of the Captain from our favourite coign of vantage, the hayloft door.

It was a grand place to lie hidden in, the hayloft. Approached only by a ladder easily commanded, and, if necessary, readily drawn up, in case of siege; not readily accessible to the old gardener, the older coachman, the fat cook, and our other natural enemies, except after due deliberation and difficulty, and suitable warnings of approach by much puffing and blowing, the hayloft was our retreat and our stronghold, whence, securely, we could contemplate the domestic storms we had raised below. The door, with its sheer, unprotected drop of some twelve feet, gave a delicious sense of unprotected danger, while it commanded a bird's-eye view down the drive, over the kitchen garden, with glimpses of the backdoor, the dairy, and such-like places, useful to reconnoitre.

I may as well out with the horrid truth at once. The Captain had come to stay for a week, and we strongly suspected that he was "after" Queenie, as James, the footman, put it. So we were not prepared to receive him with delight. For was not Queenie ours, our very own and only sister, and mother too, rolled into one, ever since mother had died? Was it not to Queenie that we fled with our grievances, our cuts, our bruises, our scrapes (moral and physical), and our wants? Was it not Queenie that could produce endless string, knives, scissors, pencils, paper, and such-like necessities, which were always missing? Was it not she who was a perfectly safe depository for birds' eggs, butterflies, books, fishing tackle, and similar treasures, from one holiday to the next; while who but she could be such an excellent go-between, and wheedle dainties out of the cook, and permissions and pocket-money out of father, when we ourselves were powerless? We had grown up to look upon Queenie as existing so entirely for our especial benefit and happiness that it seemed impossible even to imagine that she could ever belong to anyone else.

It was Teddy who first gave the alarm, and James, the footman, who corroborated it. Teddy was the youngest of us. He did not go to school with Rex and me, but to a day school in London, so that he knew more of what went on in the family while we were away, more indeed than any of the grown-up people suspected. He told us that the Captain had been in and out at home for months, calling, dining, and sitting—sitting longer than any other visitors, and taking up Queenie dreadfully. It was true, Teddy said, that the Captain was most liberal in the way of chocolates and butterscotch, that it was to him that Teddy was indebted for delightful afternoons at the Zoo, at Madame Tussaud's, and other nice outings. Queenie and Aunt Isabel had gone too. He (Teddy) seemed to have sat and walked entirely with Aunt Isabel, for the Captain appeared always to want Queenie to walk and talk with *him*.

The whole idea seemed so improbable, and the bare notion of such a calamity befalling us, as his marrying Queenie and taking her away, so monstrous, that, at first, we were inclined to pooh-pooh Teddy for a silly baby. But when James told us, with a wink, that the Captain was "after" Miss Queenie, we began to think something of it, for we all valued James's opinion. So we held a council of war in the hayloft, and forthwith we decided to go to the fountain head, and ask Queenie herself.

We never had had a secret for any length of time from Queenie, we told her, and she ought not to have one from us. Was she going to marry the Captain?

Queenie grew crimson and stammered in a nervous way we had never known in her before, replying in much confusion that the Captain had never asked her. She added that we should always be her own dear boys, and that, whatever happened, she would always be "mother" to us as long as she lived, and then she stopped short, ending abruptly in tears upon Teddy's fair curls.

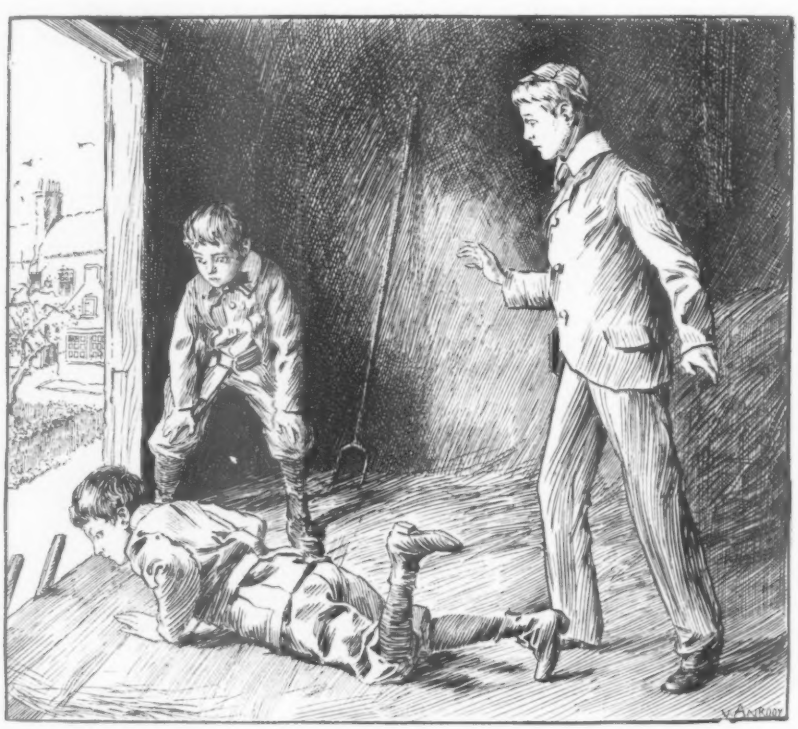
Whereupon we, who could never bear to see Queenie cry, hugged her till we nearly throttled her, and were quite happy again, forgetting all our fears, till one morning at breakfast father got a letter from the Captain inviting himself down for a day or two.

Much to our disgust, his offer was accepted. But we made up our minds to be a match for him. Were we not three to one? Indignantly we resolved to oppose most strenuously anyone who should venture to come between our Queenie and ourselves.

The Captain arrived. Viewed from the hayloft, he did indeed, as Teddy said, seem very big. He wore a heavy moustache and held himself very straight, and there was a look in his eyes we did not quite like—as if he had been used to command and to be obeyed, too. We felt instinctively that he saw through our little games and jokes, and was up to our machinations. Yet he was a brick about bowling for us, and gave us some valuable hints about setting up our butterflies, and setting night-lines for eels. But he snubbed us ruthlessly and sat upon us when occasion demanded, and, I must confess, those occasions were neither few nor far between. I fear we were a bad lot in those days, we two, and often led little Ted into mischief into the bargain.

With Queenie, however, the Captain behaved as if butter would not melt in his mouth. He fetched and carried for her like a slave, and would not let her stir a finger for herself if he could help it. Never had we seen Queenie treated like that before. Rather, we had always expected her to be at our beck and call all the holidays. Who was this big man, that he should come and interfere between us and our Queenie? We could not get her when we wanted her, for he was always with her. He interposed when we tried to tease and worry her into doing what she did not want, and absolutely made her have her own way. It was unheard of! For Queenie had never had any way but ours—at least, in the holidays. Now all seemed changed. Therefore deeply smouldered our animosity towards the Captain, ready to burst forth at any moment into open enmity. A spark set it aflame, and in this wise.

Rex and I had surreptitiously invested the fast dwindling remains of our pocket-money in a clay pipe and some tobacco from the village shop. This we enjoyed, more or less, in the seclusion of the hayloft, and but for the Captain we should never have been found out. It was his sharp eyes, as he sauntered through the yard below, that spied the smoking match we had incautiously thrown out of the loft door. His long legs were up the ladder before you could say "knife," and his stern voice demanded in tones which admitted of no prevarication, if we intended burning the place down, besides injuring ourselves by smoking



We surveyed the arrival of the Captain from the hayloft.—*p.* 849.

when mere boys? To make matters worse, he went and sneaked to father. The pipe was confiscated, and Queenie wrung her hands over the evils we had probably inflicted upon our constitutions.

We were up in arms. We were not going to be bullied by this tyrant! We would not stand his domineering! In high dudgeon we held a conclave in the hayloft, and gave vent to the most rebellious sentiments, vowing and declaring most solemnly to carry them into effect at the first opportunity.

Which was not long in coming. It had been a wet summer, and the river rose in flood, overflowing, here and there, the low-lying meadows. The weir gear was lifted up, and the roar of the water racing through the sluice gates filled the garden.

Suddenly was promulgated the paternal edict that we boys were not to go out in the boat alone and unaccompanied by some grown person, such as father himself, the gardener, or the Captain, for we could not swim much.

Here was an outrageous tampering with our liberty! It was, of course, we agreed, that odious Captain's doing, he who kept staying on longer and longer, and interfering more and more! What would the rest of the holidays be worth, if we could not go out in the boat without a grown-up person to spoil sport?

"If he thinks we're going to be sat upon by *him*, he's very much mistaken!" I growled, boiling over with wrath and indignation.

"Great big sneak! I just believe it's to get the boat all to himself to row Queenie about in," remarked Rex, lying back in the hay.

"But I'll be even with him—see if I don't! I've got a plan in my head to pay him out."

"What is it?" asked Rex.

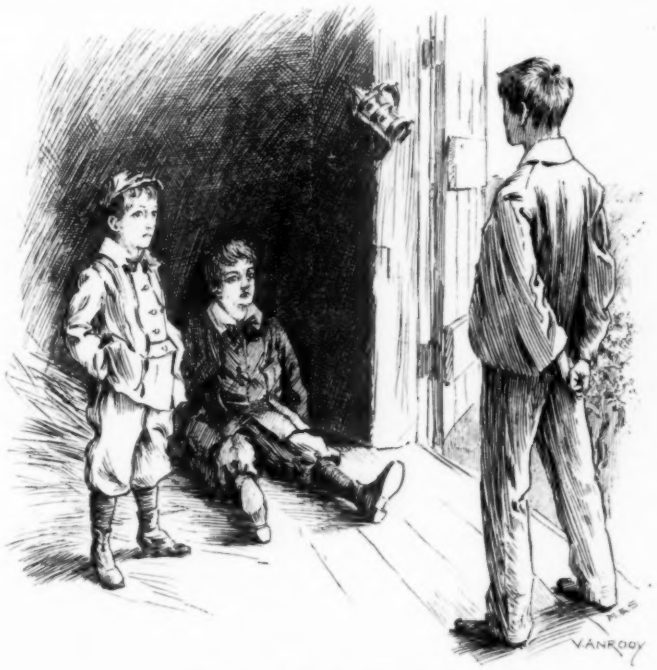
"You'll see, all in good time. You fellows have only got to do what I tell you. We *won't* be downtrodden!"

"Never!" chorused the others.

"But is it something that Queenie won't like?" asked little Teddy.

"Serve her right if it is!" I replied. "But for her we should never have had that Captain down here."

That evening, after dinner, while the gentlemen sat over their dessert, and Queenie, alone in the drawing-room, played dreamy tunes on the piano, in the gathering twilight I drew the boys hurriedly into the hall.



"We *won't* be downtrodden."

"Now's the time," I said in a low whisper. "Follow my orders. You, Teddy, take off your shoes, and steal up to the Captain's bedroom and fetch his box of cigarettes off the mantelpiece. I heard him say he hadn't many left and must write for more. We'll smoke all we can, and throw away the rest, and the Captain may whistle for a smoke to-night. Then follow us down to the boat."

"But *I* don't want to go on the river to-night," demurred Rex. "The Captain said it was a capital night for moths, and I want to try if I can't get some."

"Ugh! Get out! You coward! I do believe you are afraid!" I jeered.

"I'm not," repeated Rex, "but I want to go mothing."

"You're afraid!" I retorted. "Hurry up, Ted, and come along with me."

The latter rejoined me at the boat-house, bearing the stolen box of cigarettes.

"Good boy," I remarked patronisingly, to my small brother. "You're not afraid, anyhow."

"Not 'long with you, Will," replied the little fellow, "and if you'll let me row," he added; to be able to row being Ted's great ambition.

"Yes," I replied, in a lordly manner, lighting up a cigarette in imitation of the Captain's attitude, "I want a smoke."

As we pushed out into the river it was fast growing dark, and as we rowed down towards the island—quickly carried by the flooded stream—it grew darker still under the trees.

I lay back on the cushions, and Teddy found the rowing very easy. For awhile I puffed away in silence, and then, finding the cigarette somewhat stronger than I had expected, I gave up any attempt at appearance of enjoyment and flung it away into the river.

"Keep under the trees, Ted, so that no one sees us!"

We rowed past the point of the island where the stream divides—one branch going to the lock, the other to the weir—down to the lock, I trying a cigarette at intervals, and always with the same result. At the lock I took the oars, and, turning the boat, proceeded to row home slowly. But it was hard work against the stream, and presently I condescendingly informed Ted that he might row again.

All went well till we had passed the island point, when the little chap could make no way at all against the full force of the river tearing down towards the weir. The current seized the head of the boat, and, in spite of Teddy's utmost efforts, turned it round.

"Look out, Ted," I cried. "Here, give me the oars, or we shall be swept into the weir stream!"

I sprang forward to take Ted's place. The child, in his alarm and bewilderment, let one oar slip into the water as we changed seats, and in the darkness it was swept away ere I could regain it. So I was left with only one oar to battle with a flood current which every moment grew stronger against me.

In my fright I tried to row into the shore, and to seize the low-growing branches which hung from the island, and nearly upset the boat in my wild struggles to grasp them. But they were swept out of my hand before I could secure a good hold, and, to my horror, we found ourselves being carried hurriedly and irresistibly forward towards the dreaded weir, whose ominous roar sounded every moment nearer and nearer in our terrified ears.

Ted had begun to cry quietly. I rowed ceaselessly, with all my might, though feeling it utterly useless.

"Shout, Ted! Shout!" I gasped, breathlessly. "I'm done! Perhaps someone'll hear us!"

But all the time my heart sank, for I knew how small the chance was of anyone being about in the meadows at that hour, or of any possibility of rescue if they were. Stories of boats that had been dashed in pieces over the weir rushed into my mind; stories of the fabulously deep pools beneath these weirs whence bodies never returned: and all the while little Teddy's piteous shriek of "Queenie! Queenie!" rang mockingly in my ears.

Queenie! Oh! what would she say when she found I had drowned Teddy, her little pet? That was the most dreadful thought of all!

But the next moment Teddy's cry was utterly overwhelmed, for we were swept round a bend in the river, and the thunder of the flooded weir, now close by, burst upon us with a deafening roar.

Teddy, who sat facing the bows, gave a sudden shriek of terror.

"The ghost!" he screamed. "Oh, Will! The ghost!"

I had just strength enough to turn round, and the sight I saw made my blood run cold. I felt our doom was sealed, and that an awful fate was to be ours—a terrible punishment for our disobedience.

For there, high on the narrow bridge above the roaring weir, illumined by an unearthly light, I saw the spectral figure of the drowned miller who, the garden boy had told us, was wont to haunt the weir, standing out ghastly pale in the darkness, white hat and all, as the ghost of a miller should.

The next moment we were hurled along at a terrible speed, then came a sudden shock, and, as I stood up vainly trying to catch hold of the woodwork of the bridge, I was knocked down violently head foremost against the rowlock, and found myself being seized and dragged.

"He's got me! He's got me!" I shrieked, struggling in the ghostly miller's clutches. And then I became senseless.

* * * * *

When I came to myself, I was lying in my own bed, and someone was putting ice on my bruised and aching head. It was the Captain.

"Well, old chap, feel better, eh?" he asked with a cheery smile.

A horrible dread stole over me.

"Teddy?" I gasped. "Teddy?" as all the horror I had gone through rushed into my mind.

"Hush!" said Queenie's voice, as she sat in the armchair, rocking Teddy in her arms as if he had been a baby. "He's all right and going to sleep nicely now, but he's been so frightened."

I shuddered.

"The ghost! Ah, the miller's ghost!"

"Hush, hush!" soothed the Captain. "You mustn't talk. You've had a fright, too, but there wasn't any ghost, you know."

"But we saw it—standing on the bridge, all in white—with his hat on, in a bright light—and he seized me—and tried to drown me!"

"Nonsense! Nonsense! It was *I* who said that I must apologise to *him* about that, and brought him up to my room.

It was awfully hard work, apologising to the Captain. The words stuck in my throat, and he would not help me. When I got them out, however, he looked down upon me with a cheery smile.

"Oh! never mind about the cigarettes,



Teddy gave a sudden shriek of terror.

seized you, just in time, before the boat went over the weir, and pulled you out."

"We heard Teddy's voice calling to us as we were walking in the meadow," put in Queenie. "We suspected the danger. The Captain ran—oh! how he ran! He found Rex on the weir bridge, mothing, and between the two they pulled you out—just in time," she added with a shudder.

"And I know what you saw," put in Rex suddenly, with a laugh, "you pair of ninnies! I had stuck my hat on a white post of the bridge, while I looked down into the water and set my mothing lantern by it. That was your ghost! Ha! ha!"

"Of course it was," laughed the Captain; "so now you go to sleep and forget all about it."

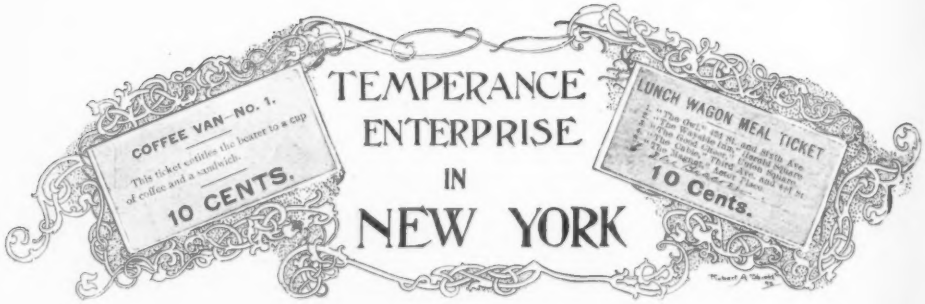
The next morning I had it all out with Queenie. I told her how sorry I was for having got Teddy into such a scrape, and asked her to forgive me. Then I told her all about the Captain's cigarettes. But she old man! To say the truth, I never wanted them, be—because—I was otherwise engaged. And you've had your punishment, I think, and a pretty sharp one. So we won't say anything more about them, for I want to be very good friends with you, Will, because, you see, I am going to be your brother," he added. "Queenie and I settled it all last night in our walk by the river."

"You—you're going to marry Queenie, and take her right away—to India?" I gasped. "Oh, Queenie!" I cried, imploringly, starting up in bed and looking at her. "Oh, Queenie! say it isn't true."

Queenie came up to my bedside, and laid one hand on my hot one, while she gave the other to the Captain.

"He asked me," she answered, "down by the river, and then—when he had saved my two boys—I couldn't say 'No,' could I?"

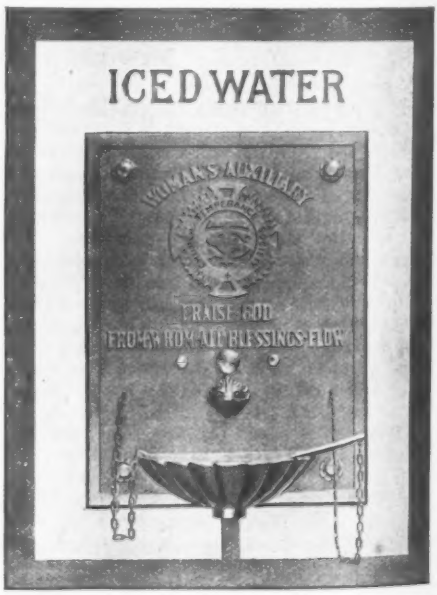
I turned and hid my face in the pillow, for only then did I realise what my punishment really was.



AN American writer has sagely remarked that "reform does not come from railing at existing evils, but in providing worthier substitutes," and this practical idea forms a very strong plank in the platform of temperance reformers in the States. However much they would welcome legislation providing for general Prohibition, they recognise that any attempt to force reform upon the American citizen is foredoomed to failure. Special efforts are consequently directed upon the important line of providing "counteractions" to the saloons, and in this work the New York Woman's Auxiliary of the Church Temperance Society of the States has been particularly active and successful. This Auxiliary was formed in 1893, and, with an enthusiastic energy which has never waned, it immediately devoted itself to ascertaining in what manner it could be most generally effective.

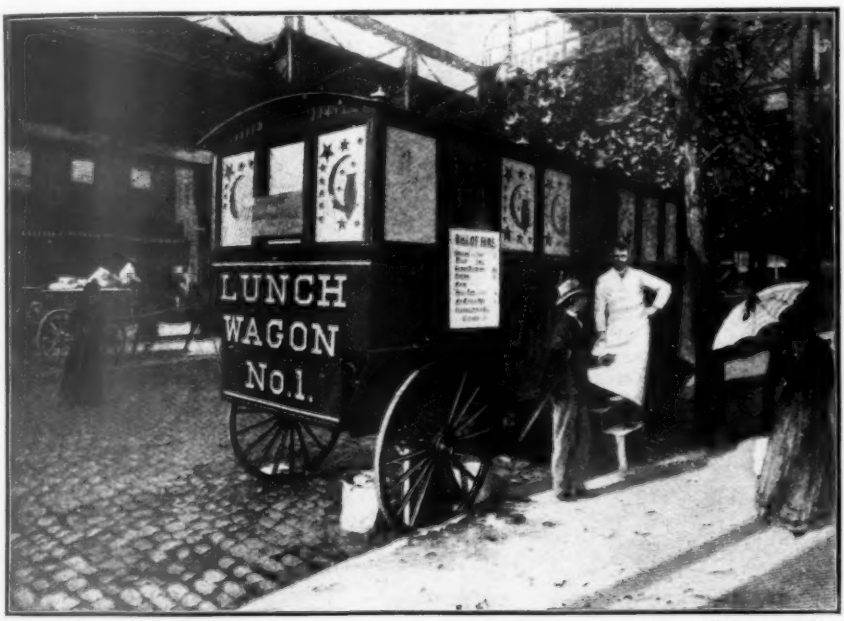
ALL-NIGHT LUNCH WAGONS.

"How can we best counteract the pernicious and demoralising influence of the saloons?" became an urgent question at the early meetings, and out of the discussion there sprang the first All-night Lunch Wagon on the streets of New York. This was provided by subscription, and at the end of the second year the project was so successful as to enable the Auxiliary to purchase another wagon from the earnings of the first, whilst at the present time six of these vehicles are in operation, three of which were special gifts. They are built of oak, and handsomely fitted up, and contain a refrigerator and gas cooking-stove. Each wagon, moreover, is provided with seats for eight, and has a sliding window through which cabmen and carmen can be served without the trouble and delay of descending from their perches. It is almost unnecessary to state that no attempt is made



A NEW YORK ICED-WATER FOUNTAIN.

to undersell the cheap restaurants. The food is of good quality throughout, is thoroughly well cooked and served, and is retailed at fair and reasonable rates. The wagons are open day and night, hot tea, coffee and cocoa (in addition to nourishing food) being always available. They have been specially successful in drawing the support of printers, messengers and others who are compelled to be out late at night, and who would otherwise inevitably find their way to one or other of the neighbouring saloons for their refreshments. A good work is also done in connection with these vehicles by the crowded tenement house districts of New York, which are an almost inestimable boon during the great heat of the summer months, and must undoubtedly tend to an appreciable diminution of the business of the saloons. A New York minister bears eloquent testimony to the need of such fountains all over the city. He states that he had a great deal of running about to do one hot day in June last, and, says he, "I got very thirsty, but in all New York I couldn't get a glass of water. I just wanted a plain ordinary drink of water and under conditions that would save my self-



(*Photo: O'Muller, New York.*)

A NEW YORK LUNCH WAGON IN POSITION.

the sale of strips of ten-cent tickets for distribution amongst the poor and the unemployed. Each ticket entitles the bearer to a pint bowl of hot soup and two large slices of bread at any one of the six wagons, and many cases to whom it would be unwise to give money are thus temporarily relieved. On an average 250 persons per day are served at each wagon, and during last year no less than 214,256 ten-cent meals were sold.

ICED-WATER FOUNTAINS.

As further evidence of the increasing success of these temperance wagons, it is pleasing to record that the recent profits have been sufficient to erect some ten iced-water fountains in respect. But I couldn't get it. In sheer despair, I went into a saloon and got a glass of seltzer, and I found the place full of thirsty people paying money for similar or worse substitutes for nature's gift of water."

These fountains are in operation from May 1st until October 31st, and, as iced water is a much more general and favourite drink in America than in England, it is not surprising to hear from Miss Graham, the energetic secretary of the Auxiliary, that they have been of the greatest service. The ten fountains are uniform in design and are affixed to the street walls. The bronze tablet (bearing the apt quotation "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow" under the raised monogram of the Society) is very neat in appearance, as will be seen from

the accompanying photograph, and the pipes behind are so arranged that they can be packed in fresh ice every day, thus rendering the water which flows through them perfectly cold and refreshing.

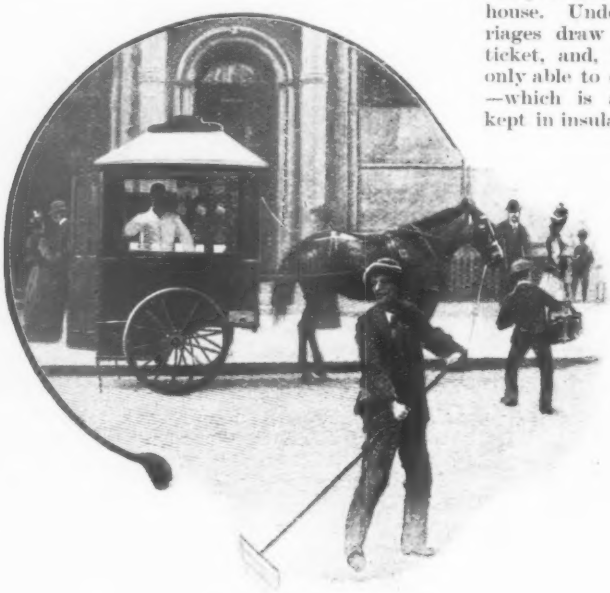


(Photo: O'Muller, New York.)

ALL-NIGHT LUNCH WAGON: THE INTERIOR.

A COACHMEN'S COFFEE VAN.

But even these splendid efforts do not exhaust the energies of the Auxiliary. The latest experiment is on a more restricted scale than the foregoing, but is certainly as beneficent in its results, and takes the form of a Coachmen's Coffee Van. The ladies of the Auxiliary were much exercised by the strong temptations to drink which beset the coachmen of fashionable New York during the hours they have perforce to wait for their employers when the latter are attending an "at home" or other social function. Thereupon the resourceful ladies conceived the happy idea of equipping a miniature wagon and of placing it at the disposal of well-known hostesses. With this van no attempt is made to realise a profit, and each hostess is expected to purchase a ten-cent ticket for every coachman who sets down guests at her house. Under this arrangement, as the carriages draw up, each coachman receives a ticket, and, in exchange for this, he is not only able to obtain at the van a cup of coffee—which is always very hot, through being kept in insulated tanks—but also a substantial sandwich, free of charge. Further refreshments can be purchased by the men at their option. This van has proved a marked success, and has been much appreciated by the coachmen, to whom cheap liquor had been previously the only accessible beverage. In thus providing for the comfort of a worthy class of men, as well as drawing them away from temptation to drink, the Auxiliary has set an example which might well be followed elsewhere, especially as there can be no pecuniary loss when once the van has been equipped.



THE COACHMEN'S COFFEE VAN

A. P. H.

SCRIPTURE·LESSONS·FOR·SCHOOL·&·HOME
· INTERNATIONAL · SERIES ·

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

JULY 16TH.—The Hebrews in the Fiery Furnace.

To read—Dan. iii. 14—30. Golden Text—Ver. 17.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR, king of Babylon, in the height of his power after victories in many lands, erects an image of gold (believed to be of himself) of great size, 100 feet high and 10 feet wide. Then appoints a day for its dedication. All are to fall down and worship it.

I. **The Command** (14, 15). Three Jewish counsellors brought before him—the same who rejected the meat offered to idols. They have refused to worship false gods. The king gives positive orders. He asks if it is true that they have refused to do honour to this image? One last chance given them. The band will play again, then they must bow in worship; if not, they will be burnt alive. What does this show as regards the king? *His pride* in seeking homage and requiring worship to his image. *His cruelty* in punishing those who refuse. *His impiety* in mocking God's power.

II. **The Refusal** (16—23). *The three Jews.* What a splendid answer! See what it shows. *Implicit faith* in God Whom they know and trust. *Courage.* They will rather die than sin—they cannot wilfully break God's command (Ex. xx. 4, 5). They are not afraid of death, if it be God's will.

The king. What does he do? Loses his temper. They have defied him, and he will be revenged. Picture the scene. Faggots piled on the fire; fierce heat; strongest soldiers picked out to bind these three God-fearing Jews. As they are cast in, the flames devour the soldiers. Three men fall down in the furnace.

III. **The Deliverance** (24—30). All are watching; what happens? Three cast in bound; *four* seen to be walking free? God has seen, noted, saved. An angel, like the Son of God, is with them; they are unhurt. What does the king do? He blesses their God, owns His power, forbids any disrespect to Him, promotes His three servants.

Lessons. 1. *Courage.* Dare to do the right. Effect will be to win others.

2. *Faith.* In the Lord put I my trust. The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly.

A Modern Martyr Delivered.

During the Indian Mutiny an ensign only sixteen years of age was left for dead, but escaped to a neighbouring ravine, where water was his only food for four days. On the fifth day he was found, and dragged by the Sepoys before one of their leaders. There he found a Christian catechist, formerly a Mohammedan, who was being tormented. His firmness was giving way, but the boy-officer cried out, "Oh, my friend, come what may, do not deny the Lord Jesus." A sudden alarm dispersed the murderous fanatics, and the catechist was saved.

JULY 23RD.—The Handwriting on the Wall.

To read—Dan. v. 17—31. Golden Text—Ps. lxxv. 7.

BELSHAZZAR, grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, now reigning in Babylon. Gives great feast in midst of siege. Army of Cyrus, king of Persia, at gates. Enemy without, revelry within. Drink out of vessels from Temple at Jerusalem, praise their own false gods. Suddenly hand seen writing on wall. King in great fear; his conscience troubles him (ver. 6); offers reward for interpretation. Queen reminds him of Daniel. Describes him. He has the spirit of holiness in character and of wisdom in life. So Daniel is sent for.

I. **The Prophet.** Old man of eighty-two comes in. Has lived at the court all through the captivity. King tells his difficulty, asks Daniel to interpret the handwriting, offers great reward. What does Daniel say? Refuses the gifts, as Elisha did those of Naaman (2 Kings v. 16). Reminds king of story of his grandfather's life. Tells how God humbled Nebuchadnezzar and lifted him up again. Rebukes Belshazzar for his wickedness in four respects. He had not humbled his heart before God; he had not glorified God; he had insulted God by this impious feast, using the holy vessels from the Temple; he had openly praised false gods. Thus he had refused the good and chosen evil.

II. **The Handwriting** (25—31). *Mene, Mene, i.e.* "Numbered, numbered." The kingdom of Babylon was reckoned up and its days finished. *Tekel,* "weighed." The king was weighed in God's balances and found wanting. *Upharsin* "divided," *i.e.* broken up.

King did reward Daniel, but did not himself repent. That night the Persians, having drawn off waters of Euphrates into another channel, stole up dry bed of river, took the city and killed the king. God's word soon came true.

III. **Lessons.** 1. *Day of reckoning certain.* Belshazzar, feasting and forgetting God, thought only of this life. Parable of rich fool (St. Luke xii. 20) realised. That night his soul was required of him.

2. *Blessedness of a good conscience.* King at height of merriment trembles; old man, Daniel, in captivity happy. Innocency always brings peace (Ps. xxxvii. 37).

Judgment to Come.

A man once in a dream thought he was in hell. He saw many whom he had known—drunkards, gamblers, men whose whole lives had been spent in pleasure—all doing what they had done on earth. He asked one to leave off his game for a few minutes' talk with him. "No," he said, with a look of anguish, "we have no power to stop; we must go on. That which was our pleasure in the world is here our exceeding and eternal torment." The dreamer woke. God's grace touched his heart, and he became a changed man.

JULY 30TH.—Daniel in the Den of Lions.

To read—Dan. vi. 10—23. *Golden Text—Ps. cxxi.* 5.

DARIUS set over kingdom of Babylon by Cyrus; appoints three chief presidents, of whom Daniel was chief. His position was one of great power, like Prime Minister in England; also of great temptation; could levy taxes, take bribes, etc. Might have been unjust, tyrannical, etc. How *did* he behave? Was diligent and faithful. The other presidents hated him because he was a foreigner and honest. Put them to shame.

I. **Daniel Tried** (10—17). Only fault presidents could find was his religion. He prayed to God, not to their false gods. So a trap set to catch him. Got Darius to sign decree that no prayer should be said to any but him for thirty days. What did Daniel do? Went to his house, did his work, and said his prayers as usual.

Notice about his prayers—they were *regular*, not omitted when very busy, but three times a day—at third, sixth, and ninth hours, like David (Ps. lv. 17), with face towards Temple at Jerusalem (1 Kings viii. 48—50), third and ninth hours being those of daily sacrifice. Also *reverent*, falling on his knees as Christ did; *deliberate*, not hurried, though he was Prime Minister, full of business; he "prayed and gave thanks"; *open*, did not seek to conceal himself.

Meanwhile enemies watched, saw, reported to the king. He was sorry; saw how a trap had been laid, but must keep the law when once made. Yet he knew something of Daniel's God, believes He will deliver him.

II. **Daniel Saved** (18—24). Contrast the king and his prisoner. King, restless and disturbed, can neither eat nor sleep. Daniel, quiet and happy, has had presence of God's angel and comfort of a good conscience, like St. Paul in the storm (Acts xxvii. 23). Then the king rejoices. God has saved him. Daniel is rescued, his enemies destroyed. The king does his best to undo the past. He publicly honours God and bids people do the same (ver. 26).

Lessons. 1. *The value of prayer.* Daniel called on God daily, was helped in trouble.

2. *The value of courage.* Daniel serving God faithfully in midst of corruption; not afraid to die; won over the whole kingdom to God.

3. *The ministry of angels* (Ps. xxxiv. 6, 7).

All for the Best.

Bernard Gilpin, accused of heresy, set out for London to be tried. His favourite maxim was, "All things are for the best." On his way, he broke his leg. "Is all for the best now?" asked a scornful companion. "I still believe so," said Gilpin. So it proved; for before he could continue his journey Queen Mary died, and, instead of going to London to be burned, he returned home in triumph.

AUGUST 6TH.—The New Heart.

To read—Ezek. xxxvi. 25—38. *Golden Text—Ver.* 26.

ISRAEL'S land had become desolate, but prophet foretells a greater fertility than before. God's "jealousy" against the sinful nation will work *for* His covenant people. His Name will be sanctified and nobler sacrifices than of old be offered to Him.

The passage to be read verse by verse.

I. **Promises** (25, 26). *Cleansing* from sin the beginning of all change. The outward idols must be put away, the unclean heart washed—"sprinkled from an evil conscience" (Heb. x. 22), of which outward washing is sign and pledge (Heb. ix. 13, 14).

Change. Stony heart a tablet on which God's love made no impression; their sins graven on it in clear and deep lines (Jer. xvii. 1). A heart of flesh with life and feeling shall be given, on which the spirit of the living God should write the law of righteousness (2 Cor. iii. 3).

II. **Results** (27—32). *God's spirit* in hearts will cause them to keep His laws.

Return to their own land and to the Father's love. As the Prodigal (St. Luke xv. 18).

Increase of corn and all produce, *i.e.* temporal blessings as well as spiritual. Will have all things needful for body and soul.

Remembrance of evil ways will cause abhorrence of sin (Ps. li. 3, 4).

God's glory the reason for the conversion of His people.

III. **Blessings** (33—38). *Settlement.* No more to be wanderers in wilderness. Old cities to be repaired, new ones built, the land tilled and cultivated. All will see and say, "This is God's doing."

Sacrifices. God had refused to be inquired of by them while not repentant (xx. 3). Now He will receive their prayers and offerings. "Flocks of men" will seek Him in His solemn feasts thrice yearly at Jerusalem (Deut. xvi. 16). Flocks of sheep will be brought. All will know that He is the Lord.

Lessons. 1. The power of God in changing men's hearts.

2. The goodness of God in His gifts temporal and spiritual.

3. The glory of God to be manifested in the world.

4. The worship of God the duty of men.

The New Heart.

A prisoner was asked by the jail chaplain, "Did you ever read *that* book?" pointing to the Bible. "It would do me no good," he cried. "I am past all feeling; my heart is as hard as iron; there is nothing in any book that will ever touch me." "Well," said

the chaplain, "you want a new heart; listen to these words, 'A new heart also will I give you.'" The words struck the man; he read them again and again, he accepted God's promised gift, and became a new man in Christ Jesus.

AUG. 13TH.—Ezekiel's Great Vision.

To read—Ezek. xxxvii. 1—14. *Golden Text—Ver.* 27.

MANY ways by which God formerly spoke to people—sometimes by direct voice, as to Moses from the bush (Ex. iii. 4), Samuel at night, etc.; sometimes by dreams and visions, as to Balaam (Num. xxiv. 16)—one of these visions to-day to Ezekiel.

I. **The Vision** (1—10). *The place.* Ezekiel carried to a valley with numbers of skeletons and bones of men lying about—perhaps had been a battle; or a caravan overtaken by drought, all perished for want of water. He is asked if they can live. If God *willed it*, they could, for nothing too hard for Him (Jer. xxxii. 17).

The prophecy. He is to speak to the bones in God's Name. By His word the world was made (Ps. xxxiii. 6), and the dead shall be raised (St. John v. 25, 28). He will breathe into them the breath of life (Gen. ii. 7).

The result. All came to pass. A shaking and movement. Bones fitted together, flesh and sinews covered them, bodies formed. But see, they are a mass of *corpses!* What more is wanted? God's wind, *i.e.* His Spirit, blows, they breathe, live, stand on their feet, are living men (Ps. civ. 30).

II. **The Meaning** (11—14). *Death.* The bones represent the nation of Israel. They had been dead in sins (Eph. ii. 1). The land desolate, Jerusalem in ruins, the nation scattered. Their future dark and desolate. Apparently no ray of hope, cut off by their sin from communion with God. Can these dead rise up again and praise God? (Ps. lxxxviii. 10).

Resurrection. There is hope, for they are still God's people. He has the power and will to give new life. He will bring them out of the dark places in which they lay as men long dead (Lam. iii. 6). He will put His Holy Spirit of life in them and make them "alive unto God" (Rom. vi. 11). His word must come to pass.

III. **Lessons.** 1. *To the nation.* Sin is a reproach to any people.

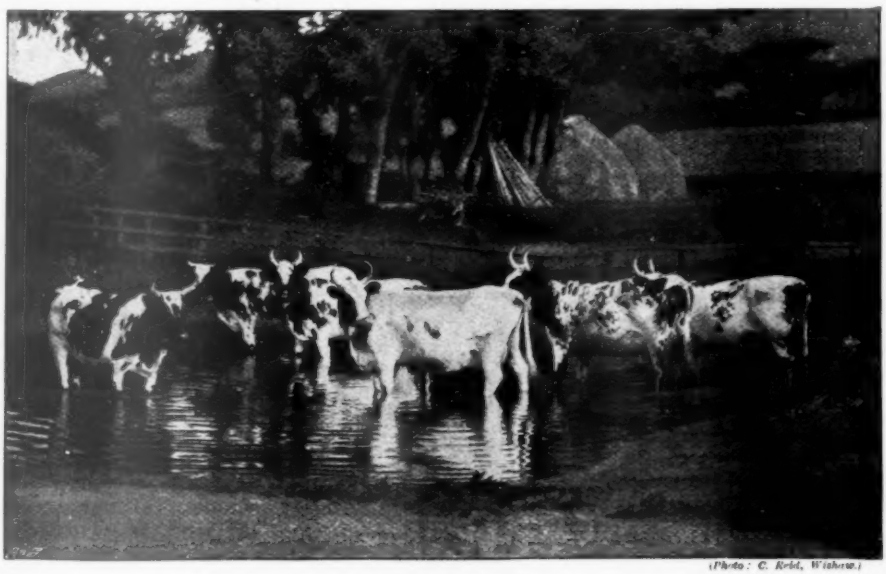
2. *To each individual.* Thou hast destroyed thyself, in Me is thy hope.

In Adam all die, in Christ all are made alive.

The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.

From Death unto Life.

A young man was converted by God's grace in a remarkable manner. He saw a tree stripped of its leaves, apparently dead. He considered that in a little while the leaves would be renewed, and flowers and fruit would appear. This thought gave him such a view of God's power and providence that he forthwith became a changed man, leading a new life, devoted to God and His service.



(Photo: C. Rebl, Wiehrew.)

A SUMMER SCENE.

Short Arrows

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

A Curious Colony.

A CERTAIN number of Americans who desire to follow Christ literally and to reproduce as far as possible the occupations, the manners, and even the climatic conditions of the primitive Christians, have migrated to a colony in California which they call Lordsburg or Fortress of the Lord. Here some six hundred men, women, and children find a pious retirement from the world under the shadow of the San Gabriel Mountains. They live by tillage; but they strive to be unconscious of politics and of news. They prefer to cultivate the olive because of its association with Christ's life on earth, and they justify their payment of taxes by reference to Christ's tribute money. But they never vote, and they totally exclude newspapers, novels, magazines, and even such histories as they denominate secular. They engage in business so far as to sell the products of their work, and we presume they purchase such goods as their simple necessities require. They indulge in archaic speech; they appear to literally greet one another "with a holy kiss"; and literally to wash one another's feet. But is this literalism, we may ask, a real obedience to Christ's command, "Follow Me"? The same voice which uttered those words also said: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." Is all sin more excluded from this little community than from the world outside? Would not these Dunkers or Dunkards—as they are called—follow Christ more truly by living in the world, but being not of it; by pursuing the legitimate occupations of life, but in the truly Christian spirit?

The German Chapel at Marlborough House.

THE German Chapel at Marlborough House—technically known as the German Chapel of St. James's—was founded by Queen Anne for the celebration of the Lutheran Service. Since its erection, Queen Caroline, Queen Adelaide, and the Duchess of Kent, have been amongst its regular worshippers. The entrance is at the side of Marlborough House facing the Friary



THE GERMAN CHAPEL AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Court of St. James's Palace; and the favoured visitor admitted during the residence of the Royal Family will find himself present at a Lutheran service in the Danish tongue; this having been initiated in 1881 in accordance with the wishes of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The interior of the sacred building is plain in the extreme, the seating accommodation consisting entirely of oaken pews guiltless of carving. The royal pew—which is a semi-gallery—is in the rear, immediately facing the altar; it has much the appearance of a commodious room richly carpeted and furnished with comfortable chairs covered in crimson velvet. On the right of the Chapel, and at the same elevation, is the pew reserved for the Danish ambassador to Her Majesty's Court. The holy table within the rails is small and plain. Immediately behind is a beautiful painting by Remberg, "Christ in Gethsemane." This, and the quaint, old-fashioned organ just above, were the gifts of Queen Caroline. A small pew on either side of the instrument seats the choir, which is voluntary, but exceedingly good.



(Photo: W. L. Carey, Pietermaritzburg.)

BOER CHURCH AT THE TIME OF "CAMP-MEETING."

A Boer Religious Convention.

To-day, as years ago in Palestine, religious people love to gather at conventions. The Keswick Convention is well known in England; and in South Africa the Boers are accustomed also to meet together at religious festivals. Many of the Boers dwell in scattered villages, and about once a quarter they assemble at the nearest town and attend Communion Service and other religious gatherings. The heavy ox wagon is yoked at the distant farm; Mrs. Boer and the children are comfortably ensconced in it; the Kaffir servants attend, and the whole party *trek* for the church. Arrived on the spot, the Boer pitches his tent, and the family are prepared for the religious festival. The name given to such gatherings is Nachtmaal, or Lord's Supper—doubtless from the fact that the Communion is administered during these meetings, which perhaps afford the only opportunity many of the Boers have of attending such a service. In a measure, the meeting appears to correspond to the camp-meeting in America. The women do not dress in their worst apparel, and the Boer farmers clothe their sturdy limbs in black. The State Church of the country is the United Dutch Reformed Church, which, according to the last available returns, claims some 30,000 adherents; but there are other Dutch Churches claiming some 33,000. They are strongly Calvinistic in creed.

The Sunbeam Fund.

Over twenty years ago three gentlemen in the library department of the well-known business house of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son started a little fund to assist efforts for giving poor London

children summer holidays in the country. Such opportunities for the children were far fewer twenty-three years ago than now, and the idea that country sunbeams were to be given to wan little pale faces pent up in crowded neighbourhoods suggested the bright and pleasing name.



A ROYAL YACHTSMAN.

Those first three contributors have since grown into a far larger number, and the scheme has extended to other departments. And while the receipts for the first year were fourteen shillings, the amount distributed during 1898 reached £30, the total grants exceeding £420. The grants now include, in some cases, dinners at Christmas as well as contributions to summer holidays. The distribution is made on an unsectarian basis, to schools connected with the Church of England and to Nonconformist and unsectarian institutions. The Committee, in awarding any sum (generally ten shillings—or a pound, if both Christmas dinners and summer excursions are given), deal with each application on its merits, and have many evidences of much good being done. The fund—which is raised by penny-a-week subscriptions and has recently been aided by a concert—has become quite an institution in the house, and, if generally known, might suggest similar efforts in other large establishments.

A Royal Yachtsman.

IF you want to know what a man is made of, send him to sea. The close intimacy that necessarily exists on board ship reveals character, as do also times of danger and excitement that are experienced by those between whom and eternity there is only a plank. And if life on the ocean wave is a good test, it is also a good training for character. Those who go down to the sea in ships see the works of the Lord, and if they are religiously inclined they think of them during the watches of the night. Then when they come into port the many temptations to be resisted make those who overcome very strong Christians. All this is reflected on the faces of religious sailors. They seem to say, "We can go to heaven by sea as well as by land, and by the grace of God we shall." Men of this stamp are on board every ship of war, and especially in the crew of the Queen's yachts. Those who under God are responsible for the safety of travelling royalty must be very trustworthy.

Necessarily Imperfect.

IN the picture which is considered to be perhaps the finest in the world—Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper"—the artist left the face of Christ purposely unfinished. When asked why he did so, he said that it was because he could not hope that his imagination would be able to conceive of such beauty and celestial grace as were fit for the incarnate Divinity. It is the same with the moral and spiritual portrait of the Saviour which each of us forms. It is as far from perfection as we are wanting in spiritual imagination, but it supplies a present need, and we can add to it more and more as we grow in grace and therefore in knowledge of the Lord. One element of happiness that awaits us in heaven is that we shall see Him as He is.

For Old and Young.

IT is not often that we receive a book so equally interesting to old and young alike as the latest work by our contributor, Mr. F. M. Holmes, which deals with "Firemen and their Exploits" (S. W. Partridge and Co.), and is well illustrated. Within a compass of less than two hundred pages the author has not only quoted the deeds of notable fire-heroes, but has included a popular history of the fire-brigade movement from the time of the Great Fire of London to the present day.—A very daintily produced volume reaches us from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, containing much practical and sympathetic advice to young people on the lessons of life. It is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller, and is issued under the appropriate title "Looking Forward." From the same publishers also comes a series of interesting tales and character sketches, by Mr. John Ackworth, *apropos* of the raising of the Wesleyan Twentieth Century Fund, entitled "The Making of the Million."—Messrs. Cassell have just completed the serial issue of their unique work, "The Queen's Empire," which is now published in two handsome volumes, together containing nearly six hundred pages of selected photographs collected from all parts of the British Empire. Our space does not permit us to give a list of the numerous subjects dealt with in this comprehensive photographic survey, but we may mention that they include: "How the Queen's

Peoples Worship," "The Education of the Empire," "The Government of the Empire," and many other equally interesting topics. The work forms a complete pictorial record of the religious, family, commercial, and social life of her Majesty's subjects in all parts of the world, and would make an admirable gift for young people as well as for "children of a larger growth."—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a useful little book on "Gospel Seed for Busy Sowers" (Morgan and Scott), in which Mr. J. Ellis has collected a number of anecdotes, outline addresses, and other material of great help to Sunday School teachers and other workers; of a volume by Mr. W. W. Stephens, in which he earnestly advocates various methods for promoting "Higher Life for Working People" (Longmans and Co.); and of a memoir of "Sophia Cooke" (Elliot Stock), recounting her successful and self-denying missionary work in Singapore, which extended over a period of forty-two years.

The People who Attend Public Worship.

In this country (England and Wales) there is a population of about twenty-eight millions, as nearly as can now be estimated. And of these it is calculated that about ten millions, or just over one-third, attend Divine service once at least on Sundays. In Scotland the population is about four millions and a half, roughly speaking, and it is estimated that of these just over one million attend service once a day on the Sabbath. In Ireland the population may be taken as being about five and a quarter millions, and the number calculated as attending some place of worship once a day on Sundays is about one million and a half. All these figures are based on the very best authorities for knowing this subject.



CHURCHGOERS AND NON-CHURCHGOERS.

(In the diagram churchgoers are represented by twelve persons, non-churchgoers by twenty-five.)

"Read to Pieces."

Some months ago the Rev. P. H. Chapman, chaplain of Bareilly in India, appealed for a supply of magazines and good literature for the use of our soldiers in that part of the Empire. An immediate and hearty response was the result; and the papers and periodicals have been used to such an extent that a soldier in hospital recently remarked, "They are read to pieces." The papers are given away in hospitals, barracks, and cantonments; they are placed in the prayer room and reading room of the soldiers' Outram Institute, and civilians wishing to share in the good reading from England have asked for the loan of papers. Bundles have therefore been circulated every week, from house to house, until they have done duty on a large round. Copies are placed in the railway guards' "Running Room," where guards spend leisure hours; and packets are also sent to the railway quarters at Shahjahanpur, a station some forty miles from Bareilly. There is unlimited scope, says Mr. Chapman, for the circulation of good literature, and, while sincerely thanking those who so kindly responded on the former occasion, he makes another appeal. It is, however, a curious comment on the ways of such givers that he specially asks them to pay the full postage, otherwise a double charge is made to him at Bareilly—a charge which, we can understand, "somewhat detracts from the pleasure of receiving the magazines." We heartily endorse this appeal. The influence of good reading can scarcely be over-estimated.

The Temperance Problem: and a Solution.

It has been well said of the temperance movement that "no other social propaganda of the century has called forth so much unselfish effort, or enlisted so numerous a body of workers." But it gives one pause to realise that, despite all the sacrifice and labour of the intervening period, the consumption of alcohol, per head of the population in the United Kingdom, is greater to-day than it was in 1840, and the amount spent upon alcoholic drinks, per head of the population, which was £2 18s. 10d. in 1840, was £3 16s. 10½d. in 1898. For these and other facts and figures to make one think we are indebted to a timely volume on "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform," written by Messrs. Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell, and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Their statement of the problem to be faced is probably the most exhaustive which has been attempted in moderate compass, and their suggestion of a solution, though it will probably not approve itself to every temperance worker, is certainly worthy of careful consideration as a practicable and well-thought-out scheme.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

The following is a list of contributions received from May 1st, 1899, up to and including May 31st, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* The Twins, Brighton, 2s.; J. J. E., Govan (138th donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (108th donation), 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* H. B. D., 5s.; A Thank Offering, 5s.; An Irish Girl, 5s.

For *Miss Sharman's Homes:* M. and L., 2s.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund:* A Constant Reader, Brighton, 5s.

For *The Indian Leper Mission Fund:* A Thank Offering, 1s.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

The **Special Silver Medal** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Somersetshire** (for which applications were invited up to May 31st, 1899) has been gained by

Eliza A. Ashford,
Woodbine Cottage,
Stoke-under-Ham,
Somerset,

who has distinguished herself by **sixty-one** complete years of service in the Parish Church Sunday School of Stoke-sub-Hamdon.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

CUMBERLAND,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before June 30th, 1899. We may add that **Cambridge** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being July 31st, 1899. This county, in its turn, will be followed by the county of **Norfolk**, for which the date will be one month later—viz. August 31st, 1899.

These announcements are made subject to the general reservation included in our notices of the last two or three months.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

97. What event took place during the captivity in Babylon which preserved to the Jews the free exercise of their religion?

98. What effect did the presence of an angel in the burning fiery furnace have upon Nebuchadnezzar?

99. By what terrible calamity was Nebuchadnezzar finally led to believe in God?

100. Quote some words of Daniel which show the greatness of King Nebuchadnezzar.

101. Of what great act of profanity was Belshazzar guilty for which God took away his kingdom?

102. What position did Daniel occupy in the great kingdom of the Medes and Persians?

103. What was the effect of Daniel's faith and constancy upon King Darius?

104. With what promise did the prophet Ezekiel comfort the Jews during their captivity?

105. In what way was the prophet Ezekiel directed to show the union of Israel and Judah after the return from captivity?

106. By what vision did the prophet Ezekiel foretell the revival of religious life among the Jews?

107. Of what else is the "Vision of Dry Bones" an illustration?

108. Where do we find the first mention of the division of time into hours?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 768.

85 Colosse was a town not far from Laodicea, in the district of Phrygia, Asia Minor. Eusebius, the historian, says it was destroyed by an earthquake, A.D. 63, as was also the town of Laodicea (Col. i. 2).

86. Col. iii. 11.

87. By the name of "The Master" (St. John xi. 28).

88. St. John xi. 50, 51.

89. Jesus went to a city called Ephraim, near to the wilderness of Judæa (St. John xi. 54; 2 Chron. xiii. 9).

90. St. John tells us that when our Lord replied, "I am He," the soldiers went backward and fell to the ground (St. John xviii. 5, 6).

91. From the prophet Hosea, who speaks of the beautiful aroma of the wine of Lebanon (Hos. xiv. 7).

92. The lion, the leopard, and the bear (Hos. xiii. 7, 8).

93. These two towns were situated in the neighbourhood of Sodom and Gomorrah, with which they were destroyed (Hos. xi. 8; Deut. xxix. 23).

94. Daniel, who was for three years under instruction in the language and science of the Chaldeans (Dan. i. 4-5).

95. Because the animals were not slaughtered in the manner appointed by the Jews, and because it was a heathen custom to make libations of wine to the gods before partaking of it (Dan. i. 8).

96. Dan. i. 17.

XUM



HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

By Dorothy Tennant (Lady Stanley).

(*See p.* 939.)

NEGRO CAMP-MEETINGS IN THE STATES.

By Elizabeth L. Banks.



VIEW OF A CAMPING GROUND.

"JES' want to say one word to de wite folks I see in dis hyar audyence. Dat word is welcome! I'se mighty glad to see yo' 'mong us, an' I hopes dis meetin' will do yo' all good; but howsomever dat may be, I asks all de wite folks who's neber been to a cull'd camp-meetin' befoh to please remember dat dese woods is de house o' God an' we's hyar to wushiip Him. Our ways is not like wite folks' ways. Our camp-meetin' 's different to their camp-meetin', but we bof wushiip de same God; we bof tries to save souls, so deah wite bredren and sisters who sets on dat back bench, if we gits happy an' shouts loud hallelujahs to de Lord, don't laff an' make fun, but jine wid us in de chorus!"

An old coloured man, with ebony face and snow-white hair that made a tightly curled fringe about his bald pate, thus addressed us, a contingent of curious spectators, at a darky camp-meeting in one of the Eastern States. The old man was not what might be called a regular preacher. He was a "lay brother" and local preacher in the neighbourhood where he lived, labouring during the weekdays at any farm-work which the agriculturists of the locality chose to give him. On the Sundays he preached in corner lots or barns to such of his own race as chose to go and hear him. The yearly camp-meeting, which was held always in "Johnson's Woods," was ever to him an oft-recurring time of jubilee. Just as all the small boys of the farms and the village lived from one Fourth of July to another, looking forward from the past celebration of Independence Day to the future one, so "Old Uncle Joe," as he was known for miles around, lived from one camp-meeting season to another. His new year began, not on the first of January, but about the middle of August, which was the beginning of the camp-meeting season. For fifty

weeks in the year Uncle Joe worked hard from six o'clock in the morning till eight or nine at night, resting only on Sunday. No, not resting either, for on that day, with the early dawn, he began his much-loved labour of "exhortin'," as he called his humble efforts at preaching. But for two weeks of the fifty-two that completed the year's cycle Uncle Joe would not work. He took a holiday from his ordinary avocations, pitched his tent in Johnson's Woods, and was never seen except within those precincts during the whole two weeks of the session. It mattered not to Uncle Joe that the last two weeks in August were the busiest time of all the year to the farmers round about, and that his services were sometimes sadly needed in the harvest fields of his various employers. Ordinarily he worked for a dollar a day, never complaining, never asking for an increase. During camp-meeting time more than one farmer had been known to offer him as much as a dollar and thirty-five cents for a day's work in the fields: but, no, Uncle Joe was not to be tempted.

"Yo see, sah," he would invariably answer, "I wuks leben months an' two weeks steady, airnin' all I kin, but w'en camp-meetin' comes 'roun' it 's de time o' jubilee, an' I won't on no 'count be hindered from wushippin' de Lord, an' I considahs I 'se 'titled to a holliday. I stans like a rock, sah, foh dat priv'lege!"

Then, as though to throw defiance in the very face of the tempter, Uncle Joe, rolling up the whites of his eyes to the sky, with arms and hands waving to and fro before him, and long, wiry legs and feet beating a tattoo, would burst out singing his favourite negro hymn, filling the harvest fields with a soft, sweet melody—

"Stan' still, stan' steady,
I 'se goin' to live with de God on high!
Stan' still, stan' steady,
I see de mansion dat 's in de sky!"

In spite of what the indignant farmers sometimes called Uncle Joe's "yearly loafing," the old man was a favourite with everybody. He was as open as the day, honest and confiding; he never stole a water-melon nor allowed his young pickaninnies to do so: he never tried to shorten and lighten the hours of his labour during haying time or potato-planting time. It was because he was so great a favourite, whose religious scruples none of the white people would dream of laughing or scoffing at, that at the particular camp-meeting which I attended he had been delegated to deliver the address of welcome and entreaty to the whites who had come in to the opening service. There was always, perhaps, about a third as many white people as blacks in Johnson's Woods during camping time, and sometimes the rougher element of the neighbourhood were wont to disturb, with whistling, laughing, and cat-calling, the negroes during their prayer and preaching services. But who could withstand Uncle Joe's appeal that they scoff not?

When Uncle Joe stopped speaking, an old black woman on one of the front seats shouted out, "Bless de Lord! Bless de Lord!"

Then the principal preacher of the service for that morning opened the meeting. It was a far call from Uncle Joe, the local preacher, the typical Southern darky of ante-bellum days, to the African Methodist preacher who followed him. His face was as coal-black, his lips as thick, his nose as broad and flat, his eyes as unmistakably and typically negro; nevertheless, those two represented the old and the new, the backward and the forward type of negro in the United States. Uncle Joe had been born a slave, not allowed to learn to read or write; he had worked out his early manhood in the cotton-fields of the South, sometimes feeling the sting of the overseer's whip. He was sixty or a little over; the other man was perhaps twenty-five. He was faultlessly dressed in broadcloth and wore a high silk hat. He spoke not the negro dialect. He read the text for his sermon without stumblings or mispronunciations. He had graduated from a theological seminary for coloured people in the South which had been erected near the one-time cotton-fields of Uncle Joe's youth. Back of the young preacher there were a dozen or more other negro clergymen, one of them a bishop. Five or six of them were, in dress, manner, and education, on a par with Uncle Joe; the others were of the more progressive and advanced type. At the beginning of the meeting curious spectators in the audience could not but notice the distinctive line

that apparently separated the two types, the old and the new; but as the service progressed the differences seemed to be melting away, and in two or three hours one forgot to make distinctions or even to see them. The bishop, the young theologue, and old Uncle Joe, sitting near together, began to sing. It was Uncle Joe who really started the hymn. The preacher had ended his discourse with—

"And so, my brethren and sisters, when you are discouraged and tempted, steal away to Jesus and pray."

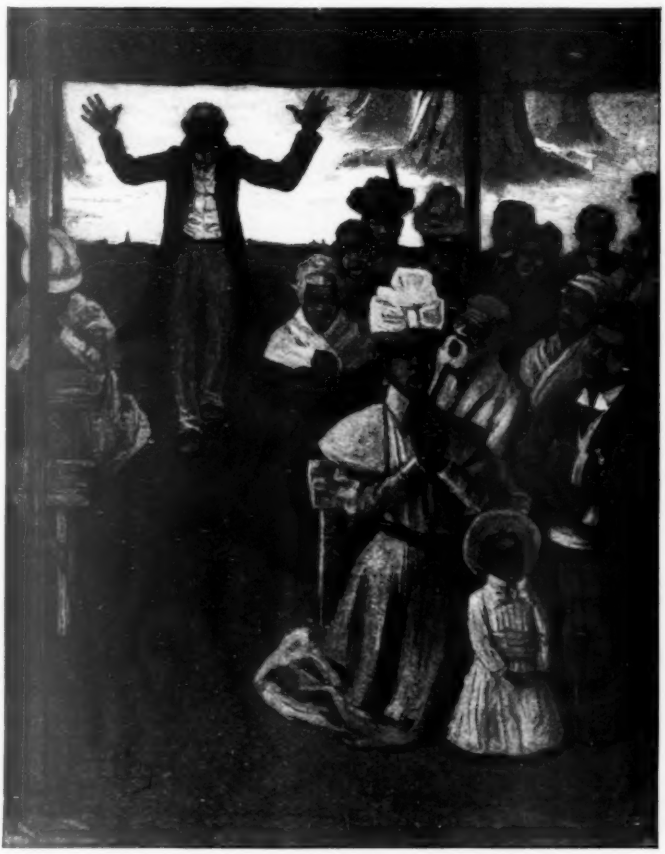
Then Uncle Joe, with his hands spread out as though to hush the slightest noise, and his eyes rolled skyward, burst out ever so softly with one of the sweetest of the negro camp-meeting melodies:

"Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus,
I hain't got long to stay here!"

Then the bishop and the young preacher took up the refrain. A strange, awed hush came over the audience of several hundred negro men, women, and children as Uncle Joe slid quietly from the platform and, with hands still extended and eyes turned heavenward, glided up and down the aisles of the great tent.

"Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus,"

he sang softly, as the members of the audience one by one fell upon their



OLD UNCLE JOE OPENING THE CAMP-MEETING.



THE OLD TYPE—

knees, crossing their hands upon their breasts, joining in the hymn. A rapt expression came over the faces of the kneeling worshippers; and even the countenances of the little children seemed changed. Oratory could not thus sway and move them, but music could. Up and down every aisle the old negro lay preacher had gone, motioning all to prayer, when he suddenly burst forth, loud and triumphantly—

"My Lord He calls me,
He calls me by the thunder,
The trumpet sounds it in my soul—
I hain't got long to stay here!"

Immediately the members of the congregation were on their feet, standing on benches and clasping one another's hands. The preachers on the platform had also risen, and were keeping time with their feet. Every black face in the tent wore an eager, expectant look. Uncle Joe went back to the platform, seized a walking-stick for a bâton, and, beating time like a choir leader, shouted: "Now, bredren and sisters, all jine—'My Lord He calls me!'" The congregation answered back, all in tune. Each man unclasped the hand of his neighbour, and began clapping his hands together in time with the music; men and women left their seats and formed processions in the aisles, marching up and down. The presence of the white folk was forgotten. What mattered it if they laughed now? The annual camp-meeting was begun in earnest, the time of jubilee had come, and these children of Africa had, for two weeks, entered into their own kingdom.

It is always thus every year as the camp-meeting time comes round. No matter how quietly and almost intellectually the opening service may begin, it is sure to end in excitement produced by one of the quaint old melodies, many of which were composed, long before the war, by the slaves as they picked cotton in the fields of the South.

The excitement and enthusiasm which is always so started on the opening day of the camp-meetings lasts throughout the session. Not all of the attendants at the meetings are able, like old Uncle Joe, to throw down work for two weeks, but those who can usually do so. The camping grounds, consisting of several acres of woodland, are sometimes borrowed, sometimes hired for a small sum, of one of the farmers of the neighbourhood where it is wished to hold the meetings. Then a great tent, capable of seating at least five or six hundred persons, is erected. On fine days all the side curtains of the auditorium are rolled up, but when it rains they are fastened as securely as possible to the ground.

The various negro families pitch small tents in the vicinity of the auditorium, taking with them only the most primitive sort of housekeeping accommodations. Then there are what are known as "boarding-tents," which consist of two rooms, separated one from the other by canvas. Here boarders of both sexes are taken for the sum of about two dollars per week. Very little cooking is done during camping times, the meals consisting of what the negroes term "snatches" of bread and cold meat, pumpkin pie, water-melons, ice cream, lemonade, etc. Camp-meeting time usually comes when the huckleberries and blueberries are ripe, and during the intervals between the

meetings, parties are made up for the purpose of "goin' a berryin'." Some of the very poor negroes live almost entirely on fruit at camp-meeting time. There are many stories of enthusiastic campers who, when they have done their berrying, wander off into forbidden pastures and milk the farmers' cows during the daytime, in order that they may have milk to drink along with their berries. This practice, however, is not upheld by the camp-meeting leaders; and generally, at the class-meetings and prayer-meetings, such culprits, who very often confess during the excitement of the song service, are severely dealt with by the elders of the church. Fields of water-melons are great attractions to the younger campers. At one of the "exhortation meetings" which I attended, when all those who had sinned during the day were exhorted to confess their sins and try to atone for them, a great sensation was caused by a negro boy of eighteen or nineteen confessing to having stolen a water-melon the night before.

"I war jes' walkin' trough dat watah-melon patch," confessed the boy, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, "w'en I stummel agin one w'ich I mus' hab. I argied haow de Lord wunst walk roun' de corn-fiel' an' pluck off corn an' eat 'em, bein' hungered, as the good Book say. De debil gittin' inter me an' temptin' me, says, 'Hyar, Reuben, dis watah-melon goin' to waste ain't doing nobody no good, an' you jes' take 'em,' w'ich I done, an' ask yo' alls to pray dat I might be furgiv'."

Here an old black woman, who looked a veritable mother in Israel, broke out into song. The culprit joined in with a glad face, having confessed his sin. After the meeting was over, he went to the owner of the melon field and paid him five cents for that which he had appropriated.

Sunday is, of course, the most important day of all the session, as on that day the congregations are doubled and tripled, large collections are taken up, and special song services are held. On weekdays there is usually no choir, but on Sundays from twenty to thirty young men and women who are considered more than ordinarily gifted in a musical direction are formed into a choir for the singing of some of the more beautiful and difficult of the negro hymns, the congregation joining in the chorus, or perhaps, in every alternate line. Only those who have attended these camp-meetings or, at least, been privileged to hear the negroes in the rendering of their own peculiar hymns will be able to understand the wonderful effect produced by a choir and congregation singing such a hymn as the always popular "Swing Low."

"Swing low, sweet chariot!
Comin' for to carry me home!
I looked over yonder,
An' what did I see?
Comin' for to carry me home!
A band of angels comin' after me—
Comin' for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot!"

This song, I have been told, like many others, originated in the cotton-field with



—AND THE NEW.

a negro woman as she picked her master's cotton. She got to wondering what she would do should a fiery chariot emerge from the heavens with a driver who should declare that he had come to take

her home, till she imagined she saw the chariot coming. She thought it was swaying back and forth in the air, too high above for her to reach, so she began singing softly, making up words and tune as she proceeded with her cotton-picking:

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me Home!"

To many of the white people who live in the neighbourhood camp-meeting time brings an opportunity for money-making. Knowing the prevalence of the sweet tooth among the negroes, and how dearly they love a water-melon, a dish of ice cream, and a glass of highly sweetened lemonade, the enterprising whites build small shanty-booths about the camping grounds, and themselves dispense to the negroes such edibles and drinkables as they most highly prize. One water-melon is cut into many pieces and sold at a cent a slice. Ice cream, or rather very sweet frozen custard, is served by the whites to the blacks at five cents a dish, and lemonade at five cents a glass. There is also a large sale for doughnuts, peanuts, and sarsaparilla water.



A LEMONADE AND WATER-MELON BOOTH.

Very frequently the owner of the woodland will allow the negroes to pitch their tents and hold their meetings rent free on the condition that he shall be allowed to put up his booths, which seems to both parties concerned a very fair sort of bargain.

On Sundays people go to the meeting grounds in all sorts of conveyances, the lumber waggon, with the bottom covered with straw, being the favourite style of vehicle. A lumber waggon will hold from twelve to twenty persons.

Some of the more prosperous negroes are able to hire what are known as "fall-top buggies," and those who can indulge in the luxury are greatly envied. Many of those who go only to spend Sunday on the grounds take their meals with them in baskets, picnic fashion.

Seated about on the grass, or standing in the doors of the tents, one seems to discern several generations of blacks.

There are the very old men and women, who were old even in slavery days, many of them declaring that they have lived a

century. Their sons and daughters used also to be slaves with them. There are the laughing negro babies making mud-pies. Some of them are prettily dressed in white and blue and pink, for their parents belong to the well-to-do class of blacks.

On Sundays there is much gay dressing —purple gowns and purple feathers for the women; white waistcoats, plaid trousers, and silk hats for the men. This gaiety is for the younger negroes. For the older ones, their parents and grandparents, brown linen and sombre-tinted prints are more in evidence.

When between meeting times the young and the old, the poor and the comparatively rich, the educated and the uneducated, the fashionable and the unfashionable blacks stroll about the grounds, one is impressed with the vast differences that exist in their midst; but when one of the preachers makes his way about, shouting "To meetin', to meetin'," and they have all gathered in the great tent, and are standing upon the rough, splintery benches, swaying their bodies to and fro, clapping their hands and singing—

> "O, de judgmen' day am rollin' roun',
> Rollin', yes, a-rollin';
> I hear dat trumpet's awful soun'
> Rollin', yes, a-rollin' "—

many of the differences seem to have departed, and one is struck with the oneness rather than with the distinctions.



A CAMP-MEETING INCIDENT.

(How baptisms frequently take place when the camping ground is near a river.)



A Complete Story. **By Katharine Tynan.**

To the people of the Cornish village, where all her life had been spent, she was just Captain Jack's little daughter, and a petted and honoured person at that. The tradition of her French mother had almost faded; it was so long ago since little Audrey had been left motherless. Yet the dead mother had given much of herself to the child: her gentleness, her vivacity, her brightness, as well as the olive tint of her little face, with its flashing scarlet on cheek and lips, and the berry-brown eyes, bright as a bird's, with a human softness added.

Captain Jack was poor, but no one could mistake him for anything but a gentleman. He had been a commander in the Royal Navy, and had lost his small fortune by over-trusting a friend. Perhaps he had not missed it very much, after all, nor had his Léonie while she lived, nor his little girl while he and she were together.

No one ever thought of such a thing as Captain Jack dying, he was so broad and tanned, and seemed to have such a stout grip of earth with his straddling sailor's legs.

But one day he made an expedition to Plymouth, a mysterious expedition; and, instead of coming home next day at latest, Audrey had a telegram from him to say he would not be back for three days—an amazing thing, as they had never been separated in all the years Audrey could remember.

He came on the evening of the third day, and when he stepped down from the car that brought the letters, and a passenger once in a blue moon, to Portreath, it struck Audrey that he seemed oddly fatigued for the tireless father she had always known.

He seemed glad to get back to her, though he was more silent than usual on the way to the Binnacles, as the Captain had called his cottage. To her eager inquiries as to where he had been he answered very little. He had had business in London, and he would tell her more when he had rested.

After dinner they sat, as they had done through all the fine summer evenings of Audrey's life, on the wooden verandah of the Binnacles looking away over the calm moonlit expanse of the sea. On the lawn a tall flagstaff fluttered the Union Jack, and below it was swung an old ship's lantern, always lit at dusk, and as well known to the vessels that passed close to land as the lighthouse itself.

"'Tis a snug little port," said Captain Jack reflectively, "for an old hulk to be stowed away in for the last years of its life. D'ye remember, lass, the big storm, when the flagstaff out there snapped in twain, but the colours were still flying, hanging over and torn to ribbons, when we found it?"

"Shall I ever forget it?" said Audrey, who, indeed, had little and few things to remember.

"'Tis a great thing, a very great thing," went on the Captain musingly, "for a man or a woman to spend their lives on the sea, or under the sky of heaven, not shut up inside one of the nests of boxes that men make for themselves, and call houses!"

"A house-life wouldn't do for you or me," said Audrey. "I'm not afraid of the wind or the weather. If you trust them, they're kind. I don't believe I could take cold, if I tried."

"Oh, but," said the Captain uneasily, "it might be that at the call of duty you'd have to take the inside post."

Audrey said nothing, and after a pause he went on.

"A ship's a deal reasonabler than a house, if you think on it, lass, for there's plenty of cover, and yet the principal part of it is outside."

"Like the Binnacles," said Audrey. "There never was a house with so much verandah and so many balconies for its size. Most of the rooms are outside."

"T was my own building. I didn't mean to be more land-locked than I could help. There is Frank Romaine, my old friend and kinsman; I saw him the other day after forty years. He has spent them in towns and court-houses. He's the colour of the little ivory elephant that came from the East Indies."

"You saw Mr. Romaine?" said Audrey, with interest.

"I did."

"And he was glad to see you—after all those years?"

"He was like the old Frank—after a time. Men remember better than women, I think. It was easy to find him out, for he's famous and rich. But I think he was as fond of me—when he remembered me—as when we were boys together in Plymouth long ago."

"Why have we never seen him, father?"

"He married a woman I didn't like, and she didn't like me. She brought Frank a deal of money. 'T is a shame for your sex, lass, that they destroy many an old friendship between men. So I kept out of her way, and afterwards I got crusted in my own ways, and Frank and I lost sight of each other—or at least Frank lost sight of me, for it isn't easy to lose sight of a big man like Frank, whose name is in the papers."

"He is a widower?"

"He is, with two girls. I didn't wait to see them. Frank was going to dine with a duke. He wanted me to stay with them, but my way was for home. I'm like an old shellfish, attached to my shell."

"'T is a dear shell," said the girl. "You and I and Neptune"—stooping to pull her dog's ear—"will never ask to leave it."

"But we must, my lass," said the Captain with sudden energy. "We must; and, if we could, we wouldn't fail to be in our places when the ship is ready to start and the great Captain needs us."

The girl was used to such speeches from her father, who, like many old sailors, was deeply religious. Still, something in his voice startled her, so that she leant forward to him in the moonlight, with a catching of her breath.

"Yes?" she said, very low; but her hands wrung each other unconsciously in the dark of the verandah.

"You'd always be ready to obey the Captain, Audrey, and think He judged best for the ship and the crew?"

"I should try to," said the girl, moistening her dry lips.

"Well, I take it, the world's a ship, and we're all—the least of us—of some use in it, if it's only to be the nuts and bolts that hold the planks together. But I've fulfilled my part here, little girl, and I'm worn out. Only men are not cast away like things of wood and iron, and I think there's a heavenly ship somewhere for me."

"Oh!" cried Audrey, with an exceedingly sharp pang, as if she had not known all the time, shadowily, whither this talk was tending.

"My poor little girl! I had to tell you, though I may stay a good while yet. But when I go, it will be like the flagstaff. I'll snap suddenly, but I'll fall with the colours flying, and still showing a light."

The next day Audrey felt as if she had always known that her father had a fatal disease and might die at any moment. It seemed such centuries since yesterday when she had not known.

In later conversations her father told her how he had visited the Plymouth doctor, only to have his certainty as to his state confirmed. There had been a suggestion that he should see a London specialist, which he had scornfully rejected. "The clock knows best," he said, "when it is going to stop." But he had gone to London from Plymouth that he might find Frank Romaine, his cousin and the friend of his youth, and commend his little daughter to his care when he was gone.

Romaine had not failed him. The long years of absence and preoccupation had not killed his feeling for Jack Trevanion, and to find him again, simple and wholesome as ever, when they were both old men and one stricken to death, had deeply moved the great lawyer's heart.

It was not so many months after the meeting that he received a letter from Mr. Pendarves, the vicar of Portreath, to tell him that Captain Jack was dead, and that by his last will and testament he had constituted Mr. Romaine his daughter's guardian.

For an instant or two Romaine sat looking at the letter with a mist of old memories rising between him and the luxurious breakfast-table, at which one handsome daughter sat facing him, while the other languidly took the top off her egg at his right hand.

"I have lost an old friend, my dears," he said, in a helpless appeal for sympathy to those nearest to him. He had not yet been able to cure himself of doing that in extreme moments, though he had never met with any response from the day he married Adela Ferrars to the enriching of his bank account and the impoverishment of his heart.

"Ah," said Miss Romaine indifferently. "Judge Meadows, is it? That will mean a judgeship for someone."

Rosamond, the younger girl, said nothing, and barely looked her father's way. His friends were not their friends as a rule, for

"It is not Meadows," he said blankly. "I see by *The Standard* that Meadows is better. It is my cousin and the friend of my youth, Jack Trevanion."

"Ah!" said Miss Romaine, "but you have not seen him for years."

"You are mistaken, my dear," said her father, with a patience her mother had taught him; "I saw him a very few months ago."

"Well, before that you had not seen him for years. If you were willingly separated for so long, it cannot mean very much now."

Her father said nothing in reply, but turned to his younger daughter.



For an instant or two Romaine sat looking at the letter.—*p.* 875.

while Romaine's qualities had won him welcome in the most distinguished circles, his daughters had little or nothing to make them acceptable where he went. They were Adela Ferrars' daughters, and not his.

"Rosy," he said, "do you think you could make friends with a girl of your own age, and make her happy?"

"Why, papa?" said Rosamond, stirred from her indifference. "I have plenty of

friends. And then Ada and I get on very well; as well as sisters ever do, I suppose. What are you thinking of?"

"Only that I promised Jack Trevanion to see to his little girl. It seems to me the only way to do it is to make her an inmate of my house—to make another daughter of her, in fact. What do you think, my dears?"

He looked from one girl to the other. They had absolutely irresponsive faces, fair, smooth-skinned, blue-eyed, with unchanging colour, and hard, regular features.

Ada, the elder, answered shortly.

"Of course, you will do what you wish in your own house, papa. Neither Rosy nor I would ever think of disputing your will."

The words were all right, yet Romaine seemed dissatisfied.

"You will welcome her, my dears? She is a very lonely little girl now. She and her father were never separated before."

"We shall remember your wishes," said Miss Romaine in a chilly tone.

Frank Romaine turned to his newspaper, baffled, as he usually was, by his womenkind. However, he knew that when it came to asserting himself with his daughters, as with everyone else, he was sure of triumph. And if he saw in time that they and Jack's daughter didn't hit it off, he must make some other arrangement for the child.

He was too busy a man to remember his uneasiness long, so, after instructing his daughters as to when and where Miss Trevanion was to be met, he went off to his chambers.

After he had gone, the two Miss Romaines stared at each other blankly,

"What a detestable bore!" said one.

"I wish father wasn't so sentimental," said the other. "And, of course, 't is no use making faces over it, since he means it. We shall have to swallow it as best we can."

"She'll be a horrid little rustic, I expect," said Ada.

"If we could only make any use of her," said Rosamond, who, with an appearance of greater pliability, was the more selfish of the two.

"We must think of something," said Ada musingly.

"Her mother was a Frenchwoman, and they're always so clever. Couldn't we get Adèle to teach her hair-dressing and a few things? She might be as good as a second maid in time."

"That would be pleasant for me. You take so much of Adèle's time, Rosy."

"She's a lazy wretch, and complains so much of having to do double duty. I think father might allow us a second maid. By the way, *are* you going to send Smithson for the little person to-morrow afternoon, or have you forgotten that we want the carriage ourselves?"

"I have not forgotten. Think of papa expecting *us* to penetrate to those horrible slums where she is to arrive! Why she couldn't have come by train to Paddington, instead of that horrid, ridiculous way by boat, I can't imagine."

"Those people are always aggravating. What will you do, then?"

"Send Adèle with a four-wheeler."

"But papa?"

"He won't know. He is dining with the Prince, and dresses in his chambers. He will never think of inquiring how she came."

"It's a good thing Lady Di isn't here. She'd take up this girl for spite."

"I shouldn't be surprised. I'm nearly tired of Lady Di, Rosy; I often wish I'd the courage to flout her."

"So you would, Ada, so would I, only—we may as well be frank about it—only that she is so rich, and a much greater person, for all her odd ways, than any of our friends; only that——I needn't give any more reasons, Ada."

Ada coloured perceptibly, an unbecoming colour, but she passed by her sister's innuendo, whatever it was.

"She's a disagreeable old woman," she said bitterly. "Upon my word, I had a half hope that she was papa's friend who had gone over to the majority, when he first spoke."

"She will see us down, Ada; and all our putting up with her rudeness will be no use to us. She is papa's godmother, and yet I'm sure she'll outlive the whole family."

"All the same, Rosy," said the other in a more reasonable voice, "she's immensely rich, and very influential. So it's as well she likes papa so much that she sticks to us, despite her obvious dislike of us."

"By the way, she is something to this girl, as well as to us."

The two sisters looked at each other with alarm.

"Why, she is a cousin of hers," said Ada slowly. "She is certain to take her up, if only to annoy us."

"Luckily, her winter cough keeps her in Algiers for some months to come. That postpones the evil day, and goodness knows what may happen afterwards."

"Do you think you may be Lady Lauriston, and beyond the wheels of chance, Ada?"

"I think nothing, Rosy. You are so sharp. But if I were Lady Lauriston, it would make us both fairly independent of old Lady Di."

"It would make you, you mean—that is, supposing Sir Patrick rises. It is anyone's

chance as much as yours, Addie, so far, and though I've no doubt you mean well, I'd just as soon be waiting on Lady Di's favour as on yours."

"You are very disagreeable, Rosy," said the other, sweeping away from the breakfast table. "I don't believe I ever knew any girl so thoroughly disagreeable, when you are not too lazy to show it."

She left the room hastily to avoid the other's acrid answer, but an unpleasant laugh followed her. Certainly things did not look very cheerful for poor Audrey Trevanion, who had lived in an atmosphere of love ever since she was born.

The next afternoon, just about the time she was expected, a tall, lean, eager-looking young man rang the bell at Mr. Romaine's door. There was something extremely pleasant about his face, though he was rather plain-looking than otherwise, and his voice, when he spoke to the rotund butler, was a very pleasant and musical one.

"Are the young ladies at home, Jones?" he asked, stepping within the hall like one sure of his welcome.

"I'm afraid they're not, Sir Patrick."

"Ah!" with disappointment. "Nor Mr. Romaine, I suppose?"

"The master is dining out this evening, and is not expected home till late."

The young man hesitated.

"You don't think the young ladies will be in soon, Jones? As a matter of fact, I'm leaving town for some time, and shall not be able to call again."

"Just step into the drawing-room, Sir Patrick, and I'll find out from the young ladies' maid when they're expected back. I don't rightly know where they're gone myself, Sir Patrick, but they may be in any minute."

The old servant ushered him within the great drawing-room, lit only by a fire of driftwood, and turned again to open the hall-door, at which a four-wheeler, with a very modest little trunk atop, had just drawn up.

Mademoiselle Adèle, the French maid, stepped briskly into the hall as he opened the double doors, saying with an expressive grimace:

"Ah! but 't is cold, deadly cold, Monsieur Jones. And the fogs of that Shadwell! Ah! here is the poor little Mademoiselle frozen to death. Come, *ma petite;* you shall have some hot tea at once, as soon as Adèle can get it."

It was an odd little figure that followed her meekly out of the fog, and its appearance quite justified Adèle in treating its possessor as a forlorn child.

Audrey had drawn the hood of her scarlet cloak over her black curls, being chilled and miserable after her long drive from the docks. Bright tears stood in her dark eyes, and she looked about the warm, well-lit hall like one waking out of a torpor.

"I do not know, indeed, when they return," she heard Adèle saying with coquettish impatience to Jones. "Nor do I care, Monsieur Jones, not I. But this poor little thing, it must be that she is warmed and comforted. This way, Mademoiselle," she said, opening the drawing-room door. "Go close to the fire, and I shall bring you such a nice tea, all at once."

"Ah, thank you," said Audrey, with real gratitude; "that will be so nice."

She advanced the full length of the long room, and, stooping to the comfort of the fire, stretched her cold little hands to it. It was like human sympathy when one is frozen with trouble. As she began to feel the comfort of it, her sorrow and loneliness came back to her more vividly, and a sudden gush of hot tears fell from her heavy eyes.

She had pushed back her hood, and the tears glittered in the firelight. They, and the piteous way she wrung her small hands together, profoundly touched the unseen spectator.

"I am so sorry you are in trouble," said a man's voice at Audrey's elbow. "Forgive me for being here at all, but, since I am here, I wish I could do something to comfort you."

"Ah!" said Audrey, with a quaint formalism of manner which appealed to the young man's humorous tenderness as might the ways of a gracious and old-fashioned child. "I thought I was alone. Thank you for your sympathy, sir, but I am afraid no one can comfort me—except God."

"My poor child, is it so bad as that?"

"It is very bad," said Audrey, her tears flowing freely. "I have lost my dear father, the dearest in all the world. And up to a month ago we had never been separated, and were everything to each other."

"Ah!" said the young man, and the ejaculation said much. He had the strongest inclination to lay a caressing hand on her curls as he would have done if she had been the child she had at first seemed to him.

"There," he said, "don't cry any more, but tell me how you came here. I am quite an old friend of the house, so I may ask without rudeness."

"I am Audrey Trevanion, and my father was a distant cousin and a dear friend of Mr. Romaine's. I think I am to live here, for the present."

"Ah, well, you will be happy! There are few men like Romaine in the world; and I have found his daughters gentle and kind. You will make many friends, and the world will not seem so dreary after a while. You are too young to be unhappy long."

At this moment Adèle herself entered with a daintily furnished tray. She dropped a curtsey to Sir Patrick.

"Ah, I forgot," she said, "that Jones did tell me you wanted, sir, to know if my ladies would be in. I think not, not till dinner."

"I shall leave a message then with Miss Trevanion."

He hesitated, and looked at the scarlet-cloaked figure.

"If I might have a little tea?" he said humbly.

So Audrey poured a cup of tea for him, and when Adèle had taken her cloak away she sat in the warmth from the fire with her tears dried, and conversed with this new acquaintance as though he were an old friend. Cheered and comforted, she began to look once more like a brilliant little poppy, and Sir Patrick Lauriston, watching her with keen pleasure, found it hard to take his leave when the clock struck six.

"I am so sorry," he said, "but I must not stay a moment longer. Will you tell your cousins from me that I am grieved to have missed them? I am off on a shooting expedition to Canada, hastily decided upon, and shall be absent some months."

"Ah, yes," said Audrey, her face clouding a little, "I will tell them."

"When I return we shall meet again. You will try to be happy, child, in the interval. I am no good at offering comfort, but I think *he* would like you to be happy."

"I shall be as happy as I can without him," said Audrey, letting both her hands lie in Sir Patrick's kind, cordial grasp.

"And we shall meet again. It is not good-bye, but *au revoir*."

"*Au revoir!*" echoed Audrey, surprised at herself for her sudden wish that Sir Patrick were not going.

She thought of him often in the months that followed. She seemed to have left all her friends except Mr. Romaine behind her in Cornwall. From the servants she received many little acts of kindness; but her position was a very lonely one, for she soon found that that she need expect neither friendship nor companionship from Mr. Romaine's daughters, while she was expected to do a good deal of their maid's work.

This did not trouble Audrey very much.



Profoundly touched the unseen spectator.

During the winter she had little temptation to roam in the London streets; her own bedroom, where Adèle always saw that she had a fire and other comforts, was preferable; and she had a natural aptitude for chiffons, that made it something of a delight to her to handle the pretty stuffs wherewith her cousins bedecked themselves.

Her readiness to be of use in this way really left the sisters nothing to complain of. Presently they came to agree between themselves that Audrey was rather an acquisition than otherwise, since she was willing to

seclude herself from the world, and, under Adèle's tuition, to become a clever, unpaid dressmaker for them.

She had begged during her year of mourning not to appear when visitors were present, so Mr. Romaine was not curious about her non-appearance at the occasional festivities of the house. He was pleased, indeed, that his daughters and the forlorn little girl seemed to get on without a hitch or disagreement when he saw them together occasionally at meals. He had no idea that Audrey was being made so useful—no more, indeed, than had his daughters that the gentle little girl quite appreciated the situation.

"It is really kind of you to be bothered with our things," said Miss Romaine, at last with an approach to graciousness. "You are so clever, too. I do not know what we should do without you now."

"I am glad," said Audrey simply. "You give me food and shelter, and I feel I am making a return. Besides, I am really learning. I think I might set up as a Court dressmaker one day."

That summer Audrey spent in Cornwall, as had been arranged, with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pendarves, who had taken charge of her dog Neptune, and her few precious relics of furniture from the Binnacles. Indeed, having no children of their own, their parting with her was an unwilling one, and her return to London was postponed till well into winter.

She now began to appear at dinners and parties at Mr. Romaine's own house; but she shrank from strange faces, and she never by any chance saw Sir Patrick Lauriston, though she thought he must surely be home from his big-game shooting by this time.

Though she was practically out of mourning, she did not accompany her cousins to any entertainments outside the house. She was a perfect hermit, said the Miss Romaines, and they ought to know. Anyhow, it came to be accepted gradually that she would not go out, whereas her cousins had really arranged for her to stay at home. Herself she was well pleased to be left to her quietness.

One April morning, late in the month, she was sitting among masses of lace and silk, doing some particularly dainty work, when the door opened and in stalked a very severe-looking old lady, leaning on a stick, who stood and frowned at her.

"Are you Miss Trevanion or her maid?" asked the apparition.

"I am Audrey Trevanion," said the girl, jumping to her feet.

"And why aren't you out riding in the Park, or on your bicycle? 'T is no morning for a girl like you to be indoors."

"I don't ride, and I promised Ada and Rosy to help them with these slips. They are to be worn under the most beautiful frocks at a party the first week in May."

"Do you do much of this kind of thing for them?"

"A good deal. I enjoy doing it, and it makes me feel independent."

"It does, does it? What are you going to put on your own back at the party?"

"I'm not going. I've never been to a party."

"Why haven't you?"

"I don't care to. It would be no good beginning now, because I'm going to be a working woman. Besides, I should hate it."

"Stuff and nonsense! How do you know when you've never tried. Besides, it's my party, and you've *got* to come to it."

"I've no frock."

"You'll wear the frock I'll provide for you——"

"You! Why, I don't even know your name."

"All the same, I'm your fifth cousin once removed, and I'm used to getting my own way, I can tell you, as your cousins might, if you asked them."

"I think you must be Lady Diana Eccleston."

"That is my name, my dear. I don't know how we came to be strangers for so long. Your father was a dear little boy, and I was very fond of him. And if he were here now he would tell you to accept my friendship."

"I am sure he would."

"Very well, then, you're coming, and you're going to wear the frock I shall provide. It's to be a great occasion, in honour of my husband's nephew, a dear boy, who has been away from me some time. And I've a fancy to play the fairy godmother to you, my dear."

"But what will my cousins say? I am not supposed to go out."

"Ah! Don't tell them about it, then. I happen to know that they're dining with a friend of mine before the party. I'll send my carriage for you in the afternoon, and my maid shall dress you. It will be a delightful surprise to your cousins to find you at my house."

She nodded her sardonic old head a great many times.

"But they will be angry with me."

"They won't with me, my dear, nor with any pet of mine. Somehow I have a fancy that I should like to make a pet of you. I'm really a much pleasanter person than I seem. If you don't believe me, ask my boy, Patrick Lauriston."

"Ah! I can well believe that you are kind," said Audrey.

The evening came, and the Misses Romaine, who had not long arrived, were chatting gaily with their neighbours, when a somewhat bored young gentleman, who was fanning himself with Rosamond's fan, asked them if they had seen the lovely girl who was talking with Lauriston.

"A find of old Lady Di's, I suppose," he said. "for no one seems to have seen her before. Every man in the room wants to be introduced."

Rosamond frowned at his unconscious blond head, and responded with a sarcasm which was quite lost on him.

"Why, here they are coming this way," he said. "What colour she has, by Jove, and what eyes! They extinguish her diamonds."

The sisters looked, gasped, and turned pale.

"It is that wretched little Audrey," said Ada.

"Some of old Lady Di's mischief," answered Rosamond vindictively. "It was like her to play us such a trick. And look how Sir Patrick leans towards her. He has eyes for no one else."

"That is Lady Di's Honiton on her frock."

"And Lady Di's diamonds!"

"She is better dressed than we are!"

child; and I fancy a good many others would agree with me. I planned this little surprise for you. I was sure you would enjoy it."

"And we do hugely," said Rosamond, with a brave attempt to carry off the honours of war.

"She is really as much akin to me as you are—which is not very much, if there were no other links to bind us. But I like little Audrey. I think we are going to be very fond of each other, and to see a great deal of each other, if you can spare her from your dressmaking, my dears."

"If she likes your society better, certainly, Lady Di," said Rosamond impudently.

"I think there can be no doubt of that, Rosy," said Lady Di, with unruffled good temper. "Your father has just come, and is delighted to find his ward enjoying herself. By the way, I should not at all mind relieving him of his guardianship—that is," said the old lady, smiling enigmatically, "if she needs a guardian much longer, which I somewhat doubt."

Lady Di was right, indeed, for the very next season Audrey Trevanion became Lady Lauriston.

She is exceedingly kind to her cousins, and they find her kindness a far less galling thing than Lady Di's patronage in old days. Rosamond, even, has begun to grow amiable under the influence of Lady Lauriston's friendship.



In stalked a severe-looking old lady.

"Or than anyone in the room."

At this moment their hostess found them out. "What do you think of little Audrey, my dears?" she said. "I think she is a charming

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN AUGUST.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A.



IZAAK WALTON.

AUGUST is rich in memories associated with the religious life of the nation. On the 8th was born Izaak Walton, "the Father of Angling," if you like, but also the author of one at least of the most delightful books in the English language. The simple devotion manifest in the works of Izaak Walton makes it natural to place next to him Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakespeare of divines," as Emerson called him. "The modern Chrysostom" was the son of a barber; and, with his lot cast in troublous times, in his own example cast no discredit upon two of his works which are familiar wherever the English language is known—his "Rule and Exercises of Holy Living" and his "Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying." He passed away on August 13th, 1667. Nearer to the imperishable than any book by Jeremy Taylor is "The Pilgrim's Progress." It was published in August, 1678, and on the last day of August, ten years later, died John Bunyan, its author. "The Spenser of the people," Isaac D'Israeli called the man, and Coleridge held his book to be "the best summary of Evangelical Christianity ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." On August 30th, 1743, was born William Paley, who, at twenty, was Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. Macaulay thought that "all the theological works of all the numerous Bishops" whom Pitt made or translated, "were not, when put together, worth fifty pages of the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' or of the 'Natural Theology,' or of the 'View of the Evidences of Christianity.'" But Paley's repute has suffered some decay. With these names I will join that of Thomas Fuller (died August 16th, 1661), one of the shrewdest and most sportive of writers.



JEREMY TAYLOR.

(From the Portrait prefixed to his "Sermons for all Sundays of the Year"—1655.)



WILLIAM PALEY.

(From the Portrait by Sir William Beechey.)

Of other great names that belong to this month here is a varied group. Gainsborough, the painter, died on the 2nd; Ben Jonson on the 6th; William Blake on the 12th. Alfred Lord Tennyson was born on the 5th;

John Dryden on the 9th; Sir Walter Scott and Thomas de Quincey on the 15th; Henry Fawcett on the 26th. Amongst men of science we can remember on the 25th James Watt, Sir William Herschel and Michael Faraday, for on that day they all died.



SIR W. HERSCHEL.

(From a Crayon Picture by J. Russell, R.A.).

Of national anniversaries August gives us at least three great victories—Crécy on the 26th; the Nile on the 1st; and Blenheim on the 2nd (old style).

August is full of memories of the Pilgrim Fathers. A majority of them left Delft Haven in the *Speedwell* on July 22nd, 1620, for Southampton, where they were joined by the *Mayflower*. They sailed from Southampton on August 4th, but twice had to put back for repairs. Finally, the *Mayflower* left England alone on September 6th. It may be remembered that in 1897 the log of the *Mayflower* was presented to the President and citizens of the United States. On August 29th, 1809, was born Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the men of letters who have done so much to unite the English-speaking nations on both sides of the Atlantic. In that work the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" had few more distinguished helpers than James Russell Lowell, man of letters and sometime the official representative of his country in Great Britain. He died on the 11th.



(Photo: W. Notman, Boston, U.S.A.)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

August 1st is the birthday of one of the most interesting organisations in the English Church—I mean the Church Army. Founded as recently as the year 1882, it has long ago made a recognised place for itself, both as an evangelistic and a social agency. Like many other institutions of its kind, it owes its origin mainly to the zeal of one man, the Rev. Wilson Carlile, its honorary chief secretary. August 12th is a day of some interest in the expansion of the English Church. On August 12th, 1787, there was consecrated at Lambeth Dr. Charles Inglis, first Bishop of Nova Scotia, and first Colonial Bishop of the Anglican Church.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In the calendar of foreign missions, August 1st will be marked as a day of martyrs. It was on August 1st, 1895, that seven English-women who were missionaries, and one who was a nurse, were murdered by the Chinese at Hwa-sang, Kucheng. Contrary to the opinions of the careless, that tragedy has not repressed the zeal of women workers in the mission field. The offers of service were not arrested by it, and one who narrowly escaped death at Hwa-sang returned to the same mission to renew her work. In the field of philanthropy, August is the month associated with the abolition of slavery in the British colonies. The Act for its abolition and providing the sum of £20,000,000 for compensation, was passed on August 28th, 1833. On August 1st, 1834, 770,280 slaves in British possessions became free.

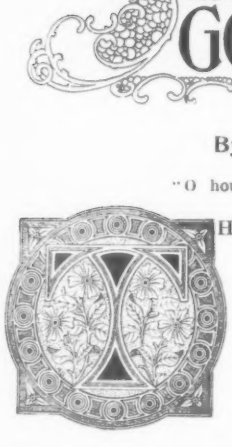


CHARLES INGLIS D.D.

GOD'S WAYS EQUAL

By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D.

"O house of Israel, are not My ways equal?" — EZEKIEL. xviii. 29.



THE equality which we expect to find in God's ways is the equality of the pair of scales, where the one scale is directly opposite the other, and the exact weight is immediately ascertained. We see at once the fairness of weighing in scales. It appeals instantly to the eye and the judgment. But God works more frequently after the manner of the steelyard, the fairness of which is not evident at first sight. It is a roundabout process. Weight is given in another way than by symmetrical arrangement. We have to think for a time and reason from one thing to another before we can reach a satisfactory conclusion. There are mysteries in God's providence which perplex us; and oftentimes we despair of reconciling the justice and goodness of God in what we see or experience. And yet a thoughtful mind can distinguish a noble equality ruling through all seeming irregularities and inequalities, and ever redressing the over-weighted balance.

God's method seems to be more akin to that of the Eastern than to that of the Western world. A European artist seeks a direct unity in his work. One thing is set over against another, and parts are equally repeated. Japanese artists, on the contrary, love irregularity. They never put two things in such a way as that they exactly balance one another. They give compensation not in an even but in a diametrical way. This method seems more like that of nature than our Western theories of art. And it would appear as if the natural world were constructed upon some such plan. It shows us how God's ways can be equal in the midst of their inequalities, and how He brings a higher order out of the most apparently unsymmetrical things.

This pen with which I write is the prepared feather of a goose. If you examine it in its original, untrimmed condition, you will find that its two sides are not equal. The quill in the middle does not perfectly divide them. One side is broader than the other. If you pursue your investigations further, you will find that all feathers have the same peculiarity. The most remarkable exception is the ostrich feather, which has its two sides beautifully equal; its quill dividing it exactly in the centre. The ancient Egyptians, who had a keen eye for the remarkable things in nature, noticed this peculiarity; and therefore they chose the ostrich feather as the sacred symbol of justice, setting it upon the head of the goddess of truth. For the same reason, in the weighing of the soul after death in the Hall of Osiris, in order to ascertain its true value, and assign its proper place to it in the future world, the weight placed against it in the opposite scale was an ostrich feather.

If you go to the vegetable kingdom, you will find there numerous examples of the same law that makes the two sides of a feather unequal. Pluck the leaf of the common elm tree, and you will notice that its two sides do not correspond. They are not only of different sizes, but the base of each proceeds from a different point, so that one side is narrower and shorter than the other. So also with the leaf of the lime tree; if you fold its blade over the midrib, you will observe that the two halves do not match. They do not spring from different points at the base, as in the case of the elm leaf, but from the same point; yet one of them is considerably larger than the other, and makes an elegant curve. One of the most common foreign plants cultivated in our greenhouses and in our parlours is the begonia. The leaves of nearly all the species and varieties of this curious genus have this want of equality in the most marked and, indeed, extreme degree. The most careless observer cannot fail to be struck by it, and to wonder what can be its meaning and purpose. A similar unsymmetrical arrangement of foliage is conspicuous in one of our native wild flowers—the Epimedium or barrenwort, whose pale green leaves set airily on wiry stems, are all of an oblique shape, and present a most elegant appearance. You examine a cluster of hawthorn blossom, and you notice that the edge of each blossom is not clearly and distinctly cut. It looks as if it had been stamped out with a blunt instrument rather

than cut out with a sharp knife. The edges are rough, untidy and unfinished, and you think you could easily improve upon their appearance if you had the making of them. So also there are shells that are truncated; they do not finish their spiral to a fine point, but break off abruptly in a blunt, broad, rugged top.

But all these are only outstanding examples of a peculiarity which prevails throughout the whole physical world. Nature is very unsymmetrical, and its irregularities culminate in the framework of man himself. The two hemispheres of the human brain are not equal, neither are the two ventricles of the heart. The left side of the body is not the exact counterpart of the right side; neither does the human face exhibit a perfect correspondence between the one profile and the other. A line drawn between them would show a distinct departure from symmetry.

In regard to all such eccentricities of nature, one might at first thought be inclined to say that God's ways are not equal—that He gives more to one than to another. But a more thoughtful consideration of the subject will show that these seeming irregularities come under a higher law of wisdom and goodness. Unsymmetrical when you look at the individual instance only, you will observe that, associated with the larger whole, it imparts to it a greater symmetry. The inequalities of the separate leaves make the whole foliage of the trees more graceful; and the result of the individual lop-sided feathers, when put together, is to make the whole plumage of the bird more smooth and even. The crispness of the individual flower of the hawthorn—the want of finish about it—is like a rough sketch by a great artist, far more effective than the most finished drawing by an unskilful hand. You soon find how much the careless, blunt edges of the petals contribute to the beauty of the cluster of flowers, and to the whole mass of blossoms on the tree. This saves them from a too regular and artificial aspect, gives them a wonderful piquancy and pearly softness of colour, and enables each blossom to shade delicately into the others, until the whole effect is that of a wreath of snow indescribably tender and harmonious. So also the blunt, truncated top of the spiral shell does not look so finished as if it tapered off to a point; but it forms an interesting variety and contrast to other more uniform and finished shells, and has a curious charm of its own: while it serves a useful purpose in the economy of the creature whose habitation it is.

And this reminds us that it is not merely for æsthetic reasons that such inequalities appear in individual parts of plants and animals. They are not only beautiful, but useful. Leaves are so arranged and shaped that they get the best access to air and light that is possible for them. Among such multitudes of leaves as you see in the woodland, it is obvious that they cannot all have the same advantages. Some will have more freedom for growth; some will be more exposed to the sunshine than others. And these varieties of situation and circumstance will necessarily produce the varieties we see in the two halves of the same leaf. The two side leaflets of the strawberry leaf are not so large as the central one, because they are overshadowed by it, and are developed in a more restricted space, and with less exposure to air and light; and the reason why the elm leaf projects the one half of its leaf beyond the other half is that the projecting part may cover the young bud growing immediately beneath it, and preserve it in its tender state from heat and cold, until it is strong enough to do without such protection. We may be sure that there is a utilitarian reason, equally important, could we only discover it, for every departure from symmetry in feather and leaf, in heart and brain. The inequality of the two sides of the body gives us the benefit of being right-handed and right-footed, and thus throwing all the power of the body by way of purchase on the side that is habitually used, instead of distributing it equally—and so rendering it of less effect. And we know how vapid and inane would the human countenance appear, were its two sides exactly equal. The sculptor who would so carve the face of his statue would, in giving it a perfect, mechanical symmetry of parts, destroy all its human expressiveness.

The ancient classical architects deviated from accuracy systematically in order that the harmony of their structures might profit by this imperceptible discord. They knew a higher law than the slavish repetition of accurate distances or intervals; they had learned to calculate effects and to allow for optical illusions. They knew how to sacrifice real for ideal symmetry. If you examine the sculptures on Trajan's Column at Rome, you will find that they are graduated in size to suit the perspective; and the mosaic pictures on the roof of the dome of St. Peter's, that seem, in looking far up at them from the floor, to be exquisitely beautiful and symmetrical, are seen, on their own level, to be made up of rough cubes, with wide interstices between them, like the coarse masonry of a moorland wall. The ancient Egyptians knew this art of illusion well, and therefore none of their great monuments are mathematically symmetrical. They owe their majesty and impressiveness to their intentional inequalities. The Greeks too, who borrowed so largely from them, imitated

their methods in this respect. The builders of the Parthenon, the greatest triumph of architecture, did not erect its long rows of Doric pillars with mathematical straightness. They slightly curved them as they stretched out in perspective, that by the deception of distance they might appear straight; and hence nothing can exceed the exquisite proportions of this glorious structure. Whereas, on the other hand, the architect of the Madeleine in Paris, ambitiously taking the Parthenon as his model, but heedless of this law of illusion, made all his lines mathematically straight, and gave to his structure a box-like appearance, without any of the impressive majesty and fairy grace of the Greek temple. One of the most beautiful buildings in Europe is the Doge's Palace in Venice; and yet no two windows in its diapered front are the same. The irregularity seems to produce a higher unity and beauty, and the eye is never weary of gazing upon the illusive perfection of unsymmetrical details.

Ascending beyond our earth, you find in the starry firmament apparent defects of the same kind, which are amply compensated, and give a higher beauty and a nobler use. Our own earth, and the heavenly bodies so far as we know them, are more or less oblate spheroids, and revolve, not in circular orbits, but in ellipses. And therefore an atheistic astronomer, believing that the circle is more perfect than the ellipse, and the complete sphere than an oblate spheroid, regarded the work of the Almighty in the formation of the heavens as unfinished, and boasted that he himself could have improved upon it. There seems to be a want, too, of harmonious exactitude in the times of the revolutions of the earth and its satellite. Our earth rotates on its own axis, making one day, and revolves round the sun making one year; and the moon revolves around our earth, making one month, not in periods of exact round numbers, but in periods of odd figures and decimals. But, looked at from a broader point of view, these seemingly imperfect forms and irregular periods are proofs of the surpassing wisdom of God, and are meant to serve most important purposes in the economy of the earth and the stars, in the arrangement of the seasons, and in the preservation of the life of our planet. We see in these inequalities a higher harmony and perfection. Every structure which Nature builds is, so to speak, of the Gothic style of architecture. Like Aladdin's palace in the fairy story, it has an unfinished window; something can always be added to it. And it is in this incompleteness of Nature that its true beauty consists, for it is designed to lead our thoughts and desires to a higher and more enduring beauty in that city of heavenly architecture which "lieth four-square"—symbol of its final completeness.

"O house of Israel, are not My ways equal?" God is the God of peace, because all powers are in absolute and eternal equipoise in Him. He is the centre of gravity of the universe, and the infinitesimal vibration of an atom is as perceptible to Him as the libration of a star. Everything is most accurately balanced. God weighs the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. There is not an atom more or less in these mountains and hills than is absolutely required for the good of His world. The size of human beings is accurately adjusted to the weight of our globe; the whole earth is weighed in God's scales, which have an infinite sensibility, to allow an ear of corn to hang down when it is ripe, or a lily to bend its head in order that its seeds may be fertilised. Alike in the physical and moral world God's ways are equal. He dispenses justice and judgment with the utmost impartiality. Every good deed has its own appropriate reward; every transgression of God's holy law is punished in the line of the offence. "God is angry every day"—not merely with the wicked, but even with the righteous for their shortcomings and misrepresentations. He who numbers the hairs of our head places each human being in the circumstances best suited for him, and sooner or later gives him an opportunity of developing what is best in him.

God can say, "Is not My way equal? Are not your ways unequal?" It is our iniquity that is the cause of the disturbed equilibrium of the world. Iniquity is un-equity—moral unequalness. In our dealings with God how often are we giving Him false measure! "It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting," God says of our best meant and holiest service. And in regard to our dealings with one another, how much is there of the uneven balance in the world, in spite of the sacredness with which God and man have invested the use of it! How much does the iniquity of man take this form, the selfishness of the human heart come out in this shape! In a world where every ray of light and every blade of grass, and every grain of sand, is accurately measured and adjusted, God can sadly say of the creatures He made in His own image, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." What we all need, then, is that He Who took upon Him our nature, and in that nature satisfied all the demands of Divine justice, should be put by our own personal faith in Him, and our life lived in Him and for Him, in the other scale for us, that He may outweigh by His merits all our demerits, and by the sanctification of His Spirit convert our iniquities into God's equities. And so our ways will be made equal like God's; all things will work together for our good; and even our afflictions will be light, and will work for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

LOVE-LIGHT

A ROMANCE OF CAPRI.

By M. H. Cornwall Legh, Author of "A Hard Master," "The Steep Ascent," Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

PRISONERS OF THE SEA.

LA CASA BIANCA stands at a few minutes' walk from the town of Capri, on the sheltered slope which leads to La Piccola Sirena. Before they turned out of the high road, Nugent and his companions paused for a few minutes to survey the view on either side of the island. On their left lay the open sea, wild and mysterious of aspect, stretching into infinity. On their right was the smiling Bay of Naples. They were now on the narrowest part of the saddle which connects the southern portion of the island, where stands Capri, with the northern, containing Anacapri. The two little towns have always been rivals, and in fiercer ages were perpetually at war together. Race prejudice combines with the friction of conflicting interests, the Capriotes being genuine Italians, the Anacapriotes half-Greek.

So Mrs. Bevan informed the young people. She had been "reading up" the island and making herself acquainted with its history and traditions, a pursuit for which Phyllis had no time and Nugent no inclination. The latter professed a cultured contempt for guide-books, with which Mrs. Bevan had no sympathy.

"People pretend to be too superior to go about with a guide-book," she said, "when it only means that they are too lazy to take the trouble to get to know anything about the place they are in. They might as well travel through the world with their eyes shut. Of course, you may not find everything an intelligent person wants to know in a guide-book, but it is better to know what there is to be found in that than nothing at all."

The sprightly manner in which this remark was made prevented the words sounding rude; but Phyllis, who never liked to hear anyone snubbed, even politely, was glad of a turn in the conversation, which was caused just then by the approach of a procession of women and children, chanting a litany as they walked.

"Where do you suppose they are going?" asked Phyllis.

"I think I can tell you that much without having studied a guide-book," Nugent answered. "Probably to the shrine of the Madonna a mile or so further on."

"That must be the light we saw the night we arrived," Mrs. Bevan remarked. "We could not imagine what it was, twinkling up there on the hillside. The man who guided us up that horrible path said something about 'Santa Maria.'"

"Yes; there is a lamp kept perpetually burning before the image of the Virgin," Nugent replied. "The whole way to Anacapri is an ascent, and the shrine is by the side of the road in the loneliest part. I daresay in the days Mrs. Bevan has been telling us about the way was dangerous enough. Even now there are very few houses between here and Anacapri, and these rocky slopes that rise above it, covered with bushes, would make a splendid ambush for highwaymen. I believe quite lately a murderer was able to hide himself there for some weeks before he was caught. Talking of the Madonna, did you go to see the midnight procession on Christmas Eve?"

"No," replied Phyllis, "but we heard a good deal about it from the people of the hotel. Frau Hoffmann asked me to go with them."

"But my daughter would not let her old mother lie awake for her, so came sensibly

to her bed instead," Mrs. Bevan added, with a tenderness in her accent which, for the first time, gave Nugent the idea that Phyllis's mother was able to appreciate her.

"That wasn't the only reason," Phyllis said.

"Did you think it wrong to be present at a Papist ceremony?" asked Nugent. Her voice suggested that conscientious motives had kept her away.

"Not in the way you mean. But it did not seem to me to be quite right to take part in what was to these people a real though mistaken act of devotion simply as a sight that one would be half-amused at all the time."

The existence of such scruples in anybody's mind was a new idea to Nugent. It seemed positively droll that the picturesque side of the "mediævalism," which was one of the charms of Roman Catholic Italy, should be overshadowed by any other consideration.

"Now, my dear young people, let us proceed to business," said Mrs. Bevan briskly. There was always a quaint humour of incongruity when she spoke of herself as "old," or implied it by styling others "young," of which Nugent felt she herself was conscious.

"We must bow to the wishes of grey hairs," he said with gay irony; and he knew that Phyllis's mother was pleased.

They turned down into the narrow stony lane up which Mrs. Bevan had clambered with so many groans on the evening of their arrival, and a few minutes brought them to the white house.

A handsome, black-eyed girl opened the door for them, and with many smiles showed them up to the apartment il Signorino had told her to make ready for them. This consisted of two fair-sized rooms on the first floor, both opening on to a balcony with a grand view down on the Piccola Marina, and Mrs. Bevan was enchanted with them.

Phyllis asked the price of the apartment, and looked a trifle grave when Nugent interpreted Marietta's answer. She made a rapid calculation.

"I am afraid with food and fires and candles, and everything, it will not come to so very much less than the hotel," she said to her mother under her voice.

Nugent stood aside, affecting not to hear. He had had a little philanthropic scheme of his own respecting these rooms, a pious fraud he had thought to perpetrate upon the Bevans, which he could have easily carried out had Phyllis's mother been the simple-minded old lady she might well have been. She being what she was, Nugent felt that his fraud would quickly be detected. Phyllis might have been led to believe that the apartment cost only five lire a week, but Mrs. Bevan would not have been deceived into supposing it could be had for fifteen. She would see through his device in a moment, and probably resent it, possibly even laugh at him; and the thing above all others to which Nugent was least disposed was to make himself ridiculous. Moreover, she was almost certain to mistake his motives. A laugh went through Nugent's mind as he pictured to himself the idea that would probably have come into hers as the reason for his concealed benevolence—that he was in love with Phyllis!

Mrs. Bevan's wishes prevailed over her daughter's economical hesitation. "I would rather be at Capri for only two months, in nice rooms like these, than stay the full time we intended to in some poky little place with no sunshine in it," she said. "There is no use in coming abroad for one's health and pigging it in a slum. Dear Phyllis, that was a slum, that wretched Vicolo where we went to look at rooms the day after we arrived. Such a smell of garlic about the house, too, and such a slatternly woman! Those delightful, picturesque streets are lovely to sketch in—if you have a nose above odours—but not to live in. Even your cave," turning to Nugent, "sounds damp. If you had been my age, instead of a hot, impulsive youth"—there was a distinct twinkle in her eyes as she thus designated him—"eaten up with enthusiasm for art, you would have ensconced yourself snugly inside these four walls, instead of turning hermit, for the sake of having an artistic experience—as was, I suppose, your motive."

"One of my motives," replied Nugent, with evident reserve. "There were others. I certainly am not sorry that, under my circumstances, I went to live in a hole in the earth instead of between bricks and mortar. But I quite agree with you that for those differently circumstanced—for yourselves, for instance—it is much better to spend a little more on being comfortable, if only for the sake of health."

As he met Phyllis's pitying eyes, Nugent experienced a feeling of compunction. What right had he to receive that sweet child's sympathy under false pretences? But he reflected that he merited it on other scores, for things that would have passed her comprehension. The poverty for which she pitied him was not so bad a thing as the utter satiety—the sense that nothing was much worth having, or doing, or being; the feeling that he needed a new sensation to bring enough life into him to go on living at all—which had made him try the experiment of leading a natural existence, reduced to its first terms of uncivilised simplicity. If he was not to be pitied for the self-imposed conditions of a fantastic caprice—a caprice,

moreover, which there was nothing to prevent his abandoning the moment that it palled upon him—he, *blasé* before he was thirty, was deserving of compassion from this fresh creature for whom life was unspoilt, who held such unmeasured capacity for joy.

Such were Nugent's meditations as he made his way down to the sea, not on the side of the island where his cave lay, but the opposite one, between groves of oranges and lemons, to the Grande Marina, where he wished to secure the boat and the friendship of his Capriote beforehand, with hopes that this tiny fraud would be overlooked, perhaps even unsuspected, by Phyllis's mother.

In the afternoon Phyllis went to the Romano to invite her German friends to accompany her in the coming expedition. The good-natured lady under whose wing she had been at the Christmas Eve festivity was, it proved, about to leave with her daughters for Ischia; but she introduced two new arrivals—Frau Schreiner, an Englishwoman by birth, who had married a German and, as her visage implied, regretted it, and her daughter. These ladies were anxious to see the Blue Grotto, and happened to be of that class of travellers which hails any opportunity of sight-seeing at some other person's expense, so they caught at the offer; and Phyllis, though fearing that Nugent might not be attracted by their faces, was



A handsome, black-eyed girl showed them to the apartment.

glad to feel that they would, at least, prove appreciative of his kindness.

The next morning was bright and beautiful. The sea was not wholly motionless, as Frau Schreiner would have preferred, but her daughter insisted upon it that the expedition to the Blue Grotto should not be put off until the calmer day that might not come for weeks combined with this bright sunshine. Without sunshine the cave was not blue, and a grey grotto would not be worth the trouble of visiting. Frau Schreiner at last gave in, and they joined Nugent and Phyllis on the road above La Casa Bianca.

"See, we are going to have a storm," said Frau Schreiner apprehensively, as she looked at the sea on the side of La Piccola Sirena; the waters were a dull, ominous grey from the shadow of an overhanging cloud, while a brilliant line of light on the horizon only heightened the weirdness of the effect.

"That is not where we are going," exclaimed Fraulein Schreiner impatiently. "Look over the opposite side."

There the Bay of Naples lay, a deep tranquil blue, answering back to the clear sky overhead. That narrow strip of land divided stormy foreboding from joyful serenity.

"The two chances of life," said Nugent, addressing himself to Phyllis, as they stood a little apart that the Schreiners might finish their argument together. "That is what it suggested to Rogers when he noticed the same effect the other day."

"I had an idea about it too," said Phyllis, rather shyly.

"Yes?" Nugent knew just the tone to put into a word in order to draw her out. The earnest look came into her eyes.

"I was thinking how the whole difference in the two sides came, not from the water itself, which is the same in both, but from what it looks up to. Over there the sun is shining down straight on it, and everything is bright and lovely; here there is a cloud across the sun, and there is no colour in the water, only a suggestion of gloom and storms ahead. It seems a kind of parable.'

"A parable of you and me." It was very seldom that Nugent spoke on impulse, and he was glad that at this moment the Schreiners broke up the *tête-à-tête* by expressing themselves united in the determination to visit the Grotto that day. A carozza happening to come by, they gave a very strong hint to Nugent to engage it, which he took, and the party drove down to the vessel; Mrs. Schreiner employing her voice the whole way in self-congratulations that she had not attempted to walk the distance, as her daughter had imagined she might.

When they reached the Marina, the sight of the waves and the smallness of the boat, which would have accommodated three more easily, again frightened Frau Schreiner, and led to another altercation between her and Luise, the daughter, who once more came off victorious.

"A larger boat than this could not get into the Grotto," explained Phyllis, since Nugent refused to speak conciliatory words to the "Kilkenny Cats," as, aside, he termed the Schreiners. "The parties in the large boats have to change into little skiffs at the entrance, Mr. Cleveland has been telling me."

When they were all at length in the boat, Phyllis tried to keep the talk on indifferent topics, starting with:

"My mother has been reading me a long account of the Grotto. She always reads aloud to me in the evenings."

"My mother never does that," remarked Luise. "She would expect me to read to her."

"But then you are not doing fine drawing the whole day long," Phyllis hastened to put in before Frau Schreiner should have time to take her own part. "I am obliged to rest my eyes by candle-light, for after I have been many hours over that pen-and-ink work everything seems quite blurred."

Nugent looked at her sharply.

"Then you ought not to do so much of it," he said.

"And *you* ought not to live in a damp cave!" she responded, laughing. "But that was not at all the point of what I was going to say. What I meant to do was to give some information about the island of Capri. It all comes out of a guide-book, Mr. Cleveland," with another laugh, "so you may shut your ears."

"I wish that Luise would take the trouble to acquaint herself with the history of the places we visit," remarked Frau Schreiner. "But she never opens a book. Here she spends all her time at the Hiddegeigei."

"Won't she tell us about that, then?" suggested Phyllis, trying not to laugh. "I had never even heard of it."

"The Kater Hiddegeigei was a cat in a comic book, and it is the name of the restaurant next to the Romano," Luise explained in a somewhat sullen voice. "We go there in the evenings sometimes, too. It is the only place there is in Capri at which to spend one's time, unless the sun is shining beautifully. I never knew such a dull place when it is wet. I cannot think why we left Naples."

"Now I am going on about the Blue Grotto," said Phyllis quickly, not daring to catch Nugent's eye, for all the impassivity of his face. They had already reached that stage of intimacy when each can guess what is passing through the other's mind; and if

on one point Phyllis's guesses had been wide of the mark, here at least she was able to divine correctly that there was inward laughter.

"Are you ready for my lecture? Well, when Tiberius lived in Capri, he was fond of bathing in the Grotto, and he had a round opening cut through the rock overhead for ventilation. Since then the island has sunk sixteen feet, so that the old entrance, which was a large archway, is now a long way under water, and the little arch we go through to enter the Grotto is the upper half of Tiberius's air-hole."

"How extremely interesting!" exclaimed Frau Schreiner, with an aggressive tone that implied, "Why does not my daughter find out these things"?"

"How nice of your mother to read you all about it!" said Luise, also aggressively. "And what makes the Grotto blue?"

"The blueness is owing to the whole light that enters the cave coming in from below, and passing through the blue water, after it has been reflected on the white sand at the bottom of the sea. I'm afraid I can't give you the scientific explanation, but it has something to do with the refraction of the sun rays."

"The blue water, I suppose, absorbs the red and yellow rays," began Nugent, to whom Phyllis had glanced, in hope that he would take up the ball. But Frau Schreiner's mind was now distracted from any information, however interesting, by the increasing height of the waves.

"Oh, let us put back to land," she cried. "Oh, I am so frightened! I can't stand this! I am sure we shall be swamped!"

"There is no danger, really," said Nugent, "and we are nearly there."

"Mother, don't make yourself so ridiculous!" exclaimed Luise. "As if we should turn back now!"

"Oh!" Frau Schreiner almost shrieked, as a higher wave than usual dashed some spray in her face, while Luise laughed, half-mockingly, half in vexation, at her mother's folly before strangers. Phyllis did not laugh. She was not lacking in sense of humour, but her sympathy was apt to be too strong for it where any person's feelings were concerned. Poor Frau Schreiner's real terror and distress caused her compassion to overcome her recognition of the ridiculous side of the situation, and she put her arms round the frightened woman.

"Don't scream, dear Frau Schreiner!" she said gently, but using a tone that was almost one of authority. "There is no need for us to be frightened: Mr. Cleveland says there is not any danger." She looked at Nugent with an expression of absolute confidence that touched him.

The boat had now reached the entrance to the Grotto. It was the only boat there to-day, as Nugent observed with some disquietude. The waves went up to the top of the low entrance through which they had to go, and dashed themselves frantically against the rock above it, then recoiled to make another spring.

"Can we enter?" Nugent asked the boatman. Giovanni looked doubtful for one moment; the next he made a rapid stroke with his oars; the boat glided through the aperture, just in the space between the waves, and there they were, in an absolute stillness that formed an extraordinary contrast to the raging water without.

Luise Schreiner gave an exclamation of delight, and Frau Schreiner ceased to tremble and drew in a long breath, while Phyllis was speechless in her admiration. The whole Grotto was filled with a mysterious blue light, unlike anything that one of them had seen before. The water, the walls, they themselves—everything was azure. Nugent dropped a copper coin into the still waters, and it turned to silver as it fell. Then they all thrust their hands into the water, and their hands showed silver too. The boatman rowed them round the Grotto, showing the bit of old staircase, supposed to have been cut out as early as the time of Tiberius, and other points of interest.

Nugent became more disquieted on observing that the lad who was generally to be found in the Grotto, prepared to dive and show the silvery effects produced on his body, for the benefit of tourists, was not in his accustomed place. He made some remark on the boy's absence to Giovanni, and received an answer which led him to propose that they should leave the Grotto at once, though Luise exclaimed at the shortness of their visit. Phyllis caught some of the words, and guessed their purport; her eyes and Nugent's met. She raised her eyebrows interrogatively; he gave a slight shrug to his shoulders.

"I should think we had better go," she said.

But to go was easier said than done. The waves were dashing more furiously than ever against the rocks outside, perpetually filling the mouth of the Grotto. Giovanni made one futile attempt after another to catch the moment when it was open, and at last rowed back into the calm to consider.

Frau Schreiner began once more to be alarmed. "Can't we get out?" she asked. "Oh, how awful to be imprisoned in this cavern! I said that we had much better not attempt to come in. Oh, Mr. Cleveland, what are we to do?"

"To wait till the tide turns and the waves go down a little, I suppose," he answered,

with a nonchalance that roused Frau Schreiner's anger against him.

"You said there was no danger!"

"There is not any danger. In this secluded spot what could happen to us?"

"What could happen to us!—imprisoned here for who knows how long? We may starve to death!"

"We shall not do that to-day. I have a basket of lunch that will keep us alive for some time."

"But who knows how long it may be before the sea goes down? I believe the storm is rising all the time. I remember hearing of some people who were shut up here for two days and nights without being able to get out. Oh, why did we ever come!" And she began to cry.

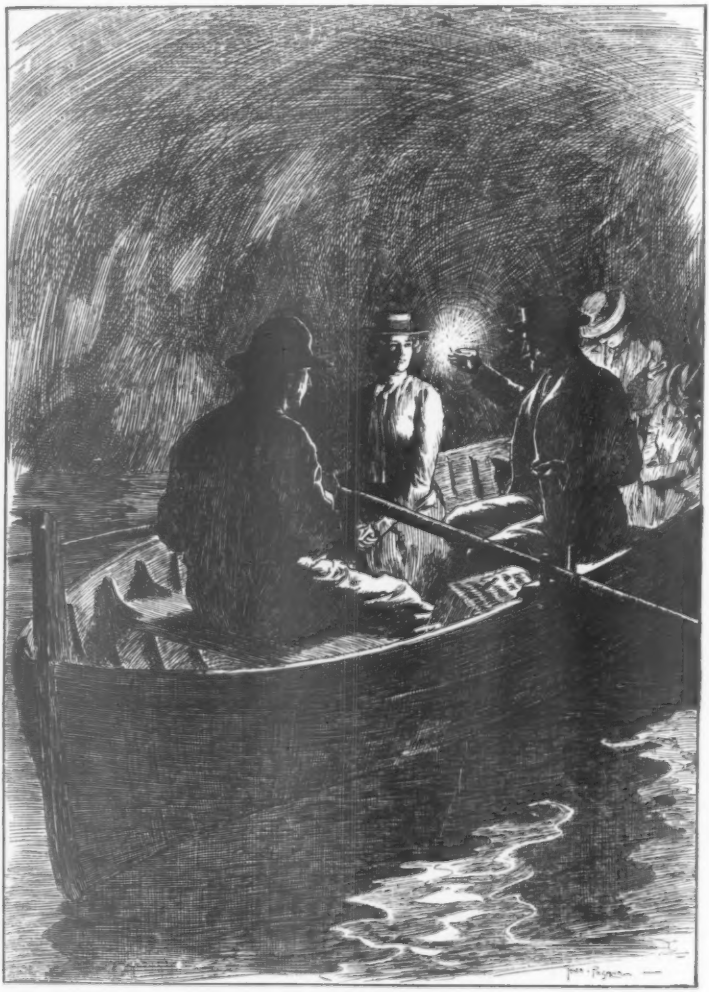
"I must take the whole blame of this expedition on my own shoulders," said Nugent, with a provoking air of being able to carry the burden without much inconvenience; though, in truth, it was rather the boatman who was responsible, since in his unwillingness to lose the large fee promised him for the trip, Giovanni had failed to point out the possible danger of that occurring which actually had occurred—their being imprisoned in the Grotto.

"Shall we have some lunch now?" asked Nugent still with provoking calmness. "That will help to fortify us for the rigours of captivity."

Frau Schreiner was certain that she could not eat, to which Luise remarked, "What nonsense, mother!"

The girl rather enjoyed the excitement of the adventure, as Phyllis would have done, had it not been for the thought of the anxiety her mother must be enduring, and her sympathy with poor Frau Schreiner. However, when the luncheon was produced, she was able to induce the dejected lady to swallow a slice of cold chicken and some cordial.

From prudential motives, which were not those of economy, Nugent had not provided the sumptuous repast he would have liked to. But to Phyllis the meal looked very



At intervals Nugent lighted a match.—*p.* 893.

appetising and most extravagant. She jotted up the probable cost of the different items, and feared that Nugent would be able to afford but meagre meals for himself after this for some time to come. When they had all lunched, Luise grew excited over the adventure, laughed and talked, and wondered, and hoped and feared, till she drew a rebuke from her mother, who now began to lament again.

Hour after hour passed, and the storm did not abate. There was not a moment now in which the aperture was really clear, for, when not completely under water, it was covered with a cataract of spray.

"Suppose we were to land and explore the shore," suggested Nugent. They were indeed all glad to stretch their limbs, but the walking space on "shore" was very limited, and they soon returned to the boat.

The afternoon wore away, animated by perpetual recriminations on the part of mother and daughter and quieter talk between Phyllis and Nugent. To the Schreiners, Nugent would not be moved to make anything resembling an apology, but to Phyllis he expressed sorrow enough for having brought her to this plight. They were seated next to each other, and able to have some conversation apart from their wrangling companions.

"I should enjoy it," she said, "if it wasn't for——"

"The want of all the necessaries of life," being condemned to spend you don't know how long without any food except the remainder biscuit after a lunch and sleep in a boat or on a strip of damp shore in total darkness—for it will be dark before long, though I don't care to tell Mrs. Schreiner so, for fear of giving her a fit prematurely. These are slight drawbacks to perfect comfort and happiness certainly, but very slight. I wonder that they make a difference to you."

Phyllis laughed, as bright a laugh as under the most favourable circumstances. "I didn't mean those things; they are all part of the adventure, you know. I was only thinking about mother. But," she added bravely, "as one can't do anything, one must just——" Phyllis did not readily put her deepest thoughts into words. "Perhaps someone will have seen the boat go into the Grotto, and if mother hears we are here she will not be so frightened. And it is no fault of yours, Mr. Cleveland," she added earnestly. "You were only giving us a pleasant trip."

"Giving myself pleasure—though it has unfortunately turned into the opposite, as is the invariable way of pleasures."

"Oh, don't say that! I don't like even the hymns that call life 'a vale of tears,' and good books that speak about this being 'a world of sorrow.'"

"Isn't it true? Balance the pleasures of life with its miseries."

"I don't see how we can balance them, because people take things so differently. What is misery to"—she glanced at Frau Schreiner, who, though not listening to them now, might have overheard her own name—"is fun to me."

Frau Schreiner now began to make the discovery that it was getting dark, and that, beyond a box of matches owned by the boatman and some fusees of Nugent's, they possessed no means of light.

"The best plan will be to divide the matches equally, so as to last through the night at an equal rate, won't it?" suggested the practical Phyllis. "How many are there in the box?"

"But suppose we are in here two nights—or three! Suppose we leave our bones here! What a terrible end, to be starved to death! Oh, Luise, why did you ever persuade me to come?"

"*Da capo!*" murmured Nugent under his breath so that his words only reached Phyllis's ears.

When darkness actually fell, and the Blue Grotto turned by degrees from a grey to a black one, it was, in truth, rather a weird experience. Giovanni shivered with terror, believing, in common with the Capri peasants in general, that the Grotto was haunted. Frau Schreiner became almost paralysed, and her daughter's laughing excitement gave way to a gloomy silence.

At intervals Nugent lighted a match. As the small flame broke out, on one occasion, he saw that Phyllis was kneeling. After a time he heard her alter her position.

"Are you frightened?" he asked sympathetically. The sound of the storm without, and the boom of the waves against the rocks was, in truth, somewhat terrible in that pitch darkness.

"No; not at all. I was only saying my prayers. It is about ten o'clock, isn't it? We always go to bed at ten."

The hours wore away. About two o'clock in the morning Giovanni addressed a few words to Nugent. He lit a match, almost the last. Frau Schreiner and her daughter were both asleep, worn out with fear, but Phyllis's eyes were open. Accustomed as she was to nursing her mother through her illnesses, the slightest noise woke her. Nugent bent over towards her and whispered: "Giovanni thinks we might attempt it now. We will not wake the others?"

"No."

There was a long breath drawn by both as the oars moved once more. Up came a

great wave, pushing them back into the darkness, then for an instant a space during which the exit was left clear. The boat shot through it beneath a shower of spray which woke the sleepers, and made not only Mrs. Schreiner scream, but her daughter also.

They were out on the sea, tossing up on the crest of the waves, then sinking into the trough, till nothing but a wall of water could be seen on either side of them. But the moon shone brightly on them; they were out of the darkness, and Giovanni was pulling steadily towards the shore. This was the time when the danger was most imminent, or, at least, most apparent. Luise, all her hardihood gone, crouched down on the bottom of the boat shuddering and sobbing. Frau Schreiner became quite hysterical, and Nugent, though somewhat against the grain, joined Phyllis in her efforts to reassure them.

"You said it was safe before, and we were in horrible danger! I would rather have starved in that Grotto than have been drowned," Luise murmured. And, just as the moon looked down, calm and bright, upon the troubled waters, so looked Phyllis's face on the distorted countenances of the two other women.

There was one last terror as the boat rose on the crest of a great wave and upon it was carried and thrown down upon the shore. A woman's form stood there in the moonlight.

"Mother, mother! You are out here in the cold at this time of night! Oh! how long have you been standing here?"

In those words, fraught with intense anxiety, was the first touch of fear that Nugent had heard Phyllis express throughout that terrible night.

CHAPTER V.

THE NIGHT OF THE STORM.

AFTER this adventure it was only right and natural that Nugent should call at La Casa Bianca, as early in the day as he supposed Phyllis and her mother would have risen, to inquire after the health of both. He appeared about eleven o'clock in the morning, and found Phyllis hard at work at her drawing. Mrs. Bevan was still in bed. The cruel suspense of the night before, and exposure to cold when on the beach watching for the boat, had taken bad effect, and Phyllis was in some anxiety about her.

"The only thing is to keep her warm and quiet," she said. "It is very unfortunate that Dr. Lindsay should be away from the island just now. I wonder if there is any English doctor at Anacapri? Mother will not trust herself in the hands of a foreigner."

Nugent promised to go over to Anacapri that afternoon, and make inquiries from the Beasleys, who would certainly be able to inform him whether there were a suitable doctor there.

"Thank you so much. Mother is against having in a doctor, if it can be helped," Phyllis said with a smile. "She always says she would rather spend the money in strengthening food than in having a man to come and look at her. Still, I should like to know there was someone to be had, in case of anything serious."

Phyllis's drawings lay about the table, and Nugent asked permission to look at some of them. Phyllis handed him a sketch-book filled with spirited little water-colour drawings, covering each side of the pages for economy of paper.

"These are excellent!" he said. "You have a fine eye for colour. Why don't you go in for this entirely, and give up the black-and-white work?"

"I should like to, if I could. There is nothing I care for so much as sketching from nature. But, you see, it doesn't pay."

"You ought to be able to sell your water-colours well."

Phyllis looked gratified. "Several people have told me that, and I have been able to dispose of a few of my sketches, but it is so uncertain. The picture-dealers do not like to take any risk of them, and they may stay for a long time in the windows without being bought. Besides, I ought to study more, and give my chief time and strength to it, if I want to do anything really good."

"It would be worth your while. You have a real gift." Phyllis flushed with pleasure at his praise.

"Perhaps some day I may be able to," she said. "But for the present I must do whatever brings grist to the mill. The illustrating of books and magazines produces ready money, and that is the thing one has to consider."

Phyllis looked older when she was talking in such a practical way; yet it struck Nugent with pity that she was over-young to have the bread-winning for two depending upon her. How did she learn to carry the weight of responsibility so strongly?

"I hope your editors pay you well?"

"Oh, yes—I mean for what my work is worth. I shall get two guineas for this," as she showed him a sheet covered closely with designs intended for head- and tail-pieces, very finely drawn.

"There is a great deal of work in that," Nugent said, examining it carefully, and

observing the infinitesimal number of minute lines. "How long has this taken you to do?"

"I have been at work upon it ever since I came, but, you see, it is nearly done now. In this lovely air, with the sunshine and the change, one's head seems full of ideas. Sometimes in London I sit for an hour in front of the paper and can't get one that is any good. And the strong light here is such a comfort."

"Have you ever tried to get a higher price for your work?" Nugent asked, forbearing to express his opinion as to the adequacy of the payment she received as frankly as he felt inclined to. "It strikes me that this ought to be worth a good deal more than two guineas."

"Perhaps it ought, and if I had had a regular training in design I daresay I could earn more. But I never had. Till a few years ago we lived quite in the country. After my father's death I used to study at the nearest School of Art, but it was not a first-rate one, and since we have come to London I have had to produce instead of learn. Indeed, I feel very fortunate in getting so much to do now. I used to go from place to place and find everything full. All the old-established firms had their 'regular hands,' and the new ones wanted first-class artists. I am working now for a Syndicate which buys designs from artists and sells them to editors and manufacturers. At one time I used to do wall-papers and designs for book-covers. I liked that, and it was not quite such trying work for the eyes, but lately they have been employing me entirely to draw for a new art periodical."

"*The Art Magazine?*" asked Nugent.

Phyllis laughed.

"Fancy my getting work upon *The Art Magazine!* No, this is a penny paper, got up very cheaply. It says that its object is to diffuse art among the million. I think it is chiefly taken in by manufacturers. Some of the designs are——!" Phyllis made an expressive gesture. "It does seem a pity, when one thinks what thousands of frightful things are going to be produced from them!"

"Have you got a copy to show me?"

Phyllis produced an old number of *Art for the People*, the latest she had. "That is my contribution," she said, pointing to a design for a dado, beautifully conceived, beautifully drawn, and so abominably produced that it made Nugent positively angry.

"If they are going to maul your work in that way, they ought to give you double price for it!" he said.

"Poor things! I wonder they are able to give any price at all, for I am sure the paper doesn't pay. It is brought out by a new firm, you see, and they have not had capital enough to put into it."

"But I imagine the Syndicate which acts middle-man eats up a big share of your profits."

"Perhaps it does. But then I am paid regularly, and when I had to make arrangements with people myself I used to have such difficulty about getting paid at all. For the good firms did not want me, as I said, and I had to go wherever I could get an opening."

Again Nugent felt angry; with the employers who ground this brave girl down, and in a general way with fate. As a rule, he made his pessimistic observations on life from the point of view of that resignation to the ills of others which has been cited as a form of resignation not difficult to attain.

While he was silent from sheer compassion which lacked the words in which to express itself, a knock was heard at the door, and Marietta entered with a letter for la Signorina. It had been sent on from the Romano, to which it had been addressed.

"This is my cheque!" exclaimed Phyllis, looking at the envelope. She tore it open with a little proud exultation which once more struck Nugent as pathetic.

Phyllis drew out the cheque. Her face changed as she looked at it.

"No bad news, I hope?" Nugent said. With a flavour of his accustomed irony, he added, "*Art for the People* has not come to smash?"

"No; but the cheque is only for five pounds seven shillings, and it should have been for eight pounds."

Phyllis glanced at the letter which accompanied it, and looked up with an effort at a smile. "It isn't the Syndicate's fault," she said. "The editor has taken to reducing the drawings to much smaller proportions than he did at first, and, as one is paid by space——" There was a quiver at the end of the word, and Phyllis did not finish her sentence. She set her teeth firmly together, and swallowed back something with great resolution. Then she said bravely, "I am very glad to get even five pounds seven shillings."

"It is an abominable shame!" exclaimed Nugent, with a heat that was entirely unnatural for him. "They are simply trying to defraud you! Where is your agreement with this Syndicate? If they engaged to pay you so much for your drawings, they are bound to do so, whatever terms the editor of the paper may make with them."

"The only promise their secretary gave me was that he would get me the best terms that he could from the editor. The editor tells him that he is obliged to reduce his payments, so there is nothing to be done."

"It is an abominable shame!" repeated Nugent.

"We shan't be able to stay here quite so long as we meant to, that is all. But it will be very nice to have had two months at Capri, if we cannot have three."

"Do you mean to say that you can live for less in England than you do here? Forgive me if that is an impertinent question."

"No, I am sure it is only a friendly one." Phyllis's smile was as bright as ever. "We do live for less in England, and then I can make something there by teaching. I can't draw these designs the whole day long on account of my eyes, but the lessons I give do not try them at all, comparatively, so that they come out of the hours when here I am doing nothing from the earning point of view. I teach drawing at several little schools. If you don't think what I get for my drawings much—which I am very proud of—I won't tell you what they pay me for my lessons at these select academies! But I make it keep me in gloves and shoe-leather."

No wonder, then, the gloves were cotton!

"Don't let us think anything more about this," Phyllis went on, seeing the cloud still over Nugent's face. "It is no good, for one can't do anything about it. As the days grow longer, I daresay I shall be able to get through more work and make it up."

Just then the door was opened by Mrs. Bevan, who, in defiance of her daughter's wishes, had got out of her bed and dressed. Phyllis thrust the letter into her pocket, with a glance at Nugent which he quite understood, and started another topic as soon as she had ensconced her mother comfortably on a seat in the sun.

"Marietta has been confiding to me all about her love affair. It seems she is betrothed to a young policeman called Pedro Lunghi—is that the right way to pronounce it?—and she has shown me the letter he has sent, proposing for her—written on the most wonderful paper covered with cupids and flowers—and her engagement ring, which is gold, and has two hearts joined together on it. I made out that she has been betrothed to him for two years, and has made a good deal of money by carrying up the passengers' luggage from the boats to the hotels. Isn't it strange, by the way, to see the processions of women coming up the hill laughing and singing, with great heavy boxes on their heads? We saw four women to-day, carrying up a piano on their heads from the beach and a man walking in front of them with the key!"

"It strikes me that the way to make a woman happy is to give her the hardest work you can find to do and the smallest possible pay," Nugent responded, making Phyllis laugh.

"Marietta has shown me the house-linen she has bought with her earnings," she went on. "There is a complete supply now, which seems to be all that she and Pedro were waiting for. They are going to be married in the course of a few days. I hope you are impressed with the progress I have made in my Italian in being able to understand all this? I must confess that she told me ten times as much as I was able to comprehend. But at any rate, I made out that she is going to be married!"

Phyllis was bright as ever again, and her smile just what it always was, as she and Nugent wished each other good-bye, and she thanked him once more for the inquiries he had promised to make about the doctor.

When Nugent reached the Beasleys' little house, a cottage picturesquely untidy as to its surroundings, but with a terraced vineyard and a grove of lemon-trees that made up for much to its owner, he was not long in obtaining the information he required. An American doctor, who was a man of some note, was spending part of the winter at the hotel at Anacapri, almost its only occupant, for Anacapri, with its north aspect, is entirely a summer resort.

"You'll stay the evening, won't you, Cleveland?" Beasley asked. "There are several things I wanted to consult you about. My wife is just going into Capri, and will take a message for you. You needn't go back for that."

Nugent had intended to be his own messenger, but reflection showed him that it would be hardly fair to thrust himself again upon Phyllis and take up more of her time. Besides, two visits in one day, even under existing circumstances, might be misinterpreted by Phyllis's mother. What a mistake it was her having a mother! Without that encumbrance, what a delightful Arcadian intercourse might he and this fresh girl have had together! It would have been the very complement needed to the natural life for which he had come to Capri, to give completeness to its charm. How delightfully they might have gone about together, enjoying the beauties of the island, sketching, philosophising, in all the innocence of earlier days, with all the unconventional freedom of art!

But Mrs. Bevan, in common with many women who have been Bohemian enough themselves in their time, had no mind for her daughter to follow in her steps. She was more careful over Phyllis than a simpler-minded woman might have been, and never permitted any conduct the world would consider unconventional. To preserve her artlessness and freshness she had kept Phyllis close by her side, except when stern necessities

of work called her away, never allowing her to mingle in the second-rate society which was the only kind open to them in the position her husband had held combined with their poverty.

So much Nugent had gathered from his conversations with Phyllis, and it had shown him Mrs. Bevan as a woman who, while she took care not to let her daughter's eyes be opened, kept her own eyes open in her behalf. That absurd idea of love was certain to enter the thoughts of this woman too clever by half, if he did anything out of the way. And, since the solitude of his cave had already begun to lose something of its pristine charm, Nugent acceded to his friend's pressing invitation and spent the afternoon and evening with him.

"Found anything more to 'moralise'?" Beasley asked, as they sat over their pipes together, after the light and not too well cooked repast that styled itself dinner. Beasley had married a Capriote girl, and lived a natural, untrammelled life free from the restrictions and refinements of modern civilisation. But it was a great mistake to marry an uneducated girl, even though she be a pretty Capriote, Nugent had decided shortly after making Beasley's acquaintance—as soon, indeed, as the end of the first afternoon he had spent at his friend's villa.

Again to-night he congratulated himself on not being one of those fatuous men whom a pretty face or taking manner snatches into matrimony. If he ever should marry, he intended it to be many years hence, to some woman who by her position in society should supplement what he himself would contribute of material advantage to the union—an English lady of title, perhaps, or some acknowledged American belle. At any rate, it would be with his eyes open, and after due and deliberate balancing of the *pros* and *cons* of the case. Towards middle life he might be so imperatively in need of a fresh sensation that even a wife—properly selected—would become tolerable. But to tie himself to any woman now, in his youth—no, that was a snare he was not likely to fall into!



"No bad news, I hope?"—*p.* 895.

Having a heart so safely constituted, there was nothing to prevent Nugent allowing his thoughts to become as absorbed in a woman as inclination suggested. Since there was no fear of his coming near to loving her, there was no reason why he should not study her nature, analyse her; and this was precisely what he did with Phyllis.

At Beasley's question Nugent roused himself

from the mental exercise to which his brain, stimulated by tobacco smoke, had applied itself.

"I have been trying to work out a problem in cause and effect," he answered, "and have not got to the bottom of it yet."

"The cause being?

"That is precisely what I am searching for. I see an effect and am trying to trace out its cause, it being obvious that the one cannot exist without the other."

"An effect upon yourself?" asked Beasley, looking at him with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "Because——" He had heard the story of last night's adventure. He had seen the little girl with the big brown eyes as Nugent talked to her, the night at the Romano. "There is not a woman in it?"

"Quite right, only multiply her by two. What is the cause that two women should band themselves to make each other's lives miserable?"—dexterously shunting his subject off the track. "That is the effect I had the pleasure of contemplating during the twelve hours I spent in company with the Schreiners, and there was plenty of time in the Grotto to consider the matter."

Beasley asked some fresh question about the adventure of the night before, and the talk continued on concrete and impersonal subjects till between ten and eleven, when Nugent wished his host good-night and set off on his homeward way.

It was a very dark night, and the wind, which was on that side of the island, proved so strong that it was hard work to make headway against it. One of the thunder-storms which that winter were almost of nightly occurrence in Capri was beginning. There was a long growl as Nugent walked down through the vineyard, then a bright flash of lightning; then a peal like the bursting of artillery overhead.

The storm increased in fury as Nugent made his way through the narrow, silent streets of the old town and out into the solitude of the road which led to Capri. One peal of thunder had scarcely ceased when a sound as of the rattling of dry bones began again, rising in intensity till it seemed as if all the rocks in the island were being rent and their fragments hurled down the slopes.

Thrusting his stick from side to side, Nugent moved on as rapidly as was possible under the circumstances.

Suddenly his stick encountered something that was not hard rock or tree-trunk, and a faint cry, as of fright, smote on his ear.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, distinctly startled. He moved to one side, to let whoever it might be pass. By ill chance the other pedestrian, with the same object regarding him, moved to the same side of the road, and the person, as he would have expressed it, collided with him. At that moment another vivid flash of lightning transformed the blackness into distracting brilliancy.

"Great Powers!" exclaimed Nugent.

It was Phyllis.

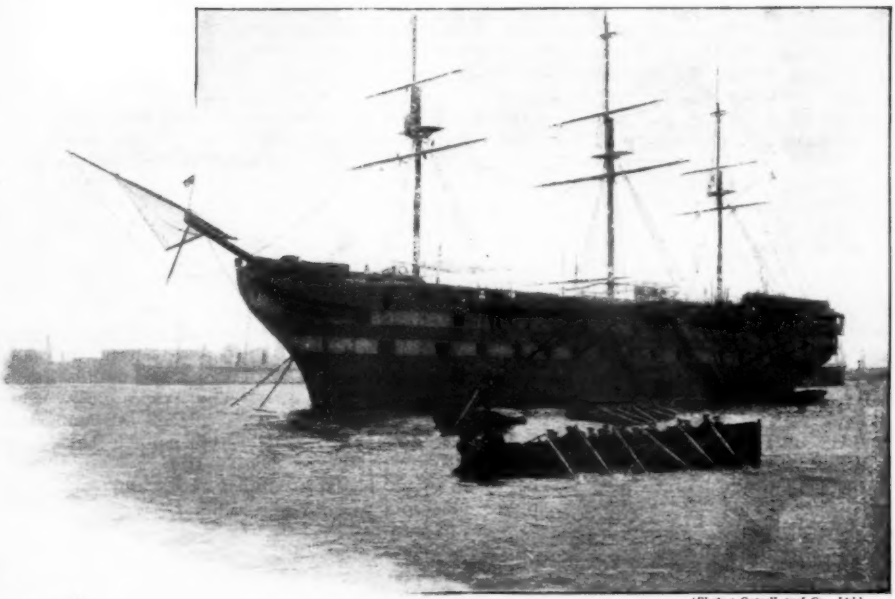
[END OF CHAPTER FIVE.]



It was Phyllis.

For England, Home, and Duty.

ORPHANS OF THE ROYAL REDS AND BLUES.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE "WARSPITE."



ENGLAND expects every man on sea and shore to do his duty. And what may be expected of England if public duty leads to death? The orphans of sailors, soldiers and policemen are a living and perpetual record of the heavy price that must be paid for peace and protection, and for mercantile ascendency. They, as well as the forces themselves, have a just claim for maintenance.

Some years ago Mr. Punch's indignation was roused by an advertisement in a daily paper for tuition "for a very bad boy intended for the sea." "What had respectable fishes done," he inquired, "to deserve such an insult?" Our ships have in a large measure made the empire; to man them worthily, and at the same time to relieve the distressed widows and children of sea-faring men, is the dual object of the Marine Society. There are no "bad boys" amongst the young bluejackets on its training ship off Woolwich. Nearly all have passed through dark and stormy scenes before their admission, but not one has ever been convicted of crime.

The Society's headquarters, Clark's Place, Bishopsgate Within, has a collection of pictures that illustrate its history. Four Earls of Romney, who each handed from father to son the post of President, look down from their frames on the Committee, whilst a fifth, the present Earl, occupies their chair. The portrait of a former Treasurer, Mr. J. Thornton, by Gainsborough, is amongst the most valuable. Quaintness is represented by an old print in which the conscientious artist has done his best to leave nothing to imagination. It was not the fashion of his day to produce a mere impression. The Committee of the Marine Society sit round a table, and a philanthropist presents them with a coin. On one side are destitute boys whose appearance offers a comforting indication that the condition of rags and ragamuffins to-day, however deplorable, was worse one hundred

and forty years ago; on the other, is a group in all the self-satisfaction of new clothes. A gentleman in the picturesque costume of the period, flourishing an ominous stick, may be taken to indicate that discipline is not neglected.

The history thus portrayed dates from 1756. In that year England declared war with France, and Parliament voted 50,000 seamen and marines. At the suggestion and expense of the Duke of Bolton, Sir J. Fielding, an energetic magistrate, collected a number of distressed boys, clothed them, and sent them on board H.M. ship *Barfleur*, of which His Grace was then in command. As they marched through the streets, another philanthropist, Mr. Walker, of Lincoln's Inn, met them, and he caught and actively followed up the idea of saving friendless but innocent lads from the snares of crime that lay close to their feet. In June, 1756, Mr. Jonas Hanway, a merchant, well-known for his benevolence, proposed that a society should be formed to give clothing to boys for the service. This led to the institution of the Marine Society, which in 1772 was incorporated by Act of Parliament. During one hundred and forty-two years, ending December, 1898, it has sent 63,220 trained lads to sea. Of this number, 27,855 have been supplied to Her Majesty's ships.

In a room close to the portraits of the founders the daughters of sailors and others in distressed circumstances—girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen—apply for the fees to apprentice them to various trades. In a neighbouring room boys between fourteen and sixteen present themselves for admission to the public service and undergo the necessary examination, moral and physical. On the floor below are the baths with hot and cold water—in many cases a dire necessity—and a supply of comfortable outfits. The eligible boys, each with a waterproof bag containing two suits of clothes, are drafted on to the *Warspite*, a noble two-decker—at first a three-decker christened the *Waterloo*, and afterwards renamed the *Conqueror*—which is lent by the Lords of the Admiralty to the Marine Society.

The masts of this gallant old ship appear above the roofs of Charlton, and a stone landing-stage bears its name in letters readable afar. The swimming instructor stationed at this place, on understanding that visitors desired to see the *Warspite*, piped for a boat. His "toot-toot-toot" was immediately answered, and six pairs of



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

FIRST AID TO THE WOUNDED.

oars stood erect against the black-and-white broadside. He invited us to see the swimming bath. Against the wall about fifteen little bluejackets, fresh and smiling after their lesson, were drawn up in line.

"Are you all London boys?"

"I came from Yorkshire," one answered.

high standard of character, bodily soundness and capacity. The laundry adjoins the swimming bath, and by the time the various appliances for washing and drying clothes had been inspected the boat was alongside. At the officer's word of command, "Pull away," twelve boys bent to the oars with



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

DRILL ON THE "WARSPITE."

"Then, like other Yorkshiremen, you probably think there is no county in the world to be compared with it."

"I am not a Yorkshireman; I was born in Cardiff," the boy replied, and it gradually transpired that, though London boys prevailed, all parts of England were represented among the hundred and eighty-two under training. All degrees too; the son of a clergyman and others whose relations belong to the professional class have formed part of the raw material put into the hands of the captain to turn into sailors. The boys made a point of the *prestige* of their home. "The *Warspite* is all right," one of them said emphatically, to combat any suggestion that life on board could compare unfavourably with life on shore. "It is not a punishment ship," another said, and he told of his aspirations of entering the Royal Navy, where candidates must reach a

a will, and the whole boatload were quickly on board. There was satisfaction in the thought that friendly Father Thames shuts them off from old and ruinous associations. The smooth, grey water, sparkling in the sunlight, surrounds them like the calm but uncompromising discipline to which they must submit or else leave without any court of appeal. The boats take them on shore to a playground, and bring them visitors once a month on a festival known as "Mammies' Day." Though many boys, supposed to be fourteen but in reality eighteen, have slept under railway arches before their admission, only four have been expelled during the four years the present captain has been in charge.

"The first thing to do is to get them into good health," he remarked when watching the physical drill from the bridge. "We give

them good food and regular exercise; with these and fresh air it is wonderful how quickly they develop. That white-faced boy weighed only sixty-four pounds when he was admitted three months ago. We had to give him a dinner before bringing him down here.



[Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd.]

NEEDLEWORK CLASS AT THE SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS' HOME.

He has gained thirteen pounds since then. They have a regular routine. Each boy has six weeks in turn in the kitchen, in the laundry, as sentries, with the carpenter, and in the lamp room. All learn first aid to the wounded, sail-making, clothes-mending, and have their turn at the duty boat."

Fire drill followed musical drill. At the alarm, "Fire in the captain's kitchen," all ran like rabbits, some burrowing below, others making for the boat. But there was method in their movements. In one minute forty-eight seconds five hoses pointed at the kitchen, three rows of boys stood with buckets of water or with fire queens, and the rest were either at the pumps or ready to row ashore with a telegram.

There is never any difficulty in finding berths for these sailor lads. It is a serious reflection that British seamen for the Mercantile Marine are becoming daily more scarce, and it seems a pity that, whilst there is accommodation for one hundred more boys on the *Warspite*, it is vacant for want of subscriptions. In times of peace the country is apt to forget its obligations to its defenders. Many national blessings trace their origin to national calamities.

England responded liberally when it discovered that up to December, 1854, two hundred and three officers and 4,777 men had perished in the terrible Crimea. Major the Hon. H. L. Powys raised a fund for the relief of the wives and families of soldiers on active service. The residue was devoted to starting the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, which the Prince Consort opened at Hampstead in 1858. The present Lady Superintendent, who conducted me through the various rooms, told me that she saw its foundations laid. Enterprising builders may surround the oasis of grass and trees with bricks and mortar, but nothing can deprive it of the fresh air on which it stands. The living green and snowy blossoms of spring seemed a fitting environment for the lively children in royal scarlet frocks and white pinafores. An elder girl came outside the building and rang the bell for five o'clock tea. Down the slopes, through the colonnade which connects the Home with the schoolroom, they came at the trot and canter which denote health and youthful appetite. But all made a momentary and respectful halt as they passed the Superintendent. They were unmistakably soldiers' daughters whether in the schoolroom or on the staff, which is entirely composed of ex-pupils. Respect for lawful authority is a useful part of their training.

They are either elected by the votes of subscribers or enter by payment, or by purchased presentations, between the ages of six and eleven, and leave at sixteen. The institution grants scholarships to the most industrious, with a view to their support whilst qualifying as regimental or parochial schoolmistresses, but the majority enter domestic service, and it rewards those who, with certified good conduct, remain two years in one situation.

They learn the various branches of domestic economy by taking their part in the cooking and cleaning and needlework.

"We make everything at home, except hats and boots," the Superintendent said, when showing me the workroom, resplendent with scarlet summer frocks in different degrees of finish. But the girls are not likely to become dull with a life of all work and no play. The red brick "Boileau Wing," a recent addition to the Home, has a long room well adapted for games when the weather makes going out of doors impossible.

The old playroom has become the infirmary. Only two patients were in bed on this occasion. They were suffering from the effects of "spending day," the Superintendent remarked. Once a month they have the privilege of shopping. Most of them use it judiciously, but others, like these blushing invalids, invest in sweets. The penalty of confinement under the custody of a gentle nurse, in a room made cheerful with screens and pictures, did not seem very severe.

The day of severe discipline for orphans or children thrown upon public charity is, however, it may be hoped, gone by for ever. No one can altogether make up to them for the loss of good parents or of family life; but the English word "home," for which no other language has an equivalent, is often well applied to orphanages and asylums. It would be difficult to find one more homelike than the Provincial Police Orphanage at Redhill. At present the house can only accommodate thirty-six, the remainder of the forty-nine finding sleeping room in two cottages; but the Committee, moved by constant applications, are most anxious to enlarge it sufficiently to take in eighty or one hundred, while still maintaining its homelike character. A similar Home for the Northern Counties was founded at Harrogate a year ago, and now contains twenty-seven orphans of policemen. At Redhill even the baby is there to make the family life complete, but she belongs to the Matron or "Mother." A boy who was showing her special attention, I supposed was her brother. No, he was one of the orphans and her devoted slave. "The boys were always wanting to carry her about," her lawful guardian said.

The youngest of the orphans was a child of four, whom the authorities, on account of special necessity, had admitted one year earlier than the regulation age. He saluted, as a policeman should, on being asked his name, and in reply to further questions, said he had two mothers — "one here, and



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

OUT FOR A ROMP.

(*The Soldiers' Daughters' Home.*)

one in the puffer." This statement was translated: he had seen his widowed mother depart in the train, after she had consigned him to the Home, and he seemed under the impression that she had lived there happily ever after. The children whose mothers are still living go home for holidays, and are encouraged to write home freely.

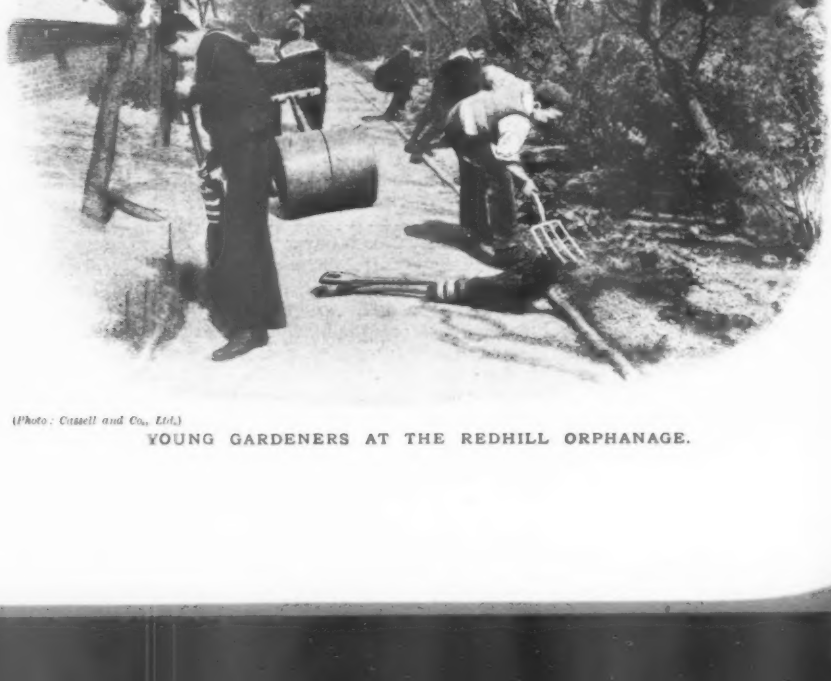


(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE YOUNGEST INMATE OF THE PROVINCIAL POLICE ORPHANAGE.

Half the number of these children have neither father nor mother. Many of them owe their position to the heroic deeds or nobility of their fathers. One child in the Northern Home, who entered at the age of five, had a treat on his sixth birthday, and explained that his father's death had occurred last year on the same date as his birthday. "We had the birthday party all ready for dadda," he said, "but dadda never came home." Young as he was, he fully understood why the constable, who had been summoned out that day on sudden duty, had not returned. It was all in the day's duty for two policemen to go to the rescue of the inmates of a burning house. They were within when ominous signs gave warning that there was no time to lose. The man whose birthday party awaited him bade his mate escape, and then attempted to follow. It was too late; the roof fell in and crushed him—the only victim of that fire. The father of some other orphans had been kicked to death, when bravely attempting to do his duty, by men possessed by the demon of drink. Can the public, who depend in so large a measure on such heroes for the peace and protection they enjoy, do less than care for their orphans? Their comrades in many forces subscribe at the rate of more than a halfpenny a week to support the provincial Homes.

The children are admitted between the ages of five and twelve. The boys leave at fifteen, generally to be apprenticed to a



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

YOUNG GARDENERS AT THE REDHILL ORPHANAGE.

trade, and are supported until the term is expired. The girls remain until they are sixteen, and the last eighteen months are spent in training for domestic service, or for some livelihood for which they show a decided aptitude. The grounds and glass-houses, which the boys help a master in the art to cultivate, develop a love of gardening, and many of them choose this trade. The institution gains rather than loses by their training. Last year, amongst the produce sold were forty-four dozen peaches and nectarines and five hundred pounds weight of tomatoes. One ex-pupil, though only seventeen, is third gardener where eight are kept. His brother, also an ex-pupil, is articled to an architect, who predicts that he will, before long, be in a position to earn three pounds a week.

On April 19th the Home teemed with expectation. On the beds lay the smart blue uniforms, clean collars and pocket handkerchiefs calculated to foster a sense of self-respect. It was the day of an annual festival. A tea-party had been arranged for the little ones, the rest were to go to London to join in a demonstration and a united tea with the children of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage.

These orphanages have much in common. Both alike may claim to be not only charities, but a means of saving to ratepayers. The larger and older institution supports two hundred and sixty boys and girls as inmates, and makes compassionate allowances to eight hundred others for whom there is no room. Last year the Metropolitan and City Police themselves raised nearly £10,000 to maintain it. These subscribers form among themselves a good prudential insurance company. Their widows can claim admission for at least one child, and half-a-crown a week towards the support of all other children under thirteen years of age. Applications for the benefits of the Homes must be made through the Superintendents or Chief Constables of Police. But whilst the provincial institutions are connected with the Christian Police Association, and have their office at 7, Adam Street, Strand, the Commissioners and other officers of the two forces form the Court of Management of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage.

The imposing building stands on thirteen acres of ground at Strawberry Hill. It is interesting to see on the mantelpiece of the Board Room, which contains many counterfeit presentments of the authorities, the statuette of Sir Howard Vincent, C.B., modelled in the Court of Justice by the sculptor, Belt, who took the portrait of the late Director of Criminal Investigations, to refute the accusation of palming off work beyond his capacity as his own.

On entering a very fine schoolroom, it needs little imagination to detect signs of the fathers' calling in the rows of erect, healthy boys and girls. The white stripes—one, two, or three—on the arms of some boys led me to ask if they were sergeants.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE CARPENTERS' SHOP AT THE METROPOLITAN POLICE ORPHANAGE.

"They are monitors," the Secretary replied; "those stripes are highly prized, for each means one penny a week."

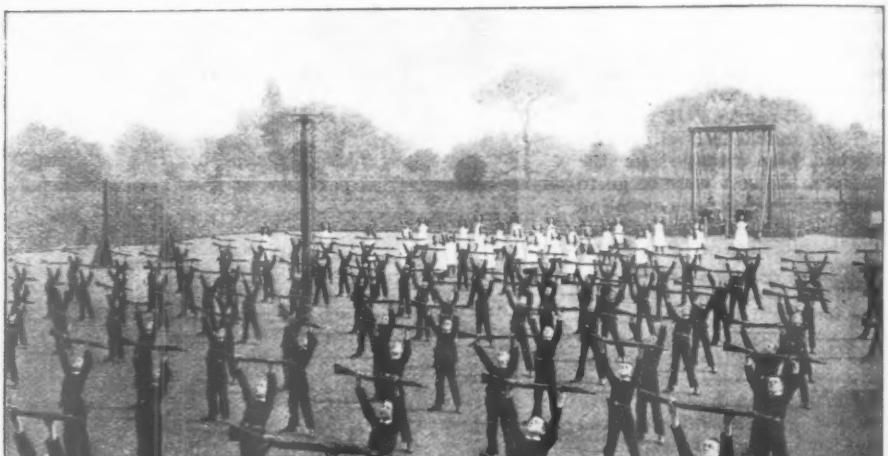
In the grounds is a large swimming bath. Both boys and girls take to the water more like ducklings than London children. Every one, unless forbidden by the doctor, learns to swim before leaving school. The headmaster pointed out another favourite accomplishment. He was himself, he said, Gardner by name and a gardener by nature, and at

his suggestion plots of ground had been allotted to the elder boys. The Board gives prizes for the best cultivated. He divided the branches of a small shrub in one of these flower beds, and showed a robins' nest disposed snugly within its green curtains and canopy. The bold little pair were busy lining it, and great hopes were entertained that nothing would cause them to forsake their home. The robin is well-known for his friendliness, but two blackbirds had so far overcome their native shyness as to build on a bough within easy reach. The confidence of the birds was a distinct recommendation for the boys; they possibly inherit an impression that the weak are under their protection.

The children generally enter upon far more ambitious occupations than that of their first prescribes, and more besides," the headmaster said. "We are under Board inspection, but, as we receive no grant, we have more liberty."

Children whose fathers are either dead or incapacitated from remaining in the Metropolitan and City Police Forces are received, irrespective of creed. A constable's pay hardly admits of his making adequate provision for his widow and children; but so long as this orphanage exists no member of the service in London need fear that they will be forlorn or friendless.

Another generation and another century must test the results of all the charitable work of to-day. Mercy is twice or thrice blest. To build up the walls of England with fragments of humanity, before they become waste material, secures a solid defence. To drill the orphans of the Royal Reds and



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

DRILL IN THE PLAYGROUND

(At the Metropolitan Police Orphanage).

parents when they start into the world with outfits for body and mind, the boys taking their belongings in a box of their own manufacture. A statement of positions held by pupils who have left the school since 1881 contains professions as well as skilled and artistic trades.

"We do all that the Board of Education Blues into an efficient force on the side of the righteousness that exalts a nation is not only good economy but a blessing to posterity. Service has many meanings besides that of naval and military or civil duty. The highest is willing labour for others for the sake of a Royal Master whose reward is sure and eternal.

D. L. WOOLMER.

SARAH'S DELIVERANCE.

By Mrs. Herbert Martin

SECOND PART.

MERCIFULLY for her, old Sarah had her hands and heart full. If she had not found work for others, and work of a kind which took hold of her, she would have pined away in the confinement and (in her eyes) shame of the workhouse life. Even as it was, she aged and wasted, the withered apple-red faded on her cheeks and the blue eyes grew dim and dimmer. Yet she was never still, and never seemed occupied with her own troubles. That was not Sarah Lane's way of taking life.

She had more upon her soon than the tending of the babies. Poor little Anne, the forlorn girl-mother who had never known care or love in all her blighted, neglected life, had no stamina of constitution to resist the effect of her illness and fretting, nor for the blank and desperate fortune which would await her outside the dreary walls that sheltered her for the time with the hard shelter of official, rate-paid charity. She developed a kind of low fever, and it was soon plain that her short thread of life was spun. She was moved to another ward, and as she clung in a feeble way to old Sarah, whose face was the kindest and most motherly in expression she had ever seen, she was made sole nurse.

"Can I manage? Bless you, mum, I've nursed dozens in my time of all sorts and sizes. I'll look after her, never fear; I'm one as can wake in a minute—taking care of babies makes one do that—and I'll do all I can for the poor lass."

So the wife who was little more than a child, but who had tasted the bitterest of womanhood, drifted away clinging to the tender hands of the stranger, yet a stranger of so soft and open a heart that only a days' tendance made her into a friend by the sole claims of need. No one had ever been fond of little Anne: she was not pretty nor taking, only infinitely pathetic in her wasted girlishness. Sarah's tenderness for her in these last slow, dim hours of life was the nearest approach to love the child had ever known, and Sarah calmly allowed that it was best she should go; it solved the problem of a dreadfully handicapped future. The girl herself was not sorry. Only once she murmured in the night that she hoped they wouldn't be hard on her "up there"—she'd been a dreadful sinner, she knew, but she hadn't had much chance.

"Bless you, my dear, He knows," Sarah said softly, patting her as if she had been a baby. "He knows that you've been badly dealt with here, but He loves and pardons all."

So in the dreadful middle of a dark winter's night, with no consolation of any Church but that Church Universal which includes all such souls as old Sarah Lane, the poor marred life drifted out into the unknown, commended to "Our Father" by the simple prayer which comes first to simple souls; and in the morning the plain, wasted features wore the awful beauty of the young dead. Sarah alone with no fear but the tender awe in the presence of death with which her seventy odd years had made her familiar, settled little Anne to her last sleep. She brought the unconscious baby

in, and laid the little warm cheek against the cold one, and she kissed both herself. No tears were shed, but there was just this touch of human love, pity for the dead girl-mother, before she was laid out of sight and forgotten by everybody but God.

It had been well in a way for old Sarah that this sudden appeal had been made on her heart and energies, which might otherwise have failed under the blight of her new life. She was one of those who do not live for themselves, and the large claim made upon her had demanded all her thoughts. If she had not found someone here to draw them away from the condition to which she had come—voluntarily, but sorrowfully—the stout old heart might have sunk to despair. But there is always such a demand upon natures like hers, "at leisure from themselves"; and when poor little Anne's body was removed there were still the babies to be cared for, and especially the motherless one, which she calmly took possession of, setting all her energy and experience to the task of rearing a child that no one in all the world wanted to live—no one, that is to say, except Sarah, who had nursed generations of babies, and never tired of loving them, as if each one laid in her arms was the first she had held, so fresh was the interest she showed in it.

"I thought you were a good cook, Sarah," the matron said, pausing as she passed through the ward to glance with a smile at the old woman sitting crooning over the babe that kicked at large on her cotton apron, "but I see it's a born nurse you are, and no mistake."

"Well, mum, I've done a turn at most things, but the babbies come nat'ral: it's a many I've seen grow up. I love 'em older, but I believe I love 'em when they're like this best of all: they always take to me, and I vally a smile from their lips as if it was worth gold. Every one of 'em seems that pretty to me it's always a surprise."

"It's a puzzle to me," the matron said to herself as she went her way, "how a woman like that, who must have been a treasure wherever she was, can have come to this. For a servant of her kind is as difficult to light on nowadays as a blue rose."

Mrs. Garway was destined before long to have this puzzle solved. Her husband called her one afternoon in early spring into his office. "Missis!" he shouted, "there's a stranger here come to look after old Sally Lane."

The matron found a man of, perhaps, thirty-five or forty years old, respectably dressed—indeed, one who was only one remove below a gentleman in appearance—a man of good looks, the sort in whom one recognises the "pretty boy" of a past day, with light curly air growing somewhat thin about the temples, and kindly, rather prominent blue eyes, a pale complexion just touched with a too womanish pink: refined and slightly weak features, a gentle and emotional way of speaking; of restless, fidgety movements, and a slight figure bent at the shoulders with desk work.

"This is Mr. Archer, my dear," the master said blandly, "a gentleman from London. He's come to look after Sally Lane, who, it seems—— But I daresay he'll tell you all about it."

Mr. Archer was a man always ready to speak. His heart was on his sleeve; his feelings, though genuine, were easy to express: he had never been a man of reserve or concealments. Friendly and readily moved himself, he looked for friends in strangers, and expanded into confidence at a touch of sympathy. He was eager to excuse himself from an accusation which he imagined these people must be ready to make.

"You must have been astonished at such a person as Sarah coming to the house," he began, rushing out his words in his haste to explain the situation. "It was her own doing—entirely her own doing. I'd rather have begged my bread than let her come to it, after all she's been to us—done for us—but I must tell you quite a long story to explain how it happened.

"Sarah Lane came to live at my father's house when I was a baby; hers was the first face I learnt to love after my mother's, and when I was little I loved her much the best—I couldn't help it, for she was always with me. I slept by her; she worked for me, played with me, was never tired, never cross, never anything but merry and kind; it didn't seem as if I could vex her. I suppose it's natural for one's mother to be fond of one, but I wonder what it is that makes these nurses, who have never been mothers, who are no kin to us, so fond and true? When I was a child, I never

asked: I always took Sarah for granted, just as if I had been her own—it never seemed possible she could fail me. I thought her beautiful then: she had black curls, blue eyes and red cheeks; I always have thought her beautiful.

"My mother was ailing, and when I grew a big boy she was quite an invalid, and my noise worried her. I got into scrapes, too, as all boys will, and it was always Sarah who was peacemaker and smoothed things down. I've known her, after a tremendous hard day's work (we only kept a rough girl in the kitchen—she did everything else), after doing what six women would hardly get through now, a regular nurse; Sarah did all he wanted till he died. She was never anything but bright and cheerful with him, and she kept up my poor mother's heart. When he was gone, Sarah went back to her cooking, scouring, mending, and washing, as if she had never left them.

"We could no more have fancied life going on without her than a day without sun. But for her it wouldn't have been a very cheerful house, for my poor mother was not one to take things easy. But Sarah was perpetual sunshine. If she'd ever thought about herself at all, she might have found little enough to make her so, but that was just the person she never considered—the only one. She



"This is Mr. Archer," the master said blandly.

sit up half the night to mend my clothes, so that I shouldn't get into trouble. In bed at one and up again at five—what would servants say to that now? and wages withal that they would sniff at.

"My father had an accident, and for some years was paralysed. He never had looked after us, our health, our interests, our welfare, like a dragon: and all she spent was on us, beyond just her plain, old-fashioned clothes, which she seemed to keep for years and years. My father left her a little money, and somehow—I can't tell how, for she was always giving

presents—she managed to put by till—— But that will come presently. Besides doing nearly all the work of our house, she had time then to be at the beck and call of a heap of neighbours, to run down and help whenever a baby put in an appearance, or anyone was suddenly ill. She didn't know a thing about all this scientific stuff of hygiene and training, but her babies throve, in spite of that. Ignorant? Well, in a way, I suppose she was. She had no school-learning, but she was clever without books, and skilful at everything she put her hand to. It always made her angry to hear this talk about School Board teaching. She was very old-fashioned in her ideas; she said they taught girls nowadays to do a lot of things very badly and not one thing well. I am talking on—you must forgive me: my heart is so full of the dear old woman.

"Well, when I was grown up and going to be married, it was a bitter thing to Sarah to choose to stay on with my mother instead of going with me. I believe she cared most for me, but my mother wanted her most, so she stayed. It was not long—about a year—before my mother died, and then Sarah was free to come to nurse our first child.

"I was then a clerk to a company in Birmingham and we were getting on very comfortably, though far from rich, and with babies coming quickly. We did not, however, find that the trouble was so great as it might have been, had not Sarah been in the nursery—just the same dear old Sally to my children as she had been to me; and—which shows the kind, tactful creature she was—my wife and she took to each other as if they had been old friends, without any sort of jealousy between husband and wife, mother or child.

"Unfortunately, I thought to better myself by taking a larger salary in London, and then our troubles began. It cost us a great deal to move, taking all our spare cash, and we found living far more expensive in London. Then I tried to speculate, and lost money. I got into debt, of course. Sarah knew of all our troubles. She came to my wife one day, and told her she had money laid by that would all come to me some day, and she could draw what little she wanted from that. She'd take no more wages either. 'It's payment enough to me to do for the blessed children,' she said, with the tears in her eyes. We couldn't stand that; as it was, she was having little enough wages, and saved us in hundreds of ways, stealing time from the babies to superintend the kitchen, the cleaning, sewing and knitting when everyone else was asleep, wearing out her eyes. Why, just to show you what she was——"

There were tears in the man's own eyes and a sob in his throat, so he stopped to clear it, and Mrs. Garway, moved by his story, said a kind word. He thanked her with a hurried syllable, and struggled on somewhat breathlessly.

"She'd finished a pair of new socks for me—I've never worn any she hasn't knitted for me, I believe—just six months ago it was; and when I came to put on one something scratched my foot—a bit of paper. When I took it out, it was a five-pound note! Sally had stuffed it in without a word. She wouldn't listen to me when I spoke about it, only laughed and gave me a kiss. I know I cried like a child. Well, you will pardon my yarning on like this: I feel I want everybody to know what my old Sarah is, and especially since you have seen her brought low—to what seems shame after such a life—and I must tell you how it happened.

"Things went from bad to worse with us, and at last I had a distraint on my furniture. I came home to find my wife, who was very delicate all the time, nearly heart-broken, and Sarah trying to comfort her. I didn't know how to; I felt at my wit's end. I didn't know where to turn for the little money I needed to tide us over. I remember now—I didn't think of it at the time—Sarah asked me how much I wanted. On the next day or the day after—I forget which—when I came back from the office, my wife met me, crying, yet half-smiling. She put into my hand a brown-paper parcel which she had found laid on my desk. It was scrawled in the dear old woman's childish writing, 'For my dear Willy'—that was what she used to call me. It had twenty £10 notes in it.

"I didn't know at the time, as I did after, that she had given me every penny she had in the world except her fare to Codlington. She'd left the silver watch

and chain behind her that my father had given her—every valuable (poor enough) that she had, and she was gone we did not know where. She couldn't write a letter, but one came to us—to this day I do not know whom she got to write it—telling us we were kindly welcome to the money; she'd saved it for us, and it was only having it a little earlier. We were not to bother about her; she had gone to friends who would look after her. She was afraid she was a bit past work and should only be a burden to us. She sent her dear love."

He stopped again to wipe away tears, of which he did not seem in the least ashamed, and after a while made a shift to finish his story.

"I found out from our doctor and from the children that one day Sarah had dropped down with our youngest on her arm in a sort of faint. She told the children to say nothing about it to us, but I suppose she was a little frightened or uneasy, for she consulted the doctor when he came to see one of the children. He found her heart in so weak a state that he told her she must give up hard work and rest. I—I think it was chiefly that which made her come here—she was afraid of being ill and giving us trouble, instead of taking all the trouble from us, as she had tried to do. So she gave up all she had in the world—all earned by faithful, honourable toil—and submitted to the thing she loathed most—to the workhouse, to die away from everybody she loved, a pauper. But, thank God! I've found her; she shall never leave us now. Will you please fetch her in and let us be by ourselves just a little while?"

"To be sure, to be sure," the matron said heartily, stretching out her hand to shake his. "I knew she was that sort—I told the master so—but I never heard tell of such devotion, I never did; it makes one think better of the world."

"Ah!" the master said, "but there are not too many of that old woman's breed." He left the room as he spoke, and Mrs. Garway went to look for poor old Sarah, who was hushing one of the fractious babies to sleep in that dreary, bare nursery, which had, however, a different look since she took possession of it.

"Sarah Lane," Mrs. Garway said in a kind and gentle voice which no one had ever heard there before, "there's an old friend come to see you. You will find him in my parlour. Put the child down; I will stop until he is asleep."

Sarah looked at her in silence, trembling; the thready yet bright red on her cheeks faded, and she looked almost frightened. "An old friend!" she repeated. "Oh! who is it, missis?"

Mrs. Garway patted her on the shoulder. "Go and see, Sarah—go and see, and do not look scared, you silly woman; there's a good time coming for you."

Sarah went, though it seemed as if she walked in a dream. She opened the door of the matron's room slowly; then she gave a cry that came from the depths of her loving, longing heart. "Oh, my Willy! My darlin' boy!" and she dropped half-senseless into his extended arms. As for him, he could not get out one sensible word; the sight of his dearest, most faithful old friend, so altered, so aged, so shrunk together in the hateful uniform of pauperdom, went through him with a pang at once of agony and ecstasy. He could only hold her and beg her pardon for having let her come to this; but it was all over, all over for ever. She should never leave them any more—never, never.

Even then her self-devotion struggled with his love. "Nay, my dear, nay," she said, rallying her courage and gently detaching herself from him. "I ain't a-goin' to be a burden on you—I couldn't a-bear that; I can't help being glad to see you, Willy, I love you so, my dear lad; but I'm quite comfortubble in—now—quite—quite—happy" (the word was a little difficult to get out); "they looks after me well—the missis is dreadful kind. It was a bit hurtful at first, I'm free to confess, but I've got the better of all that, and I ain't a-goin' to be a werrit and an expense to you now you're in trouble, my dear."

"But I'm not in trouble any more, Sally—not of that sort—I'm only troubled about you. I've got the offer of a better berth. Your money, you dear old blessed darling, helped me to keep my head above water. When we've got you back, we'll be as happy as kings; that's all we want in the world now, Sally. Oh, Sally! how hateful it is to see you here dressed like that."

Sarah began to laugh, though it ended

in a sob. "Bless you, my lad, I don't trouble about *clothes*—I've found folks to help here, and it ain't near such a bad place as I fancied. I'd come back with you, dearie, and glad, only—I'm about wored out; I'm afraid I'll never be able to do much more work, and I should only be a drag and a burden on you and the mistress. Since I fell with little Bertie, though it didn't hurt him, I'm a'most afeared of handling 'em, and I doubt I'd be able to keep off 'em."

"Sally, don't be ridiculous! Bertie can run anywhere now and take care of himself. As for work, it will take all our time to keep you from it. With my will, you shall do nothing but sit in your nursery chair like a lady and knit a bit."

"I reckon I'd make a poor lady: I must go on a-doin' things till I drops, Willy, and when I'm up in Heaven I asks nothing better of the dear Lord but to have my health and strength back to do a bit o' work for Him."

"Go and get your own old things on and come away with me directly. Oh! they'll all go wild with joy to see you again! How dared you leave us, you wicked, cruel old woman?"

"Oh! my dear, God knows 't was the hardest bit o' doin' He ever give me; but I did it for love of you."

"And you'll come back home, Sally, for love of me?"

"Yes, my lad, I'll come; I'll never leave you no more till the end: but if the end's a trouble to you, I'll be sorry."

For answer, he kissed the old withered hands, that had never done anything but good to him and his, as if he were kissing a Queen's.

And he took old Sarah home for good that very day.



She dropped half-senseless into his arms.—*p.* 911.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES ON THE SANDS.



(Photo: J. W. Shaws, Bridlington.)

A HOME-MADE PULPIT AT BRIDLINGTON.

SOME little children were busy on the seashore, making "gardens." Very varied were their materials. Pebbles washed white in the sea, seaweed green and red and brown, wilted flowers clasped tightly in hot little hands, bits of stick and broken crockery, and other leavings of the waves—nothing was too mean to be of use and ornament. The ingenuity and taste of the children were wonderful. Beds and borders were laid out and bounded with pebbles, paths were patted down with wooden spades, or trodden hard with pattering feet. Lakes and rivers, and even fountains, were added by the more ingenious. What a joy all the make-believe was! And what a revelation of character! For almost everywhere where children congregate there are some who stand out from among their fellows—children of such individuality, or charm, or daring, or beauty, that insensibly the dramatic interest of the sands centres around them. We watch for their appearance; we are sure that something original or unusual will differentiate their play from all around it; and when the time comes at last when the sands know them no more we feel bereft. The sands without the children would be the summer world without the sun!

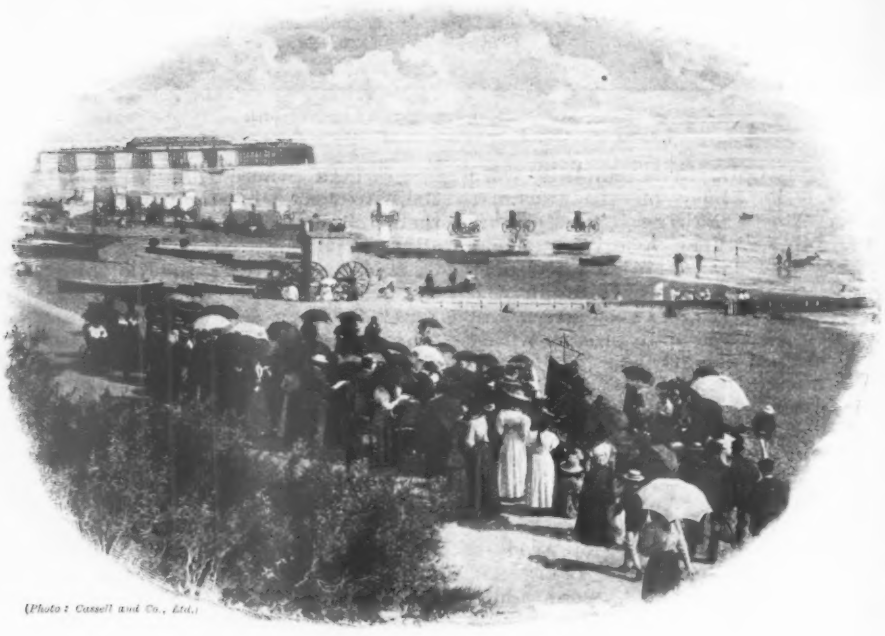
Thirty-one years ago an interested looker-on saw the children busy with their gardens, just in the same way as many of us may see them to-day. And the sight of the busy workers, raising their forts and sand castles, and decorating their make-believe gardens, put a thought into his mind which has

brought about the numerous services for children, a feature during the summer months at most English seaside places now. It is interesting to trace the birth of any movement, and a little pamphlet, "Llandudno and the Children's Seaside Services, 1878," published by the Children's Special Service Mission, gives an account of the inception and early organisation of this one.

In August, 1868, Mr. Spiers—the founder, the year before, of the Children's Special Service Mission—went to Llandudno to spend a fortnight's holiday. Watching with interest one morning the happy work of the little children on the sands, he thought, "Why might not these children be making a text of Scripture with their pebbles?" He soon set to work to gather the children round him by giving them something to do. With string and bits of stick the lines were made, within which he drew with a spade the text, "God is love." White pebbles were eagerly brought by the children and put into place, and soon the work shone out in the morning sunshine. More and more children came round, eager to be set to work. What could be given them to do? It was a moment of perplexity for which the originator of the "play" found himself unprepared. All who know children and their demands will sympathise. Naturally, his special work, the mission work for children, which had already for a year engaged his attention, was uppermost in Mr. Spiers' mind. To the children's eager inquiry, "What shall we do next?" he suggested telling them a story, and with story-telling he passed the morning away.

After such a beginning, it is little to be wondered at that an enthusiastic band of children demanded its continuation. Pleasant work to do, work which demanded energy and ingenuity—which, moreover, had the happy faculty of disappearing each day and requiring to be all done over again, with infinite possibilities of additions and alterations—with stories to follow, when the little hands and feet were wearied out—could anything be more alluring?

Each day something new was devised, as the little engineers grew familiar with the work. It was a happy inspiration



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A SERVICE AT EASTBOURNE.

which could thus take up the children's play and turn it to account; could accept all offerings, and find a place for all service. Alternately with the story-telling, hymns were learnt verse by verse, and sung: the children were kept interested, bright, and happy, digging, hunting for shells and seaweed, singing, listening; parents and nurses were glad to be relieved of the responsibility of keeping their charges out of danger, specially when many of them were unwontedly gentle and good after their morning's experiences. With the need, the work grew and spread. Pulpits were raised with infinite labour, and ornamented with flowers and seaweed, shells and stones. Seats, too, had to be devised, to accommodate more comfortably the growing audience. The pliable sands lent themselves readily to their new use, and were as convenient for "churches" as for pulpits. And above and around were the sweet fresh air, the procession of the clouds, the solemn music of the sea, the amphitheatre of the cliffs and rocks. Could any "real" cathedral be more beautiful?

So the work begun during this fortnight, and carried on subsequently by several letters from the children, was continued in succeeding years with growing organisation. And nowhere else but on the seashore in holiday time could such an opportunity be found so ready to hand. Nowhere else and under no other conditions are so many people of different tastes and positions so easily accessible. The holiday spirit is over all, small class distinctions are for the time forgotten, or in abeyance; the sunshine and the sea bathe all alike, and, specially among the children, there is aroused a spirit of good fellowship, where each learns a valuable lesson in the give and take of life. No avail for the pampered boy to sulk because he cannot have the whole pool in which to sail his boat. He must bide his time, and take his turn with others. No room on the wide seashore for the girl vain of her smart frock or new hat. All are too busy to notice her. The barefooted, serge-clad child has a better time, prancing along the alluring edges of the waves. Nowhere else are acquaintances so easily made, or preliminary introductions dispensed with. Even the nurses—most conservative of institutions



(Photo: E. Sobby, Herne Bay.)

A GROUP AT HERNE BAY.

—occasionally unbend, responding to the advances of other white-clad attendants, or allowing the lively year-old tumbling about their skirts to receive the attentions of the eighteen-monther in the hole near by. So, place and audience being suitable, the seaside services have grown and prospered.

For five or six years Mr. Spiers was almost the only leader in the work, visiting Margate, Ramsgate, Folkestone, Hastings, Eastbourne, Worthing, Weymouth, Ventnor, Sandown, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Rhyl, Pensarn, Southport, Blackpool, Scarborough, etc., in each case varying his procedure a little to meet varying cases and opportunities. The position and status of many of the young men who were gradually attracted by the movement doubtless added much in recommending it to the class of people who spend the time of their children's holidays by the sea. From the Universities, the Church Missionary Society College, and other training colleges, cricketers, athletes, students, were soon surrounded by eager crowds of boys for the afternoon games, which, from the first, were an attractive feature in the work.

Besides the Children's Special Service Mission, other societies took up the work with enthusiasm, specially the Sunday School Union, under the leadership of Mr. Newton Jones, who, before he joined it, had been carrying on similar services. He says, "My inspiration was gained for the work at the seaside some twenty-seven years ago, when I was one of two hundred children who helped to dig a large sand fortress at Broadstairs, Mr. Carlile (I believe now of the Church Army) being the leader." So had the older work inspired the newer.

One of our pictures represents children of a very different class from those who usually attend the children's services. They are the waifs belonging to the Manchester and Salford Street Children's Mission. For many years past it has been an annual custom to give these poor little waifs, who from time to time come under the cognisance of the different workers of the Mission, an outing at the seaside.

"The party represented in the picture comprised eight hundred and eighty-seven boys, eleven hundred and forty-one girls, and some ninety workers. Permission had been granted to erect a large tent, which was the head-quarters of the commissariat department throughout the day. Breakfast, a morning of play, then dinner, were given to the children—a motley collection, many of them shoeless and hatless, and all more or less ragged in their attire. In the afternoon they all sat down on the slope of the Marine Drive embankment and joined in a short service, a feature of which was the singing of hymns to the accompaniment of the uniformed brass band, many of the members of which are connected with the Mission."

The work done at, and in connection with, these services is as varied as the workers, and is arranged in systematic order. All means likely to awaken interest, and keep the children bright and occupied, are used. One bit of work, ever fascinating, is the pulpit and the cathedral, raised each day with eager willingness. One is thus described: "Our pulpit stood five feet high, and every day it was decorated with flowers and texts. The ladies did this part, while we did the digging. Each day also the cathedral pews stretched their semicircular seats around, the children sometimes setting to work on these as early as seven o'clock in the morning." In the picture of the children at Bridlington, a beautifully decorated pulpit is shown, whilst the one of Redcar illustrates the "Children's Procession" in their boat. At Lowestoft one of the "toy services," where toys and other children's treasures are collected to be sent to poor children, is illustrated.

In many other ways the youthful congregations are bound to their instructors. Cricket, tennis, cycling parties, walks, and mountain rambles, often fill up the afternoons. The programme is much the same in all seaside resorts, varied only by local possibilities or difficulties.

One very unique attraction was most completely carried out at the very northerly watering-place of Nairn, N.B., where a large party of workers were gathered. This was the Missionary Map of Africa, which is also familiar in other places, though not on so grand a scale.

It must surely have been a labour of love to the children, even though it had not the fascinating quality of disappearing each day and requiring to be renewed. The golf links near the beach were chosen for its site, instead of the



(Photo: H. W. Bevan, Lowestoft.)

(On the Sands at Lowestoft.)

A TOY SERVICE.

usual shifting sands. For some time previously the children had been busy gathering the multitude of stones, white and smooth, needed for its outline, the length of which can be calculated by nine feet in length, each letter about four and a half feet in size, was made of great black stones with white shells laid on them, and surrounded by a border of seaweed. Such immense letters



(Photo: A. Goodchild, Redcar.)

CHILDREN'S PROCESSION AT REDCAR.

anyone clever enough to work it out from the map of Africa, when the length of the map, thirty yards long from top to bottom, is remembered. The boys found occupation in cycling over all the neighbourhood in search of heather, of which the rivers were formed. The bright yellow flowers of the ragwort were used for the names. Sheets of tin, surrounded by green seaweed, made appropriate lakes, and even the mission stations were not forgotten. These were shown by blue and pink cards fastened to sticks. This ingenious map was used for several meetings and services, specially for a large missionary meeting, at which addresses were given by members of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union.

At another place—Newquay, on the west coast of Cornwall—where access to the sands is somewhat difficult, a large text measuring a hundred and twenty-could be read easily from the top of the cliffs. At night the inscription was illuminated with fairy lamps, and when a number of people were attracted a service was held.

Services at all hours to meet the leisure of all; lectures, Bible-readings, lantern services, meetings for nurses, fishermen, trippers; services in churches and chapels, as well as out of doors, have been held in connection with the children's services on the sands, and these have taken very many different forms. At the magic-lantern services a sheet is hung between two bamboo poles, and texts, hymns, and pictures are thrown upon the screen; fruit and flower services and processions are also some of the means to the end which the workers have in view. Mr. Bishop, the Hon. Sec. of the Children's Special Service Mission, thus describes this end:—

"The work is a testimony for God. In

many worldly seaside resorts, morning, afternoon, and evening, all through the week, during the summer months, the fact is prominent that there are earnest men and women who are working to bring the children to Christ in their early youth; and in large places like Scarborough, Eastbourne, or Bridlington, there are thousands who come and stay for a week, or a day only, who yet cannot help seeing that work for God is being carried on, and carried on by those who are doing it for love of the work.

"It is also a means of reaching those who are not in the habit of hearing the Gospel. We know of so many people, often those in a good position in life, who attend no place of worship, who habitually neglect the house of God. What is to be done to reach them? I can see nothing but meetings in the open air to reach those who would otherwise not hear, and the seaside seems to be a peculiarly appropriate place. We have known that in many cases the Gospel *has* reached those who would otherwise not have heard it."

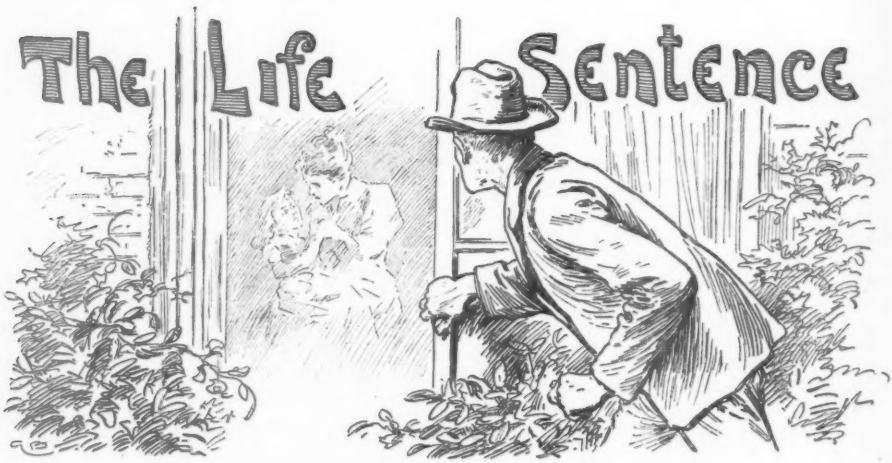
But the chief motive for the children's services as they strike an observer is the desire to put good thoughts into the minds of the children. Work always broadens out, and the numerous spheres of influence which have grown up round the movement, originally intended only for the children, are an illustration of this rule.



SERVICE FOR WAIFS ON SOUTHPORT SANDS.

Photo: E. Banks, Manchester.

The Life Sentence



A COMPLETE STORY.

By Helen Boddington, Author of "The Intervention of Toddlelums."

A COURT of justice, a sea of upturned, eager faces, a dead silence, while the crowd waited for the judge to pass sentence on the prisoner at the bar. It was over, the words had been said which doomed the man to penal servitude for life.

The mass of people breathed again, a murmur passed round, while many eyes instinctively turned towards a young girl, who throughout the trial had listened intently to every word uttered by judge or prisoner.

As the verdict was given, every particle of colour left her face; the tall, slight figure swayed like some delicate plant beaten upon by a cruel, blasting wind; and, as someone led her from the room, a low, shuddering cry escaped the drawn lips; while the people near must have heard the words which sounded like a wail: "For life—for life—for life! What a long, long time."

The eyes of the prisoner rested on her until the door closed behind her. He had forgotten where he stood; he had forgotten that he was in the presence of the judge; he had forgotten the crowd of inquisitive people: for the moment he saw and thought of nothing save the girl—the girl who was to have been his wife. Then, as the door shut to with a thud, he covered his face with his hands.

The judge spoke: "Remove the prisoner."

He lifted his head; a passionate, hard light came into the eyes; and, in a voice which rang clearly and distinctly into the farthest corner of the room, he said, "I swear before God that I am not guilty."

"Remove the prisoner," repeated the judge.

A little later the man found himself in his cell. Utterly crushed, hopeless, despairing, he threw himself on to the hard ground.

"I care nothing for myself," he moaned; "it is Lilian, my poor darling."

After that, there was silence in the

cell, broken only at intervals by deep, gasping breaths, which seemed to be drawn with difficulty, as though he were suffering awful physical pain.

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and the object of his thoughts entered. In an instant she was on her knees beside him, loving hands caressed him, and tender, comforting words fell upon his ears.

"Be brave, darling," she said, while misery was written on her own face. "I know you are not guilty; I love you as I always have done, as I always shall do."

Horace Stratton lifted his head, and looked up into the lovely face above him.

"They will take me away," he said hoarsely. "I shall not see you again: you will be another man's wife, instead of mine."

"Never!" she said, with blazing eyes; "I vow I will be faithful to you—faithful till death," and the last word ended in a sob.

He took her into his arms, and nobody witnessed the parting, nobody heard the farewell words, nobody saw the last fond lingering look; for the gaoler, hardened though he was, had moved away, while a mist gathered before his eyes, to which tears were unknown.

Since then Horace Stratton had spent seven years of his life at Dartmoor, and Lilian Danvers seven years of hers in hopeless waiting for her lover's innocence to be proved. She had had other sorrows, too, since that parting from Horace Stratton. Mother and father had been taken, and now her brother had just died in India, leaving a little child to her care. It was of this child she was thinking to-night



"I vow I will be faithful to you."

as she sat in her cosy drawing-room, listening eagerly for a ring of the front door-bell, or starting up at the slightest sound in the hall.

For a long time life to Lilian Danvers had been a blank. Now a new interest was to come into it: she would have something to love, something to care for.

"Be good to my motherless little one, Lilian," wrote her brother on his death-bed; "she is not quite as other children."

She was pondering on this when the sound of wheels on the gravel outside aroused her. "They have come," she said aloud, and then she sprang to her feet, but she did not move forward, though she looked as if she wanted to; she stood perfectly still, with one hand holding the arm of her chair.

She had thought so much of this during the last few weeks; she had hoped so much from it. She, whose life was so empty, so dreary, craved for some love, be it only a child's. Of course, the little one would love her—she had never questioned that—and yet now what was it that held her footsteps, that kept her standing still when she would fain have rushed out and taken the child to her loving heart? Why, a sudden fear that, after all, she might get no love from the little one, who, perhaps, would turn away from her, a stranger. Maybe, the child would fail to give her that for which she longed.

"She is not quite as other children." These were the words that were ringing in her ears as the door opened and a woman and a child stood on the threshold.

"Go to your auntie, Miss Nina," Lilian heard the woman say; but Miss Nina did not budge an inch. She stood there, a few yards in front of Lilian, her great wistful eyes scanning the beautiful face opposite her. Then Lilian bent down and held out her arms. "Come to me, little Nina," she said softly.

The child hesitated no longer, and the next instant the lonely woman murmured "Thank God!" as she felt two clinging arms round her neck and a soft cheek pressed against her own. Then she sat down and lifted the child on to her knee, and the woman left them together.

"You are my little girl now, Nina," she said, and the child's eyes were still fixed on her face. "You will be auntie's little comforter, won't you, darling?"

"Yes, I will love you; father told me to love you."

As Lilian's eyes rested on the wee face, which looked old beyond its years, and the tiny frail body, she saw why her brother had said that she was not as other children; for Nina was a hunchback.

The face was fair and delicate-looking, and long golden hair fell like a veil over the distorted limbs as if trying in vain to hide from view the cruel imperfections of the body.

"I came a long, long way to you, auntie, right over the sea. Will you take care of me now daddy's gone away?"

"Of course I will, darling," imprinting a kiss on the upturned face. "You know," lowering her voice confidentially, "I thought perhaps you wouldn't want me; but you do, don't you? Say you do," pleadingly; "I do want somebody to love me."

So both craved for the same thing, the little child and the grown woman, and, because in both hearts there was a void, instinctively the two were drawn to each other, even in this first meeting.

Later on in the evening Lilian sat watching Nina as she flitted about the room, peering first at one object and then at another in childlike inquisitiveness.

"Nina, you are going to be my little sunbeam. It is a faint gleam, but it has lightened the darkness already," she said, as though speaking to herself.

"Little sunbeam, little sunbeam," repeated the child as she wandered round the room. Then suddenly she came to a standstill, raised herself on tiptoe and fixed her eyes on a photograph of Horace Stratton, which stood on Lilian's desk. For a few seconds she stood thus; then she turned and looked at Lilian.

"Auntie, who is that man?" she said, and she moved to her side and leant confidingly against her.

Lilian caught her breath, and lifted the child on to her knees again. Then a strange idea came to her. Should she tell the child about herself and her lover? Tell her in such a way that she could understand? For seven years she had kept silence, for seven years she had spoken no word of him to living

being; and now the longing to speak of him, the longing for sympathy, overcame her, and in a few minutes the tale was told.

"Poor man!" murmured the child, "and poor auntie!"—and a loving little hand caressed the woman's cheek. Yes, without doubt, in her way the little one understood.

"How lonely in a dark prison," she went on thoughtfully, "and such a long time, too! But he didn't do the wicked thing. What a horrid judge he must have been!" Then, seeing the tears in Lilian's eyes, "Poor, poor auntie! Never mind; someday, perhaps, they 'll know he didn't do it, and they 'll let him come home to you—and then," with a falter in her voice, "you won't want me any more."

"Darling, I shall always want you—always. You, who have come to me in my hour of need."

"And—and, auntie," she hesitated, and a sort of shamed look came into her face, "say you don't mind very much about the lump—the horrid lump on my back," raising her shoulders with a weary sigh which told plainer than words that the child realised already what a dark shadow the cross cast in her way. "I heard nurse telling somebody that, perhaps, when you saw what I was like, you would be sorry that you had promised to take care of me."

"Little one, if possible, because of that, I shall love you the more," said Lilian, gently stroking the golden hair.

Anyone seeing the two faces so near to each other must have been struck by the likeness. The older face bore traces of sorrow, and on the younger was a pathetic look showing that here, too, care had sown a few cruel seeds.

"Stay here a little while, darling," said Lilian, placing the child in her own chair. "I am going to talk to nurse"; and with that she quitted the room.

It was a warm summer evening, the French window stood wide open, while the air laden with the scent of many flowers was wafted through it. A shaded lamp stood on a table casting its softened light on to the face of the little deformed girl. Yes, she had come a long way, she was tired, and very soon the eyes closed; a few steps more were taken, and then she was in dreamland.

"Good-night; good-night, daddy," she murmured, as her head sank back against the cushion, and in the same instant a man stood looking at her from the open window. Several times he passed his hand over his eyes, while he muttered, "So like her! So like her! So like her; but it cannot be." Then he drew back into the shade, where he could see and yet not be seen from within, for the door opened and Lilian entered the room.

The man's breath came in gasps, and he put his hand on the frame of the window for support. She stood looking down at the sleeping child while a smile, half-sad, wholly tender, played round her lips. "My little one," she said softly, and she lifted the child into her arms, who, with a tired sigh, nestled her head on her breast.

The man clenched his teeth. "Mother and child! Is it possible?"

The little one stirred in her sleep, and Lilian pressed her lips to the golden hair, and rocked her gently backwards and forwards.

So she had been unfaithful, after all!—and the face of the man outside the window was white and drawn as with pain. For some time there was silence; then Nina, roused by some slight movement of Lilian's, rubbed her eyes and sat up. The man, in his eagerness to obtain further proof, had moved forward, and presently the child's glance fell upon him.

"Look—look!" she cried in a startled voice, pointing to the window.

Lilian looked, and saw Horace Stratton, the man to whom for seven years she had been true, when everyone else had turned from him.

She sat there like a statue; she could not move, she could not speak; twice she opened her lips, but the words failed to come. He had entered the room now, and stood looking down at the two.

"So," he said in deep, passionate tones, "you have not been faithful, you who swore to be faithful till death." And a harsh laugh broke from him.

Then she put the child down, and started to her feet. "What do you mean? I—I——"

"Don't try to excuse yourself. I might have known that you could not wait seven years for me; it was too much to expect of you. Yet for seven years I have been living for this moment, been longing, praying for my innocence to be proved;

and now it is, and I stand here before you a free man, who for seven years has borne the penalty of another's sin. I find I come too late, that the time of waiting has proved too long for you."

"She is not your child, then?"

"No, not mine—my brother's."

"Thank Heaven"—and he opened his arms. "Forgive me for doubting you, my dearest," he murmured, while he



"I find I come too late."

The woman clutched the chair for support and tried to speak, but she felt bewildered. A mist rose before her eyes. She could not grasp his meaning.

The man stood motionless for a few seconds looking at her, then he moved towards the window.

In a flash the child was by his side. "Don't go, don't leave auntie," she cried, grasping his hand. "You have been in prison, haven't you? Auntie loves you so, and she has been waiting such a long, long time! Don't go away again, don't leave her now."

Horace Stratton turned, a change passed over his face; it was as though he had been pushed to the very brink of a precipice and then suddenly drawn back. gazed into the earnest eyes of the woman who had vowed to be faithful until death.

And then, as their lips met, a little bowed figure crept softly from the room, while a great sob rose in the child's throat, though the wistful eyes were tearless.

Have patience, little Nina! Your life was not given you for naught: you have sown seeds which will bring forth fruit. You will not always be lonely, for the man and the woman you have just left together will not forget you for long. Now, they think only of each other: soon they will remember you.

GROWTH.

By R. Somervell, M.A., Assistant Master and Bursar of Harrow School.

"Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 PETER iii. 18.

YOU are familiar with the distinction between the indicative and imperative moods. You make statements and ask questions in the indicative. In the imperative you give a command. You will therefore understand me when I say that, in its ordinary meaning, the verb "to grow" seems to have no imperative mood. Plants and animals grow, but we never tell them to. We give them good soil, and moisture and air, or good food and shelter and exercise, and they grow unconsciously.

A boy, considered merely as an animal, differs from a dog in this: he has the power, to a limited extent, of affecting the conditions that are favourable to growth. He may diminish his chances of growing by eating too much or too little, by taking too little or too much exercise: but the broad fact remains. Your father may tell you to work or to play, or to be truthful: he never tells you to grow. Your growth depends for the most part on circumstances that you have no power to alter: you cannot choose whether you will be a giant or a dwarf.

Such is growth in its ordinary meaning. It is a process of change: it is going on everywhere and always, but we are not conscious of it, and we cannot control it.

Now let me recall the first word of my text—"Grow." Here we have the imperative mood, and if the word means anything, we conclude that there is a kind of growth of which we have not yet thought—a kind of growth that lies within our power, as the growth of our bodies lies outside it. The word is used in a new sense. The apostle has taken this idea of growth, familiar to us as applied to plants and animals, and transferred it to a sphere which is neither vegetable nor animal. He has transferred it from the world that we can touch and see, to the invisible world, the world of spirit.

And this world is as real as the other. Honour, truth, charity, courage, self-denial—all that we mean by character—these as truly exist as do plants and animals. They are a part of the invisible world, and this is not less, but more, real than the other. "The things that are seen are temporal." They pass away. The tree must fall at last, the favourite horse or dog must die, the heart of man must cease to beat. But what we really are—our character, the real self—that abides. "Dust we are, and to dust we return." That is said of the body. Of the spirit it is said that it "shall return unto God who gave it." "The things that are not seen are eternal."

Now in this spiritual world the verb "to grow" has an imperative mood. You cannot choose whether your body shall be tall or short: but whether you shall grow in grace, this you can choose.

It is true that in this spiritual world also conditions count for something. The child of a thief has not the same chance as the child of an honest man: but let the conditions be the same, and all boys do not alike profit by them. From the same home to the same school there shall come two boys, and one of them will turn out well, and the other ill: the one will grow in grace, the other will degenerate—grow backwards, as it were, into vice.

How can we explain this result? The words of my text point to the solution of the puzzle. "Grow." It is a command. Spiritual growth is an act of the will. We grow, not like trees and animals, but consciously, by effort, by endeavour, by failure, with pain perhaps and difficulty. Even under the most favourable conditions, without this co-operation of our will, we do not grow.

And now let us consider more closely the answer to this question—How can we grow?

I remark, first, that we grow by self-surrender. Let me explain what I mean.

We are surrounded by all sorts of influences for good. All the duties that fall naturally to us as sons and brothers, the constant discipline of our life here, the regular hours of work and play and prayer, all the opportunities of kindness that come to us, are means of growth.

But we may treat them in two ways. We may rise up in revolt against them, doing as little as we can, loafing when we might play, idling when we ought to work, breaking rules when we think we can do so unpunished, unkind, unhelpful, indulging all by imitation. It was so that we learnt to speak and to walk—unconsciously. But how much we have grown in various ways by conscious imitation! Ask the gymnast, or the cricketer, or the musician, how he learnt. It was because he was not alone in the world, like a Robinson Crusoe, but surrounded by those who could do well what he was only trying to do—because he was able to copy a style that was better than his own. What are the examples in your grammars and your arithmetics put there for, if not that you may imitate them?



(Photo: R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.)

HARROW SCHOOL CHAPEL.

that is vain and mean in our character, setting up our poor, foolish little self in opposition to the wise and beneficent discipline of life, turning its blessings into a curse.

By self-surrender I mean just the opposite of all that. I mean giving up all that is rebellious and foolish in ourselves, throwing ourselves with ardour into the duties of life, taking the rough with the smooth, making the most of every opportunity of work and play, and prayer and usefulness, doing with our might whatever our hand finds to do. We grow by merging our little individual self in the larger life of which we form a part—by self-surrender.

We grow also by imitation. Before we could remember anything we were learning

So also we may grow in the spiritual world, may grow in character, by imitation. Few of us are so unhappy as not to know someone whom we feel to be better than ourselves. Some of us may be so happy as to have what we call a "hero"—some boy or man, whom we know in real life or have read about in books, who represents our ideal of manly character; and there are few surer ways of growing in grace than to keep such an ideal before us, and to ask ourselves, in moments of difficulty or temptation—"What would such an one do?"

But the best boy or man is not perfect, and we may be in danger at times of imitating the weakness as well as the strength of our hero. There is One only whom we shall always be safe to follow, the

one full-grown Man that ever trod this earth, the pattern of courage and truth, of compassion and generosity, of patience and self-sacrifice—"the Man Christ Jesus." All that we most admire in our fellow-men is but like a blurred photograph of the splendour of His character. Him, when earthly heroes fail or disappoint us, we may always follow.

> "From the gift rising to the Giver,
> And from the cistern to the river,
> And from the finite to infinity,
> And from man's dust to God's Divinity."

We grow by imitation.

Lastly, we grow by sympathy, by the sympathy of others. It is much to have a hero to imitate, but how much more if our hero becomes our friend; if some rare good fortune puts us in the same house or room with the boy we most admire, and links us to him in the blessed bonds of sympathy and friendship! Nothing so helps us to grow in goodness as the sympathy and friendship of the good.

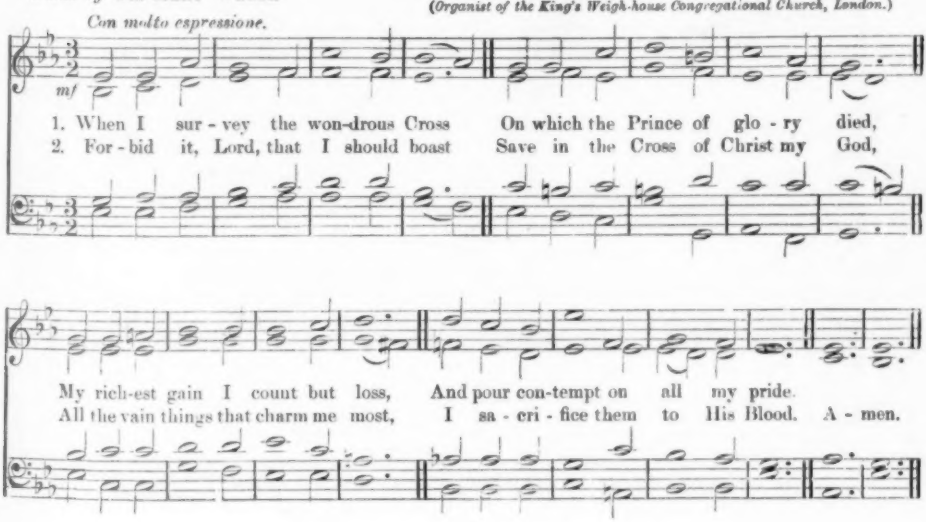
For such entire good fortune few of us perhaps can hope. The heroes of some of us lie among the mighty dead, or are found only in books, or live far away, or are separated from us by inexorable circumstances. But there is One who may be ever our Friend, One who can extend to us the sympathy that we sometimes miss in our schoolfellows, and our masters, sometimes even in our homes.

I have spoken of the imitation of Christ; but that would be a hopeless task were He not here, giving us that very sympathy by which we may grow into His likeness. No friend can be so near to us as Jesus Christ. Not one of us but has heard His voice. In every good resolve, in every kindly act, in every honest effort, in every victory over sin, in every struggle against temptation, Christ is present in us. This that you call your conscience is, indeed, the voice of God. Can you grow? There is weakness in you, there is cowardice, laziness, feebleness in the pursuit of good. Yes, but there is also a Divine strength, a Divine power of growth. It is "Christ in you, the hope of glory." This is the Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother." The secret of growth in grace is this—that we realise the sympathy and the friendship of Christ.

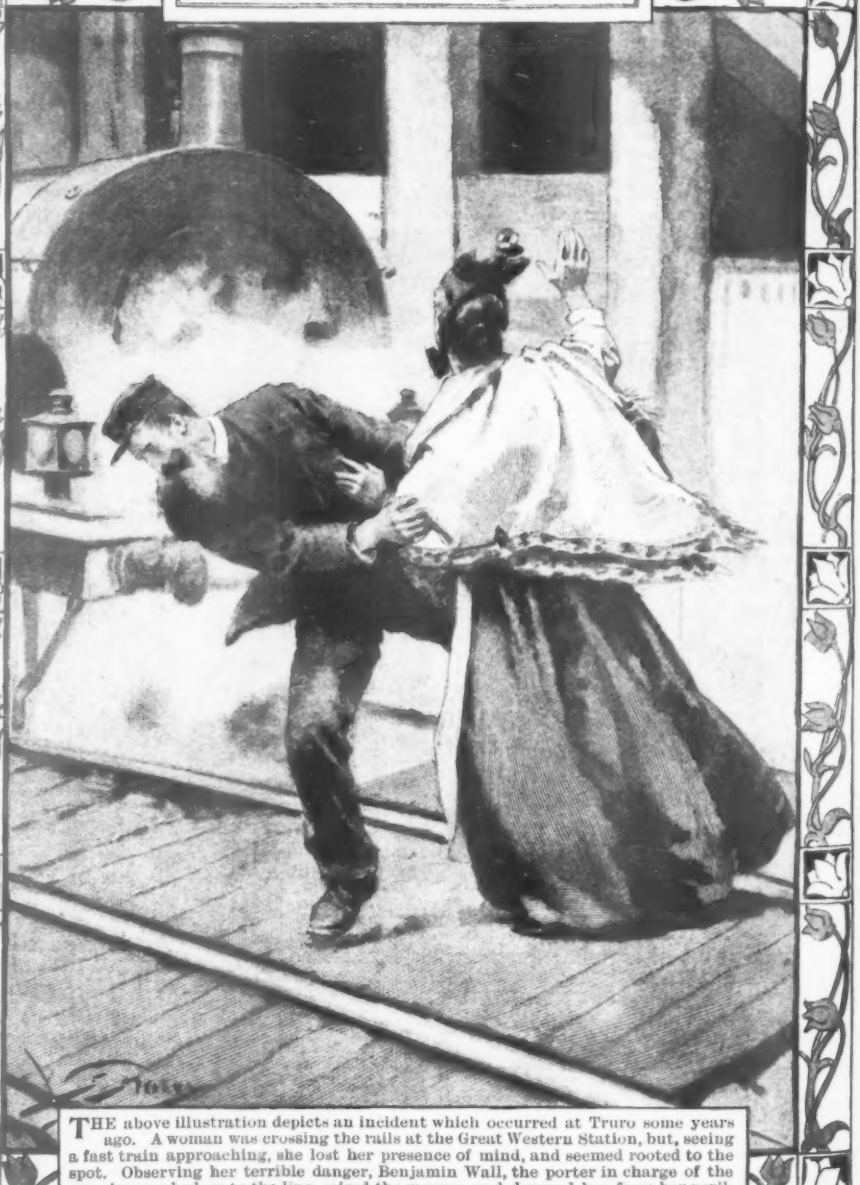
"Grow." Yes, it is a command. It is a call upon our will, and we grow, as we have seen, by self-surrender to good influences; by imitation of good men; by the sympathy of good men: and most of all by the imitation and by the sympathy of our Lord Jesus Christ. So may we all grow, till we all attain unto a full-grown man, "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"!

The Wondrous Cross.

Words by DR. ISAAC WATTS. *Music by* E. BURRITT LANE, Mus.B. Dunelm, F.T.C.L.
(Organist of the King's Weigh-house Congregational Church, London.)



Our Roll of Heroic Deeds



THE above illustration depicts an incident which occurred at Truro some years ago. A woman was crossing the rails at the Great Western Station, but, seeing a fast train approaching, she lost her presence of mind, and seemed rooted to the spot. Observing her terrible danger, Benjamin Wall, the porter in charge of the crossing, rushed on to the line, seized the woman, and dragged her from her perilous position. The two fell between the up and down rails just as the express flew by, and happily both were uninjured. A medal was sent to Wall at the time for his conspicuous bravery, and his name included in the Roll of QUIVER heroes.

COLINA'S ISLAND.

By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "The Pride of the Family," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH COLINA INTERFERES.



"THERE is nae thrift in a hurry, lad. We will chust sit down here and rest. Sit down! There! It iss chust a beautiful evening. Och, I am tired!"

Morag's son, Diarmid McNeill, sat down vacantly, and gazed before him. Cruachan rose in front of them, towering grandly in the sunset glow, the grey peaks bathed in the rosy light, which was like a blush on the face of the aged, and Diarmid's eyes wandered up, and rested happily on the mountain. Gregor a' Thing, filling a particularly short and dirty pipe, gave a pat to the collie at his side, and then stretched out his ragged legs. "You hef brought me a pretty dance this day, Diarmid," he remarked, addressing the lad, who took no notice of him at all; "and it iss chust a ferry goot thing your mother does not know what you hef been doing. And you would be lying at the foot of the cliff, like Shamus McDougall, the poor poy from Mull, if it had not been for me, this day."

Diarmid was a *protégé* of Gregor a' Thing's, and would follow the old man, keeping at a respectful distance, till summoned. Gregor talked to him a great deal, told him stories and anecdotes, and gave him his views on many subjects, and it did not seem to disturb him in the least that his hearer never betrayed any sign of interest or even attention. He had sat up with Diarmid many a night, when the lad hovered between life and death; to-day, at the imminent peril of life and limb, he had rescued him from a giddy ledge of rock, on to which the boy had descended for some vague reason which he could not explain. Presently, after smoking a little in silence, the old man drew a grouse from the huge pocket of his ragged coat, regarding it lovingly and critically.

"I am growing just ferry old and stupid, and I pelieve it iss but few birds more I will be shooting, Diarmid—which will be a goot thing for some people, perhaps, but not for me. I pelieve it will be a month that I hef tasted nothing but porridge and milk. But this bird will make a ferry goot change; and if your mother would only cook it for me, and take a taste to herself—but she will not. Women are chust ferry stupid creatures"—and Gregor smiled contemptuously—"chust ferry stupid."

The boy paid no heed; he was watching the lovely light resting on the hill. Presently he raised his head. "There will be someone coming."

Gregor was not so quick in hearing as he had been, but he had not listened for more than a few moments when he saw Diarmid was right. A girlish figure rounded the heather knoll before them, and, seeing them, came up briskly. In a moment the brown bird was back in Gregor's pocket, and he was innocently stroking "Lora's" head—the collie looking as preternaturally solemn as his master.

"I am very glad to meet someone," Colina began, smiling on the trio—she had recognised Gregor at once—"for I have lost my way. I wanted to find a group of Druid stones

they said was near here, and I don't know in the least where I am."

"It iss ferry confusing on the muir for a leddy," Gregor said politely, "and the Druid stones will be chust a ferry long way from here! The leddy will not find them to-night."

"You have chosen a beautiful seat," she said then. "I am so tired, I must sit down too—and then perhaps you will put me on the right way back to the village? I was to meet the shooters, but I have missed them too."

"You will be staying with Miss McVean of the Island," Gregor remarked suavely. "I hope the chentlemen will be having goot sport?"

Colina's eyes danced a little. He was gazing reflectively over the muir. "You used to act as gilly once, did you not?" she inquired.

"Yes, I hef been gilly. And I used to go out on the loch with the chentlemen too. There is no place on the loch that I do not know—and all the best places for pike too. But I am an old man now, and ferry lame. And my eyes will not be what they were. Ferry soon I will not be able——" and then Gregor broke off awkwardly. What had he been about to say? And to a leddy staying in the Island!

Colina looked at him keenly. He was terribly thin, almost emaciated. His hands were knotted with rheumatism, his eyes were hollow, his clothes seemed to hang together by some miracle.

"What do you do now?" she asked gently.

"Och! not much!" and Gregor sighed. "There will not be much doing for an old man like me. It iss chust ferry seldom I get a job. And the end will be, that one day I will sit down, and look my last on the Ben, and die—a man must die some day—for there will be no one to employ me now, and a man cannot live on nothing. Old Mr. McVean will even hef given me a job, now and then; but Cosmo McVean said he would throw me into the water from the pier of the Island, if I went there even to ask!" He broke off, dully and wearily. Colina's soft eyes were bent on his face. He looked so poor and miserable! She started slightly at the last words.

"Gregor," she said gently, "they tell me you poach. If you would give up that, and



He seized Gregor by the collar.

would try to do your best, there is a post vacant on the Island—they want someone to look after the boats—I would speak to Mr. McVean about it."

Gregor was staring at her—a sudden light in his old eyes. To be in employment once more! To know what it was to have a few coppers in his pocket; to imagine what it would be to have, now and then, a good and thoroughly satisfying meal! To sleep, perhaps, in a really dry room! Aye, and once in a way to know the taste of a dram! The chentlemen would be at the boats. Could she—could this leddy really make influence with Cosmo? He would hold up his head with the best, if he were in charge of the Island boats.

"I will tell you the truth," he cried eagerly. "I would look after the boats better than any man on the lochside! I will know about a boat better than any man. You can ask Mr. Cameron at the hotel. And I will not touch a bird, though it will be flying past my nose, and asking me to shoot it. But och! it iss no use to think of it"—and he broke off almost fiercely—"for he would never give the place to me! Never in this world!"

Colina was looking at a little brown feather which she suddenly perceived on the heather beside her. She lifted it up and smoothed it out, then held it towards Gregor. She shook her head softly, but the hazel eyes were not very terrible to meet.

"What is that?"

"I will tell you the truth, mem," and he took the grouse deliberately from his pocket. "It iss a grouse, and I hef shot it myself! I went out and shot it. And the leddy will be telling Mr. McVean, if she will! But it iss the truth, and Diarmid could tell it you—if he could speak, poor innocent!—that I hef been sitting here and saying I would be giving up the poaching!"

Colina took the bird on her lap. "It is stealing, you know, Gregor," she said gravely. "And stealing is very wrong."

"Yes, it iss; but a grouse iss ferry goot eating for a man that hass not had a goot meal for a month! But there, the leddy will tell Mr. McVean, and it iss the eating in Inverara' chail that I will be talking about next!"

Colina could not help smiling. His tone was lugubrious, but his eyes were very sly in their intent scrutiny of her face. She put the bird down suddenly. "Gregor," she said, "I am going to give you a chance myself. You shall come and be my special boatman on the loch, and teach me all the best fishing places! I have begun to fish, and I am very fond of it. And you will turn over a new leaf, and let the birds fly past your very nose! Is it a bargain? Between you and me?"

"Who iss it?" and Gregor was staring. "Are you not staying at the Island? What will the leddy's name be?"

"McVean; I am the mistress of the Island"—Colina could never keep the little happy ring of possession and pride out of her voice—"so it is all right, you see. I do not know what a fair wage will be for you, but I shall ask Mr. Campbell. He is a good friend of yours, I know!"

Gregor was staring at her almost unbelievingly. This girl Miss McVean! He roused at her last words. "Yes, he iss chust a ferry fine man!" he cried. "And I will do my best, Miss McVean! I am pegging your pardon for taking you for chust a lassie that would be staying at the Island!"

"Well, you will come and see me, and we will talk it over again," she said, rising. "And now can you direct me back to the path?"

"Someone is coming!" Diarmid said.

They both turned round to look. In his excitement over the new project, Gregor for once forgot his usual caution. The pheasant lay at his feet, the stock of the gun was peeping from the breast-pocket of his miserable coat.

The light had faded from the Ben, when Cosmo and two gamekeepers walked round the knoll and approached, Cosmo seeming particularly ill-humoured. He did not even smile when he saw Colina.

"We have been looking for you everywhere!" he said crossly. "You really should not go off on these long walks alone, Colina! It is not safe, dusk falls so rapidly at this season."

"I will not do so again," she said. "Don't be angry, Cosmo. I hope your search did not make you lose your sport."

"Well, of course, when you did not turn up, we had to stop and hunt for you——But what have we here? Well, upon my word! Of all the effrontery! Neill, just look here! The impudence of the man!"

He had seized Gregor roughly by the collar, and now gave him an angry and contemptuous shake.

"Caught in the act, at last! I think we have him now, Dougall! You just follow us, my fine fellow, till I hand you over! You'll see Inverary jail before to-morrow night! Two months, my friend, at the very least!"

Gregor said nothing at all. Only he turned and looked at Colina, dumbly and pitifully. She had grown a little pale, and her throat felt suddenly dry. Of late she had seen Cosmo in one or two of these sudden gusts of passion—he was not so careful before her now—and they startled and horrified her. He was white with rage.

"Cosmo!" she said, "I knew about this!"

"Knew about what?" He was staring at her angrily, having flung the grouse to the second gamekeeper. "Knew about what? Now, for goodness' sake, Colina, do not let us have any sentiment!"

She took no notice of the rude impatience of the tone. She drew him aside with a little gesture, and they turned their backs on the men. The far-off range of mountains in the distance stretched away in seas of pearly light, their colour a faint amethyst; the fresh, sweet air blew in their faces, damp and cool, inexpressibly fragrant: night was coming up. Close at hand, Cruachan was drawing himself loftily back into the dark. There was no sound but the distant brawl of a little brown peat stream, rolling torpidly down the hillside in the hidden depths of the heather.

"I wanted to explain. I had been sitting here talking to Gregor a' Thing," she said. "I had seen the grouse, and he confessed about it. He had promised——"

"Good gracious, Colina! Is it really possible anyone can be so insane, so easily taken in!"

"Cosmo!"

"I really can't help saying so," and his handsome, angry face flushed more and more. "You are deceived by every whining beggar—every rascal with a sufficiently smooth tongue. That man is a noted poacher; and if he has not been caught of late, it is only because he is getting old and lame, and can't go out quite so much."

"Yes, that is true," she said eagerly; "and he has promised to reform. Mr. Campbell told me there was really a great deal of good in him——"

"Mr. Campbell is an idiot!"

"Cosmo, please listen. I agree with Mr. Campbell. He is old and lame, and pitifully poor. I am sure he is dreadfully hungry. No one will give him work. If I were very hungry and poor, and I could shoot, oh! I believe I would go out and take a grouse, too. Yes, even if I knew it to be wrong," Colina cried; and then she put her hand on his arm. "Come, Cosmo. You are going to give him a chance, and so am I. I feel sure he will not disappoint us."

"I am going to get him sent to Inverary jail!"

There was a short silence, then. The burn seemed to Colina to raise its hoarse voice suddenly and to shout aloud. Cosmo was too furious to look at her. He did not see the painful change in her face, nor that she crushed her hands together. It was so bitter to go against him; it was so bitter to see her idol crumbling at her feet.

"No," she said slowly at last. "I think that must not be. I said he should have another chance. I have given my word."

"You are insane, Colina!"

She said nothing to that at first, only lifted her eyes to his, wearily. "Perhaps I seem so. But I have passed my word. And I cannot break it."

"Oh, very well!" He turned away and walked up to the men. "Miss McVean wishes Gregor a' Thing set free, just now," he said stiffly. "So be off, you rascal, and don't let me find you up to any of your old games. You won't find me as easy to deal with as the lady—and she cannot always be here."

He was looking at the man with angry menace; the gamekeepers glanced at each other.

Gregor made no answer at all. He had touched Diarmid on the arm, and the boy rose and got behind him, as if terrified.

"I will be going, mem," he said to Colina, and touched his ragged cap. Then he and Diarmid and the dog walked off slowly, and Cosmo joined Colina.

Colina's heart felt like lead within her. In the midst of her pain she was thinking that poor Gregor would not have his good supper, after all: they had taken his grouse.

They went to dress for dinner without further explanation.

CHAPTER X.

"AND EVER WIDENING, SLOWLY SILENCE ALL."

"IT doesn't do to quarrel, Cosmo, when you can't have your own way," Lilliard had said judicially, when Cosmo confided the whole story to her. "You see, Colina is in power, not you. It's no use quarrelling with the Pope while you live in Rome—no use in fighting with Colina while you are in the Island. For my own part, I really did not think Colina was so silly."

All of which did not tend to soothe Cosmo's feelings towards his *fiancée*. He got into the way of unbosoming himself to Lilliard. She suited him, oh! so infinitely better than Colina. Colina's aspirations and ideals were so tiresome. And yet he had really almost been fond of Colina at one time. He had thought she would prove a nice, biddable, devoted little wife, but now she was full of what he called "cranks and nonsense." The library and reading-room had been begun in the village; she was always setting off on expeditions over the muirs, to see this and that farm and croft, or sick person. There was talk of draining and reclaiming some land, of rebuilding, and granting improvements.

The factor told Cosmo, with a grin, that the young lady had decided some of the rents were too high, and had reduced them. Cosmo could have gnashed his teeth. Worst of all, Gregor a' Thing was installed as Colina's boatman, and took her out on the loch, fishing. Cosmo had always abhorred Gregor a' Thing. He had, however, managed to restrain himself, and Colina fancied the little cloud between them had quite blown over. She only thought, sadly, that they were not quite as they used to be, and she set herself patiently and gently to try and win him back to the old confidence, conscious always of a jar in their intercourse and a chasm somewhere. She never guessed for a moment how Lilliard's light laugh and uplifted eyebrows widened the breach. Cosmo was out shooting all day. She was very happy on the loch with Gregor, and the Gaelic studies were going on fast. And every Sunday now found her in the pew before the pulpit in the little whitewashed kirk.

Colina had sent a servant to summon Gregor, one lovely day in late October, thinking she would go on the loch before dinner, and she had gone to put on her hat and tartan cloak, when the servant came back to say that Gregor had gone home the day before and had not returned. Colina felt slightly surprised, but she went out in the boat by herself. Drifting down the water, and resting on her oars, she presently forgot everything but the matchless beauty of the day, and the gorgeous colouring of every shrub and tree on the lonely shores. It was happiness to live in such a scene.



"I came to tell Miss McVean something which will vex her."—*p.* 934.

Her boat had scarcely swept well past the Island, when Angus Campbell's drew up. He stepped on to the little pier, and walked up the path, where the geraniums and calceolarias in the plots were making a last brave show.

He asked for Miss McVean, and, being told she had gone out, hesitated a moment, then asked for Miss Dalrymple. The old lady greeted him cheerfully, for they had grown to be great friends, and Lilliard rose yawningly from a lounge and put down her novel. She was always vaguely antagonistic to the young clergyman.

"Colina has gone out, but she'll be no lang, I think," the old lady said. "And Miss Maynard and me were just dozing before the fire—gey lazy like!"

"We are the lazy element of the party," Lilliard said, with her graceful smile. "We toil not, neither do we spin—at least, I don't—Miss Anne toils over garments for poor children, and Colina is always out. And Colina is studying Gaelic."

"So I hear," he said, and looked round the room, with its pretty litter of books and flowers, and soft hangings. Through the window they could see the opposite shore, and a group of rowan trees whose scarlet fruit and leaves were fast dropping.

Angus Campbell seemed somehow a little ill at ease, and Lilliard, wondering if he wanted to see the old lady privately, presently took her novel, and with a slight shrug betook herself upstairs. There was no use in smiling on a man who did not look at her. "The creature is really a barbarian. I believe he prefers Miss Anne's society to mine!"

Which was just the fact.

The minister went over and sat beside the old lady. They had an instinctive sympathy and understanding, and he had talked very freely to her.

"Miss Anne," he said, "I came to tell Miss McVean something which I fear will vex her."

"Is it about the laddie McDougall?" she asked bluntly, her bright eyes on his. "She knows, Mr. Campbell; but she 's no discouraged. We a' mak' mistakes, and begin again. She thinks he maun hae anither chance, and if that 'll no dae, she 'll come to ye for advice."

"Oh, no—it is not that. It is about Gregor a' Thing. They have—he is in Inverary jail for poaching."

"Gregor!" and the old lady started. "Eh, dearie me! Aye, that 'll vex her. She tell 't me she had his promise to stop it. Between you and me, she had words wi' Cosmo aboot it. This 'll hurt the bairn. Eh, the scamp! I likit him mysel'!"

Campbell stood up suddenly, and went and looked out at the hillside. His grey eyes seemed a little stern. "Miss Anne," he said slowly, "I don't think Gregor poached!"

"Sirs me! but you say he 's in the jail!"

"Yes, and so he is! I came on the spot just as they were taking him away. It was an hour after sunset, and the offence constituted night poaching. Gregor's story—and I believe it—is that some scamps from the other side of the loch had bribed that poor lad Diarmid to carry some game down to the pier for the steamer. Gregor met Diarmid, and seeing the grouse, and guessing he might be caught, took the game from him. He hid it in a bag he had, and of course it looked suspicious. And night poaching is very severely dealt with—a man can be apprehended for it at once.

"Dunlop McIntyre, from Oban, and some others had been shooting with Cosmo, and, coming home late, they caught Gregor, red-handed as they said, with the game upon him. Of course, they refused to believe his story—he told me he meant to hide the grouse, and send a message to the real delinquents—and they apprehended him, and sent him off with two gamekeepers to the nearest police-station. By this time he is in Inverary. Gregor called upon Diarmid, passionately, to tell the truth, but the boy was speechless and stupid with fright, and, of course, the real sinners are nowhere to be seen. It looked bad for Gregor, I own, yet I believe the man."

"How long will they keep him in prison?" Miss Anne asked, her forehead puckered. "You said night poaching was serious."

"So it is. Even a first offence renders the poacher liable to three months' imprisonment. And this is not a first offence. I do not know what Gregor's sentence will be. The sheriff, I fancy, has rather a soft heart to him—he used to take Mr. Kilgower all over the hills—and Kilgower is a just man; but Cosmo will see he does not get off easily." Angus drew his eyebrows together. "I think Mr. McIntyre was inclined to give Gregor the benefit of the doubt, but Cosmo McVean would not hear of it."

Miss Dalrymple sat silent. She knew perfectly well what was in the minister's mind. "What will my bairn think?" she said at last, slowly. "Will she be sorest hurt to believe Gregor thocht sae lichtly o' a' she 'd dune for him, or to guess that Cosmo, frae spite——" Then she broke off, and they looked at each other.

"We auld folk would fain that oor bairns walked a' their lives in velvet shune, Mr. Campbell," she said sadly. "But that canna' be. Colina made a kind o' idol o' Cosmo, and the God wha' loves us breaks a' oor idols *in* love."

He listened, nodding his head. "I want you to tell her, Miss Dalrymple," he said slowly, "that Gregor made me promise to come and see her, and assure her he was telling the truth. I think even more horrible than the going to jail was the sting of the thought that she would think him ungrateful. The confinement and disgrace are alike horrible to him."

"Aye," Miss Dalrymple said. "And you believe he speaks the truth?"

"Indeed I do! I tried to convince Mr. McVean, but I only made him very angry."

"Weel, weel!"

He took his hat then, and they shook hands. Miss Anne wondered if he always looked as grave.

Colina came back with a lovely red colour

in her cheeks, and some golden and scarlet leaves to fasten in the lace of her evening frock. Cosmo appeared when the gong sounded, and he served out the soup in rather a bad temper. He had had very poor sport, he said.

"The poor birds!" Colina laughed. "But you have done excellently up till now, Cosmo. You know, I sent seven brace to the Children's Hospital only yesterday: and I have filled the post-office with my boxes."

"One doesn't care to tramp over wet heather all day for nothing!" he said sulkily. "It is the poaching which maddens me! By-the-bye, Colina, we caught your *protégé* fairly red-handed last night, and, as he hadn't you by his side to take his part, Dunlop McIntyre insisted on his being just taken off, then and there, and popped into jail!"

"My *protégé?* Do you mean Gregor?" and Colina's happy eyes clouded. "I am so sorry—so very sorry! I had hoped, and believed—Oh, I did not think this of him!"

"Yes, my dear Colina; but I told you!" and Cosmo began to eat his pheasant wing, his head bent. "And I warned you, and you would not listen. You made out the man was starving. This time he was carrying off the game to sell—at 3s. 6d. a brace, I suppose. You *would not* believe I knew better than you, you see!"

Colina's head drooped more and more; she flushed painfully. His tone was so scornful, so exultant! Do we exult over the disappointment and betrayal of those we love? Miss Anne bided her time, and held her peace with difficulty.

"Dear Colina is *so* tender-hearted," Lilliard murmured. "A little claret, please, Dougall. She is so easily taken in by these people! You know, Mr. McVean, the horrid creatures are really very picturesque and cajoling! Gregor was so amusing! He was often almost witty!"

"Well, he can amuse himself in jail! We need not discuss the matter any more." Cosmo spoke after a glance at Colina's bent head, and the conversation was directed into another channel. As for Colina, she felt too discouraged to ask any further details. She had grown almost fond of Gregor. He had seemed so proud to be her boatman, so pleased with his tidy clothes, so loquacious and interesting! He had said, only last week, that no one should show her the McVeans' old stronghold on Loch Mohn but he, for he would not trust anyone to show her Loch Mohn but himself. And now he was in Inverary—for stealing her grouse! After all his promises! And yet——Ah, was it not only stabbing her in a new place when Miss Anne told her Angus Campbell's story that night?

Colina was in the old lady's room. She heard with fixed lips and sad eyes. Her voice had a curious, dull ring when she said at last, "I don't see what I can do, Miss Anne. Do you? They will not believe him. I suppose—it looked—suspicious."

"Do you believe him, Colina?" the old lady asked rather curiously.

"Yes, I think I do." Colina had gone over to the bedroom window, and was looking down the lovely moonlit water up to the head of the loch, where ruined Kilchurn Castle stands sentinel. "I think I do. But, you see, he is only a poor old man, with a bad character. Cosmo would not listen; Mr. McIntyre would not listen; the Inverary people would not listen. They would only think me sentimental, and easily 'taken in,' as Lilliard puts it."

"Mr. McIntyre would have listened to reason, and waited, Mr. Campbell said." In her eagerness, the old lady had forgotten Cosmo's account of the matter. "But perhaps it is as well to let the matter rest, my bairn. Dinna fret. What are you thinking about, Colina? Ye 're aff in a dream."

"Only of a story Gregor told me the other day, about a man he knew, who swam Rannoch Loch every night to see his sweetheart. She lived on the other side. The water made me think of it. He said the man would swim over on the wildest, roughest nights, just to see her for five minutes, after milking time. 'Never a fear did he know,' Gregor said. And now they are married, and live on the lochside. He is a boatman. A Highland repetition of the far-famed feat of the Hellespont! I wonder if their love is the same now, or if the years have done what the waves could not do—dulled and cooled it, and separated them. Oh, Miss Anne! love is a very beautiful thing, but is it as evanescent, after all, as the dewdrops on the bell heather?"

"My dearie!"

The old lady looked at her with pitiful eyes. Colina spoke very quietly and drearily. "I am speaking of it in the abstract," she said, with a kind of laugh, sadder than tears. "And, after all, I mustn't keep you up, discussing such nonsense. Good-night, Miss Anne."

Perhaps we do not know the exact day and hour when first the little snake of doubt and mistrust enters our heart. Colina did not know, or could not remember after, the first day, when a look, a note in his voice, when he spoke to Lilliard, first made her glance up, with a sudden whitening of her face, a sudden, sickening qualm of fear. It was as if a cold hand clutched her heart.

Was he not only growing cold to *her*, Colina, but was he growing to love Lilliard? Could that be? She repulsed the suggestion,

and called herself base and fanciful, in vain; the horrid thought lay coiled up in her mind; she knew no peace night nor day for it. To ease her heart, she threw herself more than



The old lady looked at her with pitiful eyes.—*p.* 935.

ever into what Lilliard gaily called her "good works." She knew every farm and croft on the estate now, and would take long, solitary rambles, with her collie "Chief," returning tired, but peaceful, to add her quota of conversation to the dinner-table. Lilliard was ever the same—affectionate, flattering, soft, purring. Colina grew to hate herself, because there were moments when the cooing voice jarred on her like a knife—when she could have called out in torture as Lilliard kissed and caressed her. Surely she was going mad. What had Lilliard done? What was she doing? For what reason did the honeyed voice she had once thought so sweet and lovable now grate on her ear, as if it had been harsh and strident?

She was not naturally suspicious. She was generous and unsuspecting, and many a look and smile passed between Cosmo and Lilliard, which would have opened another's eyes, but passed unheeded by Colina's.

December was growing late, and all the Christmas festivities were on hand, when the subject of Gregor a' Thing came up again, and Colina felt as if he had unwittingly brought her evil luck. She had come in from the village, in rather a brighter mood than usual. She told herself she was treacherous to both lover and friend, to wonder and to fear. Cosmo had been unusually caressing, and her heart and whole nature had answered him, as love warms and grows, under the kiss of the sun. She pushed away every doubt and fear and remembrance. After all, if he thought Gregor was guilty, he had to act firmly—and sportsmen were very keen and resentful about this particular crime. Her plans, too, for the Christmas festivities were going well. Mr. Campbell had worked hard and late; there were to be evergreens and chrysanthemums in the little kirk on Sunday, a Christmas-tree for the bairns, a great tea-party, and many gifts for the poorer tenants and the old people. And the snow was so lovely—like a wedding-veil of frosted silver and diamonds, on the Ben's side. There was promise of more, too, in the air.

So she was humming one of the "songs of the North" light-heartedly and softly, as she entered the hall, in which the gas had not been lit, and Colina had a very sweet and tuneful voice:

"You'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
But I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond!"

Just then she heard the murmur of voices, and she wondered if Miss Anne were talking to Lilliard in the study. She paused to listen, thinking, if there were visitors, she would not go in till she had changed her wet shoes and skirt.

"What did he want?"

"Oh, it was that tiresome affair of Gregor a' Thing's. It 's a mercy Colina was not in! It seems that the old wretch spoke the truth on that occasion, and this man says the others—the McDougalls, father and son—boasted of Gregor's having paid the penalty of their ill-doings. George heard them, when they were tipsy, and came to tell me. Quite unnecessary!"

"What will you do? Colina will rejoice and exult. It will be your turn to eat humble pie, *mon ami*."

"Will it? I don't intend to do anything of the kind! I gave George a sovereign, and told him to hold his tongue about the thing. Gregor will be out, and free, in a very little time; and, after all, he is only having righteous judgment for many an affair in the past. I only wish I could have added compound interest."

Colina roused herself with a start. Have you ever watched the bright sunshine of an April day flooding a hillside, and then seen a black cloud cover the sun, the grey creeping over the gold, the dark over the light? The light had all died from her face. She gave a kind of shiver, and took up her parcels from the hall table. Her feet felt very heavy as she walked away. But the voices followed her.

"And what about Colina?"

"Oh, please don't din my ears so often with Colina's name! Colina's ignorance is my bliss."

Both laughed. Lilliard begged him not to lose his temper with *her*.

He had kissed Colina that morning, and held her hand. Something had been said about the marriage. Colina remembered the scene as she crept upstairs, her hand on the balustrades. Her very name was an offence in his ears! Lilliard's little mocking laugh followed her, and jangled in her ears. It was a very musical laugh. In her bedroom there was a pile of parcels on the table, her Christmas presents from town, which had arrived that day. A set of pretty and expensive chinchilla furs for Lilliard—toque, muff and collar—and a box of laces and gloves. For Cosmo, a travelling-bag with silver fittings. The cards she had written for them lay beside the parcels, and she took them up and read them listlessly and vacantly. "Lilliard, with Colina's love"—"Cosmo, from Colina." She had not been able to write the "love" *there*. He knew!

At first she did not even remember the story of Gregor's unjust imprisonment. We are selfish in our grief, as in our joy. Her own pain stung and burned. It was the treachery of it all! He confided in Lilliard. They used that tone in speaking of *her*, these two: her friend, and her lover! And then, as her mind slowly recovered its balance, and her kind heart reasserted itself, she remembered the old man in jail, on Christmas Day. This must not be! "I will go and tell Mr. Campbell!" she decided, and rose and put on her cloak again. "There is just time before dinner. He will tell me what can be done. These other men shall be caught, and made to confess. I need not bring in Cosmo's name at all. Mr. Campbell will know what to do. He is such a strong, wise man, and so kind." Yes, she could depend on him. He would ask no curious questions. In the midst of her own smarting ache and bitter pain the thought of the strong young face rose before her, and she felt as if she stood on stronger ground.

She went down resolutely, and, passing the library door, heard the murmur of confidential voices going on still. Miss Anne was doing up parcels for her nieces and nephews in the morning-room. They all supposed Colina still in the village, where Lilliard said the draughty schoolroom gave her neuralgia. Colina got into the boat herself; the loch was like a sea of glass, and she rowed away towards the manse, keeping by the shore. She would not think of what she had heard in connection with herself; she would only remember about Gregor.

"All these months unjustly—poor Gregor! And I never sent him a word!"

It was not quite dark when she at length saw the strip of soft grass which separated the loch from the manse. A few lights flickered in the windows, but Colina saw a tall figure standing near the garden gate, and, as she required him to help her pull up the boat, she called softly through the gloom —"Mr Campbell!" He gave a great start. He had been thinking of her, half-absently; that she had seemed a little brighter and gayer, and he hurried down to the shore, looking very much surprised.

"I hope nothing is wrong at the Island?"

"No, I have only come to tell you something. I ought there would be time before dinner. Will you pull up the boat, please? But I think we need not go in; we can talk here."

He gave her his hand, and she leapt lightly on the grass.

"You are quite independent now," he said, smiling down on her. "What is it, Miss McVean? Somebody more who must be called for, or sent a ticket?"

"No, it is not that." He looked closer then, and saw that all the light he had been so glad to see return had vanished from her sweet face.

"It is about Gregor a' Thing. He was unjustly imprisoned! He spoke the truth!"

"Yes—but—we thought so before," he said

slowly. Colina knew the calm, grave voice. She raised her hazel eyes as a child might, almost pleadingly.

"Mr. Campbell, I agreed with you, but what could I do? I had no proof then."

"I do not blame you," he cried eagerly, wondering what had happened to cloud her look. "I only meant that, unless we had more proof to go on, I feared we could do nothing!"

"But these other men, the McDougalls, have owned that they shot the grouse. They must be found, and made to confess openly. Poor Gregor! You will know how to deal with it all!" and Colina raised her eyes with a trusting expression which thrilled her hearer. "I must go back now. Good-night!"

"How did you find this out?" he asked.

"I can't tell you that!" she said, colouring. "Only please try and find the McDougalls, and see what can be done to free Gregor. I feel very stupid, and I know you must think me so. Good-night!"

He helped her into the boat and pushed it off for her.

There was something in her face and manner which forbade his offering to row her home. Angus Campbell knew that there are moments in our lives when any presence is torture, when "voices are swords." We live and we die alone, after all—yes, and in life's most bitter moments we suffer alone!

He watched the boat disappear into the dusk; he stood till the sound of the oars in the water died away. Her face was before him all the time, with the happiness struck out of it.



"I hope nothing is wrong at the Island."

Campbell was sure Cosmo had to do with that look. He knew she was suffering. And he could not help her. He felt impotent.

"Poor child!" he murmured slowly. "She will dree her own weird! As Miss Anne says, they cannot walk on velvet shune always—no, not even the little feet we love best!"

[END OF CHAPTER TEN.]

A CHAT ABOUT JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

By Major Arthur Griffiths.

With Illustrations by Lady Stanley (Dorothy Tennant).



AS the child is father to the man, so the juvenile offender may be called the parent of the habitual criminal. This was absolutely true in times remote from the present, when no means existed, for cutting off crime at the source, or, at least, no systematic attempt was made to do so. Some of the figures of those past days are quite appalling. It was estimated by an earnest prison worker, the Rev. Mr. Clay, chaplain of Preston Gaol, that some 58 per cent. of those who came under his care had taken to criminal ways before they were fifteen. In the first half of the present century boys of thirteen and fourteen were to be found among the prison population who had been sentenced from ten to twenty times; they had come in for a few days and gone out again, to return again and again, always without reformation or improvement. They had little or no religious teaching, no industrial training; the quick fingers and growing intelligence that would soon have mastered some handicraft were wasted on oakum-picking, or left in utter idleness. No wonder that the evil tendencies which might have been eradicated on their first exhibition developed soon into hopeless depravity. These hapless tyros consorted freely together, and with the elder and more criminal—bad examples to each other, and made much worse by the teaching and exhortation of adults. This baneful education was continued on a large scale outside. Criminal schools existed in every large city; in London alone there were two hundred, frequented by some six hundred boys whose regular business was thieving. The case of one juvenile offender who graduated through these various stages and achieved great notoriety may be quoted as typical of the class. It is recorded that a child of thirteen, by name Leary, was sentenced to death for stealing a watch and chain. He had already been five years at work, and had passed from stealing apples to burglary and household robbery. It was said that when he went to school of a morning he often had many pounds in his pocket, the



"BURGLARY AND HOUSEHOLD ROBBERY."

proceeds of his depredations the night before. He was the captain of a gang of five or more, who drove about in a horse and cart, armed with pistols, to cut the trunks from the back of travellers' carriages. The gang was frequently out for a week, and acquired hundreds of pounds. Leary was said to have amassed some £350 by his thefts, but the money was stolen from him by older thieves. He did not suffer death, but was respited, and sent to the Philanthropic Asylum, the first germ of the present excellent farm school at Redhill. He appears to have escaped from this and returned to his evil courses, only to be recaptured and transported for life.

Happily, since those days a better system obtains of dealing with juvenile



"THE YOUNG WILL CONSTANTLY STEAL."

offenders. The first step to great and enduring reforms was the Reformatory Act of 1854, which permitted the embryo criminal to be sent elsewhere than to a gaol. This was the first adoption of the principle "Prevention is better than cure," the consistent observance of which has achieved most remarkable results. There can be no question that the growth of reformatory and industrial schools—the whole machinery, so to speak, of child rescue—has contributed largely to the decrease of crime, a decrease that is incontestable, although it has been denied. A mere glance at the results obtained at these schools must sufficiently prove the good that they do. The mere fact that close on 80 per cent. of those admitted to the first named—the reformatories—and more than 80 per cent. of those received in the latter—the industrial schools—are known to be doing well, to be earning an honest living at some useful handicraft acquired at school, is a sufficient testimony to the value of the work done.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that wrongdoing among the young will ever entirely disappear. Children often display many of the worst passions of human nature. Until they can appreciate religious and moral teaching, can be subjected to inhibitory processes and taught to distinguish clearly between right and wrong, they are in danger always of going astray. Where the child is closely watched and checked by kindly admonition or salutary restraint any inherent taint of wickedness will probably be rooted out. But the converse is equally true. Vicious surroundings, the wicked neglect of careless, often criminal, parents, exposure to temptation where the moral sense is weak—these are so many predisposing causes to juvenile crime. No doubt, they have been diminished of late years by judicious legislation and other preventive treatment, but that these causes are still at work is seen in the family likeness generally displayed by the offences of the young.

They tell much the same tale, these often bright-eyed, well-spoken, sturdy little chaps, as they stand at their cell doors and frankly confess how they got into trouble. "Father is dead and mother alone in the world. She turned me out to go and look for work, and said 'Don't come back till you've got it, for I can't find you in food.'" The speaker was just fourteen years of age: he had a smattering of education but no trade: he had been absent from home for a fortnight, and had now been taken up by the police for sleeping out. His face was a good one, and his case seemed hard. In the next cell was another lad, of about the same age, who told much the same story, and beyond him a third.

No doubt, all three had been allowed to run wild; there was no active control, or kindly supervision in the domestic circle. Sometimes an unhappy home has directly conduced to misconduct; the widowed father married to a second wife or *vice versâ*, and the step-parent has proved cruel or callously indifferent to the claims of the elder children; or, again, father and son, mother and daughter, are under the same prison roof, concerned in the same crime, the child an accomplice led, more often driven, into crime by the parent, who surely deserves all the blame.

It is satisfactory to note that the law now provides for the removal of children from vicious parents and surroundings. "Evil home influences or cruelty, or neglect on the part of parents, are the principal agents which fill our schools," so wrote a Reformatory inspector some years back, and the statement may be repeated to-day with even greater force. Nor does the unnatural conduct of the parent cease with the removal of the charges they misuse. Even after the reformatory process is ended, and the patient is ready to be sent out into the world, it is often the parents who oppose the settlement of their children in situations where they may be expected to earn honest wages and lead a steady, respectable life.

The chief cause of offence in the juvenile is greed. This may be seen in the judicial statistics, which show a total of nearly 800 cases of theft in a general total of 1,050 young criminal offenders. The demon of acquisitiveness has in some form or other caught him in his grip and exercises a fatal, over-mastering influence. The gratification of childish vanity or small appetites, the craving for amusement, the lust of possession—some of these, perhaps all, have been too much for his self-denial. The young will constantly steal or misappropriate, make away with and bolt with the objects they covet. Temptation, as has been said, is too often, and sometimes inexcusably, thrown in their way.

Numbers of cases occur in which boys are trusted too easily, as on carriers' carts and parcel delivery vans. One I saw had succumbed because he found a large consignment of sweetmeats in his charge; they were plainly marked as such, and appealed so strongly to his palate that he seized a box and ran off from the back of the cart. Another did the same with a box of eggs; a third made



WALKING TO PARIS.

free with a can of the milk which was being distributed from house to house. A bright-eyed, intelligent lad, well-spoken and with a good face, says that his master, a grocer, entrusted him with ten shillings to expend in stamps; but he was tempted to spend the money on fruits and marbles, and he did not dare return. There are many cases of the same class: errand-boys misapplying funds to their own use and spending them on gay handkerchiefs, scarf-pins, and articles of personal adornment.

Sometimes the vicious propensity is engrained and the offender lapses more than once. Here is a lad who was in good wage-earning work on a canal boat; yet he enters a stable-yard where he has no business and steals a pair of boots, "because his own were burst and his father told him to get new boots where he could." But his record shows that this is not his first essay in theft. He

has been three times whipped already—once for stealing sausages; another time, some strong predilection. The lad who learnt to love pigeons because he lived next door to a famous fancier, and who, to possess pigeons of his own, lured his neighbour's birds across the boundary fence, was hardly a heinous offender, although he found himself in gaol. We cannot quite withhold a certain pity from the young bicycle thieves, a strangely increasing class of juvenile offenders, who will risk their liberty for a ride on the beloved machine. One was a boy in buttons with a passion for the wheel, who carried off his mistress's, and rode it forty miles in and out, being captured on his homeward journey, and with the strong presumption that he meant to restore the bicycle to its rightful owner. The stress of hunger and actual want has in itself a certain plea, although not admitted in court, and I have met lately with at least two boy burglars who excused their offence on the grounds that they had been starving. One was a lad of German nationality, who had come over to learn English, had served as a waiter in several restaurants, but, having lost his last place, was driven by sheer destitution to break into a larder with other lads.



"HE THINKS THE PROSECUTOR MIGHT HAVE LET HIM BE."

Vagrancy is a weakness with many juvenile offenders; the thirst for change, a debased love of adventure, leading to vagabondage and aimless wandering. Boys are often found at a distance from home, and not always with clean hands. Trespass with evil intentions, "found in enclosed premises," and what constitutes "frequenting," are offences brought home to many, while "begging" and "sleeping out" are minor varieties of the same tendency.

The desire to see some great show, some new marvel, has attracted many from their homes; and this was curiously illustrated at the time of the last great Exhibition in Paris, when two little children of eight and ten years of age respectively walked several hundred miles,

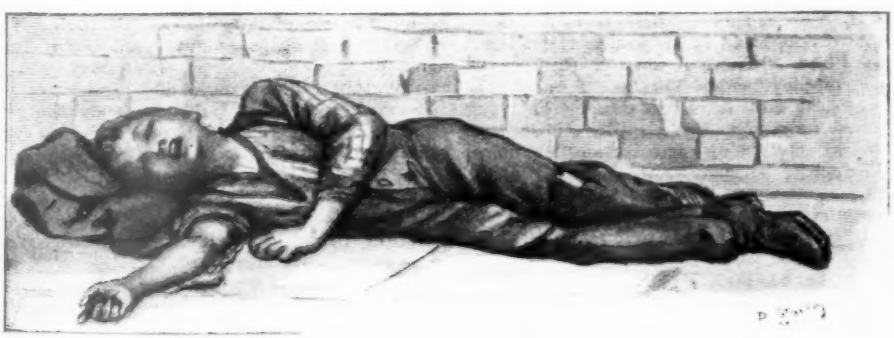
cake; a third, shirts and a clock. Nothing but long detention under reformatory treatment can be expected to eradicate the thievish instinct in this young rascal. The same innate predatory spirit has impelled another who watched his opportunity to creep under a greengrocer's shop, conceal himself beneath the counter, and lie there unseen until he could rifle the till.

Yet excuses may surely be made for some who have fallen within the grip of the law, who have taken the first downward step from which there may be no recovery through weakly yielding to

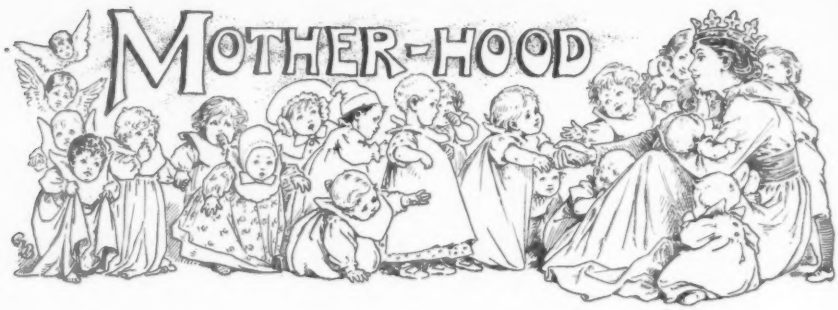
with only a few pence in their pockets, to look at the Eiffel Tower, a wonder just then on every tongue. By mere chance these poor little vagrants were found and rescued before they drifted into evil company and were swallowed up in the great quagmire of Parisian crime.

The juvenile who finds himself in durance vile will sometimes protest against the measure meted out to him; he thinks the prosecutor might have let him be; he complains that his sentence is unduly severe. Both contentions are generally right. It is strange how implacable and unrelenting employers and others who have suffered will often prove; the eagerness with which a bench of magistrates will throw a child of tender years into gaol is deplorable. Imprisonment is often awarded for very trifling offences—throwing stones, playing pitch and toss, killing a barn-door fowl, trespassing in orchard or field.

If the gaol does not utterly ruin the inmate of tender years, now as of old, thanks are due to the more benevolent practice of prison administrators. Very great pains are taken nowadays with the young prisoners. They are concentrated as far as possible at a few centres where special treatment is possible; drill and gymnastics are practised, industries and handicrafts are taught, mental improvement is aimed at. Nor do these good offices terminate with release. Among the many helpful agencies now at work, none is better than that of the St. Giles's Mission, which devotes special attention to the juvenile offender. Too much credit cannot be given to this institution, or to its principal representative, Mr. Wheatley, by whose untiring exertions so many youths have been helped into the right path to begin the world anew. It is pleasant to hear the warm and grateful acknowledgments of the many who owe their rehabilitation to him.



THE CRIME OF SLEEPING OUT.



By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "We Wives," Etc.

NURSERY RECREATIONS: WHAT EXPERTS TELL US.



I MUST begin this article with a triplet of quotations. They exactly crystallise into easily remembered aphorisms some truths of which every member of the great guild of motherhood needs to be reminded.

"The plays of the infant are the buds of the whole future life, and we should nourish, protect, and foster them," says Froebel. "From their earliest years the plays of children ought to be subject to strict law," wrote Plato. "There is such a thing as a science of play," adds Vernon. I know that the physical cult is in no danger of being neglected nowadays. We quite realise that "physical well-being has often a moral significance." Therefore we rightly direct every gymnastic exertion towards due development of the bodies given us to mould for eternity as well as for time. Perhaps, even, we need to be reminded that exercise, to be beneficial, must be adapted to individual needs, and that great care should be used not to overstrain delicate organisations. On the whole, however, in this century, the physical cult is carried out intelligently.

Far otherwise do we deal with the plays of our children—those plays which are of such a wonderfully educating force. We teach the little ones carefully in school-hours, then leave them to amuse themselves. Yet education—"the root idea of which is the leading out, the training, and cultivation of the powers or capabilities of *action*" (Landon)—goes on as much in the nursery playroom as in the school. One of the favourite arrows in my quiverful of quotations is explicit on this point. Carlyle says, "The expressly appointed schoolmasters and schoolings we get are as nothing compared with the unappointed and continual ones, whose school-hours are all the days and nights of our existence, and whose lessons, noted or unnoted, stream in upon us with every breath we draw." Play, therefore, should be more than a mere idle seeking for amusement. It should be a definitely controlled medium towards a definite end. No one can acquire the faculty of really amusing the young without studying the science of recreation. Once master it, and we shall no longer call it "waste of time" to take part in amusements. The intelligent mother knows that every time she plays bo-peep with her baby she is cultivating intelligence and quickness of observation. Every time she rolls the wee one a coloured ball she is educating his eyes, his hands, and his accuracy of vision. Every time she points out a hidden Toby or sleeping pussy-cat she is calling out observation and inviting attention.

I am quite aware that "too much control has often a baneful result" (Edgeworth), but a wise supervision, *working behind the scenes*, is necessary even in amusements. Plato recognised this in *his* time. "When children are early trained to submit to laws in their plays," he says, "love for those laws enters their souls with the music accompanying them, and helps their development." Thus the sturdy boy who "plays at politeness" by setting a chair for old nurse and carrying mother's workbag, will be courteous and chivalrous as he grows up. The tiny girl who has been taught to tend her dolly with thoughtfulness, never letting Angelina Ann sleep in her day dress, or walk out without a bonnet, will not neglect her children when

she becomes the mother of a succeeding generation. The "blue-eyed banditti" who are taught to be gentle with Chubby and discern a "soul" in Toby Dog, will learn tenderness toward every living animal and chirping bird.

There are natural laws in every playroom. With them we must not interfere. The law of give and take, for instance, is only a polishing powder for the stones in the spiritual building. Maternal instinct prompts to the rescue of helplessness; but it must not run along a course of favouritism. The crushing of a dominant spirit in the nursery is not always wise. It helps forward a habit of lowliness and reverence in the frailer vessels, and does no harm to the nursery autocrat, if he, in his turn, submits himself to his parents and others in authority over him. So we could go through a whole gamut of suggestions if we had space. We can only insist that the law of love should be followed in every playroom; the law of self-sacrifice, without which there is no real progress in life, and the law of obedience, lying at the foundation of all success.

Perhaps a few words as to what recreation really is meant to be may not come amiss here. As the word implies, it is a making over again of tired muscles and wearied brains. Now, some children possess much energy, they work as hard at play as they do at lessons. If this be the case, such change of occupation is not sufficient to recreate them. They must then be induced to take complete rest at certain times. A brief spell on mother's Chesterfield will do more for them than hours of active play. In fact, to be really beneficial, exercise and play must stop short of fatigue. They should be alternated with periods of absolute muscular and mental repose. Many a child is taken out to a place of amusement, and, instead of good, harm results. Either the method of arriving there is not adapted to the strength of the little one or the amount of time spent there is excessive for its age and strength. A good walk is an excellent thing, but not taken at adult pace. A "romp" is splendid, but only when giants of five feet high are not allowed to over-ride a pigmy of thirty-six inches!

"We cannot measure nervous force as it runs away," said the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. But we mothers *can* watch our wee ones tenderly and see that no overstrain is laid upon them.

Sex is not always indicatjve of strength in the nursery. Boys are not invariably superior in physique to the girls they mix with. The average woman child is just as strong as her brother, and our little sons need as much maternal care as our sweet, tiny daughters. It is a good thing to remember that "girls have really *more* endurance than boys" (Sandow). That is why over-stimulation of muscular fibre is generally met with in the male sex. The plays especially dedicated to our sons are often far too rough, too noisy, and too much prolonged; whilst mile racing, long cycling contests, etc., should be entirely tabooed by the wise mother.

It seems to me *the* great art in managing our children's amusements is to know there *is* an art, and to turn our attention to mastering it. To succeed in properly controlling the recreations of our circle, it is necessary to put away all indolence and "take a positive rather than a negative attitude" towards them. "A little genius goes a long way in giving trouble, and the most richly gifted characters have seldom been easy to control in boyhood." We who are hoping to see the divine spark in our sons and daughters some day must not be annoyed if our mechanical lad, in turning his attention to cogwheels, spokes and ball bearings, leaves a mess behind him. We must be patient when embryo maternal tenderness ruckles, and puckers, and breaks needles in sewing dolls' clothes. Above all, if we are trying to realise the inherent personality in each child given us to train for God, we shall never be shocked when our young folk tell us their outreachings of spirit, even if they enter into the domain of fancy and fiction. Thus only will both boys and girls properly re-create themselves and come to their best, mentally, morally and physically.

"Common tasks require all the force of a trained intellect to bear upon them," said a great mother once, and what more common a one is there than to help children to enjoy themselves? "The import of happiness is very great" (Edgeworth). Especially so is it in the nursery, where every good thing ripens in pleasurable surroundings.

In conclusion, let me quote from an authority on work and play a few words that show us the ultimate end of all our efforts for our children's welfare.

"The object of athletics and gymnastics" (may we not add, of *play!*) "is preparation of a body available from top to toe for whatever behest 'the gods' may lay upon it. Our children should be brought up from the first with this magnet, 'ye are not your own.' The Divine Author of being has given life and a body finely adapted for His service. He gives you the work of preserving this body in health, nourishing it in strength, and training it in fitness for whatever special work He gives you to do in this world." It is well, dear mothers, that "a child should be trained to bring his body into subjection, even in the playground, first to his parents, second to his own will, but always because God has a claim upon his being" (Mason).



A Fairy Parable. By Myra Hamilton.

ONE hot afternoon in summer the Princess Petra grew so weary of staying in the palace that she dismissed her ladies-in-waiting from her presence, and strolled into the garden in search of some new excitement. But she had not been amusing herself among the flowers very long before she heard hurried footsteps behind her, and then she was addressed:

"Your Royal Highness, pardon my presumption, I beg, but I think this is your handkerchief?"

The Princess was very surprised at being accosted, but when she realised what had occurred, she took the dainty piece of lace from the gardener's hand with a gracious smile and bow.

"Thank you very much," she said in reply, and then she walked on. Although she had been unaware of her loss before the gardener drew her attention to it, she did not regret her carelessness in the least, for it had informed her of one fact—namely, that the King's staff of gardeners numbered one very good-looking young fellow.

For several years the Princess Petra had desired a husband, but when she wished to make her selection, she had been so particular that at last nobody liked to offer himself as a suitor. The King, her father, was not at all anxious for his daughter to be married. He was a widower, and she was, therefore, a great companion to him in his loneliness; but the Princess longed to possess a home of her own, and to be comfortably settled in it for life.

As Petra slowly paced the rose-garden, she could not help thinking of this young man who had so recently rendered her a service.

"What beautiful eyes he has," she told herself, and then she determined to learn his name.

After peeping over the hedge that sheltered the roses from the cold winds, she perceived her new acquaintanee busily weeding in the distance. So she hastened after him, and coughed slightly to let him see that she was approaching.

When Jan saw the royal lady sauntering down the path, he simply removed his hat and went on with his work, for he had always been trained to pay no attention to his master the King, or to the young Princess, unless they actually spoke to him.

The Princess watched him for a few minutes in silence, and then she put a question to him.

"Doesn't weeding make your back ache, gardener?" she demanded kindly.

Jan straightened himself before he replied. "No, thank you, your Royal Highness," he said shyly. "It is only when the sun beats down that it becomes rather trying."

"Shall I assist you?" asked Petra, glancing coyly at him from underneath her curly lashes.

Jan was aghast. "Oh, no, no!" he exclaimed in terror. "You must not think of doing such a thing. What would the King say, if he should see you? I beg you not

to do it. If you are discovered here, I shall be sent away."

But the Princess shook her head. "I should not allow that to happen," she said sweetly. "I could not spare you," she added truthfully. "You have such a nice kind face that I shall often come out here and talk to you. But I must not stop longer to-day. Good-bye."

Although these young people did not meet for the next few days, they were constantly in each other's thoughts. Petra used to spy through her window curtains early in the morning and watch the gardener as he mowed the lawn or hunted for snails; while he, not daring to glance up at the palace casements, would listen intently for her footstep on the gravel path.

But one evening as Jan, worn out by a severe day's work, was returning to his little cottage in the wood, he heard wheels behind him, and he just had time to uncover his head as the royal carriage dashed past. Although there was nothing but a white parasol to be seen, he guessed that his dainty Princess was sheltering herself beneath it, and when the carriage suddenly pulled up he knew he was right. A gorgeous footman descended heavily from the box and held open the door for the beautiful damsel, who signed to the coachman to go on before she joined the gardener.

"Dear Jan," she said lovingly. "Have you missed me lately, or have I been completely forgotten?"

Jan blushed up to the roots of his hair before he spoke. "I can never forget you," he said gently. "Does the smallest creature on this earth forget the sun when its rays have once rested upon it? It were easier for me to neglect my most cherished blossoms than for you to escape from my memory."

"What a nice sort of gardener," the Princess thought to herself. "I wonder if father has many more like him working in the grounds." Then she said aloud, "But supposing I went away, Jan—over the sea or into a far country, married to a foreign prince, perchance—what would you do?"

And the tears filled Jan's eyes before he replied. "I should think of you then as a beautiful fairy who had once entered my life to gladden it for ever. I should try to picture you bringing joy into the hearts of the people you lived among, and I should pray you might be very happy."

Then the Princess's heart was touched, and she cried out impulsively: "Oh, Jan, I will never marry any man but you, for I love you too dearly to leave you," and as an example of her words, she gathered up her robes and scurried down the dusty road towards her carriage before he could detain her.

This extraordinary conduct on the Princess's part both delighted and frightened the young gardener. It was true that ever since their first meeting he had fallen desperately in love with Petra, but he was wise enough to try to shut her out of his mind. He understood the difference in their respective positions too well to think of her, but he could not forget, nevertheless, that she had confessed her love for him.

The next day, while he was digging in a potato bed, a bunch of pure white lilies suddenly fell in front of him. He started back in some surprise, and then he discovered that the Princess was standing near beckoning him towards her with her finger.

"Leave that dull work," she pouted charmingly. "And come and sit in the arbour with me."

And quite willingly he obeyed her command. But when they were seated, she laid her little hand upon his. "Open your fist, Jan," she cried. "I want you to hold my hand."

But Jan shook his head.

"Sweetheart, I cannot do it," he replied regretfully. "My hands are coarse and grimy, for I labour in the garden all day, while yours resemble dainty sea-shells. Look at the difference," and he stretched out his palm to show her. She laid hers upon it with a gay laugh.

"See, how small mine is," she cried, vastly amused at the sight. "My pink and white hands prove how idle I am, while yours are marked with honest toil."

And she folded his fingers over hers with a contented little sigh, and so they sat, hand in hand, until steps outside the arbour disturbed them.

"It is the Lord Chancellor, I know," cried Jan in dismay. "I recognise him by the way he limps."

"Hush," hissed the Princess warningly. "Perhaps he will pass by."

And she tried to withdraw her hand from her lover's grasp, but, to her horror, she found that she could not do so. Her rosy palm had taken root in his soil-caked hand, and they could not be separated.

When the Lord Chancellor discovered this terrible state of affairs, he was furious. He beat the gravel with his stick, he shook his fist in the gardener's face, and finally he gave him notice to leave.

So Jan moved slowly away, with the Princess walking proudly by his side.

"Stop, stop, your Royal Highness; where are you going to?" the old man shouted, hobbling after her.

The Princess turned round in some surprise. "I am going with Jan," she said sweetly. "You seem to forget you have dismissed him, and, as we cannot be divided, I must accompany him."

The Lord Chancellor wrung his hands, and finally burst into tears, as he fell heavily upon the wooden bench in the arbour.

"Who is to inform his Majesty of this?" he wailed. "I simply dare not do it. He will kill us all, I think."

Then the young people looked at each other, and with one accord they moved towards the palace.

"We will seek the King now," explained the Princess, as they disappeared into the hall.

"I have never been inside a palace before," Jan whispered nervously, as he and his sweetheart made their way to the King's chamber.

"Never mind," she replied consolingly. "It is just like anybody else's home, only the rooms are rather larger, I suppose," she added.

The sight of Petra's fearlessness gave the gardener renewed courage, and when, before knocking at her father's door, the Princess kissed him warmly, he felt he did not mind what happened as long as they were not divided.

When the King heard the extraordinary story, he thought at first it was a vulgar joke. So he, too, ordered the young man to depart; but when the Princess started with him, he realised that it was a very serious matter, and he sent for the Lord Chancellor, to consult him. But the poor Lord Chancellor, who had not recovered from the shock of the discovery himself, was able to make only one suggestion.

"Let this pair of wicked hands be severed at the wrists," he explained gleefully. "That will bring about the desired separation, I warrant."

"Yes, yes," cried the King rejoicingly. "And then we shall be able to punish you, you knave," he added to the gardener.

But the Princess upset these plans promptly.

"Of course we do not object to our hands being cut off," she declared loftily, while the gardener nodded his head approvingly. "But have you forgotten that if you do this thing, we shall both bleed to death? We could not exist with only one hand each," she added triumphantly.

"Foiled!" muttered the Lord Chancellor in despair, as he narrowly inspected his nails before he commenced to nibble them with vexation; but soon another suggestion came to him.

"Your Majesty," he suggested humbly, "they must be married. That is the only way out of the difficulty. Let the wedding take place at once."

The King ground his teeth and scowled at the old man. "Have you realised, if we do this thing, it will *please* them both?" he demanded. "We shall be doing exactly as they wish—play into their hands, so to speak."

"I know," said the Lord Chancellor regretfully. "It is a pity, I admit, but has your Majesty a better plan to propose?"

But the King could think of nothing else, so a secret marriage was arranged, and after the ceremony had been performed, the Princess Petra and her husband went to live in the little cottage in the wood. They dwelt together in perfect unison for many happy days. The Princess used to



The Lord Chancellor was furious.—*p.* 947.

labour by her husband's side in the little garden, and, indeed, her capable left hand was of far greater use than her husband's right had ever been.

But while the time passed all too quickly for them, the King, in his large, lonely palace, felt very miserable. He missed his daughter sadly; he had refused to see her since the wedding, although he made the most minute inquiries concerning her welfare, and had a full report of her doings brought to him each day by a trusted spy.

At last the poor man could bear his wretchedness no longer, and he sent for the Court Physician, who was also a private magician—that is, one who practised white magic without accepting payment—and he explained the whole case to him.

"I understand," said the magician, after hearing the story. "And now may I trouble you to tell me the state of the young people's hands before they were united?"

So the King described how nice and smooth his daughter's skin was, what a dainty pink palm and finger-tips she possessed, and his voice rang with contempt as he disdainfully alluded to the gardener's hands all covered with mould. And the entire time he spoke the Physican sat quietly smiling to himself.

When his Majesty ceased speaking, the Physician rose to his feet.

"It is quite evident that it would be dangerous to cut these hands asunder," said he. "But it seems to me that we should be safe to use a little water. The Princess's rosy palm has taken root in the soil that clings to the gardener's; therefore if we can disperse that soil, I am convinced that we should attain our ends. Let us seek out this headstrong Princess and gain her permission to try the water cure. If she is willing, I think we shall be able to divide this unfortunate hand-clasp without causing pain to either party concerned."

The King was so anxious to rescue his daughter that he started off to walk, without ceremony, to the cottage in the wood, accompanied only by the Court Physician.

When they knocked at the little front door, there was no response, so they rapped again, but still silence prevailed.

"Let us walk round to the back and see if there is another entrance," suggested the King, and they accordingly did so.

But great was their surprise, when they approached the little strip of garden, to discover the Princess Petra and her husband busily planting seeds in the newly prepared ground. They were working side by side, and seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly, for peals of merry laughter broke upon the stillness of the air at frequent intervals. The King watched them for a few minutes. He was astonished to find that his child could be so happy with this humble person, as he quite ignored the fact, when he thought of his daughter, that she had wedded the man of her choice; but at last he stepped forward and disclosed himself.

"Father!" cried Petra nervously. She did not know what sort of a temper the King might be in, and she wickedly hoped that his visit would be a brief one.

"Your Majesty!" gasped the gardener, looking almost scared to death, as he raised his cap to his royal father-in-law.

Then Petra tossed up her head and haughtily demanded the reason of the intrusion. "You declared you did not ever wish to see me again," she explained coldly. "And to what are we indebted for the honour of a visit from you?" she added, even less graciously, to the Court Physician.

But the old man waited for the King to reply, for he knew his Majesty would account for everything.

"The truth is, my dear daughter—for I love you still, in spite of your wilfulness—that I and the Court Physician have been talking over this deplorable state of affairs, and he assures me that he knows of a painless preparation which can be applied to both your hands to bring about a separation. I have sought you out, therefore, to inform you of our scheme, and to beg that you will allow it to be tested."

But Petra drew nearer the gardener, and stared defiantly at her father as he stood before them.

"We do not wish to be divided, do we, Jan?" she replied promptly. "We are absolutely happy as we are; and what is the use of your plan?—for we are married, and nothing can alter that, even if we desired it. Leave us in peace, I beg."

Then the King groaned, and finally withdrew to consult with the Physician in a dark corner of the garden.

At last he returned, and addressed the young couple, who had been busily proceeding with their labours while the discussion was going on.

"I propose," said the King timidly, "that you shall allow the Court Physician to make the division he speaks of, and then accompany me to the palace—both of you, I mean—and take up your residence there. I am willing to recognise Jan as my son-in-law, for I am an old man, my dearest Petra, and I cannot bear to be left any longer in my solitude."

So Petra and Jan consented to give up their simple life in the cottage, and to return with the King to the palace, and while they were settling their plans the Physician was

making arrangements to perform his magic operation.

First of all, he fetched a pail of pure cold water from the brook; this he placed upon the ground, and recited some mysterious rhymes over it as he immersed the clasped hands, and then he sat down to patiently wait. Occasionally he muttered his charm to himself, and after an anxious minute or two, the Princess and the gardener withdrew their hands separately.

"I have performed my work, your Majesty," cried the Physician, as he carefully dried the



The gardener rushed out of the room.

Princess's rosy palm upon a fine linen cloth he had brought for that purpose. "Now let us go."

Although the newly married pair had a lovely suite of rooms allotted to them in the palace, from the moment dissolution took place they ceased to agree.

Jan was not accustomed to such grandeur; he felt uncomfortable in his new surroundings, and this alone was sufficient to make him occasionally very irritable with his pretty wife. But she, on her part, began to neglect him shamefully. She participated in all the gaieties that were continually got up in the palace, and she danced, sang, and enjoyed herself all day long. She still loved her husband very dearly, and the thought that they were drifting apart worried her terribly; but she was too proud to admit that she was in the wrong, and for days sometimes she would not speak to him. He, poor man, having always been used to active outdoor life, felt the confinement cruelly; he hated to walk in the garden, for, when he saw how much required doing, he longed to set to work immediately, so the only pleasure left for him was to unlock a little outhouse near the stables and inspect his spade and other tools he stored there.

One afternoon, the Princess returned from her daily drive feeling exceedingly cross. The sight of her husband gazing discontentedly out of the window further increased her annoyance, and, with a tongue laden with bitter sarcasm, she began to argue with him. The discussion grew more and more heated, until it quickly developed into a noisy quarrel, and at last, when the stormy scene was at its height, the gardener rushed out of the room with his hands over his ears, so as to shut out his wife's shrill voice.

The Princess watched him run across the garden, until, feeling curious to know where he was going, she decided to follow him to ascertain. "Perhaps he will leave me," she thought; and the idea so troubled her that she hurried out of the palace and began to search for him. And her remorse grew greater and greater, for she found no trace of him anywhere, until a slight noise in the kitchen garden attracted her attention, and there, to her relief, she discovered her husband busily engaged in digging.

Although Petra longed to apologise and make up the quarrel, she waited for Jan to speak first; but he did not take the slightest notice of her. For a long while she paced up and down the gravel path close beside him, and, though she pretended not to look, she cast many glances in his direction, and watched him as he worked.

At last the yearning to be reconciled so overmastered her that she approached him and held out her hand.

"Jan," she said wistfully. "Jan, I am so sorry. Let us be friends."

But Jan looked at her hand and shook his head.

"Nay," he said sadly. "I must not touch you. I have been working here so long that my hands are caked with earth. Look at me. I intend to be a gardener again, and I am not fit to come near you."

Petra ran forward and slipped her hand into his. In an instant her rosy palm took root in his soil-covered one, and once more they were united. And so they lived together for many years of perfect happiness, and when, at last, Death visited the little cottage in the wood, he found the lovers—for, although they were old and wrinkled, they still remained lovers—patiently waiting, hand clasping hand, for the welcomed call that should take them together to their final resting-place.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

AMONG THE LADY WORKERS.



(Photo: Wm. Gill, Colchester.)
MISS DOCWRA.

HITHERTO we have only given a few incidental references to the work which women are doing to help forward the temperance reformation, but we now propose to submit some particulars of the leading organisations maintained by women, and make a start this month with the Women's Total Abstinence Union. (Next month we hope to have something to say about the British Women's Temperance Association.) The accompanying portraits are those of the past and present Presidents of the Women's Total Abstinence Union, the Lady Elizabeth Biddulph and Miss M. E. Docwra. Both have rendered effective service over a long series of years, and have shown a comprehensive grasp of the whole bearing of the temperance movement not surpassed by any other lady workers. The Lady Elizabeth Biddulph has carried the temperance flag into the highest circles of society, and, although it is common to associate her work with "the upper ten," it is well to remember that her ladyship's efforts are by no means confined to this section. Apart from the work accomplished in the near vicinity of her country houses, Lady Elizabeth takes a keen personal interest in the people of East London, and is a most assiduous helper in the poor parish of St. Simon Zelotes, Bethnal Green. Her charming presence makes her a great favourite with the general public, while her bright and happy speeches, tinctured as they are with rare common-sense and a vein of keen patriotism, never fail to stir up the enthusiasm of her hearers. Miss Docwra has great administrative gifts. Her business-like methods make her an ideal President, and she has for many years persistently pleaded for a more regular and systematic organisation of village work. The large towns are being constantly fed by the villages, and Miss Docwra holds that, the greater the success of temperance work in the villages, the better will be the recruits garnered in by the towns. At the last annual meeting of the Women's Total Abstinence Union a most gratifying report was presented. There had been a gain on the year of forty-three directly federated societies, bringing up the grand total to 288. The Nurses' National Total Abstinence League and the Deaconesses' National Total Abstinence League, both offshoots of the Union, are doing excellent work. The bazaar, with its supplemental sale of work at Regent's Park College, netted upwards of £1,000, and so exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Every department of women's temperance work is kept in hand by the Union, and the diversity of topics dealt with by accomplished speakers at the many conferences held last year is evidence that the Executive are inspired with the idea that no stone must be left unturned to combat the growing evil of female intemperance.

"THE FATHER OF TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES."

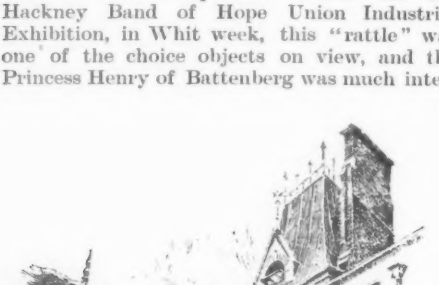
Such is the honourable distinction earned by his splendid record of work in the early days of the temperance movement by the venerated Mr. Thomas Whittaker, J.P., of Scarborough.



THE LADY ELIZABETH BIDDULPH.

He was the first man whose whole time was given to the public advocacy of total abstinence, and the story of his eventful experiences between the years 1835 and 1899 forms one of the most fascinating chapters in temperance history. The "old man eloquent" is still able

to give an excellent account of himself, and during his recent visit to London delighted large audiences by his crisp and sparkling utterances. His recruits include some of the most brilliant temperance workers of the time; nor is it given to every man to live long enough, and sufficiently in earnest, to be chief magistrate of the town in which he has been burnt in effigy. Such has been Mr. Whittaker's experience. In his "fighting days" Mr. Whittaker had many a brush with "the trade" in the "queen of watering places," Scarborough. In course of time he entered the Town Council, and after serving on several important committees, reached at length the Mayoral chair in 1880. Most people have heard of Mr. Whittaker's famous "rattle," which, indeed, is one of the few historic temperance relics. At the Hackney Band of Hope Union Industrial Exhibition, in Whit week, this "rattle" was one of the choice objects on view, and the Princess Henry of Battenberg was much interested in hearing that it was Mr. Whittaker's habit in the early days of his temperance work to gather his audiences in the open air by a vigorous use of his wooden companion. This is not the time to appraise the veteran worker's labours, for we hope he may still be spared for a long time to encourage the younger men; we may, however, point out that the great characteristic of his advocacy has been the "personal" note. His speeches teem with illustrations drawn from his own experience. The shrewd common-sense, the keen eye for the humorous; the quick judgment which enables him to say the right word at the right time; the homely adaptation of the events and occurrences of daily life, combine to give his addresses a force and interest which are difficult to describe. Probably no public speaker has been more frequently quoted than has Mr. Whittaker. His anecdotes are constantly trotted out by "new" orators who are apparently quite unconscious of the fact that the author of the quaint saying is still very much in the land of the living. Sometimes Mr. Whittaker has enjoyed the luxury of listening to a perfervid speaker tell "as his own, or very nearly his own," something which happened to Mr. Whittaker fifty years ago! A short time back Mr. Whittaker received a handsomely illuminated address in Exeter Hall at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the National Temperance League.



(From a Photograph by Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

WORKING MEN'S HALL, SHREWSBURY.



(Photo: Wood and Co., Scarborough.)

MR. THOMAS WHITTAKER, J.P.

COMING EVENTS.

The annual breakfast given by the National Temperance League to the British Medical Association will take place at Portsmouth on August 3rd. The Bishop of Southampton will preside, and the speakers will include Miss Weston and the Hon. Conrad Dillon.

Some important conferences will be held next month. The autumnal meetings of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union will be held at Cardiff from September 16th to 21st; the Western Temperance League assembles at Salisbury from September 24th to 29th; the North of England Temperance League will hold its forty-first annual meeting at North Shields on September 26th; the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society have made arrangements for some special work in Wakefield diocese in October; the Church of England Temperance Society will have a large meeting in connection with the Church Congress; the autumnal conference of the Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union will be held on November 18th.

WHAT A BOOK DID.

The work of the late Mrs. Julia Bainbrigge Wightman, of Shrewsbury, is a noble example of the power of a consecrated life. She was the second daughter of Lieut.-Col. James, of Salford House, Bath, and married the Rev. C. E. L. Wightman, vicar of St. Alkmund's, Shrewsbury, in 1842. Until her husband's death in 1896, this noble lady was his constant helpmeet in parochial work. Their parish was more than enough for their energies, but the work which they accomplished in that one circumscribed spot of God's vineyard has literally made itself felt to the ends of the earth. Especially has this been the case with regard to temperance. Mrs. Wightman, in her house-to-house visitations, found that intemperance was the great destroyer of home happiness. In endeavouring to influence working men and women, she soon came to recognise that her greatest hinderer was the public-house. So, by slow and certain steps, Mrs. Wightman began on her own lines a definite temperance mission. It was from the first a Gospel work. By degrees the particulars of her remarkable success began to be talked about. Then clergymen and their wives were anxious to know something of the details, so to save the trouble of correspondence, which had become very burdensome, the happy idea occurred to Mrs. Wightman to commit a few chapters of her experience to paper and print. The result was the production of that wonderfully successful book, "Haste to the Rescue," which was published in 1860. Its simple, telling narrative of parish rescue work took the Christian public by storm. The National Temperance League posted a copy to every clergyman and many ministers in the United Kingdom. The distribution of this book has been acknowledged by Canon Ellison to have been one of the greatest factors in the establishment of the Church of England Temperance Society. By-and-by Mrs. Wightman found herself the possessor of a substantial "nest-egg" from the profits of the sale of "Haste to the Rescue." What was to be done with the money? Many people would have been content to spend it on themselves or their belongings. Not so Mrs. Wightman. Her unselfish nature found its joy in building for the parish the capacious Working Men's Hall of



Photo: R. L. Bartlett, Shrewsbury.

THE LATE MRS. WIGHTMAN.

which we give an illustration. Shrewsbury folk are naturally very proud of the Hall. Many telling anecdotes might be given as to the influence exerted by this one book. Let one suffice. Mr. W. S. Caine, J.P., has for many years occupied a foremost place in the ranks of temperance leaders. He modestly tells that one day, as a young man, he bought "Haste to the Rescue" at a railway bookstall, to pass the tedium of a railway journey. He was so much interested in the perusal of the little book that he became a pledged teetotaller, and from that day to this has spared no effort to help along the good work.

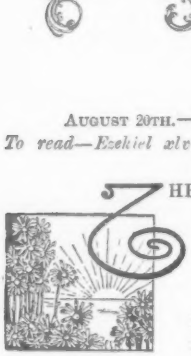
SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

AUGUST 20TH.—The River of Salvation.

To read—Ezekiel xlvii. 1—12. Golden Text—Rev. xxii. 17.



THE end of Judah's captivity drawing near; God's word stands fast. A new State and Temple shall be set up (xxxvii. 24), in which all shall be righteous. From Temple shall flow a river of life-giving water.

I. **The River** (1—12). *Its source.* From within the sanctuary, which had been filled with God's glory (2 Chron. vii. 2). Figure derived from the stream issuing from the Temple rock.

Meaning. Jesus, Whose body was the Temple of God (Col. ii. 9), is Fountain of Life to the world. From Him flowed rivers of living water (Rev. xxii. 1). Holy Spirit given to world on Day of Pentecost (Acts ii. 4).

Its size. Starting from south side of altar: rising quickly as high as ankles, knees, loins, ever passing on to the plains and sea.

Meaning. God's grace and kingdom enlarge as they advance. Example: The 120 disciples (Acts i. 16) soon became 3,000 (ii. 41), then spread through Syria to Asia Minor and across to Europe (xvi. 9). In one century covered the known world.

Its results. The healing of the waters of the Dead Sea, where formerly stood the wicked cities destroyed by fire (Gen. xix. 24). The fish and vegetation should no longer die, but live and increase abundantly.

Meaning. The Spirit of the Lord gives *life.* Souls dead in sin shall live again to God (Eph. ii. 1). They shall not fade. Shall be as trees of righteousness (Isaiah lxi. 3), bringing forth good fruits of love, joy, peace (Gal. v. 22), to last for ever.

II. **The Lessons.** *Our lives.* What effect has this stream had upon us? Have we drunk of its life-giving waters (St. John iv. 14)? Are we growing in grace, love, and holiness?

Our work. What are we doing to extend the Spirit's work? Vast multitudes of heathen still living without God. More preachers must be sent, more prayers said, more efforts made. Then shall the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth.

The Source of all Grace.

If it would be marvellous to see one river leap up from the earth full-grown, what would it be to gaze upon a vast spring from which all the rivers of the earth should at once come bubbling up, a thousand of them born at a birth? What a vision it would be! And yet the love of God is that fountain, from which all the rivers of mercy, which have ever gladdened our race—all the rivers of grace in time and of glory hereafter—take their rise. Let us stand at that sacred fountain-head and adore and magnify for ever and ever God, even our Father, Who has loved us with an everlasting love, and from Whom all graces and blessings flow.

AUGUST 27TH.—Returning from Captivity.

To read—Ezra i. 1—11. Golden Text—Ps. cxxvi. 3.

THE seventy years' captivity ended. Jews to return to own land, old homes, freedom, and religious privileges. How brought about?

I. **The Proclamation** (1—4). *Ordained by God.* Cyrus, King of Persia, foretold by name, called God's Shepherd, to lead His people back: and His Messiah or Anointed One (Isaiah xliv. 28). *Issued by Cyrus* to the Jews to return home. He owns God as Lord of all the earth, Who has given him his kingdom. He bids them rebuild the Temple, and orders his people to help them freely with all they require. What a wonderful day for the Jews!

Lessons. 1. *God's faithfulness.* All came to pass. God's promises are sure (2 Cor. i. 20). All events ordered for us. We may trust God.

2. *God's guidance.* He puts good thoughts within us. His Spirit guides and teaches (Ps. xliii. 3). We must follow that guidance.

II. **The Return** (5—11). Can imagine excitement among Jews in Babylon — decree read aloud in different cities—keenly discussed—preparations for journey of four months, buying camels, asses, etc.

The leader. Sheshbazza, prince of royal family of Judah, usually called by Jewish name Zerubbabel (ii. 2). Where was Daniel? Gone to a better home.

The numbers. Chief of the fathers, *i.e.* elders. Some would remember Jerusalem left in youth. Priests and Levites naturally eager to rebuild Temple. All whose spirit God stirred. In all 42,360 (ii. 64), besides 7,337 servants.

The help. Cyrus gives the vessels of the Temple. Friends in Babylon give money and precious stones.

The journey. Must be pictured. Long caravan of camels led by men—women and children riding. Priests, Levites, and singers chanting Psalms such as cxxii., cxxxvi., etc.—all joining in chorus of praise to God, Whose mercies are great. At last Jerusalem in sight, the beautiful city (Ps. xlvi) They enter with joy and praise.

Lessons. We, too, exiles. Called to return to our home. Other lords have had dominion over us. Let

us return to the Lord. Life's journey a pilgrimage, but, sin's bondage left, the ransomed of the Lord come with singing to their Zion (Isa. xxxv. 10).

Return from Bondage.

I was weary of a cold heart towards Christ, cold in prayer, cold in love. I had loved Him once, but had fallen away. Other gods had had dominion over me. I had been an exile from God my Father, and heaven my home. One day, never to be forgotten, I heard a call to return. I began to pray again. I prayed in the name of Jesus, and turned my heart towards the hill of Zion. Before long I felt the hardness of heart softening, the fetters of sin loosening, the mountains of frost and snow dissolving and melting within me. I remembered the promise of the Holy Spirit, and sought His life-giving aid. Tears of repentance flowed, and soon I was able to cry aloud and praise God for His gracious love, Who restored to my soul the joy of His salvation. My feet were turned once more towards home, and I went on my way rejoicing.—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

SEPTEMBER 3RD.—**Rebuilding the Temple.**

To read—Ezra iii. 10—*iv.* 5. *Golden Text*—1 *Cor. iii.* 17.

PEOPLE settle down in cities of Judah. Arrange for rebuilding Temple. Great meeting at Jerusalem. Begin by sacrifices, worship and prayer—set up the brazen altar on its old base (ver. 3). Keep the appointed festivals, recommence daily sacrifices—collect materials, cedar wood from Lebanon, etc.

I. **Rebuilding Begun** (10—13). *The builders.* Who were they? Levites as appointed to do all work for the care of the Temple (1 Chron. xxiii. 24).

The director, probably architect — Jeshua, chief of a Levitical family (ii. 40).

The service. First the priests in their robes of office, blowing their silver trumpets as at the dedication of the ark by David (1 Chron. xvi. 6), then the Levites with cymbals. Then the chorus of praise, answered by the people (Psalm cxxxvi.), telling of God's goodness to His people. He had blessed them *in the past* at the Red Sea, in many victories. He is blessing them *in the present* in bringing them back, in accepting their work in building the Temple. His mercy endureth for ever.

The weeping. Strange sound heard, weeping by the old people. Why? Because of *remembrance* of glory of last Temple, so grand and beautiful.

The lost things. The ark with contents; glory of the Lord over mercy-seat (Heb. ix. 4, 5).

Lesson. I was glad when they said, "Let us go to the house of the Lord."

II. **Rebuilding Hindered** (iv. 1—5). *Help offered* by Samaritans, mixed people brought by Assyrians after Ten Tribes taken captive (2 Kings xvii. 24).

Help refused because their religion partly Jewish, partly heathen. Not worship God truly, cannot be allowed to join in building His house. Might beguile Jews to idolatry.

Result. The work hindered, people discouraged.

Lessons. 1. *Patience.* Opposition to be expected in God's work. All will come right at last.

2. *Faithfulness.* Have no fellowship with ungodly.

The Glory of God.

A certain king set about building a cathedral, and in order that the credit might be all his own, he forbade anyone to contribute anything towards the building. A tablet was placed on the wall, and on it his name was carved as the builder. But for three nights running he dreamed that an angel came and erased his name and put that of a poor widow in its place. The king, enraged, summoned the woman before him, and demanded, "What have you done, and why have you broken my command?" She replied, "I loved my Lord, and longed to do something for Him. I was forbidden to touch the building, so I brought a wisp of hay for the horses who drew the stones." Then the king saw that he had worked for his own glory, but the woman for God's, and he ordered her name to be inscribed on the tablet in place of his.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—**Encouraging the Builders.**

To read—Haggai ii. 1—9. *Golden Text*—*Ver.* 4.

FOUNDATION of Temple laid, but the work stopped fifteen years by opposition of enemies. Two prophets sent by God to incite Jews to continue building. Under their influence, the work begun afresh (Ezra v. 1, 2).

I. **The Call to Work** (1—5). *The time.* Twenty-first day of seventh month—end of Feast of Tabernacles (Lev. xxiii. 34, 36). Great numbers at Jerusalem for the Feast—good opportunity to address them.

The persons. The State represented by the governor, the Church by the high priest and the mass of the people. All conditions of men to join in God's work.

The comparison. How poor and mean this new building seems compared with Solomon's lavish expenditure of gold (1 Kings vii. 48—50). The ark, with its contents, also gone. But it was still the earthly Temple of God, Who knew all.

The exhortation. They must be strong and fear not. Why? Because God would be with them. His mercies were covenanted and would abide. His spirit with them to guide. Similar words to Joshua, beginning new work after Moses' death (Josh. i. 7).

Lesson. When I am afraid, I will trust in Him.

II. **The Encouragement to Work** (6—9). *Nations shall be shaken.* How? Persian monarchy broken up by Alexander the Great—Grecian in turn crushed by Romans. Faith in national gods destroyed for better faith, Gospel of Christ.

Desire of nations shall come, i.e. Christ. He was presented to God in this Temple (St. Luke ii. 27), learned here of the doctors, healed sick, and taught in its courts (St. John vii. 14). Twice cleansed it. Thus gave peace and glory to it.

All things are God's. He gives power to work, to get money. All things come of Him (1 Chron. xxix. 14). What better return can be made than helping in this great work?

Lessons. 1. My house is a house of prayer.

2. Freely ye have received, freely give.

Working to the End.

Charles Kingsley used to say that it was better to wear out than to rust out. It would be well if there were more workers like Christmas Evans, the old Welsh preacher, who for forty years rode about on his pony over the Welsh hills to preach the Gospel and build up the living Church of Christ. Daunted neither by fatigue nor bad weather, nor ridicule, nor any other hindrance, he manfully stuck to the work God gave him to do. When he lay dying, unconscious of those about him, he was still in thought riding on his pony; and with quivering lips and dying breath he said, "Drive on, drive on!"

Short Arrows
Notes of Christian Life & Work.

"A Little Knowledge."

WE have never thought that the satirist's maxim — "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" — has more than a specious and surface value. We can, however, give a genuine and amusing instance of the epigram's unquestionable validity. A few months ago, a nurse was taking his dinner to a convalescent in the ward of a London hospital, who had just been allowed out of bed for the first time. She found the old man pale and in tears, very different from the rapidly improving invalid who had swallowed his beef-tea with considerable avidity a couple of hours before. "Ah, nurse," he whimpered, "so I've got to go, after all." "Got to go?" answered the puzzled nurse; "why, you won't take your discharge for a fortnight yet." "No, no, nurse—I mean the long journey; the doctor's been and wrote it over my bed, and I've only just seen it. Ter die, ter die, I've got ter die; no, I can't eat no dinner." Our readers are probably aware that it is the custom in hospitals for the doctor to write brief notes as to the ailment from which the patient may be suffering, with details as to treatment, medicines, etc., over his bed, and that "Ter die" is medical Latin for "Three times a day." Our aged friend had better have gone to school a little longer in his youth, or never learnt to read at all.

Two Unknown Indian Images.

IMAGES in India are so numerous and so varied that it is not always easy to identify them. There is a beautifully carved ebony image belonging to the Church Missionary Society which seems to resemble the horrid goddess Kali in some respects, but she is generally represented with four hands, whereas this ebony image has six. It wears, however, the garland of human skulls with which this cruel goddess generally adorns herself, and it holds a club in one hand and a bow in another. Missionaries themselves are unable to agree as to the identity of the image, which, as a work of Indian art, and as a great curiosity, is very interesting. A similar instance occurs at the London Missionary Society's Museum. In that admirable collection stands a strange animal with a human head and long neck, with wings like a bird and broad tail painted like an outspread peacock's fan. Yet it has four legs, like a horse or a dog. The image is modelled from Ganges mud; it is coloured a light red or terra-cotta, with deeper tints at different spots, while necklaces as of serpents entwine its neck. Curiously enough, the head seems that of a woman, if what appears to be a nose ornament in the image really is intended to be such. Even the Rev. W. J. Wilkins, the author of the excellent work, "Hindu Mythology," cannot be certain of its identity. It may be, he says, in a private communication, a fanciful, though by no means



INDIAN IMAGE CARVED IN BLACK EBONY.
(At the Church Missionary Society's House.)

common, form of Garuda, the vehicle of Vishnu in some of his forms. Vishnu, we may add, is



A STRANGE INDIAN GOD.

(In the London Missionary Society's Museum.)

the third of the great Hindu triad—Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu. Each god, continues Mr. Wilkins, has a vehicle; thus Brahma a swan, and Ganesa a rat. Garuda is Vishnu's, and usually Garuda is represented as a bird; the form, however, which this vehicle assumes is not uniformly described in various books. Mr. Wilkins, therefore, thinks this image must be a fanciful form of Garuda—not an incarnation of Vishnu, but that of his carrier or vehicle. Siva, the husband of Kali, and Vishnu "the Preserver," in male and female forms and addressed by a thousand names, are practically the gods of the Hindus to-day. To these Hindus come the Christian missionaries with their great doctrine of One God Whose name is Love, and Whose Son teaches the principle, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

Cruel Compression.

FEW pleasure-seekers are aware how the wholesale demolition of humble tenements in Central London, consequent upon the rapid multiplication of places of amusement, has crowded together poor folks—tailors, boot-makers, and the like—who are forced to live (it is a usual condition of their masters) near the houses from which their precarious trade is derived. Big rents are extorted without difficulty for what is frequently wretched accommodation. An incident like the following perfectly true one would occasion no surprise to those who are intimate with districts that border on some of the richest streets in the world. An anxious and overwrought mother conveyed to a lady visitor the singular and melancholy intelligence that some of her numerous children were down with what she termed "compressed" measles. "Are you doing your best," queried the visitor, "to keep those children who are still well away from infection?" The answer, quaint though it is upon the surface, contains within itself one of the burdens of modern Babylon: "Oh, yes, miss; them as has got 'em sleeps at one end o' the bed, and them as hasn't at the other, and so *they've* safe enough!"

A Large Family.

THE Queen has a large family. Seven sons and daughters are living, thirty-three grandchildren, and thirty-two great grandchildren, these altogether making up a total of seventy-two descendants. Several have married into the royal families of foreign countries. It would



(Photo: E. Milne, Aboyne, N.B.)

A ROYAL GROUP.

(The Queen, Czar and Czarina, and the Grand Duchess Olga at Balmoral.)

be difficult to say how many relationships have thus been formed with reigning families. For instance, the present Empress of Russia is the Queen's grand-daughter, being a daughter of the late Princess Alice; but, furthermore, the Emperor of Russia, Nicholas II., is a son

of a sister of the Princess of Wales, his mother having been Princess Dagmar of Denmark, who married the late Czar Alexander III. in 1866. Nicholas II. is termed the "Educator," and



(Photo: A. J. Isted, Eastbourne.)

MR. ALFRED HENRY BAYNES.

married Alexandra (formerly Alix), Princess of Hesse, on November 26th, 1894. Their child, the Grand Duchess Olga, was born November 15th, 1895, and Tatiana on June 10th, 1897, whilst a third daughter was born on the 26th of June last. The Czar and Czarina with the Grand Duchess Olga visited the Queen at Balmoral a year or two ago. Her Majesty is also grandmother of the Emperor of Germany and of the Duchess of Sparta, who is sister of the German Emperor, and whose husband, the Duke of Sparta, is heir-apparent to the throne of Greece. If the Queen's cousins and other relatives be added, we have a list which, according to Whitaker's "Titled Persons," numbers no fewer than 233 living blood-relations in addition to sixty-three by marriage. Among the 233 are twelve married couples who are related to the Queen on both sides. Her Majesty has but one sister-in-law, viz. the Princess Alexandrine, widow of Duke Ernest II. of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who was elder brother of the late Prince Consort. But, large as the Queen's family is, yet, if love and veneration were alone the tests, it is as large as the British Empire itself.

The Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

WHEREVER the Baptist Missionary Society is known—and there are comparatively few places where it is not known—the name of Mr. A. H. Baynes, its energetic general secretary, is known also. It would be too much to say that he is the Society, but the debt it owes to him and to his colleague, the Rev. J. B. Myers, is incalculable. Mr. Baynes was appointed co-secretary with the Rev. Clement Bailhache in the spring of 1870, and eight years afterwards, on the death of Mr. Bailhache, he became general secretary, the post which he has continued to occupy ever since. In 1870 the total income of the Society was only about £40,000; it is now nearly £76,000, and strenuous efforts are being made to raise it to £100,000. During Mr. Baynes' term of office also the Congo Mission has been started and forced forward, while great extensions have been made in the Society's mission work in China. Mr. Baynes has made frequent visits to distant parts of the Society's mission fields, and is a Fellow of the Statistical, Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies. He was connected for a long time with Onslow Baptist Church, Brompton, and married Miss Bigwood, a daughter of a former pastor, the Rev. J. Bigwood. Mr. Baynes is a brother of the late Thomas Spencer Baynes, the editor of the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica; he is also a brother of the late Rev. Joseph Ash Baynes, who was Baptist minister at Nottingham, and whose son, Hamilton Baynes, is now Bishop of Natal.

"In Peril of Robbers."

WHILE the terrible sufferings recently endured by Mr. Landor in the fiercely inhospitable realm of Thibet are still fresh in everyone's mind, a story equally tragic comes to us in Shanghai (writes a correspondent) from Mrs. Reinhart, who with her missionary husband lately travelled in Thibet, where they maintained themselves by medical work while they were distributing the Scriptures. For a time matters went well with them; Mr. Reinhart's diary tells of kindly natives, presents from friendly chiefs, food willingly sold, and horses provided. But from the time they passed Ngachuka all was trouble and sorrow. Their horses were shot down or driven away by robbers, and their guides frightened into desertion. Loading one remaining worn-out horse with necessaries, the travellers toiled on on foot, spending the nights shelterless, and without firewood for preparing food. At length, perceiving tents at some distance across the river, Mr. Reinhart determined to swim to the encampment, in the hope of procuring assistance and horses for their further journey. Around some overhanging rocks his wife saw him pass, and saw him no more! Six days she waited in her desolation and devouring anxiety; and then, convinced that he had fallen a prey to the same robbers who had previously despoiled them, she started on her dreary and dangerous journey, travelling absolutely alone for two months, till she reached a mission station at Tachienlu, whence she writes: "Praise God! I got here safely through places where Rockhill had great difficulty. On the road I had a sword held over my head, and my horse demanded of me; but God had mercy on me. I will soon send an account of my long journey alone with God, from the time my husband was no more, to this place." We think Mrs. Reinhart may rank high among the intrepid lady travellers of the present day.

A Little Missionary.

FAR away in India, not long since, there was a little Mahomedan girl who, at a Christian school, had learnt to accept Christ as her Saviour. This knowledge brought her such gladness that she could not keep the good news to herself, but in her walks to and from school she would go up to any Mahomedans she met, and talk to them about it. "Do you know that you are a sinner?" she would ask. "You cannot get to heaven till your sins are forgiven. I have got rid of my sins—I repented, and trusted in Jesus, Whose blood takes away all sin." She lived at a place called Khammamett, and went to the zenana school there. One day, when lessons were over, this little one wandered into the school-room. The idea seized her that she would play at being schoolmistress; so, sitting on a high stool, she took her slate and wrote upon it: "When we die our spirits go to God." Just as she had written these words, the pencil slipped out of her hand and fell to the ground. The floor was not like those found in English schools; it was made of stone, not very closely packed together, so that there were plenty of holes, and into one of these her pencil fell. She quickly jumped down to pick it up, and, putting her little hand into the hole to secure the pencil, she withdrew it hastily with a cry of alarm, as she had been bitten by a deadly cobra snake, and, though everything possible was done to save the precious little life, she died in about half an hour. There was great sorrow amongst all the teachers and children, for this little girl was beloved for the earnestness of her character. She had learnt the lesson of life. She had been converted to God, and had in her turn become a little missionary to others, and truly it may be said of her that she, "being dead, yet speaketh."

Jaffa.

THE ancient name of Jaffa was Joppa, and means "beauty." It was the port of Jerusalem in the days of Solomon, and has been ever since. It was here, says Strabo, that Andromeda was given to the sea monster. Here Jonah took ship to flee from the presence of his Maker. On the occasion of a visit of St. Peter the aged Tabitha was raised to life (ix. 36-43). Here also, on the housetop of Simon the tanner, by the seaside, St. Peter had his "Vision of Tolerance" (Acts x., xi.). Napoleon I. sacked the place, and the "massacres of Jaffa" leave a stain upon his reputation that can never be removed. There is now a railway between Jaffa and Jerusalem. What would David have thought of a locomotive whistling into his city? Just before this railway was made the writer was staying at Malta, and was told the following by a naval officer. He said that during its summer cruise our Mediterranean fleet arrived at Jaffa, and some of the officers thought that, as the place was only forty miles from Jerusalem, the opportunity ought not to be lost of allowing the bluejackets to visit that place. An arrangement accordingly was made with Messrs. Cook and Sons to supply camels, asses and other beasts of burden to carry officers and men who were off duty and who wished to go. At the appointed time petty officers went between decks calling out, "The Jerusalem party fall in!" Those who were sensitive to ridicule on the subject of religion were shy about doing this, thinking that the expedition was a sort of big Bible class. When the time comes for us to fall in and march to the New Jerusalem which is above and which is free, surely we shall not be unwilling or, let us hope, unready to do so.



(Photo: Bonfils.)

VIEW OF JAFFA FROM THE GARDENS.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Cumberland** (for which applications were invited up to June 30th, 1899) has been gained by

MR. JOSEPH HEWSON,
St. Helen's Street,
Cockermouth,

who has distinguished himself by **sixty** complete years of service in All Saints' Sunday School, Cockermouth.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

CAMBRIDGE,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before July 31st, 1899. We may add that **Norfolk** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being August 31st, 1899. This county, in its turn, will be followed by the county of **Suffolk**, for which the date will be one month later—viz. September 30th, 1899.

These announcements are made subject to the general reservation included in our notices of the last two or three months.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from June 1st, 1899, up to and including June 30th, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* J. J. E., Govan (139th donation), 5s.; J. McE. (2nd donation), 1s.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; A Glasgow Mother (109th donation), 1s.; Mrs. L. (2nd donation), 5s.; J. McE. (3rd donation), 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* L. A., 10s.; An Irish Girl, £1 15s.; Anon., £1 1s. The following amounts were sent direct:—S. J., 2s. 6d.; M. A. H., 5s.; In Memoriam, C. A. S., 10s. 6d.; A. C., £1.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund:* M. L. Barker, 2s. 6d.; A Constant Reader, 2s.

For *The St. Giles Christian Mission:* A Friend, 2s 6d.

THE QUIVER WAIFS' FUND.

Balance Sheet to June 30th, 1899.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, June 30th, 1898	30	10	3	By Cash paid to Dr Barnardo's Home	16	0	0
Subscriptions received and acknowledged in the pages of THE QUIVER since last Balance Sheet	27	3	8	Do. Miss Sharman's Home	15	0	0
				Balance in hand	26	13	11
	£57	13	11		£57	13	11

THE QUIVER CHRISTMAS STOCKING FUND.

Balance Sheet to June 30th, 1899.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Balance of Hampers Fund transferred	0	10	11	By Cash paid to Williamsons, Ltd., Fenchurch Street, for 1,600 stockings	65	3	6
Subscriptions received and acknowledged in the pages of THE QUIVER, 1898	65	18	7	Balance in hand	1	7	0
Do. do. 1899	0	1	0				
	£66	10	6		£66	10	6

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

109. In what way does the prophet Ezekiel illustrate the growth of the knowledge of God in the world?

110. How may this be seen in the spread of the Gospel?

111. Quote a passage from the prophecy of Isaiah which is said to have influenced Cyrus, King of Persia, to release the Jews from captivity?

112. What special command did Cyrus say he had received from God?

113. When the Jews returned from captivity, in what part of the Holy Land did they reside?

114. In what way did Cyrus help the Jews to build their Temple?

115. How soon after their return from the Captivity did the Jews recommence the daily sacrifice?

116. What people applied to the Jews for permission to help in building the Temple?

117. Under whose supervision was the Temple rebuilt?

118. What does the prophet Haggai give as a reason why the Jews were so long in rebuilding the Temple?

119. In what way did God show His displeasure at the Jews' neglect in building the Temple?

120. What two prophets stirred up the Jews to begin again the work of rebuilding?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 864.

97. The miraculous preservation of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace (Dan. iii. 28, 29).

98. It convinced Nebuchadnezzar of the power of the God of the Jews (Dan. iii. 25, 28).

99. By a severe mental disorder of seven years sent as a punishment for pride (Dan. iv. 5, 17, 30, and 37).

100. Dan. v. 19.

101. Belshazzar used the sacred vessels out of the Temple as drinking cups at a great feast (Dan. v. 2, 3, and 23).

102. When Darius took Babylon, he added the Chaldean empire to his own; he then divided the whole Medean empire into one hundred and twenty districts, over each of which he placed a prince, and over these he appointed three presidents, of whom Daniel was the chief (Dan. vi. 1, 2).

103. King Darius acknowledged the Divine power of God, declaring Him to be the only true God (Dan. vi. 26).

104. He told them that the desolate land should become once more as the Garden of Eden, and that they should again dwell in their own land (Ezek. xxxvi. 34, 37).

105. Ezek. xxxvii. 16-18.

106. By the vision of "dry bones" (Ezek. xxxvii. 11-14).

107. General resurrection of mankind (Ezek. xxxvii. 1-10).

108. In the Book of Daniel (Dan. iii. 6, 15).

A HARVEST HYMN

BY CANON TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

In the summer sunshine bright'ning
Nurtured by soft dew and rain,
Plenteous crops to harvest whit'ning
Wave along the fruitful plain,
Till the autumn's ruddy glory
Fills each ear with golden grain.



Lo! the husbandman rejoices
As the corn the reapers shear,
And the songs of many voices
Through the fields the toilers cheer;
Man rejoicing in his labour
Is a hymn God loves to hear.

We have sown in expectation,
Trusting in a gracious Lord;
Watched in hope, with supplication
Green blades ripening on the sward;
And in thankful jubilation
We have reaped and we have stored.

Thanks to God, Whose loving power
Raised the dead seed from the tomb,
And with sunshine and with shower
Made it live, and grow, and bloom
Till, in golden beauty ripened,
We have brought our harvest home.



Lord, may we, Thine own creation,
Through life's sunshine and its shower
Both in joy and tribulation,
Still be ripening for the hour
When, in all the Father's glory,
Jesus comes in kingly power.

And, His angel-reapers sending
To that harvest work sublime,
Who o'er their bright sickles bending
Reap the crop of all earth's time:
May we be meet fruit to gather
For our Master's heavenly clime.

When, with shouts of exultation
Pealing up to Heaven's bright dome,
Angel hosts in jubilation
To celestial garners come,
Bearing from each clime and nation
Souls redeemed—God's Harvest Home!

Praise the God of all creation:
Father-uncreated Lord;
Praise the Son—our great Salvation,
Jesus the Incarnate Word
Give the Spirit adoration;
Be the Triune God adored. Amen.

T. H. R.

A VISIT TO THE KINGDOM OF SILENCE.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN AT PLAY.

(At the Old Kent Road Asylum.)

SILENCE is golden—so the old saying goes. Yet who would accept all the treasures of the mine in exchange for the gift of speech, though it may be only silvern, and it must be tarnished with its peculiar temptations?

Silence — sad, rather than golden — reigned supreme in a roomful of children. This place, where a reprimand for ill-timed prattling was unknown, was an institution for the deaf and dumb in the United States. One voice only broke the stillness. For an hour an examiner plied the small students with questions which their master interpreted by manual signs, and they answered by a quotation from the Bible on the blackboard. The eyes of a visitor from England, the Rev. Canon Wilberforce, were turned upon a little face which fell sadly before the question, "Can you tell me why God Almighty should have withheld from you the power to hear, whilst He has given it to me and to most people?" After a brief hesitation, the child's brow cleared, and he wrote on the board: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Did that little deaf mute realise that this verse follows our Lord's thanksgiving that His Father, the Lord of heaven and earth, had revealed to babes the mysteries that are hidden from the wise and prudent? The word "Father" is almost the first that a pupil in an institution for the deaf and dumb learns to articulate, and it is well if, under this name, he first thinks of an Almighty Creator. Where wisdom fails to solve the problems of pain and privation, faith in the fatherhood and perfect love of God prevails, and silences all captious questions.

At one time the region of silence was unexplored. It was not until the sixteenth century that a physician,

Gerome Cardan, of Pavia, discovered that deaf mutes have all the organs of speech, and boldly proclaimed that they could be made to use them. He visited England in the reign of Edward VI., and was well received. It is believed that a Benedictine monk, Pedro de Ponce, of St. Salvador, first put Cardan's theory into practice, and experimented successfully on several members of noble families of Spain, deaf from birth. A century later, in 1648, England produced a "Deaf and Dumb Man's Friend." John Bulwer, a physician, and the author of a book with this title, made the first essay to teach the language of signs. He also showed the "philosophical verity of the subtle art which may enable one with observant eyes to hear what any man says by the movement of the lips." Scotland followed England in raising up pioneers to invade the kingdom of silence, and the movement spread through Holland, Switzerland, France, and other countries of Europe. All this and more besides is related by the historians of this bloodless revolution—notably, the late Dr. Arnold, of Northampton, in the introduction to his book, "A Method of Teaching the Deaf and Dumb Speech and Lip Language."

At the invitation of Frederick Augustus of Saxony, Heinicke founded an institution at Leipsic in 1778, where lip language only was taught. This method became generally known as the German system, whilst the sign method is called the French system. A few years earlier, however, in 1760, Mr. Thomas Braidwood, "the father of British instructors of the deaf and dumb," had a school in Edinburgh, where he taught his pupils to speak. He carried out a course of instruction proposed in 1698 by Dr. John Wallis, Savilian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Oxford. It is to the credit of England that as soon as it was realised, through successful experiments on the rich, that deafness need not be the sentence to perpetual ignorance, projects to benefit the afflicted children of the poor sprang into existence. In 1780, King George III. subscribed £100 towards a public institution for the gratuitous education of the deaf and dumb, and in 1792 the first in Great Britain was founded in the rural village of Bermondsey. The rector of the parish, the Rev. H. Cox Mason, and a Nonconformist minister, the Rev. John

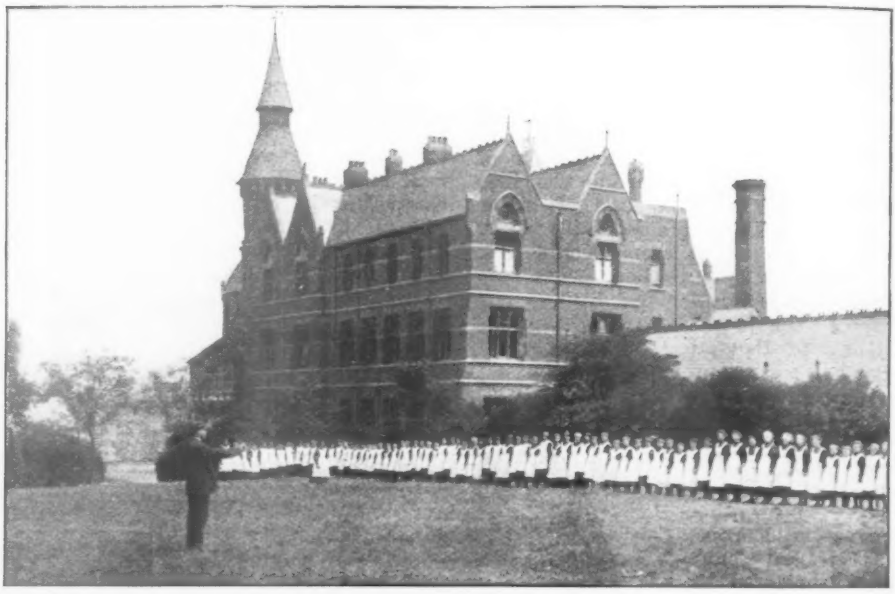


(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

TEACHING THE DUMB TO SPEAK.

(By means of the vibration of the vocal organs.)

Townsend, raised the funds and gained the public interest for this novel charity. Dr. Watson, the nephew and assistant of Mr. Braidwood, who in 1783 had removed his school from Edinburgh to



DRILL AT THE MARGATE ASYLUM.

Hackney, became the Principal, and held the post for thirty-seven years.

The existence of this asylum revealed the unrecognised numbers of deaf and dumb children in the United Kingdom. Candidates for admission far exceeded the accommodation. A plot of ground was taken in the Old Kent Road, and on July 11th, 1807, the Duke of Gloucester, the active and liberal patron of the Society, laid the foundation stone of a new building.

Time, "like an ever-rolling stream," immersed the surrounding green fields with the city's overflow of bricks and mortar; it enfeebled the house, and at length forced it to give place to the present more commodious erection, and, so far as size was concerned, to take a second place to the daughter asylum at Margate.

On their election, the candidates, who must be between their seventh and tenth birthdays, enter the London branch, and remain there for eighteen months, when they go on to Margate to finish their education. At these two schools there were last year altogether three hundred and forty-five children. From its foundation, the institution has educated and sent out into the world upwards of 5,500 boys and girls. The elections take place on the second Monday in January and July. Forms of application for admission must be obtained through the Secretary, 93, Cannon Street, E.C.

The asylum in the Old Kent Road is a link with the past century. The Board Room contains the busts of Dr. Watson and the Rev. John Townsend, presented by the Duke of Gloucester. The marble effigies look down on a model of the original building. The institutions moulded on the same pattern which have spread throughout the provinces, with their inmates, are the lasting and living memorials of men who have taken up the cause of those who could not plead for themselves.

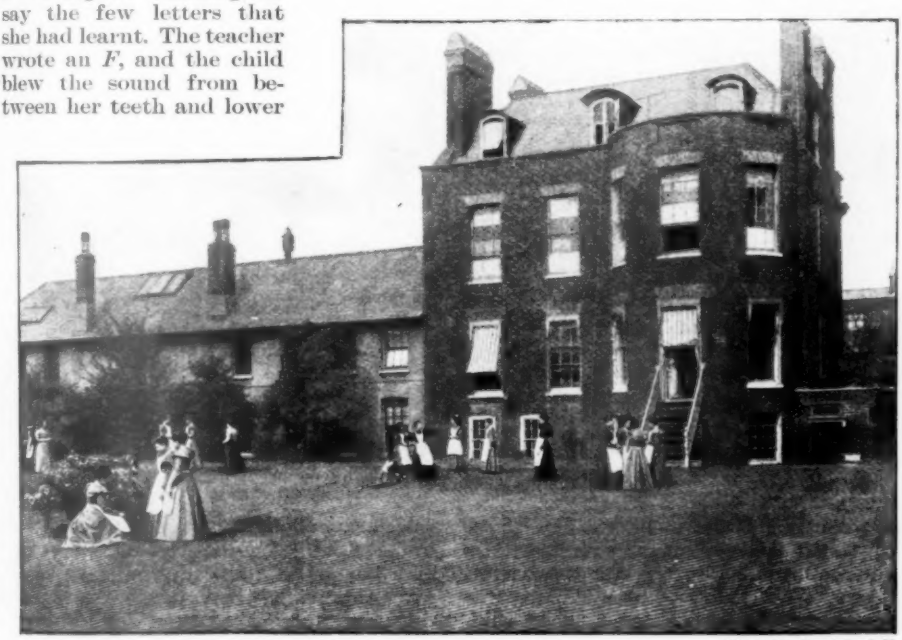
The prevailing impression, on passing from the empty Board Room into a well-filled class-room, is the silence. This is

followed by a sensation of being the centre of vision — the observed of all observers. Eyes of indescribable expression meet one on all sides, where four senses struggle to do the work of five, and to take in the communications that find no admission at the closed ears. Intent, alert, inquiring—for an instant, they bring to mind the look of a hound waiting for his master's direction or approving word. Then the intensely human gleam of understanding, or the smiling response to an order in that new language of the lips, without which they must remain foreigners in their own country, reveals the soul more or less awakened.

In the Old Kent Road the German system only is taught. The newest and least advanced pupils were standing in a ring round the blackboard, and the Principal called a very sweet-looking little girl of eight years old, who had only had a fortnight's teaching, to say the few letters that she had learnt. The teacher wrote an *F*, and the child blew the sound from between her teeth and lower lip with perfect clearness. An *H* was written; she hesitated. The teacher took her hand and breathed on it; a look of recollection and a good aspirate followed. These letters, as well as the sounds of *P*, *Th* and others, produced by means that a child can see and copy with lips and tongue, are the first and easiest to learn, for the imitative faculty is usually strong in the deaf. Some chubby knuckles were pressed against the chins when certain words were required.

"That is to feel the vibration of different sounds," the teacher said; "some vibrate on the chin, some on the head. In this class all feel the words in learning to speak, but they give it up as soon as they are promoted to a higher one."

She took a very favourite toy out of a cupboard and held it before each in turn. All but two in the class said "top" distinctly. One exception was the little girl who was not sufficiently advanced; the other a little boy of the same age, whose lips and tongue moved like the rest, but without producing any articulate sound. The teacher said she feared he could not learn to speak; she had tried to teach him, and had given him special attention for six months, but without results. This was not due, however, to want of intelligence; if he



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE HOME FOR DEAF AND DUMB WOMEN, CLAPTON.

could not say the word, he could write it on the board in a masterly fashion. This boy was to go on shortly to Margate, without waiting the ordinary eighteen months, in order to learn the sign language. There, as in most institutes, both French and German systems are used. Seventy-five to 80 per cent. learn orally. It is calculated that in the great kingdom of silence, speech must be always beyond at least 25 per cent. In some instances the vocal organs are paralysed; in others they have grown stiff from want of exercise. The earlier children begin to speak the better. Of one little boy, whose voice was pleasant to the ears, the teacher said, "We had him at seven years old, and that always makes a difference." The class next in advance learn to make sentences, and say in answer to the questions, "What is this?" or "What is that?" "That is your watch," or "This is my pinafore."

All this is taught by imitation. But to attain the use and modulation of a voice without hearing it is uphill work.

"Do you admit candidates who are deficient in intellect as well as deaf and dumb?" I asked.

"No; but some children whose relatives have thought them deficient have proved as bright as any others in the school. They only wanted to be understood."

That natural and crying want, which is likely to be a constant source of irritation, may be at least partially satisfied. Though one great avenue of understanding is for ever closed, others can be opened, and by cultivation the organs of sight and touch increase in compass and capacity. The power to enjoy this fair world, and to use the gifts with which Nature has endowed the deaf as well as others, need not be lost for want of exercise. Children enter keenly into the pleasure afforded by the gymnasium and playground belonging to the fine building at Margate. On May Day they follow the lead of



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A CLASS AT CLAPTON.

(Instructing deaf and dumb adults.)



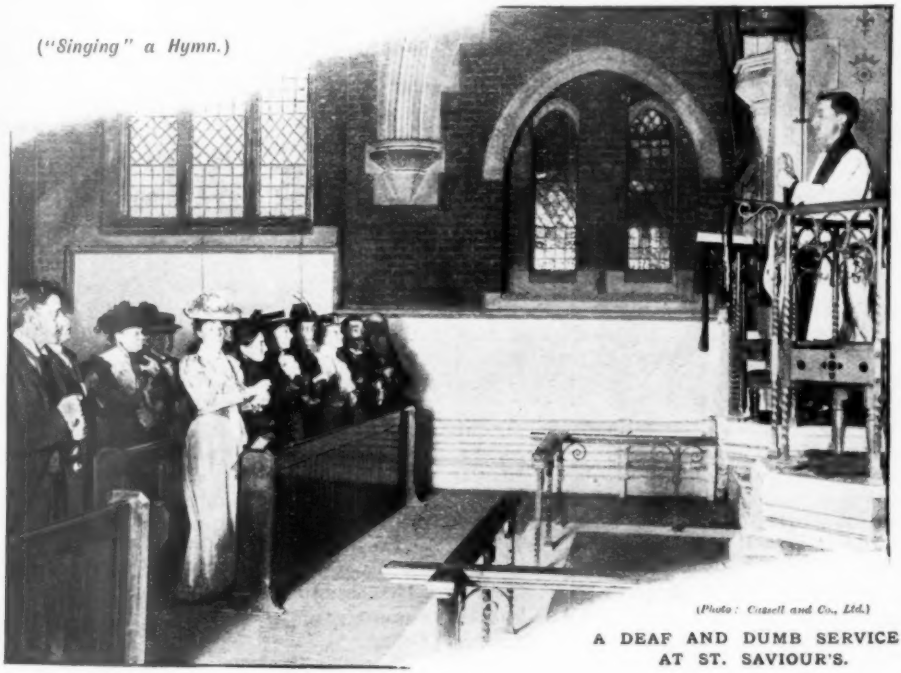
(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE REV. F. W. G. GILBY.

Whitelands College in celebrating the festival of spring, and crown the May Queen of their choice. They are trained in a means of livelihood, and when, at the age of sixteen, they leave school, it is with a reasonable hope of being able, at least eventually, to maintain themselves. The Society makes grants to apprentice those whose parents have not the means to do so. During the last eighty-seven years it has provided £20,000 for this purpose.

The number of uneducated deaf mutes is rapidly decreasing. Infirmity is no longer accepted as a "reasonable excuse" for parents neglecting to send their children to school. An Act passed in 1893 has made it obligatory for them to be under instruction until the age of sixteen. The wings of the School Board are expansive enough to spread over a large proportion of the silent population. The British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females, Lower Clapton, meets the need of girls who, being over ten, are ineligible for election in any other institution. Candidates enter between the ages of ten and thirty by the votes of subscribers or by payment. It is the only home for adult deaf mutes in the United Kingdom. An old-fashioned country house, with its coach-house and offices, built about two hundred years ago, has

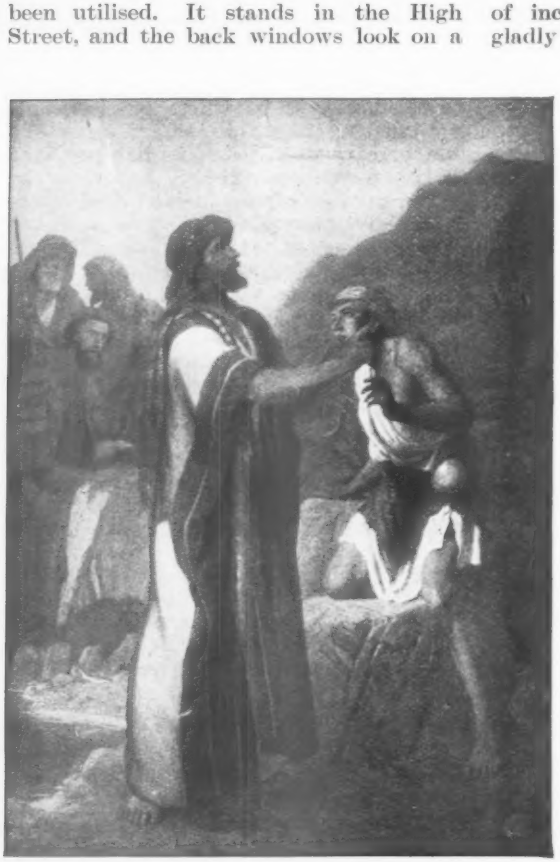
("*Singing*" *a Hymn.*)



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

A DEAF AND DUMB SERVICE AT ST. SAVIOUR'S.

been utilised. It stands in the High Street, and the back windows look on a large garden where years have brought the trees and grass to the beauty of maturity. A promising little girl was introduced as the "baby" of the family. The younger members look onward to going out into the world with an honourable means of independence; the older, to ending their days in a peaceful home. Last year the two eldest died—one, who had lived for forty-seven years in the institution, at the age of eighty-three.



CHRIST HEALING THE DEAF AND DUMB.

(A picture painted by a deaf and dumb artist. Formerly exhibited in the Royal Academy, and now in the Lecture Hall at St. Saviour's.)

On Wednesday afternoons this asylum is open to public inspection. Some inmates may be seen engaged in the needlework that is a considerable source of income, and for which orders are gladly received. Others are deep in sums, or writing, or in the training master's lesson from the blackboard, on which the collect for next Sunday is written. A patient, almost sightless face becomes all attention as he takes the left hand which does duty for eyes and ears and with his right gives a special explanation on the fingers. "That is very true," she says, when he reminds her of old sources of gladness that ever remain new, and, looking at her expression at this moment, no one would doubt her assurance that she is very happy. The scientific definition of death, "A falling out of correspondence with environment," might appear in some degree begun in the deaf, dumb, and blind; but, in spite of all bars to correspondence with the world, they may be alive to spiritual things.

A desire to seek after God, and to worship Him unitedly in their own language, has led deaf mutes to form associations among themselves. One such association met in a City coffee-house about 1840, and grew in strength and importance until its members felt the need of a special place of worship. To meet this demand, St. Saviour's Church, with the lecture hall beneath it, was built in Oxford Street, on a site given by the Duke of Westminster. The Prince and Princess of Wales laid the foundation stone in 1870, and it was opened in June, 1873. The following August, by special permission of her Majesty, the Society became the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb. It has since founded seven other centres, each having its own organisations, such as relief, provident, cricket, or other clubs.

In these churches hands are literally lifted up together in praise to God. The congregation sing in the combination of finger and the more concise and energetic sign or pantomime language. The faces

that in every-day life bear no stamp of infirmity to draw compassion are raised, instead of being bowed, in devotion. The eyes, instead of being closed, intently follow the animated hands of the clergyman. These distinctive gestures, together with the solemn stillness, impress a stranger with the reality and the separateness of the kingdom of silence.

The chaplains of St. Saviour's have been in succession the Revs. Samuel Smith, C. Rhind, W. Stainer—whose service and enthusiasm for the deaf in each case only closed with their life—and the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby, the present chaplain, whose parents being deaf and dumb, feels naturally much sympathy for this Association. His indefatigable energy is ably seconded by Mrs. Gilby, who is thoroughly conversant with the sign and manual language.

The church is remarkable not only for architectural beauty and the absence of columns or of anything that would obstruct the full view of the officiating clergy, but for the decorative art contributed by the deaf and dumb.

Christianity's victorious course leaves its traces in overcoming infirmity. Census returns show that in each decade since 1854 the proportion of the increase of the deaf with that of the ordinary population has been progressively less. Science has discovered the causes and methods for the prevention of deafness in infancy; half the number of deaf mutes have lost their hearing after birth. But the world does not realise that there are in Great Britain and Ireland 22,000 persons deaf and dumb. The asylum in Bristol contains a specimen of skilful wood-carving by an ex-pupil. The prophetic words stand out in bold relief: "Then the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped and the tongue of the dumb sing." That promise awaits fulfilment, and a silent crowd still look to the physically well-endowed for compensations that sympathy and self-denial can bring within their reach.

D. L. Woolmer.



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

"HOW DO YOU DO?"

(Mr. and Mrs. Gilby conversing in deaf and dumb language.)

To and Fro.



A Love Story.

By Mrs. Neil Macleod.

THE great mail steamer, bound for Australia, was cutting steadily through the dancing waves, under a cloudless sky. The stern, mountainous coast of Crete lay to the left, with the snow shining here and there on the brown hill-tops. The days of sickness and misery were over, and the passengers had formed themselves into those little groups, or cliques, which indicate so curiously the laws of human affinity. One of the last among the travellers to find companions had been a young nurse, in a pretty flowing uniform of dark blue. She was too serious and gentle to quite suit the fast, vivacious young people on board; while she was at the same time too youthful herself and of too strongly marked a character to be altogether at home amongst their elders. She seemed also to be a little set apart by the fact that she was going out to India as a medical missionary.

"I really feel that I hardly know how to approach her, her manner is sometimes so still and reserved," remarked even good-natured Mrs. MacNab, who knew everybody on board; "but she is so sweet and pretty, poor dear, that I can't help looking at her."

During the last day or two, however, the girl had ceased to be a solitary figure. Her new acquaintance was an active, muscular young Scotchman, sandy-haired, grey-eyed, and of a forcible type of countenance. He had deserted the little knot of young men who had been his first companions, and now these two paced up and down the deck with rapid, vigorous steps, talking busily

At first they only spoke of the countries along whose shores they sailed—of Gibraltar, Malta, Italy, Greece; of soldiers and sailors, and of life in the far colonies—for Kenneth Grant, the young man in question, was going to New Zealand.

Before long, however, their talk began to be more personal and confidential. They ceased to walk about, but sat quietly together on their low deck chairs seeming to deprecate any attempt to add to their company. They had a subject of overwhelming interest to discuss. This subject was their future—the life and career which each had chosen—and they did not agree at all in their views of the matter.

"I think it is a great mistake of yours, this going to India, you know,"

XUM

declared the young man boldly, one day, when they were ensconced, side by side, in a cosy corner, under the deck awning. "How do you suppose you will stand the climate, for one thing?"

May West smiled slightly, though her eyes were grave, and she was visibly a little shocked by his sudden speech.

"Oh, I'm very strong," she said presently: "but I never thought much about it. I don't mind heat in the least."

"That's because you don't know what it is," returned the other. "Besides, as to nursing and teaching sick and ignorant people, isn't there plenty of such work to do at home, if anyone like you ought to do it at all?" he added, with a ring of jealous discontent in his tone.

"But if you thought that this was the very thing you must do, that you were drawn—*called*—to it?" The girl's voice was low, and had a thrill of awe in it. Her eye-lashes drooped; she looked very sweet and grave; but her companion felt that she was provokingly far away from ordinary views and considerations.

There was a minute's silence, then he demanded somewhat aggressively, "What's the *idea* now? What do you think that you, specially, are going to achieve amongst these miserable native folks, for instance?"

"How can you speak so? You know nothing at all about them," she responded indignantly, with a sudden flash in her large grey eyes.

"Do you?" was the quick retort. "Well, well, I won't press it; only it seems to me that you look at all this business through a haze of rose colour. You imagine a gorgeous, dream-like land, where the sun is always shining, and there are domes, and minarets, and palm-trees—all that sort of thing. Then you fancy yourself coming like an angel amongst a lot of black and yellow women and children, who'll love you to adoration, and do whatever you bid them, until they are as good as you are yourself."

"Indeed, indeed, I don't: you put it quite unfairly," protested the young girl, with glowing cheeks, but with a slight tendency to laugh at the relentlessly expressed fraction of truth in the young man's picture.

"Yes, you do," insisted he. "I gather it from what you say yourself; and you cannot in the least realise the heat and exhaustion, the unhealthy places you will go into, the selfish stupidity of the low, inferior people you will work amongst, the sin and misery of it all."

Another little pause followed; then May West said gently, but in a tone that expressed settled resolution: "These very things—the sin and misery—are just what make me want to do this work. If the people are what you say, they need the help I can give them all the more." In a lighter vein she added: "Of course, I expect plenty of disagreeables."

"Disagreeables in the abstract," put in her friend, pertinaciously.

"Don't you think I am tolerably patient with disagreeables in the concrete?" she asked demurely, measuring him up and down with her soft yet courageous glance.

He started to his feet. "After such a pungent sting as that, I may as well go and have a smoke," he remarked; "but I meant well, Miss West, and I wish some cleverer person had said the same things to you before now."

May only smiled. "It would have made no difference," was all she answered.

After this skirmish the two young people rather avoided each other for a little while. Kenneth feared that he had spoken too unreservedly, and had perhaps even lost the delightful new friend to whom it was so mysteriously easy to say exactly what he thought. He was an idiot, he told himself. She was embarked on her venture; why should he damp her sweet enthusiasm? He would apologise, if she would only give him a chance. But May West had not heeded what he said much; she had been principally struck by his manner, his personality. He interested her, and she felt more solitary than ever, now that she was once again thrown back upon herself.

"After all, though, I must not mind being lonely," she thought. "I shall often have to put up with that when I am out in India."

It was evening, and she was standing at the vessel's side in the soft warm

darkness, watching the phosphorescent light that gleamed on the water. "God will take care of me," she murmured simply, half as the expression of a consoling idea, half as a sighed-out prayer for protection against unknown future sorrow. Suddenly she started, for someone had paused beside her, laying a hand on the rail close to her own. It was Kenneth Grant, of course.

"I hope you are not very angry about what I said the other day," he pleaded in a subdued, friendly tone. "Your aims are so much higher than mine, your life so much nobler, I had no right to speak at all on the matter."

"Oh, no; I did not mind *very* much," she answered quickly; "but I should like to ask you just one question."

"Ask anything you like," he returned fervently.

"Well, did you really mean what you said—was it your actual thought?"

"Yes, it was," came the decided response. "Only, I was an ass to express it; besides, possibly I was quite wrong. After all, you will live two lives, as it were, by seeking new work in a new country — satisfy your curiosity — widen your experience——" He stopped, checked by the curious little smile which played about her lips, as she turned slightly, and the electric light flashed upon her face.

"You almost seemed to be speaking a foreign language just now," she explained. "What you say is so totally unlike my own way of thinking about my work. Shall we walk up and down a little?"

They turned and paced the deck. The night breeze was blowing, the waves raced past the ship. The smoke, the stars, the light clouds—all seemed to be flying from them like the moment's opportunity.

"You haven't asked your question yet," he reminded her presently.

"Yes, I have; but I want to ask another. You criticise me severely; now what do *you* mean to do in New Zealand? What is your great idea? I think I ought to have my turn at criticism."

"I want to make money," was the prompt reply. "It doesn't sound very pretty, and yet that is about the whole scheme."

"Why?" Such a soft, innocent, quietly spoken monosyllable, yet Kenneth was strangely taken aback by it.

"I must get on," he answered, recovering himself. "Every man has his way to make, in some shape or other. I hate a life of routine and sitting still. I like outdoor work, and I don't mind roughing it; but I'm quite practical, I've no romance."

She bit her lip. "But you would like to be useful?" she questioned, rather timidly.

"I don't know—perhaps, if it came in by the way. I am fighting for my own hand, you see. I must go ahead!"

"Not at the expense of others."

"Sometimes, no doubt. It's the way of the world. Nearly everyone is selfish; if I don't take advantage of circumstances, somebody else will, and I don't propose to sit down and watch their game."

"There is just one thing not to be lost sight of." May spoke softly, though her breathing quickened.

"What is that? My precious character, talents, and so on. They must take care of themselves!"

"Not exactly. It is just that you must not lose sight of what you are intended for — what God intends for you."

He made no reply, and when she could bear the silence no longer she said suddenly, "Good-night, Mr. Grant, I'm rather tired this evening," and flitted from him into the companion way.

"It had to be said," she whispered, when alone in her cabin; "but, oh! why are we so near in one way and so far, far apart in another? I will keep away from him—he hurts me. I forget my work, and I lose hold of my hopes about it; all seems to grow dim and unreal. Never mind; it will soon, soon be over!"

If this last idea were intended to afford solace, it did not appear to be very successful, for she broke down and sobbed bitterly. Then she dried her tears, with inward self-reproach, and lay down: never dreaming that the great tide of human love was stealing warmly round her heart.

May wakened early one morning to find the steamer stationary. Instead of the throb of the engines, a chorus of chattering cries filled her ears. The air was very hot and still down below, so she hastened to dress and go on deck. A scene as novel as beautiful met her eyes.

The sea lay quiet, an expanse of opaline hue, gently ruffled by the breeze of dawn; thin clouds of vapour were rolling up to a tenderly flushed sky. A low, far-trending shore was gradually revealed; it was heavily wooded with the cocoa-palm—one long billow everlastingly broke in foam where the emerald turf seemed to meet the yellow beach. Here and there the palm-groves thinned out to a feathery fringe, where single trees outlined themselves, starlike, against the fleecy sky. The eye travelled on to take in red-tiled roofs, weather-beaten temples, and low, square towers; also a long stretch of breakwater and wooden piers. It was Colombo, the place of parting, and they were anchored in the harbour.

"And how do you like your first sight of India?" inquired Mrs. MacNab, a determined-looking but kindly old lady in spectacles, who was one of her principal friends on board.

"Oh, it is beautiful! I never dreamed it could be half so lovely. I long to see more of it."

"We must go ashore together," said Mrs. MacNab. "I want to buy some things and have a drive, but I should never muster courage by myself, the natives are so troublesome."

"They look good-natured enough," observed May, peeping over the side at the upturned, smiling bronze faces of a row of boys, who knelt on a narrow raft below. Even as she looked, all but one disappeared headlong in the green water, to come up gay and eager as ever, a few seconds later, one holding between his white teeth a small coin which had been thrown from the ship.

"Quite too good-natured for anything; they are a perfect terror," said her companion. "The only way to drive them off is to take a stout sunshade and beat them well with it."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that," cried May; "perhaps there will be no need. How graceful they are! What perfect attitudes! Each group is a picture; we seem quite clumsy in comparison!"



Suddenly she started.

"Do you think so, my dear? Well, it's a good thing you admire them. I dare-say you will see plenty of such people before you are many years older," remarked the old lady. "I suppose you leave us to-morrow? There are the Indian steamers, lying against the break-water." May looked, with a strange contraction of the heart, and a cloud came over her face.

Nothing, however, could spoil her enjoyment of this wonderful day. They seemed to have stepped into fairyland. The tropical vegetation, the gorgeous scarlet and yellow blossoms, the pungent, spicy odours, and the sight of the beautiful, dark-eyed native children—all entranced the unaccustomed English girl. The heat was intense, and the sunshine a fierce, blazing downpour of light, from which they hurried to escape. After their drive through the cinnamon gardens they were glad to find themselves in the cool, shady native bazaar, with its glittering piles of tissues, film-like silks, and strange toys and ornaments.



Just then up sailed Mrs. MacNab.

"I want to see some stones," whispered Mrs. MacNab. "I am told you can sometimes get wonderful bargains at these native bazaars—sapphires, diamonds, moonstones—such opportunities! *They* don't know."

"Don't they?" queried May dubiously. She glanced at the tall Cingalese, who stood obsequiously near; he was draped in a flowing linen garment, and his black hair was arranged in a kind of "bun" fastened with a tortoiseshell comb. He looked solemn, watchful, impassive—a quite incalculable quantity.

A moment or two more and he had bustled forward. Trays of moonstone ornaments set in silver were shown. Little papers of single unset gems—or what looked like them—were displayed. May could not suppress an exclamation of delight as a glittering, transparent, amber stone struck her eyes. "How very pretty! What is that, I wonder?" she said, not noticing that her companion had moved away a little.

"Tourmaline! ver' fine, only eighteen and sixpence," responded the merchant. May hastily drew back, but her fate was upon her. "Now, lady, dat for you. Dis is New Year coming in; you shall bring me de goot luck with dat stone! I wish you have it, I see it yours. You shall take it. Tourmaline! Bring goot luck, sixteen shilling! Twelve, eleven! Now, lady, now. Oh, yes. Never mind money. You show it at hotel and pay manager if it all right. I want de goot luck for New Year from you. Nine shilling? Seven, six?" But May had lost all faith in the tourmaline from hearing this rapidly sliding scale of prices, and indeed had no wish to expend any of her slender store of money on either glass or precious stone. Blushing, she tried to escape, and just then up sailed Mrs. MacNab, the happy possessor of two "sapphires," wrapped in a morsel of tissue paper, also a pair of good-sized ebony elephants, one under each arm, and an unmanageable basket composed of porcupine's quills. "Shall we be going now?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," cried May, relieved; but the wily owner of the tourmaline accompanied them into the street. He reiterated, pressed, persuaded, and half-threatened, clinging to them like a burr. They dived into the nearest hotel to escape him, and partook of a mysterious and costly "tiffin" in order to give him plenty of time to get away. Then they peeped out of the front windows, between the great plants of maidenhair fern, to see if the coast was clear.

No! exactly opposite, sheltered by a Japanese umbrella, motionless as fate, stood the Cingalese, waiting for them to come out.

"What shall I do? However am I to get back to the steamer, with him pursuing me?" asked May nervously.

"Who is annoying you?" asked a friendly masculine voice behind her, and Kenneth Grant came to her side. "Is it that fellow? What does he want? Shall I go and settle him?" The ladies explained both together.

"Are his things pretty?" inquired the young man.

"Very," answered May with enthusiasm. "The tourmaline was the prettiest of all; but the moonstones are like snow in moonlight—or ice-water—anything cool and delightful."

It never entered her unsophisticated head that, when Grant strode up to the immobile merchant and both disappeared under the hotel parapet, he would plunge into the bazaar and secure both the tourmaline and the prettiest set of moonstones he could find.

Ere long he hastened back to them with a radiant countenance, and took them out to a wide, cool verandah, where they could rest and watch the lazily breaking waves and lengthening shadows. The three were very happy together, for it was one of those hours when novelty, kindliness, mental affinity, and the consciousness of approaching separation, combine to make a little company gay, artless, and friendly as good children.

It was only when they reached the steamer once more that May remembered how she must pack to-night, and to-morrow be transferred to one of those other vessels which looked so foreign and unfriendly, because they represented division and farewell.

"We 've enjoyed ourselves so much, Mr. Grant," declared Mrs. MacNab before they parted company. "Haven't we, Miss West?"

"Very much," echoed May, with a sigh she could not repress. But she

did not linger, and Grant remained alone on deck, watching how

"The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out—
With one stride comes the dark."

As he listened idly to the laughter and chattering in the catamarans below, he wondered why he had suddenly grown so heavy-hearted, and why he could not make up his mind to show his little friend, the nurse, the moonstones and the tourmaline, begging her to keep them in memory of a happy day.

Perhaps he feared to say too much, perhaps he would not risk a repulse; at any rate, he could not, and he did not, show them. Next day they parted with a simple handshake, each carrying on his and her lonely way a memory which they hardly knew whether to call a pleasure or a pain.

It was four years later, and the scene was again the harbour at Colombo. The P. and O. mail steamer bound for England lay at anchor, her coaling accomplished, and a tender had come alongside with the Indian passengers who were transhipped here. They were beginning to swarm on board, bringing mountains of baggage and piles of deck-chairs and lounges.

One of the last to come up was a slender young woman in the garb of a nurse. She was evidently recovering from a severe illness, and she walked so slowly and feebly as to appear lame. She seemed, however, to be keenly interested in the sights and sounds of the harbour, for she sat quite still on deck for a long time, watching how the native boys dived and sang and shouted on their tiny rafts, and how queer boats, manned by the strangest figures, came rocking over the water, bringing their loads of pineapples, bananas, and little green limes for the ship.

"It all looks exactly as it did four years ago; it is only I who have changed," she said to herself. Yes, May West was indeed changed, but not so much as she imagined. She showed the signs of long, wasting weeks of fever in her wan, white face, but a subtle, ethereal charm was stamped upon it which nothing could mar. The large eyes had a softly steadfast gaze, which expressed womanly power — resource, courage, resignation. All sick, suffering, and troubled people would be at home with her at once.

"Here comes somebody who might be Mrs. MacNab herself," she murmured, her lips curving into a smile, "and there —oh!"

She was observing a small craft, rowed by two or three wild-looking dark figures, and containing a party of passengers who had obviously been ashore on just such a shopping expedition as she had herself enjoyed when she was here four years ago. Her attention had been arrested by the figure of a man, who sprang alertly up behind the old lady who might have been Mrs. MacNab. He was still young, and his grey eyes flashed with life and health; but he was bearded, deeply sun-browned, and there were lines about his face that told of hard wear and tear.

The invalid gazed at him with lips apart, as if she had been turned to stone. Surely it was Kenneth Grant himself! The question was decided on the spot, for it happened that their eyes met as he looked up to the ship on rising from his seat.

The start he gave very nearly upset the boat, and tumbled the native lad, who was holding it against the ship's side, over into the water. Kenneth paid no heed to this, however, but came springing up the gangway, and in a moment was eagerly making his way to the sick girl on the lounge. She looked dumbly up at him with her pale, pathetic face, and, though she smiled, "the water stood in her eyes."

"Can it possibly be you, Miss West?" he cried joyfully; "you gave me such a start I nearly went to the bottom."

"You see, I have had rather a bad illness, and it has altered me very much," she said, with childlike humility. "I wonder that you recognised me at all."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he said hastily, as if shocked at such an interpretation of his speech. "I have never forgotten you for a single day. Do you know, I was actually going to India myself? I don't think I shall bother now. But never mind—we can talk about that afterwards; only let us shake hands for auld lang syne!"

They seemed to have dropped into the

old, delightfully inevitable friendliness all at once. As their hands met, his clasp strengthened, and they sat together, without withdrawal on either side, for a long moment or two of intense satisfaction. But May was faint with the shock of joyful surprise, and her friend, seeing this, hurried away to find the stewardess, after which he tenderly helped her to rise and go downstairs.

The stewardess was quite struck with his eager excitement.

"It looks like a case of old friends meeting," she observed to a crony; "I've seen such things before. Now, you notice, before she's been at sea a week she'll be another creature."

Kenneth Grant gave up all thoughts of going to India, sent his luggage down below again, and secured himself a fresh berth on the homeward-bound ship. Next day, when they were careering over the blue sea, with only a few white birds to remind them that land was near, he and May sat together as of old on deck and began to speak of what lay nearest the heart of each and of the interval since they had last met.

"I loved my work," said the girl, "but oh! how little I knew of what life was when we used to talk together! Much of what I saw and went through in India was so strange, so dreadful, so utterly unlike what I could have imagined; and yet it had such queer, humorous turns in it, I could explain it to no one. Then a great deal of what seemed hardest wasn't a bit romantic, and yet at last, you see, I broke down. I was called away to a fresh fever case just as I finished with another; there seemed to be no time to rest, or eat, or refresh in any way. I had such a long, hot journey, and I remember no more till just before I was sent home to recruit. A bad ending, isn't it?"



Between them they accomplished the important task.—*p.* 980.

"No, not at all! Women like you are lovely souls, the world's best heroines," said her companion, with a sternly repressed quiver in his voice.

May opened her large eyes. "That from you!" she cried, with a happy little laugh.

"Why not?" he answered. "Do you suppose *I* have learned nothing? I have made the beginnings of a home out there: but very little money, I can assure you, though I worked as I never could have imagined myself doing, for I had quickly determined to follow you to India as soon as I could see my way clear to do so. You remember, I knew your nursing association, so I believed I could find you out. Each year seemed an age, but I was learning to *live* all the time, and the great event of my life came to me out there."

He hesitated, and May's heart almost stood still. "What was it?" she whispered.

"I found God in the wilderness," he answered her solemnly.

There was deep, sacred silence between them for a little while: then May laid a thin hand gently on his arm. The hand was instantly captured and held fast between his own. "How very strange," she said, "that we should have been sent back to each other like this, just when we have learned to understand each other better!"

"Yes," assented Grant, with conviction, "and having been sent back to each other, as you say, we must never part any more."

"Do you remember the tourmaline that you wouldn't buy when you were at Colombo?" inquired the lover, after a happy interval.

"Yes, quite well," said May, "I always wondered what you did with that terrible man."

"The simplest thing in the world: I bought the stone. It was pretty, as you said, and I thought it would set well for a ring."

"Or a pin, perhaps," suggested May.

"I preferred the ring. It has been a kind of talisman to me ever since. When I was alone in the bush I would get it out and look at it. It reminded me of you, and of what you had said to me. I always cherished the idea that some day I should be able to show it to you—as I do now."

He drew forth a tiny casket and opened it.

"How lovely!—but it is a lady's ring," she said, peeping into his hand.

"Of course, what do I want with it? Will you put it on?"

"If you will help me," replied May blushingly; and between them, in time, they accomplished this important task.

May Grant wears the ring still. They never found out whether or no it really was a tourmaline for Grant did not care, and May would have held it sacrilege to make any inquiry on the subject.

LAND IN SIGHT.

HOW would it be, on life's rough sea,
If suddenly, to you—to me,
The cry should come
Of "Haven! Home!"

How would it be, if we should see,
The haven where we fain would be,
The land in sight,
In morn's fair light?

Should we not say, "Life's little day,
All, all too soon hath passed away.
Thy years I fain
Would live again.

"Would bear a part, with braver heart,
In life's tumultuous, busy mart,
With Heaven's fair prize
Before mine eyes"?

Like ships at sea, we glide, we flee,
And suddenly to you—to me,
The cry will come
Of "Haven! Home!"

CLARA THWAITES.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES.

IN SEPTEMBER.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A.



GENERAL WOLFE.

SEPTEMBER is rich in great names. We have heard so much this year of Oliver Cromwell that it is needless to write a new panegyric here. On September 3rd, the day of his triumphs at Dunbar and at Worcester, between three and four in the afternoon, the sick man, who had lain all day in a stupor, heaved a deep sigh and was gone. On September 13th, 1759, in the presence of the victory his own skill had won, died General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. He was but in his thirty-third year. "Unindebted," said Edmund Burke, "to family or connections, unsupported by intrigue or faction, he had accomplished the whole business of life at a time when others are only beginning to appear." September 29th saw the birth of two other great commanders. On that day, in the year 1725, there was born at Styche, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire, Robert Clive. "Among the many illustrious men India has produced," says Sir Charles Wilson, one of Clive's biographers, "none is greater than the first of her soldier-statesmen, whose successful career marks an era in the history of England and of the world." On the same day in 1758 was born Horatio Nelson, of whom who needs to be told anything?



LORD CLIVE.

(After the Painting by Gainsborough.)



LORD NELSON.

(After the Portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A.)

Let us pass from men of action to men whose fame was won in other fields. On September 18th, 1709, was born Samuel Johnson, whose figure looms large in the literary history of a brilliant period. With his memory we may join here that of one whose associations with literature stretched from the days of Johnson to those of Macaulay—Hannah More, who died on September 7th, 1833.

America as well as Great Britain has its interest in George Whitefield, one of the greatest of evangelists and preachers. He passed away at Newbury Port, New England, on September 30th, 1770.

A great modern preacher, H. P. Liddon,



GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Canon of St. Paul's, died on September 9th, 1800. The Rev. Charles Simeon, who was born on September 24th, 1759, also enjoyed distinction as a preacher, but is more famous for his general influence on the Evangelical school within the Church of England. His position at Cambridge has been compared to that of Newman at Oxford—with a difference.



(Photo: S. C. Whitfield, Watford.)

CANON LIDDON.

On September 7th, 1892, died John Greenleaf Whittier, poet and philanthropist. Born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, of Quaker parentage, he early worked as a farm-boy and shoemaker's assistant. Then he drifted into journalism, and threw himself into the anti-slavery cause. He is read and honoured on both sides of the Atlantic.

London has some reason to remember the month of September, for in the four days from September 2nd to September 6th, 1666, the Great Fire of London raged. It laid waste a space of three hundred and ninety-six acres, and the ruins included those of eighty-eight churches, with St. Paul's Cathedral amongst them. It was not without its profit, though, for the fire is thought to have acted as a drastic disinfectant after the great and terrible Plague of London, which began in December, 1664, and is supposed to have killed some seventy thousand persons. The plague until then had often scourged London.

September has two anniversaries of first importance in the history of our railway system. On September 27th, 1825, the Stockton and Darlington Railway, constructed by Edward Pease and George Stephenson, was first opened for passengers. On September 15th, 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened. That day and event are also marked by the fatal accident to Mr. W. Huskisson, M.P. An institution, now of immense proportions and of inestimable value to the thrifty—the Post Office Savings Bank—began operations on September 16th, 1861.



(Photo: F. Bruckmann.)

J. G. WHITTIER.

September is a month to be remembered in the annals of the Total Abstinence movement. On September 1st, 1832, seven men at Preston signed what was, in relation to this movement, the first total abstinence pledge. Joseph Livesey was one of them. The Jubilee of this event was kept at the Crystal Palace in September, 1882. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, one of the most resolute advocates of total abstinence, was born on September 4th, 1829.



OLD ST. PAUL'S IN 1540.

(From a copy, in the possession of F. G. Cruse, Esq., of the earliest known view of London, taken by Van der Wyngarde for Philip II. of Spain.)

METHODS OF PRAYER.

By the Rev. William Murdoch Johnston, M.A., Vicar of East Twickenham and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

"Let your requests be made known unto God."—PHILIPPIANS iv. 6.



PRAYER is the conscious approach to the presence of God. That presence is everywhere, but it is not always realised. And when the consciousness of it ceases from the Church we sink into superstitious methods of creating or securing it. Prayer recalls that consciousness, and our Lord's command to be ceaseless in prayer meant the continuous knowledge of His presence and our uninterrupted intercourse with Him.

But prayer is also union with the whole Church of God. To the Church triumphant, life is worship. It is not that worship is their stipulated and only occupation, but that all they do resolves itself into worship. With them, to exist is to adore. In the Church militant every saintly boy and girl is learning the secret of frequent prayer—prayer in the school, in the street, at work and at play. The daily worship of the Church on earth binds together the elect as nothing else can; not merely the few who are present, but the multitude who are away. In the fullest sense the communion of saints is preserved by the sense of the worship offered alike by the living on the earth and the immortal in paradise.

Let us, then, consider the essential nature and some of the methods of prayer.

And the first thing I should like to say is this, that prayer is, above all things, the adoration of God. Whatever were the general ideas which the ancient religions cherished respecting prayer, this at any rate seems to have been always present. Men then subdued their hearts before God, and bent in awe before His dread and fearful majesty.

The second element is the offering of gratitude and praise. This is the first begotten son of adoration. The eye that has been enraptured with the vision of God sees best the infirmities of ourselves. All our sins and all our failures spread out before us like the panorama of life before a drowning man; and we wonder that He Who is concerned with the fate of a million worlds will be troubled with the interests of us who are but accidents of accidents in the dark and distant earth. A day's history presents enough to fill with gratitude the biggest of hearts, and the heart swells out and the tongue utters the praise of God.

And yet again: prayer is the expression of human need. Sin and its confession; hope that rises buoyant amid boisterous seas; ambitions that cannot be wholly bad, and passions that sweep our manhood as the north-east gale bends the pine-tops—prayer takes them all before the throne. Nor are we alone in this. Another has already anticipated and now accompanies us. The august Sufferer of Calvary has borne all our nature—failings and fears, and weakness and sin—up to that right hand of conquest and of intercession. There is no article of the faith more joyful to us than this: He sitteth on the right hand of the Father—in rest, in power, in glory, and in intercession.

If, then, prayer imply these three, we can understand that it is something more than a decent ceremony, something larger and deeper than a pious custom. We will examine, then, some of the more important methods of prayer.

It needs *forethought*. We can hardly pity the mother who never taught her children to pray because of the trials and sufferings that await them. Nor can that father claim our sympathy who has never watched and directed the development of the spiritual life of his children, but has let them thoughtlessly remain in the swaddling clothes of religious infancy. A big boy at one of our public schools was found by his headmaster to have no other prayer than a rhyme upon the four Evangelists. Again and again I have found grown-up girls whose daily prayers

consisted of hymns which you teach to little children of three years or four. Prayer, therefore, has to be learnt and cultivated.

But it needs forethought also to prepare us for the act of prayer. Some saints have been wont to repeat while dressing in the morning portions of hymns and of the Holy Scriptures. Frederick William Robertson learnt to repeat in this manner long passages out of St. Paul's epistles.

And if this is needful in private, it is much more needful in public prayer. We lose the bloom, the flavour, and fragrance of worship by hurry, late hours, and sudden transition from scenes of levity to God's temple. It is better to be in church five minutes before the service begins than one minute after it has begun. *Prepare yourself.*

The act of prayer consists of three parts. Of these confession naturally comes first. And here we touch upon that human side of devotional life which finds its full expression in the Person of Jesus Christ. God knows every fault and failure, and yet He likes us to tell Him what we have perceived ourselves. And it is only when we bring our sins into the white light of divine holiness that we are able to see them in their true colour and size. There is nothing easier, nothing to which we are more craftily tempted than the cloaking or minimising of our sins. We think them insignificant; they lie so far in the past that they are half-forgotten; the weakness of character which yielded to them was but the natural and therefore necessary result of an imperfect humanity. But we shall never brace and train our moral nature by condoning its incompleteness; and for the formation of a strong and healthy nature it is necessary to look all our sins in the face, to recognise their guilt and to feel their fathomless depth. Let us therefore hide no sins from ourselves or from God—neither the little foxes that spoil the grapes, nor the old ones that ruin the homestead. Let us confess the sins of home, of society, and of pleasure; the sins that waste money and the sins that make it; the sins of sloth, the sins of temper, the sins of heart; the sins of unbelief, of unrepentance, and of duty unattempted and undone; the sins of cowardice, when we feared to face some insolent huckster of polluted things, and the sins of hypocrisy, when we refused to be known as religious men.

The second portion of the act of prayer is the presentation of our wants to God. "In everything let your requests be made known unto God." I recently had a letter from an old member of my congregation, who told me that she was suffering from a painful and fatal disease; and she wrote thus: "I asked God to help me, and my breathing has been easy since; and I am just proving the truth of all His promises."

It is wonderful what comfort and confidence such trustful prayer gives us. Is there a hard day before you? A few minutes of prayer before you go out will make your duty clear respecting it, and when you attempt to do your duty God does the rest. Does the day's task present some peculiar temptation under which you may fall? Your morning prayer will give you nerve to oppose it and open to your eyes the brighter fascination of holiness. Is there fear hanging like an inky cloud over you—fear of facing sorrow or individual failure or loss of work and hope? The prayer which has been borne by God's pitiful angel to the high chancery of heaven will send the angel back with deliverance from the trouble, or strength to endure and to crush it.

And then, after we have prayed out our hearts, we lift them up thankfully to His throne. This life is the more real for the realisation of God. We are better able to work because we have learned to pray, and to enjoy because we have offered our thanks.

After praying, watch for the answer. God acts as our life's interpreter, and He gives us what is best. We ask often a stone, and He gives us bread. And sometimes it seems that no answer at all is given: only an iron heaven enfolds the stars: only a hard earth rings beneath our feet. Well, we are in good company. The Son of God prayed thrice that the cup of the cross should be taken from His lips, and it was pressed closer. But the angel came to help Him to drink it, and by suffering He "was made perfect," and the salvation of man was achieved. God gives a greater answer when He seems to give none; and we know "that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Colina's Island.

By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "The Pride of the Family," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

IN SILIS'S COTTAGE.



COLINA got back in time for dinner, and, as there were several guests present, Cosmo did not come into any direct contact with her. He had not the keen eyes of love, and he noticed nothing wrong. Lilliard, usually very observant, was preoccupied by the attentions of a young laird, and Colina's pale looks and slightly absent manner passed unheeded by all save Miss Anne.

The weather had clouded over in the night, and when they woke on Christmas morning the snow covered every mountain within view, and sparkled and glittered down to the very margin of the loch. It was like a dream-world of beauty. Even Lilliard exclaimed, as she stood at the drawing-room window, "It really is lovely, Cosmo!"

"Yes, but snow makes walking such a nuisance!" he said. "And I suppose Colina expects us all to attend her charity entertainments to-night? Is she off to the village already, Lilliard?"

"Accompanied by Miss Anne, in a vast pair of galoshes—yes. I wonder if Colina seemed quite herself to-day? Did you notice anything?"

He was standing with his hands pushed deep in his pockets, looking at her—a handsome, lazy figure.

"I do not study Colina's moods," he said indifferently. "Thank goodness, I don't need to yet! What interested me more was the fact of young Colin Dalgleish's infatuation for you."

"He is a very charming boy!" and Lilliard shrugged her shoulders. "We discussed cricket. I don't know anything about cricket, but, of course, the great art of conversation is to listen well on a subject of which you know nothing. A man likes a good listener better than anything in the world. But, Cosmo, I think you should study Colina more closely!"

"I wish you wouldn't harp on about her!" he cried impatiently. "She doesn't interest me! You need not pretend to look shocked, Lilliard! I shall marry her, I suppose, and make her a model husband; but for goodness' sake give me breathing space just now! I wish she wouldn't take life so dismally! What a way to spend Christmas! In a stuffy schoolroom, redolent of hot children and hair-oil, and hotter tea; also of sticky buns!"

"I know!" and Lilliard gave one of her bubbling laughs. "And it isn't as if Colina were a vicaress, or the wife of that worthy Campbell—as if such things were her *métier*. There are quite enough people of our own class round here to make life bearable. She could have given a nice little dinner and a musical party after. Cosmo, do tell me: has she asked you to open this entertainment with a few 'appropriate remarks'? Or perhaps to read the 'Christmas Carol' to slow music?"

Why was the effect of such raillery always to provoke him still further with Colina? He gave an angry and impatient shrug. "Oh, goodness knows! I shan't speak—that's all! Mercifully, the affair will be over about eight, and I got the Dunlops to promise to come in after."

Colina and Miss Anne had meanwhile seen to the last preparations for the tree, and they lunched with friends on the mainland, Cosmo and Lilliard joining them there. The Christmas tree festivity was early, for

the people came from long distances, and had far to walk; but it passed off with much *éclat* and apparent enjoyment. Colina was everywhere, with a bright word and smile for everyone, and the people watched her with admiring and adoring eyes. She had won every heart.

Their looks and words, the happy faces of the children, could not but comfort Colina, for love and admiration are very precious things. At least the Island and its lands were hers; and the people loved her: she could do some good in the world. Intangibly, and though she did not exactly put these thoughts into words, they comforted her and soothed her.

Next day she went for one of her solitary rambles, taking the road down the Pass. She had not heard any tidings of his mission from Mr. Campbell, and therefore had not heard of Gregor. She and Cosmo had exchanged no confidence, and had had no chance of any *tête-à-tête* since Christmas Day. She had told herself to-day she would come out here and think it all out.

If he was growing tired of her, better to snap the straining cord; better to find out exactly how they stood! Her heart felt dull and cold and bitter as she walked over the hard, frosty road, and the mountain burns, swollen and brown, rushed wildly down their ice-bound channels. Everything had changed since she came here in lovely spring. Life had altered—and her horizon! How soon things changed!

She had wandered on and on, lost in thought, but she came to herself with a



"What will you be doing out here, alone?"

little start to hear a soft Highland voice say at her side, "And it iss Miss McVean herself! Alona! What will you be doing out here, alone—and with the snow coming on?"

Colina knew all the people now, and she recognised the brown, wizened face of the old woman before her.

It was Silis, the "witch." She stopped and held out her hand.

"Silis! A happy Christmas! Why were you not at the tree? There was something for you—I think Mr. Campbell took it away, and was to bring it to you."

"He will be always ferry kind, and yourself too." Silis nodded. "But I am getting chust a ferry old woman to be going so far now, Alona" (dear of my heart). "And what are you doing, walking so far? Are you not seeing the clouds behind Cruachan?"

"The road winds on and on, and one does not notice," the girl said. "I was thinking very deeply."

"You hef a look—as if you had the *cianalus* (mountain melancholy)," Silis said, peering forward suddenly; and then she laid a wrinkled hand on Colina's sealskin sleeve: "Come in, and I will give you a drink of the spring water, and it will hearten you. Och, Alona! I will not be charging *you!* And then I will send Dugall McAlpine home with you. Dugall iss a good lad—and it will be dark before you are home. It iss not good to walk in the dark, for you might be straying on to the muir!"

Colina went with the old woman, and they turned off the road, and entered Silis's little croft.

A peat fire burned and smouldered on the open hearthstone, a red mass in the midst of a bed of greyish-white ash, and Silis flung on some more fuel, and pushed a "creepie-stool" towards Colina. A very old man was seated in an arm-chair opposite; he blinked at the two, sleepily, when Silis told him who the visitor was. He had a pale, very peaceful face, and silvery white hair.

"It iss my father," Silis said; "and he hass had his day, and worked well. He iss chust sitting there, and waiting for the other world. He cannot see much—chust the glow of the fire, if it will be burning ferry bright. Often, when he iss asleep, I think he iss dead, and that the 'smoothing of the hand' iss on his face! But he does not look young enough for that. For the dead go back to their youth,· Alona—perhaps you do not know that—and the hand will wipe out the years, and the sorrow, and the care! I think myself, it iss the look with which they hear the Lord, when He calls them!"

"How old is your father?" Colina asked.

"He will be ninety-seven this year. Your uncle, Colin McVean, used to say he would give him ten golden pounds, if he lived to the hundred years! But Colin McVean had to go first!"

"Did you know my uncle, Silis?" Colina asked.

"Oh, yes, I hef known him ferry well; but I wass not ferry fond of him"—Silis spoke in a very matter-of-fact voice—"and indeed, there was no one chust ferry fond of Colin McVean! But he had known my father, and my father knew him as a boy, and he had a kind of liking for my father. Father! Will you be remembering Colin McVean?"

The old man seemed to rouse a little at that, and suddenly a light flashed into his face, like a candle lit behind a dark window. He raised his hand. "Iss he making any more wills?" he asked. "He told me where he would hide the last one, Silis! He said he would give the young laird chust a ferry good fright!"

What was this? Colina's heart seemed to leap suddenly into her throat.

"What does he say?" she asked, turning to Silis. "Does he talk nonsense? What is it about my uncle's last will?"

"Well, I will tell you the truth, Alona," the woman said—she had sat down on the floor, her lean hands supporting her chin—"for no one will hear, but chust us two, and no one else shall ever hear! He iss speaking the truth! Colin McVean wass always quarrelling with someone, and last of all he quarrelled with the young laird! I think it wass about an English girl, that he would be wishing to marry. Old Colin wass telling my father, and declaring that Cosmo should not have the Island. And he came, one day, and said he had made a will, and left the Island to you; and then he would laugh, and rub his hands, and chuckle. And always he would laugh, and say that Cosmo should lead a pretty dance and eat humble pie! He would sit and talk there, by the fire. And then, one day, my father hass said it wass not a good thing for a young lass to have the Island, and she could not hold up her head with all the lairds—and that the name would go, when she married; and Colin McVean laughed, and said, oh no! he would only give Cosmo a great fright; and that he had hidden the *last* will! They would find it by-and-by; and he told my father where it wass hidden. But I do not know, and I did not ask to know. And no one will ever know. For I do not like Cosmo McVean! And you, Alona, you hef been ferry kind, and the people will be saying there iss no one like you! And you will be learning the Gaelic and all. But here iss Dugall—I will chust call him in, and he will see you to the lochside.

He hass come up with my flour from the merchant's shop."

She rose and went out to the door, where a long colloquy ensued in Gaelic.

Colina sat as one in a dream—bewildered! Was the story *true?* Silis told it in so matter-of-fact a voice, so coolly and carelessly!

If it were true? If Cosmo, and not she, were the rightful owner of the Island! Cosmo, and not she!

She went over to the old man, speaking in his ear in her clear English voice, very slowly. She could not remember the Gaelic for what she wanted to say. "Tell me," she said, "where Colin McVean hid the last will! Please tell me!"

He raised his pale eyes to hers and seemed to try and think. "He told me!" he kept repeating. "But will it be there still? Hef they not taken it away?"

"No, not yet! Where did he hide it?"

"In the kirk. Where they hef hidden the crown before," he answered then. "It iss near to the place where the fair lady of Craignish is buried. I am an old, old man. But I knew Colin McVean as a boy. He would talk to me, and tell me things, but he never so much as gave me an ounce of tobacco! Never an ounce of tobacco!"

"Father!" said Silis then, looking round. "What are you saying to Miss McVean?"

"He is not asking anything, Silis," Colina said, in a voice which sounded odd to herself. "But if Dugall is ready I must be going. No, never mind about the spring water to-night!"

Colina shook her hand mechanically, and Silis stood peering in the darkness after them.

"She hass the gloom of the hills on her face!" she muttered. "She had better have had a drink of the spring water. But I think she will come back before ferry long. And I think that Cosmo McVean will be at the bottom of it. For his heart is as deep and as cold as the well of Kilbride. And I would be doing him a bad turn, myself, if it would not be darkening her pretty face, too! It wass an evil day when she saw his face and would be his sweetheart! Yes, chust a ferry bad day!" Silis turned in then and swung on the kettle. By the fire the old man, relapsing into his dreams, dozed on in the darkness, "waiting for the other world."

CHAPTER XII.

MIDNIGHT IN THE KIRK.

THE Island party had all been engaged to dine at the head of the loch that night, but when they were all ready and the boat waiting, Colina sent word that her headache was too bad to permit of her going, and they started without her, even Miss Anne having been persuaded to accompany them.

As they swept away from the Island the old lady looked back with rather anxious eyes. Her "bairn" had seemed dull, and rather quiet; what was perplexing Colina now? The relationship between Cosmo and Lilliard, too, the half-laughing raillery which always seemed to her to hide a secret understanding, puzzled and disturbed her more and more. They certainly took Colina's defection very easily, Lilliard only remarking sweetly that the Douglass-Duffs would be "much disappointed."

Left alone, Colina breathed a deep sigh of relief. The snow had not come on yet, and the Island party were not to return till next morning. She had the whole night before her, and she meant to go to the old kirk and look for the will. She was not nervous of the dark; the loch had no terrors for her, neither had the kirk. She would row herself to the shore, climb the Angels' Knowe, and find her way into the kirk by the little vestry door which she had found left open in the afternoon, when, telling Dugall to wait below, she had crept up to reconnoitre. There had been no time then to do anything, for Miss Anne knew she was on the muir alone, and would have been anxious.

She ate her solitary dinner, and told the servants they could lock up whenever they liked. The night was very dark, but Colina was not afraid, and she had seen that the boat was ready—her own light little craft, the *Colina*.

She put on her tartan cloak, and strongest shoes, and pinned on her Tam o' Shanter, and she unlocked the door, and crept down, about eleven, with her lantern. There was light enough to row by, and the glistening white of the shores guided her to the pier. There she fastened her boat, and leapt out. The hotel, deserted at this season, was wrapped in darkness; the white road wound up before her, and she climbed it steadily. She must seek for the will—she knew the place spoken of, where, under a loose flag, they had hidden the Crown of Scotland, long years ago. Angus Campbell had showed her the recess, pointing to it from the passage. How strange if the will had lain there, all the time—not a yard from where Cosmo had sat! The thought of Cosmo made her heart beat, as she climbed the snowy hill, and stood at last among the graves. There seemed more light here, and Colina could make out McCallum Mohr's cross, and the old stone table where she had sat on the Sunday when Angus Campbell talked with her. It was very quiet up there, alone with the dead. Colina walked through the snowy mounds, her own heart hot, and restless, and

aching—a turmoil of jealous doubt, and longing, and misgiving, and restless misery, If the will *was* here, and the Island were really his, what should she do? Ah me! what should she do? She had had no need of her lantern before now, but she lit it by the vestry door, and went in. It burned very feebly at first. Angus Campbell's black gown hung on a peg, a caraffe and tumbler of water stood on the table. It was a tiny vestry, but then Colina did not suppose there were many elders, or many meetings. The kirk door opened easily, and the cold chill air struck her like a blow. Her lantern flickered and went out. Just then, too, it seemed as if the air were full of rushing whirring sounds—as if terrified figures swept past her in the gloom. Colina felt herself pushed to one side, and she fell on the stone floor—her head striking against the end of a seat. As she lost consciousness for a moment, she asked herself in terror, if it were true, after all, that ghosts and spirits guarded such places, and resented her entry among them. The lantern had been knocked out of her hand—she was in the blackest of darkness. From all parts of the church the rushing and the whirring sound swept to the door. When she recovered, she lay still for a moment, but the whirring and the rushing had ceased. Had she dreamt it all? That she had been swept aside by the mysterious flight of these unknown, unseen beings? Who, and what, were they? She sat up, and felt for the lantern, and she lit it carefully. As she did so, she saw prints on the stone floor of the passage—prints of deers' feet! The deer must have come down from the hillside, driven in by the sudden snowstorm, and finding the door open, as she had done, had taken the first shelter offered. The "ghosts" were her own deer! Her own—or Cosmo's?

She rose, at last, as this question flashed over her, with a little catch in her throat. That was what she had come to find out!

The pulpit, bare and gaunt, faced her. She looked up, picturing Campbell's face above it. The reverent gravity, the fine high-lifted look—the strongly moulded lips. She could hear the grave, slow voice—the earnest, pleading words. And then she passed on to the right, to the loose flag, under the tablet on the wall which recorded, at much length, the virtues of the "fair lady of Craignish." Colina remembered the story as she knelt down slowly and drew the lantern near her. How the lady's burial rites had been the scene of a great and bitter feud and battle, for she had been married three times to three heads of clans, all rivalling each other in power and ferocity; how all three had claimed to bury her, and had fought over her coffin, till, in the end, the third and minor clan brought her to the Angels' Knowe and buried her in the old kirk, where she rested at last! Strange, weird, old-world stories! Almost grotesque! She was long, long dead. And yet her heart had beat as warmly and as fast as Colina's now; and her



Terrified figures swept past her in the gloom.

griefs, and losses, and perplexities had seemed to her as great and overwhelming!

Colina slid her hand under the loose flag and felt for the receptacle described by the minister. Yes, there was a folded sheet of thick paper, which felt damp in her hand! How her heart beat as she drew it out! She dared not look for a moment; her heart seemed to bound in her throat! She sat there, on the passage, in the lantern's halo of yellow light, surrounded by the wet footprints of the deer, the bas-relief of the fair lady's head looking down at her from its chilly marble above. Darkness, and silence, and the cold glitter of the snow on the Knowe outside, and the presence of the "strengthless dead" all about her!

Colina shivered as she thought. They were like quiet, patient witnesses—fearless, and inexorable, and watching!

She looked down at the paper:

"The last will and testament of me, Colin McVean, The Island, Loch Awe, Scotland, dated 17th December, 18—."

Just before he died—about a month! Yes, this was the last will, and it was entirely in his own handwriting!

She held the stiff, strong paper down to the glass of the lantern, and she turned over a page and read. It was quite precise and simple, though formal. It left all the Island property, all real and personal estate, entirely to his nephew, Cosmo McVean—revoking all other wills. She was not as much as mentioned! The will leaving her the property was a farce—a cruel farce!—intended to torment Cosmo and give him a passing shock and disappointment! Had her uncle meant the old man to speak up, and say where the real will was? Had he directed him to do so? Had he never meant her—Colina—to inherit at all, or was that part of the cruel jest?

All this time she had been robbing Cosmo! She had let him stay on, it is true, but she had been the mistress, and spent the income, and planned the improvements. What would he say? If he loved her as she loved him—as she had thought she loved him—it would not matter at all. It would be a case of Lady Clare in Tennyson's pretty idyll: "'He loves me for my own true worth. And that is well,' said Lady Clare!"

Aye, but *was* it a case like Lady Clare's?

Well, there was only one thing to do. She must go back, taking the will, and tell Cosmo all. She must give back her inheritance at once. The Island was not hers, but his! He was the real and only master.

Colina rose stiffly at last, and lifted the lantern. She walked up the church and through the vestry, glancing at Campbell's gown as if it were a living thing and knew the story, and then she drew the door after her and walked down the Angels' Knowe. No one on the quiet road. It had begun to snow a little, and the flakes kissed and wet her face, she conscious of nothing but the paper which she held fast in the big pocket of her cloak and its bewildering contents. Many visions floated before her.

Cosmo returning to his old love when she told him all, assuring her they would reign together; that, as she had made him master with all her heart, he would make her mistress now with all his! Cosmo thanking and praising her, assuring her it all made no difference at all! Cosmo, the old Cosmo, handsome and radiant, who had won her heart, loving her once more—all else forgotten!

She had forgotten about Gregor and her lover's treatment of the old man. She resolutely pushed that away from her.

Her heart had reinstated, and clung to its idol, knowing it clay. Minor matters faded too, leaving only the one question—What would Cosmo say? How would he take her tidings? Surely, ah! surely he would be grateful, loving!

She entered the boat, and in the falling, dazzling flakes, rowed herself swiftly home.

With the will under her pillow, she fell asleep, to dream that Cosmo held her close, declaring nothing should part them, and that the Island was hers for ever! Only instead of Cosmo, he looked at her with Angus Campbell's eyes, and they were sad and entreating, and, was it, warning?

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE GRASP OF A GREAT TEMPTATION.

COLINA woke next morning feeling as if a weight of lead lay on her heart. She breakfasted alone, and about eleven o'clock Miss Anne arrived. She brought a message from her hostess that she was detaining the other two "by sheer force"; they would be back in time for tea. Miss Anne gave her usual racy description of the dinner and the Highland notabilities present, but Colina listened with straying thoughts. She felt impatient over the delay. She had meant to go to Cosmo and tell him the story at once. She could not tell Miss Anne or anyone until he knew.

The factor came about twelve, and Colina received him in the study, and listened, automatically, to his reports of the reclaiming and the draining and the improvements on the land. Everything was going on well, but it would cost a deal of money. Colina answered lifelessly that did not matter. And

all the time she was asking herself, "What will Cosmo say? What will he say?"

He had never approved of these things; told him all, then and there! She had never put away the will. It was in her pocket now. She had taken a step forward, meaning



A sentence in Cosmo's voice seemed to root her to the ground.

had opposed them, half-indignantly, and then, with a faint shrug, had remarked she would leave herself penniless. But when he knew that she had been spending *his* money?

It was a brilliant, frosty day. Colina spent the early part of the afternoon, lost in thought still, seated before the library table, where the factor had left her, trying miserably, now and then, to add up some rows of figures. Miss Anne sent to tell her tea was in, but the maid found Colina had taken her cloak and gone down to the little pier. The girl supposed she had gone to watch for the other two.

Colina had gone into the boat-house, half thinking of sending up for one of the men to come and pull the boat down to the loch's edge for her. She was standing, thinking, when she heard, through the clear, crisp air, the sound of oars, and then Cosmo's voice. They were returning at last. She wished he had been alone; she would like to have to go and meet them, but she had moved slowly and almost mechanically all day and was walking tardily still, when a sentence in Cosmo's voice seemed to root her to the ground. He was evidently concluding a sentence.

"Lilliard, it is no use! I cannot carry on this farce of loving Colina longer. And I shall tell her so!"

The "farce of loving Colina"!

Had someone struck her through with a stiletto stab?

"You will do nothing of the kind!"

"But I shall!" doggedly. "It is more than I can bear! To see you here and love you with every fibre of my being, and to pretend we are nothing but friends; to be obliged to give Colina the sham of my love! I thought I could do it, for the sake of the Island; but I cannot—I cannot, Lilliard! I have known it for days!"

"I should not have stayed here," Lilliard

said. "I had no idea you would be so foolish! My poor Cosmo! It is *kismet!* We can't marry! We have nothing a year, paid quarterly! You only drive me away to teach in some detestable middle-class family, where I shall have children bawling and shrieking in my ears all day! And 'love is a madness,' as Shakespeare truly remarks! As I have told you, often and often, in a very few years it will not matter to you whether you have married Colina or me! We will both be equally indifferent to you!"

How well Colina knew the half-listless, half-mocking voice! She stood as if turned to stone.

"Well, if it only means five minutes of happiness, I want that!" Cosmo said, and Colina had never before heard the note of passion and determination in his voice. "You said once we had each five minutes of pure joy! I want you for my wife! That is my five minutes! Lilliard, Lilliard, I love you! I shall tell her all! I shall fling it all to the wind!" They walked on then up the little brown path, where the glistening snow covered the pine-needles.

Presently Colina heard the tea-bell clanging loudly, and a man sent from the house drew up Cosmo's boat and put it into his boat-house. Colina called him to pull hers into the loch, and the servant, seeming rather surprised, obeyed. Her mistress said she had a message to take to the village; the house-party were not to wait tea; she got into the boat and rowed away.

She did not feel cold, though it was very cold; her eyes were fixed before her, she rowed mechanically. However one pushes off a descending blow, it falls at last.

But there is a merciful anodyne which nature sends after the first shock of a great blow—an anodyne which seems to prevent the nerves from feeling the full effect of the torture which will follow.

Colina went over the whole story as she rowed, and she looked the naked truth in the face. Cosmo loved Lilliard, had apparently loved her for long, and his protestations to her were "a farce"! She sat up and let the oars rest in the rowlocks, stung by a new thought. She—she had shown him very clearly that she cared—that she wished to make him master of the Island. Perhaps he would tell her so! And now—now he was the master, and Lilliard would be the mistress, and she, Colina McVean, was nothing and nobody.

There are dark angels ever present in life to whisper to us, and if we listen their voices grow strong and insistent, and we hear nothing else. Her evil angel drew near Colina now, and her eyes grew strained and bitter and cold, and her lips fierce and hard. The youth died out of her face. She would be nothing and nobody. Yes, and what about all the improvements and the new plans? She had done so well by the people and the property. They loved her, they confided in her, and she meant to do more and more. Lady Grizel Douglas had said that if all owners of property and wealth had hearts like hers (Colina's) the world would be an Arcadia—a little Paradise below!

And Cosmo, Cosmo and Lilliard! Her work would be all in vain—they would revoke everything, undo everything! For the people's sake, for the property's sake, was it right to tell the true story?

No one knew of the will but herself and one old man, who only roused to life, Silis had said, at long, long intervals, and even then was not likely ever to mention the story! If he did speak of it, *the will was not there now!* It was in her hands—in her power alone! She could destroy it if she would, here and now, and no earthly being would ever be the wiser! No one had seen her in the kirk—no one but the deer. She had her fate in her hands—her fate, and perhaps the happiness of so many more!

Pleading, insistent, wily voice that took the form of an appeal for others, too! Diarmid, and Morag, and Silis, and Gregor, and, oh! how many, many more!

"You don't know how to enjoy life, Colina," Cosmo had said to her one day. "Money is thrown away upon you and wasted! You throw it away in the ditch of a foolish philanthropy!" Intuitively she knew how he and Lilliard would spend it.

By-and-by, too, another and more angry voice arose. They had deceived, and duped, and betrayed her—both of them—laughed at her, despised her! She knew now what was the latent ring in Lilliard's voice, which had always troubled her, what had lain behind the half-laughing raillery. It was contempt! Contempt for her, Colina, because Lilliard knew her to be unloved!

Bitter anger and jealousy, keen and fierce, and another passion, which must be revenge, rose in her heart and fought fiercely. She twisted her hands together; her face was distorted. She felt the ring Cosmo had given her on her finger, with the half-hoop of opals he had brought her for Christmas and presented with a careless kiss, and she tore them off and flung them far from her, into the liquid blackness of the loch!

What was to prevent her from flinging the will there too? Then she could return, and by-and-by, quite coldly and calmly, give Cosmo his dismissal! She would be mistress of the situation; he would leave the Island, and her pride would be saved. Lilliard should go too, to teach in her "detestable middle-class

family," and she and Miss Anne, who never jarred upon her, could take up life and make the very best of it! What was to prevent her?

These two could have their "five minutes"!

She turned resolutely then, and rowed in the homeward direction.

"I shall do it," she said; "I shall destroy the will! I would have told him, but he has mocked and betrayed me, and so has she! Evil, be thou my good! '*To do a great right, do a little wrong*'!" Her uncle had no right to make her the victim of this cruel farce. No, Cosmo should pay the cost of it—not she!

She was suddenly conscious then of the sound of oars behind her, and she turned round and saw Angus Campbell's face under the last light in the sky. He lifted his cap, after one keen, grave look.

"You are adventurous, Miss McVean. Are you quite alone?"

"I like coming out here by myself," she said. She felt as if all the voices suddenly died away, and the remembrance of something strangely healing and peaceful, which she could not yet quite grasp, stirred within her. "I have always the fancy that when one is quite alone the mountains seem different and are more friendly. My nonsense, of course," and she laughed mirthlessly. "But I was turning towards the Island now."

"Then I may accompany you? I thought, indeed, of coming to pay Miss Anne a visit to-night. I fancied you might be up at the head of the loch."

They rowed on in silence. Angus had given her face another quick, keen look, and glanced away. Colina was telling herself now that if she did this thing—and she meant to!—she could never again go near the little kirk; she would not be a hypocrite, and this friendship would be lain down with many another thing. She might as well ask him something now.

"Mr. Campbell," she said, turning to him suddenly, "if you hated people, if they had wronged you very deeply, can you tell me, from the bottom of your soul, that religion could really make you forgive them, *love* them? Oh, please don't answer me as a minister," and Colina's voice had a kind of wail. "Answer me as one human soul to another! Can religion do even that? Can it?"

"God could!" he said slowly. "I answer you as one human soul to another, and as I hope God will pardon and forgive me all my sins."

She drew a long breath. He could see her hands clench the oars.

"When I was happy I thought I believed and trusted!" she said suddenly, a note as of terror in her voice, the terror of a heart's loneliness and its wild sense of loneliness. "When I used to listen to you up there on



He saw the white suffering of her face.—*p.* 994.

the Angels' Knowe I would have told you I did believe. But now! I don't know what has come to me, and I cannot help it if you are horrified! I don't believe in a kind God! There may be a Power—a great, merciless, cruel Power! And I think I could fight that Power—yes, with my weak, human hands—and defy it! He may be God; but I do not love Him!"

Campbell had stopped rowing. They looked at each other across the little strip of water—two souls—and the giant shadowy outline of the mountains rose majestically on every side. Colina's eyes met the young man's wildly, entreatingly.

"So God will cast me off!" she said at last.

"He never casts off any human soul!"

"But, Mr. Campbell! If they defy and deny Him! If they—hate Him!"

He answered in a wonderfully calm and gentle voice; it had a curious lingering tenderness.

"Suppose you were a mother and had a little child, and he wandered away from you on the muir into the dark. You knew there were dangerous bogs and morasses, with here and there a precipice, over which the tiny feet might slip. He had been rebellious and defied you and would not believe in your power. Perhaps he had in his possession something which you had to take away, and he did not understand, and sobbed and wailed! Would you cease to love him? Would you leave him out on the muir in the dark? Even if he refused to call to you, or to hear your voice? Even if he blamed you, and did not understand your dealings with him, and said that he hated you! Would you leave him there and turn away? Would you?"

Colina answered slowly: no, she would not. His eyes brightened at that; there was a faint break in her voice, her sweet lips quivered.

"And do you imagine—oh! so many of us seem to do so!—that we are kinder and more tender than the God Who gave us being? I do not know what He can think sometimes of the attributes we ascribe to Him! It seems to me there are people who talk of Him, and to Him, as if He were a Juggernaut! His Son came here just to teach us what His love was! Miss McVean, if you will turn back in the dark and call Him, and hold out your hand? Will you not? He will come and clasp it close, and you can cling to that hand all the way! All the way home!"

How long did she sit there with these words echoing in her ear? Only a few moments. They were only a few brief moments, and then she took up her oars. But they seemed years. The shadows were all floating up and upward. The voices had all died away; the turmoil, and the restless misery, and the stinging bitterness! She forgot Cosmo's face, his voice, the little cool laugh of the girl she had loved, and who had deceived and mocked her.

Earthly love seemed to fade into the background as a little rushlight in a dark room would fade into nothingness before the rising of the sun.

She was out on the muir—lost, and sorrowful, and lonely, and despairing; she was bidden only to look back and call upon His name! If this were true! Oh, God! if this were true! *Was it true?*

Colina asked herself the question which you and I, reader, have perhaps asked ourselves in our darkest hour; a question before the infinity of which nothing else seems to matter at all—no, not death nor life! And she turned her face away into the night.

At the little pier Campbell got out and helped her to alight. He felt the touch of her cold hand, and saw the white suffering of her face.

"I shall not come up to-night," he said. "Only one other thing," and he looked back to where the Ben rose in the inky shadows. "Do you remember Cruachan is there, though we do not see him? Miss McVean, no human heart, perhaps, can help you—but One can! He is there in the dark—strong, omnipotent—though the darkness and the night may hide Him from you!"

She did not answer at all. She stood on the pier and watched him draw up her boat. He waited one moment, then got into his own and lifted his cap. Colina had turned away. She had never thanked him or said good-night; and she remembered this, dully, as she walked up the path to the house.

There were lights flashing from behind the drawing-room blinds, and she could hear the sound of Lilliard's pretty voice in the last sentimental drawing-room song of the day.

Colina winced as she passed through the hall and climbed the stairs with a sense of dull bodily fatigue. She had been so fond of Lilliard! Long ago!

"Will ye no come in afore ye dress?" Miss Anne called cheerily from her fire-side. "Cosmo gaed up to dress, but I hear Lilliard singing awa'. Come in, bairnie. Colina, what is it?"

But Colina stood in the doorway and did not advance till Miss Anne went up and put her hand on the girl's arm. Then she tried to smile.

"Do you remember telling me not to expect to walk on velvet shune all my life?" she said. "I am coming down to dinner, Miss Anne. There is nothing the matter with me! Don't look like that! Only—I am taking off—the velvet shune of my life—and I don't think—I shall ever wear them—any more! And, Miss Anne, the stones have hurt my feet!" [END OF CHAPTER THIRTEEN.]

AT WORK AMONG THE VAN-DWELLERS.



(Photo: Brown, Barnes and Bell.)

LADY DOT.

("Whenever I met this little lady in a travelling show," says Miss Millington, "she always said 'I will stand by the cause.'")

Of late years many new forms of home mission effort have come into existence, till now hardly a single class of the community is overlooked by Christian workers. One of the most notable of such developments is the solicitude shown by numerous agencies for the temporal and spiritual welfare of van-dwellers, or, as they prefer to call themselves, "travellers," of whom there are estimated to be no fewer than sixty thousand. This number, large as it may seem, does not include gipsies and owners of shops on wheels; it covers only those who "follow the fairs" and make "pitches" on the waste ground in the London suburbs. Not many years ago these children of the open air were almost wholly neglected alike by the churches, by temperance societies, and by philanthropic ladies and gentlemen; to-day they have constantly brought before them the truths of the Gospel, and their best worldly interests are zealously promoted.

A pioneer in this good work is Miss Millington, of York. Taught by her mother to take an interest in caravan folk, she, in conjunction with the late Mrs. Casson and other friends, organised, in the year 1878, the first gathering of travellers ever held in her native city. On November Fair Sunday, 1880, at her initiative, the Travellers' National Total



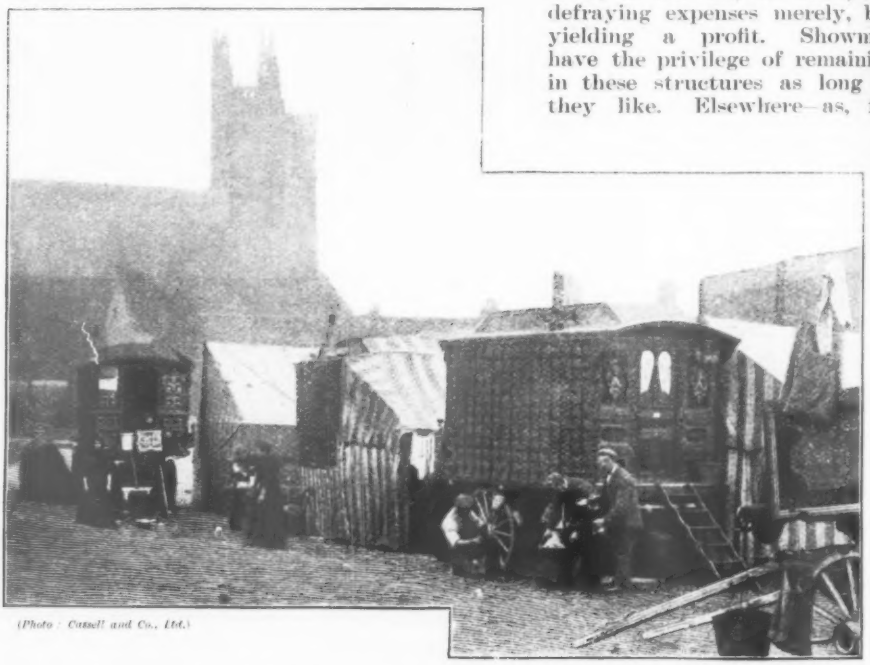
(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

Abstainers' Union was formed at a thrilling meeting—a meeting which was so successful that forty-four of those present signed the pledge there and then. By the hearty co-operation of the British Women's Temperance Association, similar meetings were subsequently held in all parts of the kingdom. As the fairs came round, local branch societies of that organisation welcomed the travellers, provided tea for them, and afterwards held Gospel temperance gatherings. The Church of England Temperance Society, Young Men's Christian Associations, and other bodies then joined in the attempt to elevate travellers to a higher moral and educational level, and now many Christians of all denominations manifest a practical interest in the work. Particularly in Scotland has the cause taken a deep root.

The net result, from a temperance standpoint alone, not to mention anything else, is highly gratifying. Reduced to bald figures, it is this: that since the formation of the Union—of which Miss Millington has, for nineteen years, been the honorary secretary—more than 11,500 van-dwellers have signed the pledge. And a Band of Hope for children under fourteen, organised a few years ago, and affiliated to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, has also a large membership.

Recently the various agencies ministering to travellers have adopted a new method of furthering the cause of temperance. They have, in some cases, opposed the granting of temporary licences for drinking-booths on fair-grounds, and themselves undertaken the supply of harmless refreshments. Tents in which food, tea, coffee, etc., are sold are now erected at Paisley, Leeds, Peterborough, and other towns, most, if not all, of them, not defraying expenses merely, but yielding a profit. Showmen have the privilege of remaining in these structures as long as they like. Elsewhere—as, for instance, Grantham and Nottingham—rooms are opened for the sale of cheap edibles. This excellent idea of providing a counterattraction to the public-house under canvas originated at Paisley, where a temperance tent was established four or five years ago. Already it has spread considerably, and in the near



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A TRAVELLING SHOW "AT ANCHOR."



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd).

THE INTERIOR OF A MODERN VAN.

future, it may not be rash to predict, every large fair will have such a feature.

Some portion of the success of the temperance work among van-dwellers is doubtless due to the quarterly organ of the Travellers' National Total Abstainers' Union, *The Caravan*, founded in 1882, and edited from the beginning by Mr. W. W. Morrell, of York. Many thousands of copies of this journal have been circulated among English-speaking showmen, while three issues in French and one in German have been distributed among Continental travellers. Most show-folk have from the first taken a peculiar interest in the periodical, looking upon it as their "very own" paper; indeed, a copy of it is a passport to any living-waggon.

Every number of *The Caravan* affords a curious practical proof of the gratitude of some travellers for what the mission has effected. Miss Millington once became acquainted with a "freak" who was exhibited in a cage like a monkey. He was covered with hair, and he had the faculty of making grimaces of so horrible a nature as seriously to alarm some of the visitors to the booth in which he was shown. His master, on coming to his den, indicated him with the customary guide-like wave of the hand, and described him as a wild man—a native of some remote, almost unheard-of country.

"He cannot speak, ladies and gentlemen," the showman would say impressively, "and he has no brains." Then he would repeat, in a tone in which commiseration and professional pride were very finely blended, "*No* brains."

A grosser libel was never uttered. The poor fellow was in private life an Englishman able to give oral expression to his thoughts with an ease and a fluency that many of those who gaped at him would have envied. So far, too, from being brainless, his intelligence was, in fact, above the average; for he drew for Miss Millington a creditable emblematic design, an engraving of which appears in every issue of *The Caravan*.

Besides promoting the temperance cause among fair-goers, the mission also educates the children of such people. This important part of its work began during the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall in 1877–78, when Mrs. L.



MISS MILLINGTON.
(*The Friend of the Showmen.*)

Stewart, of Winchmore Hill, opened a school for the offspring of those travellers who were present at the carnival. Although the voluntary teachers had many difficulties to contend against, the experiment was regarded as a conspicuous success. At 10.30 every morning during the five weeks that the fair lasted the scholars, about forty in number, were gathered together, and at noon, when the hall opened for the admission of the public, they were dismissed. Short as was the time that the little ones devoted to learning, they made such satisfactory progress that the school has been held annually ever since. The lessees of the hall not only allow the ladies to have the use of a room rent free, but also supply them with light and fire gratuitously. At first Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, of the old Crouch Hall School, took upon themselves the general superintendence of the scholastic arrangements. Then the work was undertaken by Miss Glover, Miss Matthew and Miss Lovell having charge of the Sunday School. This year a new departure was made, a Board school with a certificated teacher and every necessary appliance being established.

In consequence of the van children showing a marked aptitude for acquiring knowledge, a number of ladies followed them up after they left Islington,



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

visiting the larger country fairs and continuing the work begun at the Agricultural Hall. Taking with them the necessary books, etc., they held schools at Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Ipswich, Coventry, Cambridge, and on Newcastle Moor; and at the present time young nomads are gathered together for the purpose of being educated at Glasgow and other fairs.

The educational side of the show-folk's mission, despite the fact that, at the present time, there is not the same necessity for it as there was formerly, is greatly appreciated both by parents and children. Only a few years ago it was practically impossible for a van-dweller to have his offspring taught even the "three R's." The rising generation of travellers were refused admission to Board schools, the managers declining to place their names on the books for only a week or a fortnight. But to-day the human birds of passage are received into any of such institutions, and, consequently, they are sent to them regularly. Some children, also, are now left at their permanent homes to be educated. Nevertheless, the fair-schools are well attended and very popular.

Altogether, therefore, the travellers' mission has done an untold amount of good, in spite of many difficulties. The main problem all along has been, and still is, how to draw the wanderers together. On only one day in the week—the Sabbath—is it possible to get a number of them assembled under one roof or in front of a show, and not infrequently a meeting cannot be held even then.

"Often," Miss Millington told me, speaking with justifiable warmth, "show-people are obliged to travel on the day of rest. They are made to pay what I consider most exorbitant rents, and yet they have to clear out as soon as the fair is over. In some towns they must go during Saturday night, and in others before noon—in some places the rule is before nine o'clock—on Sunday. So they cannot rest, but have to be on the move all day on Sunday. If this were not so, we could have a good many more meetings."

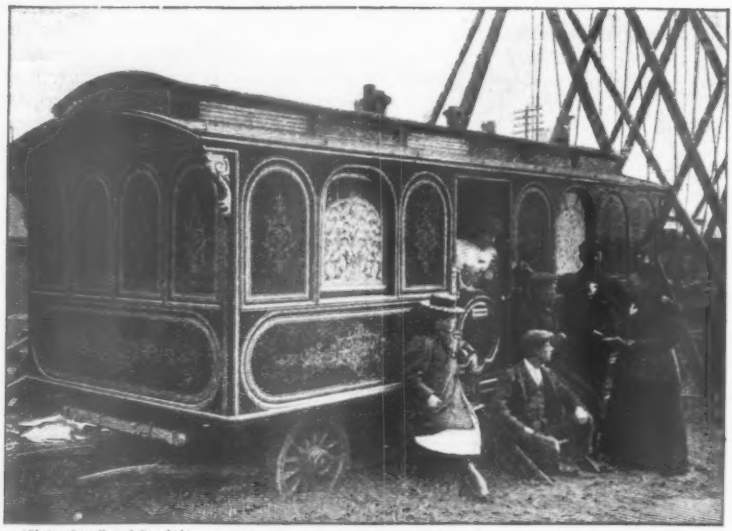
Another barrier to the advance of the cause was the attitude of aloofness and distrust formerly taken up by van-dwellers. In bygone years comparatively few workers knew how to approach the wanderers, with the result that those ladies and gentlemen were often temporarily discouraged.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

AN ATTRACTIVE SIDE-SHOW.

Happily, the friends of the mission are not now merely tolerated, but welcomed, in houses on wheels. Miss Millington, who every year visits a number of large fairs, not infrequently finds, on reaching



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

MISS MILLINGTON AT WORK.

Millington, and also send her photographs and other mementoes. She has, in fact, quite a collection of portraits of monstrosities, about each of whom she can relate a story.

While, as before said, numbers of Christians are now working among travellers, there is still plenty of room for more. Helpers, active and otherwise, are wanted all over the kingdom; for, much as has been accomplished, more remains to be done. And for so good a cause these should surely be forthcoming.

T. W. WILKINSON.

a caravan, a cup of tea awaiting her, somebody having run on ahead and heralded her coming. Many of them write more or less regularly to Miss



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A TYPICAL SHOW.

Josh the Poet.

A RUSTIC CHARACTER STORY.



I WAS walking along the footpath which meanders from the churchyard over the ridge of the hill, and thence past field and hedgerow until it wanders into the turnpike road beyond—I was walking along this footpath when I met Josh the Poet. I did not know him at once, for the setting sun shone in my eyes with a marvellous radiance, and Josh is sadly altered. But the little sprig of goateebeard and the limp in the left leg decided me.

"Hullo, Josh!" I said. "How are you? And don't you remember me? And have you written any poetry lately?"

Josh answered my questions in order in his thin, piping voice. He was very well—he coughed painfully as he said it—and he did remember me; and as to the poetry——

He began to search eagerly amongst some dog-eared papers in his breast pocket, and a thrill of excitement and pride came into his shrill little voice. He turned up his eyes at me with an air of mysterious triumph as he fumbled with the papers, as who should say—"Just one minute. You wait a bit. *I've* got something here. Now don't be impatient. You shall see it in one minute!"

With an air of profound and elaborate pride he selected one of the papers, opened it out, performed a flourish with his arm, and, bowing, presented the document to me. I kept my countenance and perused it, Josh meanwhile stroking that queer little moustache and beard of his with the quick, nervous movement which he always falls to when he is excited. His eyes beamed at me from behind his spectacles as he craned his head forward, the better to watch my face. How could I help humouring him a little? My heart was full at the sight of his white hair, his bent figure, his thin, gentle-looking face. I read aloud and with due unction:—

"The Duchess of —— begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Mr. Joshua Pringle's verses on the loss of the *Victoria*, and to state that she fully concurs with Mr. Pringle in deploring the terrible catastrophe."

"Well, Josh," I said, "you *are* getting on! A duchess! What next?"

Josh's face fairly brimmed over with delight. Then he suddenly set his features in order, as though it had struck him that his attitude betokened want of modesty.

"It ain't bad, eh?" he said, peering at me through his spectacles.

"Excellent, indeed," I said.

Josh came to my side and looked over my arm at the paper. "Ain't it *well* expressed?" he said admiringly, turning his eyes up into my face.

"Very well expressed," I replied.

He leant forward and peered at the paper, picking out each word with his forefinger.

"You see she begs to acknowledge *with thanks* Mr. Joshua Pringle's verses, and she says as she *fully concurs* with me in deploring the catastrophe. Ain't it *well* expressed?"

Poor, simple, innocent Josh! He ever betrayed the same childish delight when his poetry drew forth an acknowledgment. People said he was a little touched in the upper storey, but I knew better. He was only one of Nature's simplicities, and nothing more.

"You still write a good deal of poetry then, Josh?" I said.

"A great deal," he replied impressively, looking up at me again from under his brows in that queer way of his. "I wrote about that 'ere big strike, and I wrote about the Jubilee, an' I'm a-writin' now about the harvest festival at the church."

Josh was cosmopolitan in his range of subjects. He broke out into rhyme on

every possible occasion. His repertoire ran the whole gamut of human emotions, public occurrences, accidents, and happenings—from the Jubilee festivities down to the death of Joe Biddle's pet rabbit. He used to note down every item of an occurrence which he was about to sing in his verse, and it used to strike his conscience severely if any one of those minute particulars was left out in his poetic version. He must work it in somewhere or somehow, or his mind was not at rest. "This is what I says," he used to maintain. "If you writes poetry, be correck. Bring in your facks right. It don't matter so much if you are right in your facks, an' if you bring 'em all in."

Josh's poetry, after he had brought in all his "facks," was a thing awful and wonderful to contemplate. For having written it all out in a measure which was as cosmopolitan as his range of subjects, he would discover that he had omitted to mention, perhaps, three important "facks," such as, first, that the rabbit had died at three o'clock in the afternoon; second, that Joe Biddle was at school when it died; and, thirdly, that Joe had cried bitterly when he found out the melancholy truth. Josh would shake his head. "That won't do," he would say; "I must get 'em in somehow!" And forthwith he would supply the deficiency by cutting short some flow of sentiment



"Ain't it *well* expressed?" he said admiringly.—*p.* 1001.

and inserting instead the important fact which had been omitted. Josh was, indeed, very hard on sentiment as opposed to fact. In this respect he was an original poet. "What's sentiment when facks are concerned? Now don't mistake me, sir! Sentiment is all right in its way, but when facks has got to come in, sentiment must go overboard!"

When Josh had worked in all his omitted facts by this revising method, the results upon his poetry may perhaps be better imagined than described. The rhyme suddenly became obdurate. How can a man find a rhyme to the word "rabbit," for instance, when he simply wants to add that it was three o'clock when the aforesaid and lamented rabbit died? The feet of his verses also kicked and sprawled in a most alarming and spasmodic manner. But how can you get in the fact that the rabbit died at three o'clock *in the afternoon*, in one line of a measure of eight-and-six? I merely mention these items to show the difficulties with which Josh had to contend and the ingenuity with which he surmounted them.

Josh used to compose his poetry chiefly when he was mending his boots and shoes. If you looked in at the small window of his wayside cottage, you would see him smiling and muttering to himself as he bent his queer little head over his work. Sometimes he would look up with a beam of delight, and lay his hammer down, and walk to and fro across the cottage floor, metaphorically hugging himself with pleasure. Then you might know that a happy line had struck him, which he would recite to himself again and again as he resumed his work. After his poem was complete he would speak it with suitable gestures to his pink-and-white little wife—they made the queerest old-young little couple as they walked together—and she would look at him admiringly and say, "That's beautiful, Josh! Oh, that's beautiful!"

The revelation that he was a poet came to Josh suddenly, and to his utter astonishment. He had read in some notes on the life of Charles Dickens that the great novelist had once narrowly escaped death in a railway accident caused by the collapse of a bridge, and that the carriage in which he was travelling literally hung over the edge of the embankment. This incident greatly impressed Josh, whose mind was one day dwelling on it as he hammered away, when, by some astounding chance, these eloquent lines came to him:—

> "How awful to be hanging there,
> Over that chasm steep and bare!"

"*Why, that's poetry!*" exclaimed Josh, laying down his hammer in the utmost bewilderment and surprise. "Yes, I'm blest if that ain't poetry!"

"I don't know how I did it," he used to say later on, looking at you with the most comical perplexity. "No, I don't know how I did it, but it come to me just on the moment with that suddenness as nearly took my breath away. I had no idea I was a poet till then! I owes it all to Mr. Charles Dickens!"

After this extraordinary discovery of the talent that was lying dormant within him, Josh began to make up for lost time. His facility was simply painful. He composed verses on every subject under the sun.

When it became known in the village that Josh had started writing poetry, there was a general smile abroad. But not an unkind one, for the old cobbler was liked by everyone. In a good-humoured, half-jocular way, someone proposed one Saturday night at the club-room that Josh should recite his "piece" about Joe Biddle's rabbit, whereupon there was a clamour of acclamation. "Come, Josh! We must have it, Josh!" they all cried.

Josh tried to hide his pride and gratification behind frowns of the most terrible displeasure, amidst which his smiles would persist in beaming, despite himself, like ripples of sunshine between the clouds. He made a show of struggling and protesting, laughing and frowning meanwhile, as he was pulled to the front: but I don't think he struggled very hard. And when, at last, to his infinite delight, he was prevailed upon to recite his poem, it was good to see him stand there in all solemnity, as with dramatic earnestness he delivered those awful lines on the death of that extraordinary rabbit. Josh went home a proud man that night, with the *furore* of good-humoured

applause ringing like music in his ears. Henceforth it became a regular thing for him to recite his poems on Saturday evenings, and he grew to regard it as an official engagement. "I *must* get on with this piece!" he would say despairingly when inspiration failed him, "or I shall never be ready for Saturday!"

There came, on one occasion, a clergyman from London to lecture to the village

"See, there's 'Mr. Joshua Pringle' writ on it, and it's got 'London, N,' see, in that little round place!"

"What's 'London, N,' mean?" one asked of him.

"It means as it's come from London, Near," said Josh, drawing himself up with importance. "He lives near London, see! None of those great men lives right in London. It's too noisy! See what he says! He says:—



With dramatic earnestness he delivered those awful lines.—*p.* 1003.

club on Church history. It was a ticklish subject for Josh to tackle, but he surmounted it manfully, and with indescribable gusto recited his lines on the following Saturday evening. "You must send the poetry to him, Josh!" they said. "Oh, yes, Josh; you'll have to send it to him!" A new field of triumph opened before Josh at the idea, and a few days later he was flourishing a letter about the village, the envelope of which he showed to everyone with childish glee before he pulled out the enclosure.

"'DEAR SIR,—I beg with thanks to acknowledge your verses on my lecture on Church history, and to express my satisfaction at learning that it gave you pleasure.—I am, dear Sir, Yours faithfully, —— ——.'"

"Ain't he put it well? See, he *acknowledges* the verses, and he expresses his *satisfaction* to learn as the lecture gave me pleasure!"

Thus commenced the growth of Josh's insatiable thirst for acknowledgments. They became the triumphs and the land-

marks of his life. His memory-almanac was dated, punctuated, and determined by acknowledgments. "Let 's see! When was it?" he used to say to his wife. "Oh, I remember, it was the day before I had the Acknowledgmen'" (Josh could never be got to realise the existence of the final "t") "from the Rev. So-and-So. I had that Acknowledgmen' on the Friday morning, and it was the day before that—so it was a Thursday!"

Josh began his acknowledgment career modestly, and in a small way; but as the thirst grew upon him he became more ambitious. A brief letter from a local magnate, confessing to the receipt of some verses on the burning of a hayrick on his model farm, caused Josh's breast to swell with gratification, though he still frowned amidst his smiles with a due sense of the indecency of his exultation. But when, later on, there came an acknowledgment from a neighbouring Member of Parliament—written in his very own hand and upon House of Commons note-paper—the local magnate faded into the background. It was amusing to see the awe and veneration with which Josh regarded this missive. He would place it on the low mantelshelf near his working-table, so that he could look at it in silent exultation from time to time, and occasionally he would take it in his hand and, holding it at a respectful distance, would gaze upon it as upon some sacred object. He took it out with him wherever he went, and handed it to people with a preternaturally solemn air, peering at them through his spectacles as they read it, to watch the effect on their faces.

As the years went on, Josh got together an array of acknowledgments, which he used to show to everyone with as much pride of possession as though they were some precious gems. Whenever visitors dropped in at the cottage his wife would say ceremoniously, "Show your Acknowledgmen's, Josh"; and Josh would forthwith bring them out, just as one brings out the family album, his face beaming with pure delight. A Member of Parliament, a Justice of the Peace, some twenty or thirty clergymen, these were signatories of whom Josh had just cause to be proud; but the summit of his ambition, the acme of his wildest dreams, was reached when there came a reply from a real live duchess in response to his lines on the loss of the *Victoria*. That day and the days following he walked upon air, and realised to the full what a grand and majestic thing it was to be a poet. Henceforth he rested upon his laurels, feeling that he had done all that mortal man could be expected to do. By the time I visited the village that priceless document, the duchess's letter, was dog-eared and grimy; for he carried it ever in his breast-pocket, and would take it out at least three times a day, to gaze reverently upon it.

I don't think Josh ever had an enemy in the world. He was too simple and gentle of nature by far to do ill to any man. I am afraid that after the first novelty of Josh's poetry began to wear off the village lost remembrance of him. At all events, his cobbling trade, which had become quite brisk for a time by reason of his popularity, began to wane. The migration of young men from the neighbourhood to the large towns caused it to diminish still further. With one hard winter came evil times for Josh—times when he was barely able to make up his rent, not to mention the wherewithal to buy food. His delicate little wife fell sorely ill, and lay for months in her bed, in the inner room of the cottage. Josh used to sit with her there, mending his boots the while, and reciting his poetry to her, and she would look up at the ceiling when he had finished and say, with a smile of pride and pleasure, "That 's beautiful, Josh! Oh, that's beautiful!" And Josh would recite still more, basking in the sunlight of her appreciation, and would mend the same old boots over and over again to make her believe that he was fully employed, and that things were improving with them. But the voice of poverty is hard and cruel and insistent. Josh tried to ward off the evil moment as long as he could, for, though you might find it difficult to credit it, there is as much pride of independence in a quiet way amongst these simple, honest people of the country-side as amongst the grandest gentlefolk that ever breathed. But Josh had to succumb. The sight of his wife's pallid cheeks wrung his heart. And one day, with a shame that burned his cheeks, he appeared before the guardians to beg for outdoor relief. He came away with a vacant look on his face, his mouth twitching, his lips trembling convulsively.

On the way home he turned into the wood and walked to and fro amongst the trees, in a stupor, scarce knowing what he was doing. The guardians had offered "the house" for him and his wife. They would not grant him out-door relief; that was why his lips trembled. For, poor as he was, simple as he was, gentle and inoffensive as he was, there was a bitterness about the thought of "the house" that caused his heart to swell with agony until it seemed that it would burst. He had been so happy with his poetry, and his "Acknowledgmen's," and his daily work, that the blow came upon him with ten-fold force. And his wife, his poor, sick, fragile little wife! How could he tell her? A knife went through his heart as he thought of it. He put his arm over his face, and, leaning against a tree in his misery, burst into tears. There was something terribly pathetic in the fact that amidst his sobs he kept saying to himself again and again:

"'The 'ouse!' An' me with all them Acknowledgmen's! What shall I say to her? Oh! what shall I say to her?"

* * * * *

I know it was God who sent the rector along that woodland path on that dull November day. I know it was God who put the fire of eloquence upon his tongue when he appeared before the board of guardians and pleaded with them so that their hearts were touched. If he had never done any kindly act in his life save that one, he would still have earned his reward.

And Josh, though he is now white-haired and bent and old, still goes on occasionally with his versifying, which his wife thinks is the most beautiful and eloquent that the world has ever produced. But he has never sought other acknowledgments, feeling that the testimony of a duchess is glory and prize enough for any one life-time.

HARRY DAVIES.



"That 's beautiful, Josh!"—*p.* 1005.

OUR ROLL OF HEROIC DEEDS



THE incident depicted above occurred off the rocky coast of Downderry, in Cornwall, some years ago. A Mrs. Crowther and her three daughters were bathing in a somewhat rough sea, when the young people were suddenly carried out of their depth. The mother endeavoured to swim to their aid, but was unable to reach them, and would have met the same sad fate as her daughters if a bystander, Captain Brian Williams, had not plunged in to the rescue, and succeeded, by the help of a boatman, in bringing her to land. For this gallant deed, performed at great danger in a heavy sea, Captain Williams was awarded the Silver Medal of THE QUIVER Heroes' Fund.

A FIGHTER TO THE LAST.

WHEN the well-known Canon Ryle, Vicar of Stradbroke, and Dean-Designate of Salisbury, was offered the new Bishopric of Liverpool by the late Earl of Beaconsfield, the Canon replied: "My lord, I am too old to be a Bishop. I am sixty-four." The Prime Minister quietly surveyed the massive figure and healthy features of the man who was to be Liverpool's first Bishop, and then said, with a smile, "It seems to me, sir, you have a very good constitution." And so it has proved. Dr. Ryle is now in his eighty-fourth year, and the twentieth of his episcopate. He is the oldest Bishop on the Bench. He never wears glasses when reading or writing; indeed, he does not possess spectacles of any kind. He is an early riser for an old man, and nearly all his letters are answered by the first post. By 11 a.m. all his correspondence is finished, and he is ready to see his clergy, and to extend to them counsel and fatherly advice. He is wonderfully vigorous for his years. In May last he delivered an address on "Sunday Closing" at a meeting of the citizens of Liverpool in our largest hall—St. George's Hall. His voice rang clear through the vast hall from end to end, and everyone marvelled at the mental and physical vigour of their octogenarian Bishop.

He is one of the busiest men in his diocese — preaching on Sundays and weekdays; addressing parochial meetings; holding confirmation services; attending committees of all kinds, besides the "care of all the churches" in his diocese, which is no small burden in these unhappy times.



THE REV. J. C. RYLE IN 1866.

(*Facsimile of the Portrait published in "The Quiver" of March 31st, 1866.*)

He retains his plainness of speech and his wonderful gift of rhythmical Anglo-Saxon, and his addresses are occasionally lightened by gleams of humour, or by some quaint phrase. He has a happy knack of coining phrases that stick. His description of sporting parsons as "Nimrods, ramrods, and fishing-rods" has never been forgotten, and his apt description in one of his diocesan conference addresses of those churchmen whom the French would call *opportunists* as "jelly-fish" took the conference by storm.

I remember hearing him address a meeting of the junior clergy of the diocese on "Preaching," and with a twinkle in his eye he said he "hoped it would never be inscribed on any of their pulpits, '*Mangling done here!*'"

XUM

The Bishop himself is a model preacher, combining in the same sermon the doctrinal and the practical. He is deliberate and impressive in manner, and he uses very little gesture. He stands square and upright in the pulpit, and with emphatic utterance and in sympathetic tones he speaks forth words of soberness and truth. You are bound to listen, and you cannot fail to remember. He is a splendid specimen of "John Bull"—fearless, outspoken, sometimes brusque, often a hard-hitter; but never bitter, never vindictive, and, above all, never unjust to those who disagree with him.

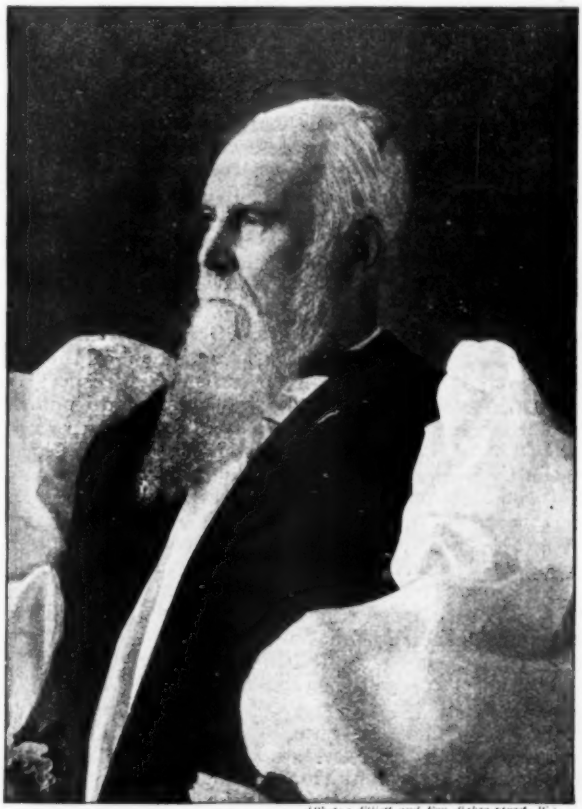
There is no doubt that during the twenty years of his episcopate the Bishop has grown to understand the people of Liverpool, and the people of Liverpool to understand their Bishop, with the result that there is not a more popular Bishop in England to-day—amongst Churchmen and Nonconformists, and even amongst Roman Catholics—than the staunch Protestant Bishop of Liverpool.

The work accomplished by Dr. Ryle in his twenty years' episcopate has not been sufficiently made public. He has consecrated *forty-three* new churches, and at his urgent requests mission halls and parish rooms have been erected in nearly every large and populous parish.

Over £100,000 per annum is raised for home and foreign missions. The Diocesan Temperance Society is the most vigorous in England. It has a missionary in every police-court, and an agent in every important town in the diocese.

The Bishop has established a "pension fund," so that now the aged clergy can retire on pensions of £200 a year. And the "sustentation fund" secures to *every* incumbent an annual income of at least £275—in many cases £300 a year.

A very remarkable development of church work amongst men has taken place during Dr. Ryle's episcopate. Something of his own Christian manliness has laid hold of the clergy ordained by him, and they have gone into the working-class parishes determined to win the men, and they have largely succeeded—classes for men, services for men only, men's unions, men's guilds, are marked features in the church work of Liverpool.



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

BISHOP RYLE OF LIVERPOOL IN 1899.

This sketch of the Bishop's life would not be complete without a reference to his writings. He has been called the "Prince of Tract Writers," and every year his tracts grow in popularity. It is calculated that the various editions of his tracts have reached TWELVE MILLIONS.

It is not generally known that the Bishop has had letters from "every nation under heaven," testifying to conversions through the reading of his tracts.

Mr. Ruskin once wrote to a friend:—"I forgot to say that the pleasantest and most useful reading I know on nearly all religious questions whatever are Ryle's tracts. I forget his Christian name—but you will be sure to find them at Edinburgh. They are not professedly doctrinal, but chiefly exhortative: the doctrine, however, comes in incidentally, very pure and clear."

A lady friend of mine who married a German pastor, and who did not like her husband's sermons—they were so mystical and so theological—used to translate Bishop Ryle's tracts into German and persuaded her husband to preach one occasionally. She declared the translated tracts were the only sermons the simple German villagers ever praised. This reminds me of a criticism on the Bishop's preaching by an old Scotchwoman: "Yon mon is na Bishop. Why, I understood every word he said."

There is hardly a book-shelf in town or country parsonage without Dr. Ryle's "Expository Thoughts on the Gospels." His "Knots Untied" has had a very large circulation, and a new and cheap edition has just been published to bring it within the reach of Sunday-school teachers.

His "Christian Leaders of the Last Century" ought to be read by all Protestants at the present time.

Since his appointment as Bishop, Dr. Ryle has not found time to add to the "works" which he was able to send forth from the quiet and rural retirement of his country parsonage.

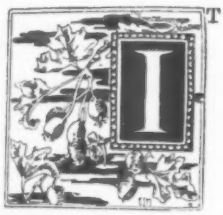
I cannot do better than close this brief sketch of the life of one of the Evangelical leaders of the nineteenth century by a quotation from the Bishop's *first* pastoral, issued in July, 1880. It gives the keynote of his episcopate:

"I ask you to assist me by cultivating and encouraging a spirit of brotherly love, charity, and forbearance among Churchmen. In a fallen world like ours, and in a free country like England, it is vain to expect all men to see all things the same way. Let us on no account be colourless Churchmen, destitute of any distinct opinions. But as long as any brother walks loyally within the limits of the Articles and Prayer Book, let us respect him courteously, even when we do not altogether agree with him. I do entreat every clergyman in my diocese, for Christ's sake, to avoid all needless divisions on non-essential matters, and to follow after peace, as well as truth. Let us never forget that division is weakness, and union is strength. I ask no one to give up his principles for the sake of apparent unity, or to cease to work his parish in the way his conscience tells him is right. But I do ask everyone to remember the words of St. Paul: 'Let all things be done with charity.' By all means 'contend earnestly for the faith' handed down by the Reformers of our Church. But let us always contend in the spirit of love, both in word and deed."

A HERO IN HOMESPUN

A Complete Story. By Margaret Mackintosh, Author of "That Tantalising Letter," Etc.

CHAPTER I.



IT was a queer turn of the wheel of fortune that brought Koorstin Livie back to Arbroath, after twenty years' absence, a rich woman—for a well-plenished cottage and a thousand pounds in the bank seemed wealth galore to her frugal mind.

She had never expected a farthing from her father's uncle, Dick Swankie, the morose, passionate, close-fisted, and eccentric captain of the *Elizabeth*. But when the schooner foundered near the Bell Rock one dark and stormy night, Koorstin suddenly found herself raised to affluence. Skipper Dick had left no will, and she was his nearest relative.

At first it was difficult to realise her good fortune. It seemed like a dream—a dream with a flavour of nightmare in it. For the name of Livie had been to Dick Swankie as vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes. To his nephew's dying day he never forgave him for renouncing the sea and becoming a cowardly landlubber; and his animosity had extended to Koorstin. It was the consciousness of the drowned skipper's undying hate that was the fly in the ointment, the one thing that marred her enjoyment of the goods the gods had given.

She would have scoffed at the idea of believing in ghosts; but the first night of her return to Arbroath, when the gloaming came on and she sat her lee-lone in the kitchen of Whelk Cottage, the flickering firelight throwing grotesque, fantastic shadows around her, she began to feel a little eerie.

"If he knew I was sitting here, it would make him turn in his grave," and with a half-shiver at the gruesome thought she rose hastily out of the dead man's own arm-chair. "I—I—think—I'll away round and get a talk with Nannie Mathie for the sake of auld lang syne."

No sooner said than done. In a trice she had tossed a knitted shawl over her fair hair—although Koorstin had seen thirty-seven summers there were no silver threads amongst the gold as yet—and was hurrying down Lordburn under the open canopy of heaven.

A score of years had made little difference to the crooked, irregular streets, with their pavements so unsociably narrow as scarcely to admit of two walking abreast. The hoary ruins of the Abbey still frowned dignified disapproval of the tall, prosaic, red factory chimneys around. But not one familiar figure did Koorstin meet till she crossed the threshold of Nannie's shop, expecting to see her sweet faded, patient face, a bunch of curls nodding at either side, and her mild, short-sighted eyes looking apologetic inquiry through her spectacles.

Instead of which there confronted her, behind the tempting array of buns and cakes on the counter, a big, gaunt, middle-aged man with a Cromwellian nose and a shock of reddish-brown hair!

"Mercy me, Grim-Daith!" ejaculated Koorstin, recoiling involuntarily with a shock as great as if she had recognised in the white-aproned baker the last phantom enemy of mankind.

The healthy, ruddy colour of her cheek paled, for although the fires of youth and love had burned to ashes long years ago, the sight of this man had power to move her yet.

Grim-Daith—at one time the relentless, inexorable guardian of the law in Arbroath—whose real but never used name was Peter Moonlight, had once been the hero of Koorstin's maiden dreams. That rugged, homely countenance, fringed with its rusty-red beard, she had once thought the brawest that e'er the sun shone on! In a word, he was the gallant sweetheart whom her two-faced bosom-friend, Christina Cargill, had wiled away from his allegiance.

"What's your will? I'm a wee dull of hearing," said her erstwhile admirer, eyeing his incoherent customer askance. Then all at once a gleam of recognition flashed from under his bushy, overhanging red eyebrows. "Well, I never! if it's no' my old—friend, Koorstin Livie! How are you, Koorstin, how are you?" wringing her reluctant hand with a nervous fervour that toppled over a dish of cheesecakes and sent them rolling in all directions and rich confusion over the floor. "Would you believe I was just thinking about you this very minute? They told me you were back in Arbroath, but I didna expect to see you no' a day older like than——"

"Than when?" asked Koorstin disconcertingly. "If you mean when you and me last met—and parted—I'm just twenty year older like since then."

"Ay, ay, is't all that time? Well, nobody would believe it, to look at you, Koorstin?"—admiringly. "And I must say it's real handsome of you to give me a call after all that's come and gone between us. I take it awful kind—awful. Eh, woman, the sight of you warms my heart."

"Does it? And are you not wanting Christina's heart to be warmed, too?"—with a significant glance at the back-shop.

"Oh! she's away lang syne—did you not know?"

"No, poor thing, I didna," said Koorstin, shocked at his tone of indifference. For the first time a stirring of pity awakened in her breast towards her triumphant rival.

"I'll no say that my matrimonial venture was altogether what you would call an unmitigated success," pursued Grim-Daith reminiscently. "I'm far from perfect myself, but for usual, if folk'll let me alone, I'll let them. Now, with the mistress it was different: there was a kind of contrariness about her that made her fight with the very wind. No, she wasna over-easy to do with—my word, no."

So disloyal lover and treacherous friend had both got their deserts. If the slighted Koorstin had thirsted for revenge, this would have been her hour of triumph.

"She was a by-ordinary manager, though, by-ordinary," wound up Grim-Daith, with the air of one willing to give her her due. "And I've missed her sore with regard to that, for I'm still a widow man, Koorstin, a widow man."

"Are you sure?"—with ironical scepticism. "Have you no taken Nannie Mathie as your second? I canna account any other way for you being behind her counter."

"Tuts, woman! we bought Miss Mathie's business twelve years ago with some siller that the mistress had fallen heir to from her aunty Shoosan."

"Eh, me! had she really the face to keep you waiting till twelve years ago for her siller?"—with covert sarcasm. "That was most terrible inconsiderate of her, and no what was expected, I'm sure."

"You may say that"—plaintively. "The very first time I saw Christina—it was on a Hallowe'en night in your father's house, Koorstin, and I mind as fine as you like how bonny you were looking with a braw sky-blue ribbon on, the fairing I had bought for you at St. Thomas's market——Well, that night Christina happened, some way or other, to begin a-speaking about her aunty Shoosan, how well off she was as regards this world's gear: 'But what can siller do for folk with one foot in the grave?' says she. 'Poor old done body, I'm sore, sore misdoubting that she'll no see the year out,' says she. Whereas, Koorstin, she saw nigh-hand nine years out. Nine years of giving her presents, and making of her, and holding in with her—it was no light job, I'll assure you."

"I believe you: it would be a weary wait. And maybe the hope deferred might help a wee to mitigate the success of your matrimonial venture?"

Grim-Daith, on whom the rest of Koorstin's irony had been lost, turned a look on her not wholly free from suspicion.

"I don't know rightly what you mean?"

"And I'm sure I don't know either, havering away here, and me so busy," she interposed skilfully. "Let's see a Forfar bridie, like a man. I'm in a hurry, but you can take time to pick out the biggest, for all that."

"I'll do more than that," beamed Grim-Daith, reassured, in a burst of unparalleled generosity. "I'll put this into the bargain"—a cake of shortbread, with the appropriate legend, "From an Old Friend in Arbroath," sweetly printed in white sugar carraways.

With this token of former (?) affection in her hand, Koorstin retraced her steps homeward. And it must have possessed some talismanic influence in exorcising the spirit of Skipper Dick from Whelk Cottage, for the thought of him did not again cross her mind that night.

But——

CHAPTER II.

A MONTH had glided uneventfully past—if we except the daily event of Grim-Daith handing in Koorstin's couple of morning rolls in person: she was such an early bird, he said, and his errand-boy could be depended on for nothing but always sleeping in—when one evening the mistress of

Whelk Cottage, half-dozing over her knitting, was suddenly roused into startled wakefulness by a peculiar, stealthy knock.

"Mercy! who can that be rapping at the door, and it struck nine o'clock?" she muttered uneasily, and, creeping noiselessly to the door, she slipped in the bar.

"Whoever you are," she then announced boldly, "allow me to inform you that the door's closed for the night, and it 'll no' be opened again if you were the Queen on her throne."

"Whisht, whisht, dinna make such a skirling. It's me," came in muffled but familiar accents through the keyhole. "Let me in like a lass. I've something most terrible important to tell you."

"Ay, and what might that be?" queried Koorstin, her momentary trepidation replaced by a hovering smile, as she undid the door. "Is the loaf up a penny, or has your message-laddie fallen foul of a batch of tarts?"

"My word! I would tart him," said the master quickly, and there was that in his eye which threw a lurid light on the somewhat vague nature of the threat. "As for the loaf being up a penny, it's no such thing. If it wasna for the fancy bread," proceeded the vendor of London buns and butter biscuits, shaking his head lugubriously, "I might just take off my apron and put up my shutters at once."



"Well, I never! if it 's no' my old friend."

"So you were remarking no further gone than this morning," hinted his auditor drily.

"Ho, ho, ho! that's as much as to say that I've got in on false pretences"; and Grim-Daith shook with merriment.

"There's nothing by-ordinary amusing to

my mind in saying what's no' true"—severely. "Think shame of yourself, pretending that you had some wonder to tell——"

"Ay, but so I have," he interrupted her abruptly, his countenance suddenly assuming its normal—much more than its normal—solemnity. "And wonder enough, and no mistake. How would you like, Koorstin—I put it to you—how would you like to see a dead body come back to life again before your looking eyes?"

"I would like it just well as to see a living body going crazy before them," was the crushing reply.

"Softly, my lass, softly; you'll maybe go crazy yourself when you hear who the dead body was"; and, leaning forward, he whispered something into her ear at which she started back aghast.

"You're havering—it canna be," she gasped faintly, staring at him with wild, incredulous eyes. "It isn't full three months since he was drowned——"

"It's more than that since the *Elizabeth* foundered, but—his body was never found."

"Was it not?" asked Koorstin, with growing dread.

"Never"—emphatically—"but for my part I'd no more thought than yourself of ever clapping eyes again on Dick Swankie in this world. Imagine my feelings then, when I was in Dundee this afternoon, to see him walking down the street before me with his wizened yellow face and long siller-white hair and beard. Says I to myself, you're either Dick Swankie or his ghost, and I'll know which before I'm much older: but that very minute a sudden notion seemed to strike him, and off he went, tearing down the Nethergate as if Auld Nick had been after him—or as if he had been Auld Nick after somebody. And I'll leave you to judge, Koorstin, who the somebody'll be that Skipper Dick will be after! I'm feared to think of the fury he'll be in when he finds you here. He'll make you pay up to the uttermost farthing——"

"Ay, and the next time he's drowned he'll take care to have his will made," said Koorstin grimly. "I'm much obliged to you, Grim-Daith, for coming to tell me, but it's the worst news I've heard this many a day. And methought that my troubles . . . were over . . . and——"

Here poor Koorstin broke off abruptly, and for some moments busied herself poking the fire in a very gratuitous fashion.

Under his shaggy red eyebrows her quondam lover regarded her furtively with sympathetic commiseration. His heart had not felt so moved within him since the long-gone day when it beat fast under his blue coat with the pain and shame of meeting his slighted sweetheart.

"Dinna lose heart, like a woman," he ventured to urge awkwardly. "If there was anything I could do to help you——"

"Ay, but there's nothing," she rejoined with an unsteady laugh—Koorstin was made of the stuff to die game—"nothing, unless you were to bring a present of a thousand pounds in your hand to-morrow morning with the rolls."

"And blithely would I bring no one thousand, but my all," burst out Grim-Daith with real fervour, "but you would have to take me into the bargain, Koorstin. Eh, lass, could you no do it? Could you no forgive the past—and make it up with me again?"

"My man," replied Koorstin warningly, "if you begin with that kind of nonsense, you and me'll cast out—so mind what you are about."

"Well, well, I'll no press you," said the rejected suitor deprecatingly. "I declare it's all the hours of the night"—getting on his feet—"I'll have to be off——Good-night to you."

"Good-night," responded Koorstin laconically, without raising her eyes. This lingering shilly-shallying leave-taking made her dread a renewal of matrimonial overtures.

"Ah, well! I doubt I'll have to take the road"—glowering wistfully into the rigid face.

No reply.

Heaving a heavy sigh from the depths of his capacious chest, Grim-Daith slowly lifted the latch and disconsolately withdrew——

And almost immediately reopened the door to thrust in his head and say hurriedly, with his eye fixed on the cat bristling with indignation at this second intrusion—"You'll keep my offer in mind, and if you were to change your opinion, you'll be sure to let me know."

And Koorstin sat on, cowering over the dying embers pondering bitterly the personal application of the slip-'twixt-cup-and-lip threatening her. It was far into the small hours of the morning before she rose from her chair, stiff and cold with the chill night air.

But if the apparition of the Nethergate proved a flesh-and-blood reality—she meant to keep in mind Grim-Daith's offer.

CHAPTER III.

THE very next day brought Koorstin confirmation of Grim-Daith's story in the shape of Skipper Dick himself!

He had not been drowned as supposed. A Norwegian brig had picked him up floating about in a life-buoy, unconscious, and with no clue to his identity about him. For weeks he had hovered between life and death in a foreign hospital, and it was months ere he was strong enough for the voyage home.

These details Koorstin learned afterwards.

XUM

For the old heathen (whose hatred of his grand-niece had become a species of monomania for which he was scarcely responsible), without any preamble, flew into a perfect passion of fury at the sight of her—her!—established mistress of his house. And ordered her with a storm of the fiercest invective to



"I've something important to tell you."—*p.* 1013.

be gone and never, at her peril, darken his door again.

"Dinna be feared of me darkening your door again; when I want beside daft folk, I'll go to Sunnyside Asylum," was the scathing reply, as she made her preparations for departure with provoking deliberation.

Thus Koorstin, though forced to beat a retreat, left the field with crest unlowered and colours flying. But her heart was heavy within her, and the garrulous sympathy of old Nannie Mathie, with whom she sought a temporary refuge, chafed rather than soothed her. To have the cup of ease, of comfort, of prosperity, dashed from her lips almost untasted—oh, it was hard, hard! To have to go out into the cold, callous world again, no longer young—but had she to go? Was there not an alternative? There was—Grim-Daith's offer!

All day a struggle went on in her mind. How it ended may be guessed from the fact that when the worthy baker was closing his shop for the night he saw her coming down the West Port, dressed in her Sunday best. Straightway Grim-Daith, with agitation (and the corner of the shutter), crashed through a pane of glass.

"Eh, but you're a handless creature!"

"Hoots, never mind—there's no use crying over spilt milk. What's a small bit matter of half-a-crown or such-like?" said Grim-Daith, with a prodigal extravagance that in a cooler and calmer moment would have made his hair stand on end. "And so you've had a surprise visit the day from the ghost of the Nethergate? The auld rascal! I'd have come round and settled him for you in a jiffy, but by the time the news reached my shop you were flitted over to Miss Mathie's. You'll be to bide a while with her? Goodness me, you're—you're dressed, Koorstin" (in sudden apprehension of what her unusual habiliments might mean). "You're surely never off for the night?"

"Oh, no! I'm going nowhere particular," said Koorstin, with a faint blush, hastily disclaiming any momentous or premeditated element in her mission. "In fact, it was such a bonny night, I was fair tempted to come out and get the air—and—and—in the by-going—I wanted a word with yourself."

"Just so. I'll warrant now I'll be catching it about the rolls being a wee scorched this morning," returned he, with a facetiousness almost as manifestly put on as Koorstin's coolness and indifference. "It's a pity, since you came out to get the air, no to get it," he further proceeded to remark, and nobody would have dreamt that his heart was thumping against his ribs in a way that proved they were not so easily fractured as his window panes. "What would you say now to a bit walk along the cliffs the length of Dickmont's Den? At any rate, we'll easy manage to 'The Mariners' Grave,' or 'The Blow Hole.'"

"It's all one to me," replied Koorstin after a momentary inward struggle.

And so the long-severed pair—who twenty years ago had thought to walk life's journey hand in hand—once more walked side by side, the slanting rays of the setting sun falling around them. Was the rest of the journey—to the foot of the hill, till the sun sank—to be together?

"Ay, ay, it's neither the day nor yesterday that I was out here," said Grim-Daith, heaving a retrospective sigh, when they

began the ascent of the rugged footpath, the incoming waves breaking with a gentle murmur on the sandy beach below. "I couldn't thole coming here after you were away. We had aye been together, you see, since we were bairns. Fine I mind you—a wee, laughing, yellow-haired lassie—making houses in the sand down there, and running, splashing about, wading in the water. Do you know it aye makes the tear start to my eye, that bit of the song—

"'We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.'"

"Go on with the next verse," broke in his companion abruptly, "and you'll know what I came to say to you the night—

"'An' there's a hand, my trusty freend,
An' gie's a hand o' thine.'"

"I guessed it, I guessed it, the first glint I got of your face," cried Grim-Daith, his cavernous eyes glowing with delight. "Eh, Koorstin, you don't know how light a heart you've given me this night! And, God helping me, I'll do all that mortal man can to give you as light a one for the rest of your days."

"You'll better stop and hear me out," said Koorstin, with so strange and unnatural an expression that he fell back in dismay. "That was what I came to say—but—I find—I canna—I canna."

"Do you mean you canna bring yourself to o'erlook the past?" said he slowly, the glow of joy gone out in darkness. "If you knew how I've repented—ay, repented on my knees—you would maybe no be so hard on me—or look down on me——"

"Me look down on you! It's myself I'm looking down on," answered Koorstin, with a remorseful laugh that had a great deal more the sound of tears than mirth. "Do you know what I was going to marry you for?—your siller! Ay, it's true. I couldna face being poor again—with nothing but my pair of hands between me and want. But the now—when I saw how much you cared—and how you minded yet about—the wee yellow-haired lassie—I—couldna go on with it——"

It seemed an age that the two stood silent; Koorstin, with averted face, surreptitiously wiping her eyes with the fringes of her shawl. Then Grim-Daith touched her gently on the arm.

"It would make me as happy as I can be in this world now," he said simply, "if you would let me, unbeknownst-like, settle on you what I have in the bank."

Koorstin looked at him a moment through misty, shining eyes, and then slipped her toil-worn hand into his.

"I can give you that now," she said softly, "for the heart goes with it."



The long-severed pair once more walked side by side.

NEW VOCATIONS FOR CHRISTIAN GIRLS.

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE COLLEGE, SWANLEY.

"THERE are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, but none of them is without signification." Girls are awakening to find out the signification of new voices and to recognise that they are called to use their divers gifts for the world's benefit. Too many still slumber on, like the Sleeping Beauty of the fairy tale; nothing can arouse them but the voice of an ideal prince calling them to an ideal vocation. They open scared eyes when old Father Time stirs them up to the unwelcome conviction that youth and its opportunities of entering with advantage on a career of honourable independence have stolen quietly away. Old-fashioned stories may ring out their heroines with wedding-bells, and draw the curtain upon them with the comfortable assurance that "they lived happily ever after." But, in reality, women must march forward into middle age, whether their life's yarn is spun according to their own design or not. This period may be the least romantic, but, if it attains its highest ideal, it means strength in all its beauty. It is like midsummer with a whitening harvest, or midday glorious with ripening sunbeams.

The exceptional women who discover their vocation late in life and enter upon it successfully are the first to warn others of the drawbacks of plunging into work without training. There is no escape from the discipline of apprenticeship, and it becomes severe in proportion to delay. Those who are qualified when young to earn their own living, whenever occasion may arise, are as independent as though they possessed a fortune. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, and what has the world to offer the bereaved owner who trusted in them alone? There is no excuse in the present day for lack of education. In the prophetic words of Tennyson's Princess, addressing noble aspirants for improvement:

"Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed."

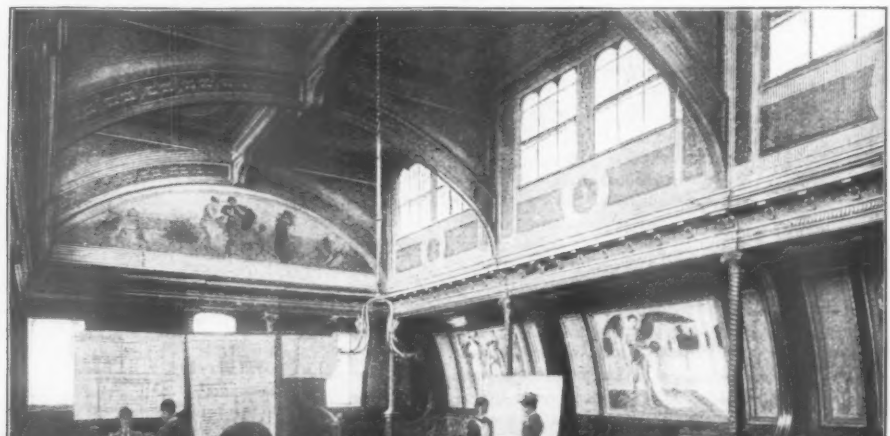
Systematic training for profitable callings has been recently brought within reach of every class and position. Amongst the newest branches of technical education are institutes for out-door pursuits. They offer healthful occupation for body and mind. Girls doomed to pine, and at length break down, if chained to a desk or a counter might sing for very lightness of heart over work in the midst of flowers or in the pure air of a dairy farm.

Horticulture as a calling for women has so far justified all reasonable expectations. The Horticultural College, Swanley, founded for men about twelve years ago, opened its doors to women in 1891. About thirty-two, whose converse with Mother Nature and open-air life bring them as close as possible

to the ideal of "sweet girl graduates," look out on the billowy green country from the windows of Southbank, a comfortable house just outside the college grounds. Here they find stabling for bicycles, and pleasant bedrooms where they may retire, if they will, for private study and surround themselves with the books and photographs that make the place homelike.

About forty-five acres of land under cultivation, over twenty glass-houses, a chemical laboratory, library, workshop and dairy, offer a vast field of interesting study—vast because of the wonders which every budding blossom unfolds. The working hours are from 9 to 1 and from 2.30 to 5, and the time is divided between practical work and lectures. Seven working gardeners, with students for their pupils and assistants, produce a regular supply of fruits, flowers and vegetables for the London market. Professors from London, Oxford, and Cambridge lecture during two hours each day on natural sciences such as geology, botany and entomology. But a student's education is not considered complete without acquiring the art of marketing. To be an adept, she must learn to buy and sell profitably, to pack, store and preserve fruits properly, and know something of book-keeping, surveying and building construction.

The College is the headquarters of the British Bee-Keeping Association. An ex-Swanley student is the only woman in Great Britain acknowledged as a first-class expert in this branch of scientific industry. The collection of neat wooden hives in the open and the apiary at Swanley are a benefit to society if they teach a method of producing English honey that will compete, not only in quality but in moderate price, with the foreign importation. A Swiss compound of pear-juice and glycerine may not be unwholesome, but it is, nevertheless, a sham. Why should not a greater number of Englishwomen supply the real thing for market? After the first outlay—and it is well to make a good start with bar-framed hives—there is little further expense to counterbalance the profit. In an average season, thirty pounds to fifty pounds of honey may be expected from each hive. To the market, the price of run honey is from 4½d. to 6d., and in the comb from 7½d. to 9d. per pound.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE LECTURE THEATRE, SWANLEY COLLEGE.

Bee-keeping is generally more useful to women as an adjunct to gardening than as a separate calling. Most of the students in residence at Southbank are there to learn

how to turn the soil in their own country homes to the best account; they intend to become their own or their parents' head gardeners. So far, the numbers seeking remunerative employment have been quite insufficient to meet the applications. For the past three years, two at a time who wished for further instruction have been received at Kew, beginning in the position of "gardener's boys." Others have gone to the Royal Botanical Gardens at Edinburgh and Dublin. All Southbank students at Kew have gained promotion. One was the first woman on record to hold office in any Royal Botanical Gardens, and she has obtained praise from the highest horticultural authorities for her alpine gardening. She left to take a responsible post; and, amongst several gardeners under her, is another lady student from Swanley. The head gardeners, directors or teachers of horticulture at Lady Henry Somerset's Industrial Farm Colony at Duxhurst, at the Convalescent Home at Hale and at the Wycombe Abbey School, are all ex-Swanley women students; another is teacher of Botany at the Princess Helena College, Ealing, another has been employed by Mrs. Garrett Anderson to plant and lay out an orchard in Suffolk, and two more have been appointed to lecture on bee-keeping and on London trees respectively.

Considering the prospect in view, the cost of training, £70 per annum—in which three months' vacations are included—is a sum wisely invested. The course lasts two years. Nearly thirty scholarships, giving free board, lodging and education for two years, are granted by the County Councils of Kent, Essex, Berkshire, and London. Scholarship-holders enter at the age of fifteen, other students are not admitted under sixteen.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

IN THE MICROSCOPIC ROOM, SWANLEY.

It is interesting to hear a Swanley working gardener's views on the subject of students. A practical instructor at the College has admirable opportunities of judging whether girls are likely to make the vocation a success. One whose magnificent specimens of chrysanthemums on exhibition last November proved him to be an artist in his trade withdrew his gaze of satisfaction from the gigantic snowballs and towsled tawny heads, to consider the question whether boys or girls made the best pupils.

"You can't say that one is better than the other," he said. "Girls have very neat fingers, and they are sometimes as strong as the boys; I have known them hoe as long without getting tired. Those succeed, whether they are boys or girls, who put their whole heart into the work."

Two lecture-rooms at Swanley—the first a fine hall, with decorative paintings, used for

the more important lectures, the second a smaller and plainer room—a laboratory and a microscopic room, show that the theory of horticulture has all due attention. The



CLASS AT WORK IN THE GROUNDS, SWANLEY.

grapple of science with bacteria and the microscopic enemies of horticulture are a part of the Institute training.

The College is under the control of a Principal, who is also head of the men's department. The women's branch is under the patronage of H.I.M. the Empress Frederick and the management of a committee of ladies, whose acting representative is the Lady Superintendent of Southbank.

Every encouragement is given to girls to attend a place of worship. A chapel-of-ease, where the Principal of the College reads the lessons on Sunday, is close at hand, and other churches are within a pleasant walk.

Swanley was the first horticultural college to offer its advantages to women, and it has benefited by this generosity. Kindred institutions have followed its example. The Royal Botanic Society of London has opened a "Practical Gardening School for Ladies" in Regent's Park, which is officially recognised by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council. The course of instruction extends over three years, and the fees are—for the first year, £20 per annum, second year, £15, third year, £10, all paid half-yearly in advance. Applications for information with regard to this School should be made to the Lady Superintendent, Mrs. J. Bryant Sowerby, Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park.

Years of depression and foreign imports have hidden the poetry and pleasure of farming behind its difficulties. Science and art are now to the fore, and they promise to restore, at least in a measure, a good old English vocation to a profitable means of livelihood, of which some branches are open to women. For the benefit of students, excellent model farms and dairies have been started in the provinces, and these universities of natural science have their Girtons and Newnhams.

The Midland Dairy Institute at Kingston Fields, Notts, was opened by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, on

September 17th, 1895. It is in connection with the County Councils of Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Lindsey Division of Lincolnshire, Notts, and the Agricultural Department of the University College, Nottingham. Close to the home of Stilton cheeses, ten miles from Nottingham, twelve from Derby, and eighteen from Leicester, it consists of 160 acres thoroughly equipped for teaching. Its managers profess that "the main object of the Institute is to provide a thoroughly practical course of instruction in dairying, combined with such scientific instruction as is found necessary to explain the principles on which the practice depends."

The students are divided into various classes and take up different subjects. The wives, daughters, and dairymaids of farmers may obtain practical lessons in making butter or hard and soft cheeses, and in the general management of cows and of a small dairy. Those ambitious to qualify as teachers can obtain diplomas, and others who only wish to take up some speciality in practical or scientific work are admitted to the Institute for a short course of not less than a week. Girls under fifteen are ineligible, and the preference is given to applicants living within the counties of Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, and the Lindsey Division of Lincolnshire. They only pay £2 per month for all the advantages of the Institute, whilst the fees of others are double. Twenty can be accommodated with board and lodging at 10s. per week. The men lodge in the bailiff's house or in other recognised establishments. An illustrated prospectus shows the ground plan of the Institute, with its bath-rooms, bedrooms, dormitories, and store-room in one division; and in another, dining-room, sitting-rooms, lecture-room, class-room, and all the separate rooms required for different departments of dairying. The story of one day in the life of a student has a chapter in most of these rooms.

The work begins at 6.45 with the arrival of milk from the neighbouring farms. This is poured into the receptacle in which it is weighed, and the empty cans are cleansed with steam. A sample is taken for future testing, and the milk passed into the steam separator or to the cheese room. By about 8.30 the last milk-cart has jogged away to the music of empty cans. During the rest of the morning teachers and students, a large steam churn, and five or six hand churns are in full activity, and an average of seventy pounds of excellent butter is



CHEESE-MAKING AT THE MIDLAND DAIRY INSTITUTE.

(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A LECTURE ON DAIRY WORK.

produced. The arts of washing and salting are explained, and the students also learn to divide it into pounds and half-pounds, and to fold the packets neatly and evenly in the Institute papers. This is done in a cool cellar, where the butter hardens on porcelain slabs.

The scene in the cheese room, meanwhile, is equally busy. The hard cheeses, such as Derby, Cheddar, and Leicester, are made in one; Stilton in another; and in a third, soft cheeses such as Camembert, Port de Salut, Port l'Evêque, and Gervais. The testing room is the one of greatest interest to students who delight in science. There acids force the samples of milk to show what they are made of and what they are worth. This requires care and accuracy, for it affects the prices; the farmers are paid according to quality as well as quantity. It affects also the value of cows and the respect in which they are held.

After midday dinner come the lectures. The subjects cover a wide range, from the most ambitious to the minor details of farm book-keeping. The art and science required in all modern avocations that, like this Institute, are self-supporting are little dreamt of in amateur philosophy. In the last examination on the theory of dairying, the candidates were required to sketch the appearance of milk under the microscope, and to explain how bacteria feed, breathe, and multiply. These enemies turn the milk sour. At one time the mischief of pixies or the spite of witchcraft was held responsible; now science exposes the real offenders and runs them to ground. It might not occur to the uninitiated that pigs suffer from indigestion, but their proper diet was one of the many matters under the consideration of the examiners of 1898.

Candidates for a teacher's certificate must dive deeper into the mysteries of farming. They are expected to know, for example, the best milking breeds of cattle, to "describe the benefits of technical and scientific instruction in dairy work," to understand how to plant rudimentary knowledge in virgin soil, and to disentangle many interesting complications. But the factory manager's certificate, as may be imagined, calls for still wider study. It embraces veterinary surgery, as well as the general information required for starting and maintaining a cheesery or a factory. The candidates must not only take a comprehensive view, but descend to such details as overcoming the caprices of rebellious poultry. "On the first of March," the examiner says, "you find a hen broody which you wish to sit; how would you manage her until she hatches?"

With such tests of learning in prospect, students may well find the day too short. The opportunities for study are ample. The

orchard is used for demonstration purposes and a garden and a poultry yard for practice; weekly lectures on general horticultural subjects, and lessons in bee-keeping, and the proper methods of preparing for market and of marketing the produce, are a part of the curriculum. The long winter evenings are not wasted; this is the time for instruction, if desired, in dress-making and domestic economy. Saturday afternoon is a half-holiday, and Sunday a day of sacred rest. The works of mercy and necessity involved in cow-keeping are over before breakfast, and all students are expected to attend some place of worship.

About three months' training is sufficient to qualify a girl of average ability for the charge of a private dairy, but it would require six for her to secure satisfactory certificates. The demand for certificated teachers or lecturers does not increase as quickly as the supply, but skilled dairy-maids are almost certain of obtaining remunerative employment as managers of private dairies or of factories.

Studentships tenable at the Institute are awarded periodically by the counties with which it is connected. Applications for information on this subject should be addressed to the Organising Secretary, County Offices, Derby; A. J. Baker, Alliance Chambers, Leicester; S. Maudson Grant, 17, Mint Street, Lincoln; M. J. R. Dunstan, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

Multiplied advantages for developing amateur farmers and gardeners into skilled agriculturists and horticulturists should transform many neglected acres into fertile ground. In many rural districts agricultural labourers have been keener to move with the times than their employers. The younger generation drift to the towns, already suffering from congestion, whilst the villages tell a sorrowful tale of desertion. Land is wasted for want of cultivation; youth, talents, and education in many pleasant country homes are lost for lack of profitable occupations, and millions of money are spent annually on foreign goods. The typical daughter of a farmer or country clergyman leaves school with just sufficient education and accomplishments to add to the taste and refinement of her own home, but not enough for a livelihood, certainly not for one out of which she can make provision for old age or sickness. After a time the leisure of the country seems dull; even her home, though it may be the old manor or moated grange that are a dream of delight in the holidays, palls on her. Her life and talents were not given to her to rust out, whilst she sees grey hairs and wrinkles increase on her parents and they talk of hard times. She starts into



(*Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.*)

AT WORK IN THE BUTTER ROOM.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE TESTING ROOM.

the world as a third-rate governess, or is lost in the crowd of city toilers. It is sad, but not surprising, if, in the unwonted confinement, she should mope like a caged lark, and return at last with health and spirit broken to her own home. It is still more sad when, in the struggle of life, a girl brought up with the fear of God before her eyes, finds herself in a situation in which she can only succeed at the cost of a wounded or stifled conscience. Yet within the reach of many country girls who seek for a living in the towns, or deteriorate for want of employment, are a chicken run, a dairy, an orchard, a garden, bee-hives and glass-houses, all items of capital which only require skill and knowledge to turn to good account. Their highest and holiest service for God lies in their duty to their parents.

Those who hunger for Christian work can generally find it close at hand. No one who knows rural districts can maintain that the villagers need the help of earnest, educated women to live worthily less than the working classes of the town. It is a safe rule to do the next thing, and to take up the duty nearest at hand. Our beloved country smiles gratefully on those who supply wholesome dairy produce that can compete with foreign imports. The world becomes a fairer place for the increase of snowdrops and primroses.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A GROUP OF STUDENTS AT THE MIDLAND DAIRY INSTITUTE.

LORD OF THE HARVEST!



Words by JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

Music by PHILIP ARMES, D.Mus. Oxon., M.A., *et* Prof. Mus. Dunelm.

Maestoso (about 76=♩).

1. Lord of the har - vest! Thee we hail; Thine an - cient pro - mise doth not fail; The vary-ing sea-sons haste their round, With good-ness all our years are crown'd: Our thanks we pay This ho - ly day; O let our hearts in tune be found! A - men.
2. If spring doth wake the song of mirth, If sum - mer warms the fruit - ful earth, When win-ter sweeps the na - ked plain, Or au-tumn yields its ri - pen'd grain: Still do we sing To Thee, our King; Through all their chan - ges Thou dost reign.

3. But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
New plenty scatters o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear—
We, too, will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4. Lord of the harvest! all is Thine,
The rains that fall, the suns that shine;
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound. Amen.

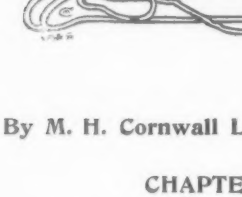
LOVE-LIGHT

A ROMANCE OF CAPRI.

By M. H. Cornwall Legh, Author of "A Hard Master," "The Steep Ascent," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.



LIGHTNING flash had gone as instantaneously as it had come, and impenetrable blackness once more covered the earth, while the crashing of thunder, mingled with the wind that howled and whistled through the crevices of the rocky heights, and the rush of the water down the sides of the road, drowned Nugent's voice, as he tried to ask Phyllis what had brought her there. When her voice at length reached him, it did not sound like her own.

"Mother is very ill; I am on the way to Anacapri to fetch the doctor."

He had guessed it already; what else could bring this young girl out, alone, upon this solitary road, this awful night? Nugent's habit of taking life calmly proved of value on this occasion. "Take my arm," he said in his usual voice. "We are not far out of Anacapri now. I am going there with you."

"If you are so good, will you go and fetch the doctor?" Phyllis responded: "and I will get back as quickly as I can to mother."

"Go all that way again, through the pitch darkness, by yourself! No, you must not do that. It would hardly even save time, for we shall be at the hotel in ten minutes, and it will not take long for them to get a carriage ready."

It was one of Nugent's rules in life never to attempt to influence other people or take any responsibility for their actions; but tonight he was oblivious of his rule.

"You must come with me," he said; and Phyllis obeyed the will which, when asserted, was even stronger than her own.

"Take my arm, Miss Bevan," he repeated, a flash of lightning at that moment facilitating her compliance with this invitation. Nugent drew her arm into his, and could feel that her whole frame was trembling; he fancied, moreover, that he could detect in the little jerks that her hand gave the effect of suppressed sobs. As is the way with natures at the same time highly strung and courageous, it was now that the main cause of terror was past that its results made themselves felt.

They walked in silence, not merely by reason of the difficulty of making themselves heard, but because Nugent guessed that Phyllis would not like to know she had been detected in a breakdown. She was soon herself again.

"It is very good of you to turn back with me," she said, as a turn in the road brought them into a less exposed position. "Oh, how thankful I was when I saw that it was you!" Then she told him how her mother had become much worse that night, developing symptoms which she had not seen before, and over which Marietta and her mother shook their heads.

"I felt she must see a doctor at once, and there was no one to go except myself," Phyllis said. "So I left the old woman looking after her—she is very kind, and seems to be accustomed to illness—and came. I started with a lantern, but the wind blew it out at once."

"Are you not afraid of being out in the storm?"

XUM

"Not now—not with you! How foolish one is," Phyllis went on, "feeling as if one were alone, when one knows that one really is not! I did feel frightened going along that road, and kept fancying that I should see something or somebody dreadful each time the lightning shone. But every now and then I caught sight of the light of the shrine twinkling through the darkness, and it seemed to cheer me."

"As you got nearer that, you felt you were getting nearer the end of your journey?"

"Yes. And"—with the shyness that only came over Phyllis when she spoke of the subject that was nearest her heart—"don't you feel that a place where a great many prayers have been offered becomes in a way holy, even if they are ignorant prayers, like those to the Blessed Virgin? And I always think that God must hear those prayers and take them to Himself, although they were addressed to her, when the people who offer them, like these poor peasants, know no better and are sincere."

The worst of the storm was over when Nugent and Phyllis reached the hotel where Dr. Ashford was to be found. Nugent's substantial clothes had kept him from being wet through, but Phyllis's ancient waterproof had been ineffectual in saving her from a thorough soaking. Finding, however, that by rare chance a carriage, just returned from Capri, was ready with the horse in it, nothing would induce her to wait to change anything, and she, Nugent, and the doctor were soon out in the darkness again, being carried towards Capri.

Nugent spoke hardly a word on the way. He was thinking, as usual—not on abstract matters, however, to-night, but on concrete. Supposing Mrs. Bevan were to die, what would this girl do, this simple child, who seemed to have practically no one in the world, except her mother, to turn to for love or for protection? It went to his heart to think.

Though he spoke no word of consolation, Nugent's whole manner that night had in it more than usual of deference and consideration, and this silent manifestation of sympathy was a support to Phyllis that no words would have given.

They reached La Casa Bianca.

"May I wait and hear what the report is?" Nugent asked. He waited in the little sitting-room for some half-hour. Then the doctor came in to him.

"No danger," he said; and Nugent heaved a sigh of relief.

"She will be about again in a day or two. Miss Bevan told me to wish you good-night, and sent a very pretty message of thanks, which, not having her smile with me, I cannot adequately give. Poor child!" he ended, "she is a plucky little girl."



The doctor came in to him.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME PLAIN WORDS.

MRS. BEVAN recovered, to all appearance, at any rate, as quickly as she had fallen ill. She was about again in a few days, as lively as ever, and inclined to be angry with Phyllis for having, without her sanction, fetched in a doctor. Phyllis herself, relieved from her anxiety, manifested no bad results from her exposure in the storm, except, indeed, that her eyes troubled her a little. She thought that was owing to the glare of the lightning. When she came down with her sketching things to continue her interrupted picture of the Faraglioni, on the first day which proved fine enough for the purpose, she had hardly put in half a dozen strokes when she had to lay her brush down.

"Tired already?" asked Nugent. He had been working of late extraordinarily hard for him, employing the largest canvas he had ever attempted to cover in his life.

"Only my eyes. I mustn't draw any more to-day." And Phyllis heaved a sigh which had less residuum of gladness in it than usual. "The lights are so lovely, too," she added pathetically; "and I had been looking forward so much——"

Then she pulled herself up. "How silly of me to grumble, and how ungrateful! It ought to be enough for one to see all these beautiful things. And, after all, how little of the beauty one could ever get on to one's canvas! Besides, there will be your picture, and that will be ten times as good as mine would have been."

She was quite cheerful again, but not so Nugent. He felt once more angry with, instead of resigned to, fate.

"Don't talk as if you were never going to finish your picture!" he said, in a tone which was new to Phyllis, coming from him.

"I mustn't go on with it till my eyes are quite right again," she answered, patiently putting up her painting materials. "Mother wanted me to give up my professional drawing even for a day or two."

"Can't you let that slide, and go on with your sketch? This kind of work is not half so trying to the sight."

"I know. But then, you see, one can't let breakfast and dinner and supper 'slide'!" Her laugh did not amuse Nugent in the slightest, though it was genuinely mirthful. "And I am afraid it would not do for mother's chest for us to live, as you do, in a cave. Don't look so unhappy about me, Mr. Cleveland! One really cannot consider it a hardship not to be able to give up one's work for the sake of being able to play."

"But your painting is better than your designing. It is all wrong that you should be wasting your artistic gift by not doing the thing you can do best."

Phyllis was silent in thought for a few seconds.

"From the point of view of art, I suppose it is," she said. "But one's duty must be greater than one's pleasure. And, you see, there can be no question about what is my duty, when it means supporting my mother as well as myself."

The absolute contentment this view of things afforded her struck Nugent forcibly. He could not, by one word of his, disturb this child's serene content—try to disturb it, was not that the truer phrase? Nugent doubted whether any man's suggestion of rebellion would have been powerful enough to influence Phyllis. For him to scoff at life, however, would hurt her, by reason of her sympathy. Any cynically flavoured observations of his used to make her turn on him pitying eyes, and she was never at ease till he dropped his pessimistic vein.

"If you cannot paint, let us take a walk," he said, in a voice as cheerful as her own. "If I were you, really I would knock off work for a day or two. You will probably find it save time in the end. Then we can make some expeditions. You know you have seen nothing of the island yet. Where shall we go this afternoon?" as he proceeded, in spite of Phyllis's remonstrances, to fold up his easel and scrape his palette. "You have not seen the Natural Arch? Neither have I. Nor been to Caprile, or up Monte Solaro. But for this afternoon I suppose we shall not have time for a lengthy walk. Shall I show you the grotto we were speaking of the other day, where the maiden-hair grows? We can hide our sketching things among the bushes."

Phyllis assented joyfully, and the two set off at once, scrambling over the rocks till they hit on the rugged path that led to the grotto. Phyllis was delighted to discover clumps of a wild flower with petals as deep and bright a blue as though they had been cut out of the sky, and arbutus with long, hanging strings of fruit, orange, yellow, and green together, and here and there a small sweet violet.

When they reached the grotto, a large cave in the mountain side, her enthusiasm was doubled, for in crevices in its sides and roof grew maiden-hair such as she had never seen before. Nugent forbore to tell her how much finer fronds she could have gathered in some of the tropical countries where he had been. After all, as much pleasure might be got out of ferns a foot in length as a yard, he reflected, just as those small blue flowers could give as great delight

as the most rare and extraordinary orchid. If the nature was such that the red and yellow rays of life which, with most people, dominate the blue are absorbed, the whole atmosphere of the soul must be azure; everything must turn to silver at the touch.

It will be observed that all Nugent's reflections tended now to focus in a single point: and his being a peculiarly reflective mind, it will be understood that it became before long saturated with — Phyllis.

And yet he was positively not aware of the fact! Just as the most cautious people are the ones who, on occasion, perform the rashest actions, and the most open-handed people surprise the world by instances of meanness, so those most given to introspection are they who are apt utterly to fail to discover in themselves what is most patent to all observers. Nugent had not the faintest idea of what any amorous youth of eighteen would have recognised in himself, that he was drifting into love. In Phyllis he had found what he would have termed a new philosophy, and it was his part as a philosopher to make himself acquainted with it. That was only to be done by means of an intimate acquaintance with Phyllis, the propounder thereof in her own life and nature, rather than by her words.

So he cultivated an intimacy with Phyllis, and with every success. When his entreaties were added to those of her mother, that she would give her eyes a little rest, Phyllis consented to work but half the day, and the remainder was given up to exploring the island. Mrs. Bevan enjoyed accompanying them on the less exhausting of their expeditions, Nugent having produced another Capriote friend who possessed a mule, and was always most obligingly willing to place it at the disposal of *la Signora Inglese;* but there were parts of these expeditions which could only be done on foot, and then the "young people" were sent on to see what was to be seen, while Mrs. Bevan sat down with a book—and smiled when the pair had gone out of sight.



Nugent and Phyllis scrambled down the narrow pathway.—*p.* 1030.

Thus they visited the old ruined castle perched on one of the lower hills, called Il Castiglione, the way to which led through a vaulted passage, along the side of a steep, with the splendid view over the Bay of Naples making a succession of framed pictures through the openings which gave it light; up a narrow lane full of "bits" made for artists, and along the hillside. The walk there was, Phyllis said, as beautiful as the

view from the top and as interesting as the castle itself. They ascended the height of San Michele, and penetrated its cavern hung with stalactites, where Phyllis had a small struggle with Nugent over a sharing of the fee given to the keeper who provided them with torches, in which Nugent came off victorious with a calm declaration, made once for all, that as it was done in America, so it should be done in Capri, the man paying whatever expenses might be connected with the trips.

They went to see the Arco Naturale, a rock hollowed out by nature into the form of a gigantic arch, and Nugent and Phyllis scrambled down the narrow pathway of steps cut in the side of the cliff to the grotto dedicated in ancient days to the worship of the sun.

"According to your theory," Nugent said, "the prayers and praises of these old Nature worshippers must have reached heaven; for certainly those who offered them had never learnt of any other Deity."

"I have often thought of that question—the prayers of the heathen, I mean," Phyllis answered. "And it seems to me they must be heard, since He is the God of love and the Father of us all. If a child were to cry out in the dark for help to a brother who he thought could hear him and help him, and his father heard him, knowing that there was no brother there, would not he come in to the child himself, and give him what he asked for?"

"But if you grant this, where is the point of your sending out missionaries to the heathen, and trying to give people what you consider a purer faith than the one they have been brought up in?"

Phyllis's answer came without hesitation: "If you heard the child pleading for help to a brother who never existed, or who was beyond the reach of his cries, and was, in the child's eyes, capricious and with only a limited power to help, or, as the heathen believe the deities they pray to are, absolutely cruel, would you not want to tell him about the father whose love and power to help were perfect?" Her enthusiasm had swept away her shyness. "Fancy allowing people to worship the sun," she exclaimed, "while they might be worshipping Christ!"

The next fine day the party went down, instead of up, descending the slope which rose from the Grande Marina to the water's edge. Here, in the ruins of the Baths of Tiberius, they ate a picnic luncheon and sat upon the rocks, with the water dashing up at their feet, and examined the Roman remains, under Mrs. Bevan's instructions; nor did they leave the ruins till the scarlet was fading away into crimson and the transparent moon becoming solid and beginning to cast faint shadows from the orange trees.

By the time they had followed the long zigzag road up to the top of the hill, the whole landscape was drawn in vivid black and white, and the moon threw a long path of light from the horizon to the shore. Vesuvius was very active to-night, and his red flame made the one spot of colour in the landscape. The friends stood a few minutes at the top looking down on the sea on each side. Then Nugent accepted the invitation, now daily given, to enter La Casa Bianca and share the Bevans' frugal evening meal.

The next event was Marietta's wedding, to which her English friends and, of course, *il Signor Americano* were invited. The festivities began some days before the marriage with an exhibition of the trousseau, the house-linen, and the cooking utensils which Marietta had bought out of her earnings, and was to bring her Pedro as a dowry. The day before the wedding the bride and bridegroom's combined possessions were taken in state to the house bought by the former, when another reception took place. Every article was valued, and a price-list kept by the bride—a custom which seemed to Phyllis rather too prosaic, but Mrs. Bevan said it showed the good sense of the Capriotes in looking on a marriage as a solid, business-like affair, not a billing and cooing upon nothing, like two turtledoves upon a bough.

"For my part, if I were Pedro, I should much prefer that splendid large saucepan, that would cook a dinner for a family of six, to the prettiest of blushes on Marietta's cheek," she said. "And if I were Marietta, or, at any rate, Marietta's mother, I would far rather have that bed and chest of drawers and the chairs for all the six to sit upon, than the most agreeable conversation and compliments paid in the most refined and fascinating way imaginable. I could have done without the image of San Costanzo, and perhaps that picture of Vesuvius split in two, with a man holding up a torch to see the eruption by; but a little sentiment and art are quite allowable after the solid things have been provided."

"I entirely agree with you," Nugent responded gravely. "A man would be a selfish fellow, indeed, if he asked a girl to marry him with nothing better than art to offer her."

"Yes; and something rather worse than selfish if he had not the energy to turn his artistic gifts to account in earning enough to be able to offer himself to her, while he showed her an attention that could hardly fail to make her imagine that he cared for her."

Phyllis was out of earshot of this somewhat pointed dialogue, in which, as usual, the woman had the last word.

"I think we have had enough of this to-day," Nugent said, as, Phyllis's talk with the old woman over, the three wended their way homewards. "A Capri bridal is rather a boisterous affair. The great amusement is throwing sweetmeats at one another, with considerable risk of somebody's eye being put out by one of the vigorous young peasants. The fun gets very fast and furious towards the end—not the sort of thing you would care for, I know."

Nugent was not in his usual spirits this evening, Phyllis thought, and her mother was unusually silent. In fact, the two seemed not in the best of tempers. Nugent said good-bye when they came to the door of La Casa Bianca, and Mrs. Bevan left all the pressing of him to come in and sup to Phyllis. Nugent was decided in his refusal; he had some letters to write, he said.

"What time did you say you were going to call for us to-morrow?" Phyllis asked. An expedition had been planned to the top of Monte Solaro, the highest mountain in the island, which they had long talked of climbing, and the Bevans were to return with Nugent to his cave for tea. He named twelve o'clock as the hour for starting, since it was a long distance up the mountain and back, and good-bye was said.

Nugent made his way home in a state of mental disquiet, such as he had rarely, if ever, allowed his philosophic temperament to assume. His early antipathetic instinct regarding Mrs. Bevan reasserted itself with a vigour that corresponded with the actual cause she had just given him for being annoyed. Why should she have been forming expectations of what he had never had the smallest intention of doing? Why should she suspect him of something so entirely absent from his mind? Why might not this delightful, unfettered intercourse—the only natural, primitive feature that had actually been in his attempt at a simple life—have continued indefinitely, as it was clear to him it could not now?

"If the woman has these notions in her head, she is sure to put them into Phyllis's," he said to himself with renewed vexation. There was nothing for it but to bring the whole thing to a close at once. He must go.

The experiment of the cave-dwelling, as such, had not been a success. Nugent had been moved thereto by an impulse resulting from the combined influences of meeting two enthusiastic young artists fresh from their cave life at Capri, and the reading of Thoreau's "Walden." If this other philosopher had found such content in an absolutely simple life, communing only with the poor and with nature, why should not a cavern fill the place of Thoreau's log hut, the ocean that of his New England forest, and philosophy find as congenial a home under Italian skies as in the keener, more practical climate of America?

But the experiment had proved a failure. It needs a quiet and settled mind to be at home with nature. For very few men is a secluded existence one of calm thought and intellectual energy. The simple, natural life, which Phyllis had not ceased to live because her lot was cast in the stress of bread-winning labour and the stir of a crowded city, had not been attained by Nugent alone with nature and unbounded leisure, without a care in life, on this secluded island. He would hardly have spent two months in Capri if it had not been for this new human interest which had come so unexpectedly into his life. And now it must cease: he must bring his intimacy with Phyllis to a close. As a man of honour, he was bound to do so: the other alternative—that of offering himself to her—being out of the question. He marry this little Puritan—bind himself just now to any woman, however sweet a woman she might be, were the match the most eligible that could be made in Europe! It was an idea he only looked at to laugh at it, and at the woman who had supposed it possible. Yet the thought of saying good-bye to Phyllis struck him with a strange pang that had in it something of enlightenment. For their sakes he must go. And for his own sake, too! Yes, it was positively the case that this child had touched his heart! She had brought him to that condition from which he had always kept so carefully aloof, till it had ceased even to be a fear with him that some day he might fall into it. In love! Nugent laughed at himself with a contempt intended to destroy the mental malady there and then, but which failed of its effect.

"Beasley was right, after all," he said to himself. "And I was right, too: I said philosophers were fools. This sort of thing doesn't take long to get over, that's one blessing: change of air speedily works a cure. The main point now is to clear out before anyone else catches it. Women don't shake a thing off quite so easily as men; and if the idea were put into her mind——"

Yes; there was no question about it; he must go.

"I hope you are not tired, mother?" Phyllis said that evening, observing that Mrs. Bevan's spirits, of late much higher than usual, remained considerably below normal.

"Oh, no, I am not tired, though I have been doing a good deal—for me—lately. I doubt whether I shall feel up to Monte Solaro to-morrow. These long rides uphill are very uncomfortable on a mule."

"Very well, mother." The disappointment on Phyllis's face was so obvious that her mother looked at her narrowly.

"What a pity Mr. Cleveland doesn't find something to do!" she remarked next.

Phyllis looked up, surprised.

"He is working very hard," she answered warmly. "He gets up early and gives the whole morning to painting at his picture of the Faraglioni, and I believe he has almost finished it."

"Oh, yes, sketching. But I mean something by which he could earn a living. It seems such a pity for a young man, if he has any talent, to be wasting his life like this."

If such a thought had lurked at the bottom of Phyllis's own mind, that did not make her less warm in her defence of her friend.

"It does not seem to me that he is wasting his time any more than we are," she said. "He has not been here long. He told me the other day that he only arrived a few weeks before we did; and when he is not obliged to do black-and-white work, why should he? Painting such as his is a much higher form of art."

"Take care you don't lose your heart to your cave-dweller," Mrs. Bevan responded, laughing. "Remember your poor old mother could not go to live in a damp grotto, whatever you two young enthusiasts might do."

"Mother!" Phyllis turned crimson, and the look on her face was one of positive vexation.

"There has never been anything of that kind in either of our minds," she said. "Of course, I always understood that he could not marry, even if he wished to; and of course, he doesn't wish it. Please don't say anything more like that to me, mother, ever!"



"Please don't say anything more like that to me, mother."

Mrs. Bevan would fain have asked one question—namely, whether Nugent had ever told her, in so many words, that he was not in a position to marry—but something in Phyllis's tone and expression now was in contrast to the submissive, child-like bearing she was wont to see in the girl, and prevented her.

No further allusion was made to the cave

or the dweller in it, and when the morning came, Mrs. Bevan tacitly accepted the fact that they were going up Monte Solaro.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRANGE DEPARTURE.

AT twelve o'clock the next day Nugent called, as he had promised to do, for the Bevans, and they set out for Monte Solaro. Though the day was exceptionally bright, this, the last of the excursions planned out, bid fair to be the least brilliant of them. There was something distant in the manner of Mrs. Bevan and Nugent towards each other, of which Phyllis was aware, though she could not account for it. Had her mother said anything to him, she wondered, about the unsatisfactoriness of his life? She feared something of the sort must have passed between them, though it never occurred to her that anything concerning herself had been implied; and she tried, by an extra brightness on her own part, to melt the little chill which hung over her two companions.

An incident soon occurred to give food for interest and subsequent conversation on an impersonal topic—namely, the appearance upon the road of the marriage procession of Pedro and Marietta, who were just returning from the wedding. The bride and bridegroom led the way, followed by a gay throng of friends and relatives, and crowds of children, to whom sweetmeats were being thrown. Some of the flowers and grain which had been flung at the wedded pair as they left the church still stuck in the bride's hair, and upon her dress. Flowers meant happiness, and grain a fruitful union, so Mrs. Bevan told her companions, as the result of her reading upon the customs of the Capriotes.

The Bevans and Nugent followed the road towards Anacapri till a point a little below the town, where they struck off to the left. Mrs. Bevan did not proceed much further before she dismounted from her mule, and after they had eaten their luncheon she let the young people go on by themselves. She settled herself in a sheltered nook, with her book on Capri open, but the first page remained unturned till some time after she had watched the two out of sight.

Alone with Phyllis, Nugent did not become more talkative, nor did he appear in better spirits than before, though his manner with her was as kind and courteous as usual, and she was sure that whatever was troubling him had no connection with herself. She guessed that the burden of poverty might be pressing more heavily on him than it had done, possibly in consequence of those extravagances in the way of gratuities to guides and others from which she had vainly attempted to restrain him.

"Is your picture done?" she inquired.

"Yes, I finished it this morning. I am going to take it to Naples and try to sell it there."

"What shall you ask for it?"

"Whatever there seems a chance of my getting. It is a long time since I have sold anything."

That was it then! The anxiety from want of means which had shadowed so much of her life was darkening his too. What Nugent's chance of selling the picture might be Phyllis did not know; beautiful as it seemed to her, her experience of life had taught her how uncertain a thing was any matter of exchanging work for money, and how little criterion of the selling value of a picture was the admiration of partial friends. That Nugent was not hopeful himself was evident. And then there would be the journey to Naples; that would take money.

"I have been thinking, Mr. Cleveland," she said: "I know you do not consider the pay the Syndicate get for me is large, but it is much better than nothing; and to a person who has had a thorough education in art, like you, they would probably offer more. Would you like me to give you an introduction to them? I should be so glad to."

Nugent's smile was something different from any expression she had ever seen upon his face, and his voice was husky as he thanked her.

"My dear—little girl," he was on the point of saying, but stopped himself just in time—he could not change it to "Miss Bevan"—"friend," he said; "if you don't mind my calling you that—it is not because I can't get work, but because I am an idle beggar and won't work, that I am in such a hole. I do mean to work, though; I have made up my mind to. I am going to turn over a new leaf and try and do something."

"I am so glad!"

"But it was odd your offering to get me employment," he went on, "because, as it happened, I had just the same proposal to make to you! A man I know has been building a house for himself on Jamaica Plains—just out of Boston, you know—and means to have the whole place gotten up in artistic style. He wants a design for a frieze to go round the dining-room. I have the dimensions here." Nugent produced his pocket-book. "The room is eighty feet by forty, and the frieze is to be three feet in width. His idea is a Procession of the Four Seasons; you will only have to draw it in outline, and then fill it in with flat washes."

"I?" exclaimed Phyllis.

"Yes. He asked me to look out for some promising young artist and employ him—or her—to do it. From what I have seen of your drawing I should say you would succeed admirably with such a design. He is ready to give two hundred dollars for it—a little over forty pounds—and, if he likes this one, he will probably employ you to make designs for the decoration of the whole of the house."

Phyllis stood still, her eyes opened as wide as though the mines of Golconda had suddenly been made over to her.

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland!" she faltered, "how good you are! How good you have always been to me!"

"Good!" he responded, for a moment afraid that she had guessed who the "man" of his acquaintance was. The frieze was, indeed, wanted; Nugent felt he would like to have some of Phyllis's handiwork round him, to remind him of these weeks of sunshine that belonged to his naïve friendship with the little English girl when he returned to his distant home.

"When you might have taken the order for yourself!" she said. "And I know you want it ever so much more than I!"

"Indeed, no!" he protested earnestly. "I should never have the patience to do such a thing. Forty yards of frieze three feet wide! If it were an inch wide, I don't believe I should have grit enough to get through it. No, honestly, though," speaking more seriously, "that sort of work is not the least in my line. What I shall do good at, if anything, is landscape painting. My Faraglioni is the best thing I have accomplished yet."

It was a very rough clamber over broken rocks for the remainder of the way, and the climbers were glad to sit down and rest when the ruined castle which crowned the summit was reached. It was an unusually clear day, and the view in all directions was magnificent. On the south side the hill went down abruptly nearly two thousand feet to the sea, and the whole island took a different form, looked down on thus from a height. Across the water was the peninsula of Sorrento and Vesuvius, now showing only a cloud of smoke; "his fireworks being reserved for the night performance," as Nugent put it, making an effort to be lively and dispel the impression Phyllis had evidently taken that he was out of spirits. Then he indicated other points of interest.

"Amalfi is over there," he said. "I am sorry you won't see Amalfi. It is the most picturesque place anywhere about here, and the Gulf of Salerno is, to my mind, four times as beautiful as the Bay of Naples."

Phyllis exclaimed in defence of the Bay she knew, and pointed out to him the view in the opposite direction, with Naples itself, reminding him of the proverb, "See Naples and die!"

"Yes—of its smells," he answered. "You can do that at Amalfi, too, if you like, but the Mill Valley is almost worth an attack of typhoid. Then there is Pæstum, with the finest Greek temple out of Greece."

"Show me where that is; then I shall be able to say that I have seen it!" laughed Phyllis, trying to carry out his evident wish for light conversation. Somehow, she felt in less radiant spirits than usual herself to-day, although, not being introspective, she did not make any attempt to track the sensation down to its cause. "And those are the Apennines! Fancy really seeing the Apennines! Though it isn't the first time we have done so, it always seems a new wonder to me. Sometimes I say to myself, 'That *is* the Mediterranean, we *are* in Italy,' to make myself realise it properly before it is over. Some people say they always enjoy their travels more afterwards, in looking back on them when they have forgotten all the little inconveniences. But we haven't any inconveniences, and I want to enjoy it at the time."

"Enjoy life as it comes. That's the only thing to do with it," Nugent answered. "Don't think about the future, or everything is spoilt. Why can't we all live a simple life? Why must there be such things as consequences?"

Phyllis, who had just been about to answer his first question with "Because we have not enough faith," stopped, feeling she had not caught his meaning. There was some undercurrent in his mind to which she had not penetrated.

"Why should the consequences of enjoying life in the present be to make us enjoy it less in the future?" she said.

"That is just what I want to know." Nugent detached a little fragment of rock, and sent it rolling down the slope with a certain vicious touch.

"But will it?"

"I'm afraid it will. For myself, I mean." Nugent rose suddenly to his feet with an unusual rapidity of movement. "If you are rested, shall we go down to Mrs. Bevan again?" he asked.

Phyllis was also on her feet in a moment, but she stood a few seconds looking out over the glorious view, which had suddenly become to her, from some unknown cause, pathetic in its loveliness. They went down the hill almost in silence, till they rejoined Mrs. Bevan.

"Now you are coming round to my cave to have tea with me," Nugent said, "and

give me your opinion on my picture. You are sure," addressing the mother, "that you feel equal to a little more of the mule?"

Mrs. Bevan was quite equal to it. She had regained her usual good spirits, and her gaiety covered any depression there might be on Nugent's part.

"I have always said I would not believe in your cave until I had seen it," she said. "I have harboured a suspicion from the first that you really inhabited a suite of apartments at the Quisisana, and were hoaxing us with your account of your hermit-like, ascetic life!"

In fact, the cave was not altogether so ascetic as Phyllis, at any rate, had pictured it to herself—less so, certainly, than it had been when occupied by the pair of young English artists who had spent a fortnight there to paint sunrises and sunsets, and bequeathed to Nugent what may be called the goodwill of the dwelling and the services of the family who lived in a cottage adjoining. The cavern, which nature seemed to have purposed for a human abode, was at a little distance above the shore, and its aperture faced full south. It was not damp, and there were rugs spread on the earth which formed its floor, and various unexpected comforts, though whether these had been especially gathered together to do his guests honour, as Phyllis guessed, or were part of the usual furniture of the cave, the Bevans did not know. The tea he provided for them was luxurious. There were cakes from the confectioner's in the town, and dried fruit and bonbons from Naples; the entertainment could not have cost him less than five lire, but, as Mrs. Bevan consoled Phyllis afterwards by reminding her, Nugent had had enough meals at La Casa Bianca to save him a larger sum than that.

The picture stood conspicuously on an easel, the only decoration of the cave.

"It is very good," remarked Mrs. Bevan decisively. "You will do something yet, Mr. Cleveland." To which he replied, "Thank you," and bowed.

Phyllis laughed. "He has done something! I should be proud enough if I had ever produced anything like this." She stood in front of the picture, gazing on it in a way that would have contented a more self-satisfied artist than Nugent.

"And this is the last we shall see of it!" she said at last, turning away from the painting with a little sigh, for her mother had risen to go.

"Would you care to have it?" Nugent asked. Then he caught Mrs. Bevan's eye upon him, sharp, interrogative, as it had been many times that day. "I will let you have it for a hundred pounds," he added.

They all laughed together, and left the cave. The sun was just going into the water, a great orange ball, with a dazzling pathway of light reaching up to their feet.

"Doesn't it seem as if we could run along that path of gold and reach him?" Phyllis exclaimed, with one of those child impulses that came over her occasionally when the stress of life was not pressing down too heavily.

"Shall we try?" Not even the acute Mrs. Bevan, had she overheard, could have told whether Nugent was speaking in earnest or ironically.

He took Phyllis's hand as though to make the attempt. She looked up in his eyes. They stood for a moment so, and no words came to either lips.

"It is getting chilly," came Mrs. Bevan's voice from the back of her mule, which she had just mounted. "We had better be going home."

Their hands unclasped. At that moment the red rim disappeared beneath the water, and everything suddenly turned grey.

Next morning Phyllis set to work as diligently as was her wont, eager to finish her drawing for *Art for the People* and begin her attempt at a design for the frieze. With all her hopefulness, she could hardly bring herself to believe that any work of hers could be considered worth forty pounds and more. It would not do to give up her regular employment with its small but assured payment for what was but a possibility. She must give as much time as usual to that, and let the frieze be done out of hours.

But, although she wanted to get through an extra portion of her drawing this morning, Phyllis felt less capable to-day than she had ever known herself of working steadily. The whole time she was expecting to hear Nugent's step on the stair, and, when the morning passed without his appearing, a little unreasonable chill came over her.

Afternoon came, and yet no Nugent. Phyllis went out on the balcony, and looked down towards the Piccola Marina, expecting to see him coming up the narrow road. They had made no definite plan together for to-day, but there was not a day when he did not, at some time or other, appear at La Casa Bianca.

Instead of Nugent, however, only the figure of a young Capriote sauntering up the lane was visible. As he came below the balcony he glanced up to Phyllis, holding out a small parcel. She recognised the man who had lit the fire and made tea for them at the cave.

"The *Signor Inglese* told me to give this to *la Signorina*," he said in Italian.

"Is not *il Signor* coming up here this afternoon?"

Giovanni showed two rows of very white teeth. "The Signor is gone away."

"*Andato via?*" repeated Phyllis. "To Naples, you mean. Well, bring up the packet."

Giovanni sauntered leisurely up to the door of the house, where Phyllis met him, impatient to know what Nugent had sent her. She ran upstairs with the packet, broke the string, and took out the drawing in pastels Nugent had first made of the Faraglioni, and a letter, out of which fluttered a strip of paper with the address, "W. Bowden, Esq., Hotel Bristol, Paris." The letter ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR MISS BEVAN,

"Will you accept this sketch as a remembrance of all the happy days that we have spent together? I have a rooted objection to good-byes, so I did not wish you good-bye last evening; but by the time you get this I shall be on my way to Naples, and I am not likely to be in Capri again during my stay on this side of the Atlantic. I enclose the address to which to send the design for the frieze we spoke of. The man who wants it is at present wandering about the Continent, but will probably be in Paris by the time that the design is ready for him. Wishing you every success, and with many sincere thanks to you and Mrs. Bevan for all the good times you have allowed me to have in your company,

"Believe me,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"NUGENT CLEVELAND."

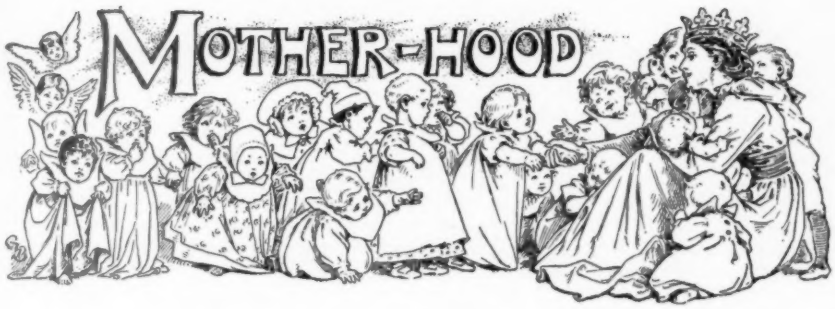
Gone! *Andato via*, indeed! Gone out of her life utterly—and without ever a word of good-bye! Phyllis looked out over the sky with fixed, wide-open eyes, seeing nothing but one great blur.

Then suddenly the letter dropped from her fingers, and she covered her eyes with her hands and cried as she had never cried before.

[END OF CHAPTER EIGHT.]



No words came to either lips.—*p.* 1035.



By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "We Wives," Etc.



I HAVE given quotations, gathered from many writers, concerning motherhood in its aspect towards influence, education, and recreation. To-day I gather up some arrows winged with darker feathers and tipped with wisdom. A need for control and the advisability of punishment is, alas! one that has not passed away. The air in our nurseries, though "the wholesomest, purest, and pleasantest air in the world," perfumed with love and gentleness, is occasionally darkened with lowering clouds and storms of passion. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was the best-known dictum of ancient days. Has it altogether passed away?

Well, not quite; but we have learned that "by diminishing temptations we act more humanely than by multiplying restraints and punishments" (Edgeworth); that "to command a child to be good is one thing. To influence him to be good is quite another." Thus, though the sword *may* be wielded occasionally, it is covered with a velvet scabbard, and the birch rod is hidden out of sight.

"A reformatory must be a radically preventive treatment," said John Howard, in treating the worst of criminals. How much more should it be the case in our nurseries! "A maximum of improvement cannot be obtained without a minimum of punishment," writes Dr. Bell; and we would add from another source that, when necessary, "to be thoroughly effective, punishments must be prompt, earnest, clearly understood, proportioned to the degree of offence, suited to the character of the child, and in keeping with the nature of the fault."

Punishment follows sin as surely as night follows day. God pardons, and so do we.

But even as He does not interpose to alter the fixed laws of cause and effect, no more can we. "To be blind for a time is wise and very necessary" (Edgeworth); and frequently inaction on our part will enable our children to see the connection between error and its own punishment. Unpunctuality, for instance, is a fault with fatal consequences; but it is well to let a child suffer occasionally, instead of continually goading it to keep time. Instead of "slippering" a boy for laziness, let him lie in bed a few times, and go without hot bacon in consequence. Taught by experience the "pinching of an empty stomach," like Bunyan, he will soon rise without coercion. Again, what we call laziness often arises from a defective state of health. In such cases we must remember Plato's words: "One ought to correct the bad, that he may become better, but not the unfortunate." "A state needing corporal punishment is a diseased one," says Landon. Just as we shroud a surgical operation from other children, so should we chastise behind closed doors. "Severe punishments should always be given in private. It is never well to familiarise children with the sight of pain. It has a hardening effect on them."

Fortunately for the rising generation, it is impossible to meet anyone like John Jacob Häuberle nowadays. This Suabian schoolmaster administered in *fifty-one* years 911,527 strokes of a cane and 124,000 of the rod; 20,989 blows with a ruler; 10,235 boxes on the ear; 7,905 tugs of the ear, and 1,115,800 knuckle blows on the head; 22,763 impositions, mostly from the Bible. He threatened

the rod 1,707 times to children who did not receive it; made 777 kneel upon hard peas; 631 upon a sharp-edged piece of wood; and made 5,001 ride on the wooden horse.

This state of barbaric punishment has passed away. Acquaintance with the first principles of physiology, and even the elementary truths of psychology, have worked a marvellous change. Children are regarded less as personal property than as public trusts. We know that the nerves of feeling are distributed all over the true skin, and under the scarf skin of each "fair and delicate town called 'Mansoul'"—that coils of nerve fibre respond and vibrate to every touch, and that hard handling of such irretrievably injures the body. So we approach the castle "Shaddai, built and beautified for Himself" reverently, anxious not to destroy God's greatest masterpiece.

It is well to remember, when tempted to punish a child, that it is not as waywise as are we elder pilgrims. Its eyes are not as keen as ours. *We* see to what an action tends—the little one does not. For instance, a lie must be punished—yet let us be clear it *is* a lie. "Fiction is natural to children. They do not, as a rule, lie artificially. They play with words as with everything else, and make phrases as they make sand-pies, without troubling themselves as to reality" (Guyon). To punish for this kind of "romance" is evidently unwise. But what about the *moral* lie—that story told with intent to deceive? Sorrowfully we recognise that it is too often dissimulation arising from fear. It is frequently in direct ratio to ill-judged severity. Surely *love* is better in even such a case than punishment! Distract the child's attention from the lie he has told. Do not "chain him to his dead fault" by magnifying its heinousness.

We want to develop and not freeze; yet "children like firmness even if it affects themselves," and firmness is never more necessary than where it affects sulkiness. "By letting the child acquire the habit of sulkiness, he acquires the habit of abiding by the fault he has committed without making any effort at reparation—therefore, his first manifestation of unsociability, as it has been called, must be nipped in the bud." Conceit, too, as Mrs. Sewell says, "is one of the few faults which must be reproved *plainly*, for it is the result of moral or mental blindness." Thus the veil must be removed roughly sometimes. It does not consist in knowing what we possess, but in over-estimating its value; and as "in all ages of our life example has a most wonderful power, but in children it can do everything" (Fénelon), so ought we to be careful that vanity is far removed from ourselves. Then will our children be simple and clothed with humility—the sweetest of Christian graces.

In conclusion, I would warn every mother against "nagging" at her children. "A mother who ponders on eternity will never nag," says Lyttelton. "Nagging is worse than foolish. It is an indication of the failure of love." If "we weaken our authority by commanding what we cannot enforce" (Sewell), far more do we fail when we "Don't" too frequently. Satire, also, should never be used in reproof. "The arrows of even light irony are more or less always steeped in poison," and contempt rankles as nothing else can. Let us learn to praise our children as if it were part of our work in the world, and "sympathy is our best friend" in dealing correctively with them. "All are training for a future, young and old. We must not reprove from higher ground, but from the same spot."

Rules *must*, doubtless, be made for children—principles laid down for adults. Yet, when we clearly understand that punishment bears but a small part in true education, we shall be able to avoid giving occasion for such. We need never "provoke" our children to wrath or any other evil thing.

The glorious dreamer of old, John Bunyan, has left us a very practical example. Under the shadow of a great bereavement he minded his children tenderly—how tenderly we gather from his own advice to parents.

"Carry it lovingly towards thy children," he writes, "mixing their mercies with loving rebukes, and loving rebukes with fatherly and motherly compassions."

Churlishness and severity he could not bear, and spoke of the great "ease at the day of death to consider I have done by love as much as I could to save and deliver my child from hell."

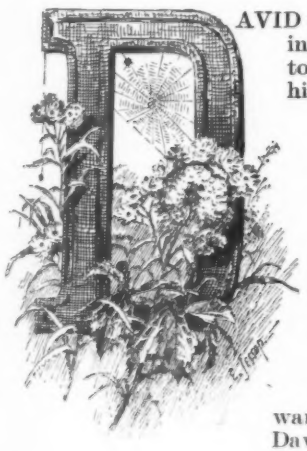
Thus we come to a point where everything culminates. "The greatest of these"—influences or punishments—"is charity." Towards perfection we strain as we attend to the bodies and souls of our little ones. Though not attainable, perhaps, here (if we believe Monsieur Guizot), yet let us attend to every trifle conscientiously and methodically, for, as Michael Angelo puts it, "Trifles make perfection; but perfection is no trifle."

SEEKING AND SERVING GOD

A TALK WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

By the Rev. Owen Thomas, M.A.

"And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. . . . Take heed now; for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the sanctuary; be strong, and do it."—1 CHRONICLES xxviii. 9, 10.



DAVID is now drawing very near to the end of his earthly career. His sun, which had shone with such splendour, is about to set. His had been a very active and arduous life, and as it drew towards its close David appeared to be more alive to its opportunities. Like Him of Whom he was a type, Who said as He saw the time passing swiftly away, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work," so David "served his generation according to the will of God." He is now very near his end, and has rallied from his weakness and roused himself to accomplish his last public act.

David assembled all the great men of the kingdom in order that he might take leave of them; and mark how David addresses them. He not only arose out of his bed, where he had been lying for some time, utterly prostrated by ill health and old age, but, quitting his chair and standing upon his feet, he places himself in sympathy with the people. "Hear me, my brethren and my people." What tact! what sympathy and tenderness! Though their king, "he is not ashamed to call them brethren." He tells them that it was in his heart to build a house unto the Lord, but that God forbade him, that to Solomon was to be entrusted the building of a house for the Lord. And urging the people to seek and to keep the commandments of God, David turns to Solomon and gives him the solemn, dying charge contained in the text, which may be briefly summarised: "Seek God, and serve Him."

David charges Solomon to acquire a knowledge of God. "Know thou the God of thy father." What are we to understand by this expression, knowing God? The word has several meanings in Scripture. Sometimes it signifies to select, to choose, to decide in favour of; as when God said to Israel as a nation, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth," *i.e.* I have chosen you, selected you, singled you out of all the various nations, as My people, Mine own elect, peculiar people. So that we may here have this injunction: Seek, know, choose the God of thy father. Select Him out of the multiplicity of gods. Again the Bible speaks of a knowledge of God which is purely intellectual, a bare, speculative knowledge

of Him. "And that person which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." There is a knowing and a knowing. Sometimes the word means to experience, to realise, to prove. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Then there is the idea of possession in the word. "I know all the fowls of the air, and the wild beasts of the field are Mine"; *i.e.* I own, I possess. So there is a possessing, a realising that God is ours, that He is at our command, and that all that God has is ours likewise. This was undoubtedly David's idea in the Sixty-third Psalm: "O God, Thou art *my* God." And this is religion; to possess God, to seize God, to appropriate God: to hold vital, living fellowship with Him. It is more than a mere acquaintanceship. It is friendship. It is more than a casual, incidental acknowledgment of God at various periods, or at stated times, or in appointed places. It is the continual recurrence of the heart under all circumstances to God, Who is the only safe, secure Refuge and Rest for the soul of man.

Oh, for this fellowship with God in Christ Jesus! "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings." It is this fellowship that we so much need in the present day. This alone will keep us warm and fresh and fervent in the service of Christ. This fellowship can alone give us the true peace and happiness we so much need. Intimacy with God in Christ!—a perpetual, unbroken, eternal friendship. Such friendship that, wherever we are—if at home, we are never so absorbed by home interests and domestic ties as to forget God, Who alone can make our hearths happy: and if abroad, "the heart untravelled fondly turns to Him." Shall we not cultivate this friendship? "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." This experimental appropriation of God is of the very essence and core and life of religion.

Religion was an experimental matter in the case of David. How tender the exhortation! How fatherly the counsel! "Thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy father." As if David had said: "He has been a good, kind, considerate, tender-hearted God to me." David was now an old man, knee-deep in the grave, and as he looked back through the long vista of years he could not fail to remember God's continual goodness to him. As David gazed down the long avenue of life—and it had been eventful and tragic—he saw himself as in a vision, a ruddy-faced youth, brimming over with life and health, with auburn hair and liquid blue eyes, as became a poet, sitting down, harp in hand, on the slopes of the hills of Bethlehem, singing with confidence the Twenty-third Psalm: "Surely goodness and mercy *shall* follow me all the days of my life." Prophetic words! And now the old king can change the *tense* and sing with all the confidence of experience. "Surely goodness and mercy *have* followed me all the days of my life."

David's life had been full of vicissitudes. But God had been with him in all his wanderings; in prosperity and in adversity, in court and in exile, in health and in sickness, in the sunshine and in the shade. Brave old man that he is! Picture him there, seized by a fatal malady, tottering on the brink of the grave, in the presence of the leaders and representatives of the people, the old king charging Solomon not to acquire riches, or honours, or worldly fame, or the extension of his dominions, but to seek with all his heart and mind and soul and strength a real knowledge of God.

David charges Solomon to enter God's service, ". . . and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind." Solomon, as the future king, would have special opportunities of service. David reminds his son of the various qualifications necessary for service.

Uprightness of heart. "With a perfect heart." God wants the heart. He is not merely willing to have you in name, but He wants you in reality. God does not want patrons to His cause, but servants in His vineyard. He will not be satisfied until He gets you, my reader. "Son, give Me thine heart." And God wants singleness of heart. There must be no division of ourselves in His service. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." And there must be perfect sincerity, absolute honesty, in our service. God despises the hypocrite. There was no class of persons which our Saviour denounced, impeached, and anathematised

so completely as the hypocrites of the day, the religious actors of society, the men who assumed to be what they were not, the men who took the leading part in the ecclesiastical and religious movements and institutions of their times, and yet were cold, formal, dead, so far as real, vital religion was in the question. David solemnly charges the coming king to cultivate uprightness, sincerity, downright honesty of character. Nathanael was a type of a sincere, genuine Christian. "Behold an Israelite indeed," says the Saviour. We are not told that Nathanael had any very brilliant qualities to recommend him. He was not eloquent, nor argumentative, nor poetical; but he was a true, frank, genuine Christian. "In whom is no guile." There were no folds, no twists, in his character. He had none of the subtlety, the artfulness, the cunning craftiness of the serpent. He was a harmless, innocent child of God, and continued so until the end of his days. He entered the kingdom "as a little child," and as he grew in years he lost none of his childlike characteristics, but remained simple and artless to the end. Let your character be sincere. Endeavour to live having a conscience void of offence before God and man.

Another qualification for Christian service is readiness of mind. One of the surest signs that the grace of God has gained dominion over the soul is when we are eager to make sacrifices for Christ, and to undertake any Christian work which he can possibly accomplish. *Willingness* is at the root of all true service. The great want of the Christian Church is willingness, voluntariness on the part of its members; a disposition on the part of the young to devote themselves completely to the Lord's service, a readiness to go out to foreign lands, if need be, to spend their days and nights on behalf of their Saviour. People never notice the difficulties if there is any advantage to be gained. Offer a young man a post in India, or China, or Africa, give him a good salary, and it matters not what the climate is, or that malarial fevers abound—he is ready in an instant. "A willing mind"—we want it for home service. Willingness to take that rough class of obstreperous boys in the Sunday-school; willingness to go out visiting for the cause of Christ, not heeding the slights that are sure to be met with; willingness to do the meanest drudgery in the service of your Master.

Watchfulness of disposition. "Take heed now"—a counsel in constant need of repetition; be vigilant; be circumspect. Solomon was entering upon a new experience, and new places, scenes, associations have their temptations. His circumstances were decidedly against him.



(*Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*)

THE REV. OWEN THOMAS.

Court-life was not then, and it is not now, the most advantageous for fostering piety. Henceforth Solomon would receive the homage of a nation. Abundance of riches would be at his command, and all manner and variety of pleasures within his reach. David saw this clearly, and hence the warning—be vigilant, "take heed." *Take heed of the forces without.* They are legion. There are three sins to flee as from a brood of vipers: Indolence, Intemperance, Impurity. Indolence is the mother of all vice. Beware of its entrance into your life. Be always up and doing. Beware

of a listless, idle, self-indulgent, lackadaisical style of living. Be ever on the alert against a dreamy, indolent life. Beware of the cup. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred—yes, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand—directly or indirectly, intemperance is the ruin of England's youth. Abstinence is your safeguard as young people. And these two sins are precursors to another—impurity—against which I would warn you with all earnestness. "Flee youthful lusts, which war against the soul." *Take heed of the forces within.* Beware of the deceitfulness of your own heart. Self-confidence is the besetting sin of the young; not self-reliance—that, within limits, is right. The danger is to neglect heart-culture. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Self-inspection is necessary. We know more about everything and everybody than about ourselves. There is a world within entirely unknown to us. Practise daily self-inspection. Do not be afraid of the process. Be not like tradesmen who are afraid of looking into their books because they fear the balance is on the wrong side. Acknowledge your sin, take it to the Lord, ask Him to forgive your debts. "But," you say, "there is plenty of time—when I get old, it will be soon enough to obey the admonition to be cautious and wary, and to think of religion. Old age and experience will teach this." Indeed! What certainty have you that you will live to grow old? Thousands and tens of thousands of people die young. Go through our cemeteries and mark the figures on the tombstones, and you will see your own age on many of them. The present is your only certainty.

> "Time *past* is gone, thou canst not it recall;
> Time *is* thou hast, improve the portion small;
> Time *future* is not, and may never be;
> Time *present* is the only time for thee."

Courageousness of spirit. "Be strong, and do it." This was a crisis in Solomon's life. He was receiving his coronation charge, and no one was more fitted to give it than the old king himself. David knew full well what his own weakness had been: and he was anxious that his son should avoid his mistakes. David, like most poetical natures, had been feeble in will, and he wishes to guard Solomon against this failing. Strength of character was Solomon's great requisite. God had given the command to build the Temple; now action was needed. The decree had gone forth; now the work was to be done. To rear the Temple was Solomon's first and main work. The materials had been gathered; it only needed Solomon's command to proceed to work. Solomon might have pleaded that he had no taste for building; he might have urged that he was a literary man, a scholar, a recluse. But the mandate had gone forth, and he must pluck up courage for the task. Cultivate will-power. Weakness of will means weakness of character. What the rudder is to the vessel, such is the will to man. Keep firm hold of the helm. Learn to say "No" to the tempter. When temptation assails you, plant your foot on God's earth and say with all the authority you possess, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The world is governed more by men of will than by men of ability. *The will is the man.* Whether your circumstances are in your own hands, or whether you are the creature of circumstances, depends on the will. The seat of sin is here. It is not in the circumstances, nor in the intellect, nor in the affections; it is in your power to choose or refuse. "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life."

Our main work in life is character-building. You are erecting a temple; every thought, word, action, is an addition to the soul-building within you. How silently this character-building is going on. How quietly it rises. It is said of Solomon's Temple: "There was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." It went up as quietly as the trees and plants and the grass grow in your gardens. So there is growing within each of us, slowly, softly, silently, mysteriously, a character of some kind or other. See to it that Christ is your foundation, that you are building on the Rock; and then, when the storm beats upon your soul, when the floods come, it will stand, for it is founded on the Rock of Ages. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

ZET.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

"MY goody gracious!" exclaimed old Nursie, "and whatever is there to take on like that, Master Algy?"

But Algy could not answer. A big lump stuck in his throat, and the tears in his eyes blurred Nursie's portly form. He only gripped Zet all the tighter, and Zet, being used to that form of endearment from his little master, tried to look as if he liked it.

"An' your poor dear ma a-gettin' on so nicely," Nursie went on. "I do think you're a most unthankful little boy, a-takin' on like that—when you're goin' a pleasant journey to furrin' parts, too!"

"That's just it," began Algy, with a sob. But at that moment Mr. Bompas, the curate and tutor, put his head in at the nursery door.

"Why, Algernon, not ready for me—not a book out—and crying, too! What's the matter?"

Algy made an effort to pull himself together. He was ashamed to be found crying, he, a big boy of eight!

"He don't like goin' to furrin' parts," explained Nursie.

"But you should be delighted with the idea of foreign travel. Other little boys——"

"I don't want to hear about other little boys," growled Algy.

"And especially as we hope the baths at Wiesbaden will restore your dear mother's health."

"Oh, yes! I'm glad—for mummy, I mean!" replied Algy, with another gulp. "But it's Zet, you see—I must leave him—and the keeper, he'll beat him, and Zet will die of fright—I know he will!"

And Algy gave up trying, and, hiding his face in Zet's curly coat, howled aloud.

Now Zet was the fool of his family. His parents—wise old, well-trained retrievers—had never had such a puppy before. He was hopelessly gun-shy. No efforts, persuasive or castigatory, on the part of the keeper, could ever make him of any use out shooting. At the first shot, nay, at the sight even, of a gun, Zet would tuck his tail between his legs and bolt.

So sentence of death had been passed upon him. But Algy had interposed, obtained a reprieve, and claimed Zet for his own particular pet, on condition that neither father nor the keeper ever set eyes on him again. The knife-boy proved a valuable ally, and, as Zet was black, it did not matter that he slept in the coal-hole. Mrs. Cook, too, always had a soft corner in her heart for Algy, and did not starve Algy's pet, you may be sure. So it came to pass that Zet led a very happy, if useless, existence, and became Algy's inseparable companion. And now they must part!

The worst of leaving dogs is that you cannot make them understand that you are soon coming back to them. While Algy was being whirled away over land and sea to Germany, Zet, after searching, nose to ground, every likely spot about the Hall and the grounds in vain, spent a miserable night, howling in the coal-hole.

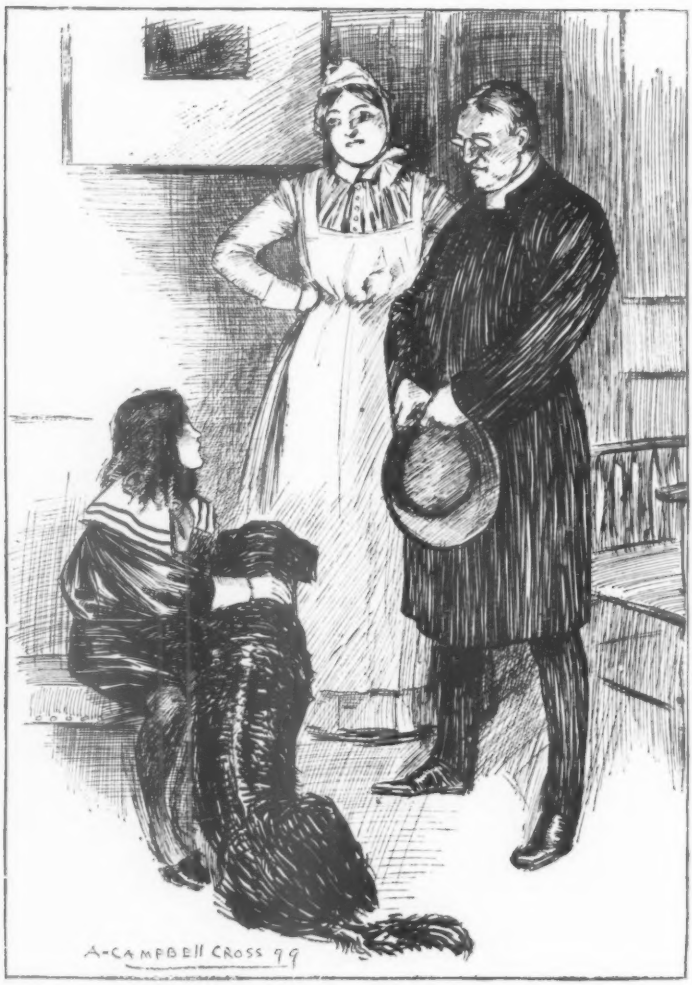
"They're a horrid, cruel people, the Germans!" quoth Algy indignantly, on his first sight of poor Louis toiling wearily up the dusty hill from Wiesbaden to Sonnenberg, one hot day, harnessed to a low, but heavily built, little wooden cart. "Poor old doggie! He can't get his tongue out even, for the muzzle, and his poor soft feet on the hard road—no hoofs like a horse! It *is* a shame to make them drag things like horses!"

Algy, remembering his dear Zet, safe in England, waxed very wroth over the miseries of German dogs, especially when Louis' master, a fat, beer-drinking peasant, jumped heavily into the cart and thumped the dog to make him break into a trot.

It was Louis' duty every morning and evening to drag the little cart laden with milk cans to and from his master's little farm at Wiesbaden. He was called Louis out of mockery; for his master, Hans, had served during the famous war, when the

Germans had beaten the French and had taken their Emperor prisoner.

That war was very fresh in Hans' memory just at the time when Algy arrived in Wiesbaden, for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the capture of the French army and their sovereign was being celebrated. The streets were decorated, the bands played, and people sat about in the beer-gardens and cafes, and with many a *hoch* (hurrah) drank to their beloved Fatherland.



"Zet will die of fright—I know he will."—*p.* 1043.

A little English boy was keeping a (to him) most important anniversary that day, too. As he sat in the gardens by his mother's bath-chair, Algy re-read for the I don't know how many-eth time, his two birthday letters. One was from his godfather, old Sir Henry.

"MY DEAR LITTLE GODSON,—I have not forgotten that the 2nd of September is your birthday. With my best wishes I enclose a postal order for one sovereign, which I have no doubt you will find some means of spending in Germany."

"I never had so much money in all my life!" exclaimed Algy, fingering the paper. "What a lot of things I shall be able to get with it, shan't I, mummy? A watch, a magic lantern, perhaps, or a silver collar for Zet. Dear old Zet, how nice of him to write to me too! But I think I know the handwriting, though, mummy. It's the same as on the jam pots at home," he added, with a sly twinkle. "I think Mrs. Cook made it up for a birthday surprise for me," and he re-read the second letter.

"MY DEAR YOUNG MASTER,—This comes hoping you are well, and with my duty for your birthday. I am very well, my appetite good, and my lungs in good condition. But this place is dreadful

dull without you. I found the old tennis ball we were playing with and brought it into the kitchen. I miss you very much. Come back soon to your faithful

"Zet."

The merry-making grew fast and furious. Mother, tired of the noisy, crowded town, proposed a drive into the quiet country in the cool of the evening, towards Sonnenberg and its old castle. Algy, however, soon wearied of sitting still in the carriage, and persuaded his father to come with him up a short cut, between the stubble fields, towards the ruins. Algy ran about among the fields, picking a nosegay of blue corn-flowers for mother, when suddenly, at a turn in the steep rutty road, he saw something lying in the middle of the path.

Algy approached it cautiously, and found it to be a little cart, turned upside down, and underneath it a large shaggy dog.

"Oh! father," he cried in dismay; "come quick! Here's the poor dog we saw with the cruel master; he lies so quiet—is he dead?"

Now Hans, a patriotic old soldier, had been keeping Sedan Day like the rest of the world; and had kept it, I am sorry to say, by drinking too much. But his customers would not go without their milk in their coffee because it was Sedan Day, and Louis had to make his usual two journeys into the town, and no one thought of giving *him* an extra meal because of the anniversary. When the rounds were over, Hans happened to meet some old comrades, and they sat talking and drinking, while the poor dog lay outside in the gutter in his harness and cart, quite forgotten.

After awhile Hans, who was now quite tipsy, was put into the cart by his companions, who gave Louis a kick and bade him take his master home.

Which the clever beast proceeded to do. Though worn out by hunger and fatigue, and nearly mad with thirst, he turned up the homeward road, a little surprised not to be beaten as usual up the hill.

The road was steep, and Hans was fat. Moreover, Louis had cut his foot on a sharp stone and limped. It was a wonder they were not run over by the carriages full of holiday-makers they met. But Louis' clever dog-instinct served him in good stead.

When they had nearly reached the top of the hill, however, an unexpected event happened. Hans turned over in his drunken sleep and rolled off the cart into the road, where he lay till the police came and carried him off to the lock-up.

Louis, not knowing what had occurred, plodded on up the hill, not a little pleased to find his load considerably lightened, and turned off at the short cut to the farm. The path, however, was very steep in one place, and Hans was wont to steady the brakeless cart with his feet, to prevent it running on to the dog. In his absence, Louis did what he could; but he was weak from fatigue. Nature had not given him the strong shoulders of a horse, and he was unable to hold the cart back. So it came down on him with its full weight. Louis, with his injured foot, tripped on a stone, and the cart, falling over him, struck him on the head and laid him senseless on the ground, as Algy found him.

"His head is hurt, and his foot is bleeding, too," was father's verdict, after examining the dog. "Run to that house, Algy, and ask for some water, while I take his muzzle and harness off."

Algy flew, and in his best German—which was not much—asked for "Wasser" from a slatternly looking woman, surrounded by several dirty children, whom he found working in the field by the farm. He made her understand what he wanted, and led her to where Louis lay; but when she saw the dog and cart, instead of being sorry for him, she flew into a great rage.

"You miserable dog!" she cried, kicking him. "What have you done with your master? He's tipsy again, that good-for-nothing husband of mine," she went on, addressing Algy and his father, "all along of Sedan Day; and who's to take the milk round, if the police have got him and the dog's hurt?"

She lifted her heavy wooden shoe to kick Louis again; but Algy jumped between them.

"Oh, father!" implored Algy, "don't let her. Take him away from her! I can't bear to see a poor dog so treated! Give her money—buy him—ah! my money!'

and a sudden idea struck him, and he dragged his godfather's money order out of his pocket and brandished it before the astonished woman's face.

"Here is gold, *gold, gold!* Take it and let me have the poor dog."

"Algy, what *are* you thinking about!" exclaimed his father.

The boy ran to him and seized his hand.

"Dear daddy! Oh! do save him! She shall have all my money—my birthday money! Only let me take him away and make him happy!"

Father hesitated. The woman, guessing what was going on, forthwith began to praise the dog she had been abusing. There was not one in Wiesbaden so strong, or who did so many miles a day, and so on.

But a glance at her face showed Algy that there was no real kindliness in it. He flung himself down beside Louis and began stroking his matted coat as Louis had never been stroked before. The dog looked at him, oh! so sadly, out of his sunken eyes, and began in return to gently lick his hand. There was no withstanding the appeal.

"Oh! father, please do—do! I'd sooner have him than twenty watches or magic lanterns or anything! Oh, please—please!"

Father let Algy have his way. To do a deed of real kindness like this would be a greater pleasure, and do Algy more good, than if all the money were spent on his own selfish amusements. He arranged with the woman, and Louis, on a happy day for him, changed masters. When the bargain was concluded, there was not much left of godfather's money—just enough to buy a present from Wiesbaden for old Nursie. But Algy had Louis, and he did not care a bit.



The woman began to praise the dog she had been abusing.

So, when the family returned to the Hall, Algy did not come back alone. Louis came too—Louis brushed and well-fed and merry. You would not have known him for the same dog.

But what did Zet say?

You may well ask. At first there was a mutual bristling and growling. The English and the German dogs met as strangers, if not foes. But when Algy had made them understand that as *his* friends they were to be friends together, then followed a sniffing and a little gambol. Indeed, with Zet the delight of seeing Algy once more made up for everything else; and when, after Christmas, the latter went away to school, Zet was never lonely and miserable in the coal-hole any more.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

THE CHILDREN OF THE UPPER CLASSES.



MR. T. F. VICTOR BUXTON.

(President of the Young Abstainers' Union.)

THE Young Abstainers' Union was formed in London in 1879 for "the promotion of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor among the sons and daughters of the middle and upper classes." It owes its origin in the main to Mrs. Hind Smith (to whom we must also accord the credit of establishing the first public-house without the drink). Miss Marie Chaine, of Portstewart, County Antrim, was also associated with Mrs. Hind Smith in founding the Young Abstainers' Union, and has strenuously supported the work ever since The first President of the Union was the lamented Sir Arthur Blackwood, and the first Treasurer, Mr. C. E. Tritton, M.P. To-day the Union has a most popular President in Mr. T. F. Victor Buxton, J.P., who has thrown himself into the work with very great enthusiasm. The Treasurer is Mr. Alderman T. Vezey Strong, J.P., and Mrs. Hind Smith still remains a member of the Executive Committee, which includes many well-known temperance workers. The Society's official paper, *The Young Abstainer*, has been greatly improved under the direction of Miss Annie B. Salmon, its Honorary Editor, who has also rendered great service to the Union by excellent deputational work in all parts of the United Kingdom. In 1887 the members raised £300 to endow a cot in the Temperance Hospital, and they now support a second cot in that noble institution. Towards the Jubilee of the Band of Hope movement in 1897 the readers of *The Young Abstainer* raised upwards of £100, so it will be understood that there is plenty of enthusiasm among the members of this vigorous body. For doing a special work in an effective manner, it would be difficult to name any Temperance Society which surpasses the Young Abstainers' Union, especially when we recall the fact that its income is under £500 a year.

A QUAINT EPITAPH.

On a tombstone in Ollerton Church, Notts, is the following :—

"Beneath the droppings of this spout *
There lies the body, once so stout,
Of Francis Thompson.
A soul this carcase long possess'd,
Which for its virtue was caress'd,
By all who knew the owner best.
The Rufford records can declare
His actions, who for seventy year
Both drew and drank its potent beer.
Fame mentions not in all that time,
In this great butler, the least crime
To stain his reputation.
To Envy's self we now appeal,
If aught of fault she can reveal,
To make her declaration.
Then rest good shade; no hell, nor vermin fear;
Thy virtues guard thy soul, thy body, good
strong beer.

He died July 6th, 1739. Aged 83."

In these days it is doubtful if anyone would venture to pen an epitaph in praise of beer; and, if he did, it is pretty certain that neither parson nor burial board would sanction its "adornment" of a tombstone.

COMING EVENTS.

Great interest attaches to the demonstration which will be held in London shortly in connection with the Church Congress. The officers of the Church of England Temperance Society have the arrangements well in hand, and are sanguine of success. The Bishop of Newcastle is to speak in Liverpool in October at the annual meeting of the local Police Court and Prison Gate Mission. Miss Orme has accepted the Secretaryship of the Committee which is concerned with the great Bazaar to be held next year in aid of the work of the National Temperance League. A conference will be held in November to finally settle the arrangements for the World's



MISS A. E. SALMON.

(Photo: G. Eldedale Cleare, Lower Clapton, N.E.)

* The stone adjoins the south wall of the church under one of the spouts.



(*Photo: Robinson and Son, Redhill.*)
THE LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Temperance Congress which is to meet in London next year. The annual meetings of the Irish Temperance League will be held in Belfast in January next.

WOMEN'S WORK.

The National British Women's Temperance Association is most fortunate in its officers: the President being the Lady Henry Somerset; the Treasurer, Miss Mary Gorham; and the Secretary, Miss G. Hunt; while the Hon. General Secretary of the very popular and useful "Y" Branch is the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell. It is no exaggeration to say that the Lady Henry Somerset is one of the most conspicuous figures in the ranks of temperance reformers. Her great gifts of oratory have made her name famous in both hemispheres, and the presidential address which her Ladyship gave at the last annual meeting of the Association was a model of finished literary expression. It traversed a very wide range of topics, but every section led up to the one great point—the importance of further advancing the temperance cause. The various departments of the British Women's Temperance Association owe very much to her Ladyship's fostering care. The network of branches in all the leading towns of the country comprises a vast membership, and one has only to scan the pages of the brightly edited official organ, *The White Ribbon*, to see how active and energetic the ladies are, and with what zeal and earnestness they seize upon every opportunity for keeping abreast with the times.

A FLOURISHING GUILD.

The Girls' Guild of Good Life owes its inception to a suggestion made by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, in one of his books published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Temperance workers are often twitted with being "so unpractical." This charge cannot be made against Mrs. J. T. Rae, the founder and Honorary President and Secretary of the Girls' Guild of Good Life. Some years ago this lady, who is by no means in robust health, determined to give Dr. Richardson's suggestions a trial in so far as girls are concerned. Choosing one of the poorest and most densely populated parts of the Metropolis as a centre for her operations—Hoxton—Mrs. Rae began in a very quiet way. There were many difficulties and discouragements. The poor girls did not at first realise that anyone could be so self-denying as to give up night after night with the sole idea of bringing a little brightness and sunshine into their dreary lives. Every Tuesday night Hoxton Hall is transformed into a cosy parlour, in which Mrs. Rae receives her girl friends. By the assistance of many willing helpers, lessons are given in dress-making, cookery, knitting, darning, cutting out, etc. Music, such as mandoline playing, writing, and other useful occupations, fill up a very crowded programme of attractions, the religious welfare of the girls being provided for by a Sunday afternoon Bible Class.



(*Photo: E. Pearce, Stamford Hill, N.*)
MRS. RAE.
(*Founder and President of the Girls' Guild of Good Life.*)

Now and again there is a pleasant change in the shape of a visit to some suburban garden. All this work is carried on with an annual income of about £100. It will be readily understood that there is no "waste expenditure."

Total abstinence is a condition of membership, and the girls soon learn the comfort of having in Mrs. Rae a friend to whom they can look for guidance in every time of trial. The number of members enrolled since the commencement of the Guild reaches 3,337, of whom sixty-eight joined as new members during 1897-98, whilst at the close of last season there were on the books (after weeding out irregular attendants) no less than four hundred and twenty-four.

Mrs. Rae has written a few simple sketches of her experience, which those interested in the work would do well to see. Her address is 17, Darenth Road, Stamford Hill, N.



MRS. RAE'S MANDOLINE CLASS AT HOXTON.

AN EVER-PRESENT PROBLEM.

Every temperance worker is familiar with Richard Cobden's sagacious statement that the temperance question lies at the basis of all questions of social reform; and yet nothing is more common than the constant recurrence of ingenious pamphlets dealing with phases of poverty and life in the slums of our great cities, in which the writers airily pass over the drink difficulty as an incident in the campaign rather than an inciting cause, if not the main source, of all the trouble. We are therefore glad to see that Mr. J. Stewart Gavin's pamphlet, "Poverty: its Cause and Cure," has passed into a third edition. The thoughtful reader will herein find ready to hand some very telling facts, drawn from a variety of sources, which go to show that Cobden was right in his statement of the case. Mr. Gavin directs his argument mainly against some deliverances of Mr. Robert Blatchford, and drives one of his points home by an apt reference to "Cassell's Household Guide." Mr. Gavin remarks:—

"The writer of an article in 'Cassell's Household Guide' says that the approximate proportions of a man's income are allotted as follows: Housekeeping, one-half; rent, gas, water, rates, etc., one-eighth; clothing, one-eighth; insurance, one-eighth; incidentals, one-eighth.

"Now, if intoxicating drinks have to come in anywhere, it should be only as an incidental—a part of an eighth—say, as much as we spend on education, £12,000,000, or even as much as we pay for tea, coffee, and cocoa, £22,000,000, over an eighth of the eighth allotted to incidentals; surely that should be enough to satisfy the reasonable requirements as to strong drink, and we would save some £130,000,000 a year. But what are the facts?

"Where we spend 2s. on bread, butter, cheese, milk, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, and coal—absolute necessaries of life—we spend over 1s. 6d. in intoxicants."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.—**Power through the Spirit.**

To read—Zech. iv. 1—14. *Golden Text—Ver.* 6.

ZECHARIAH and Haggai prophesied for some time together, urging the Jews to repentance, and also to more zeal in rebuilding God's Temple. In this prophecy are seven visions, chiefly of mercy. To-day's lesson, the fifth vision; golden candlestick with seven lamps and the two olive trees with two branches, foreshadowing the good success of Zerubbabel's foundation.

I. **The Candlestick** (1—3). *Shown* by an angel, God's messenger, to reveal things to come. *Seen* by Zerubbabel, God's prophet, for his encouragement. *Made* of gold, most precious metal. Similar to first candlestick made by Moses for Tabernacle (Exod. xxv. 31—40) and the seven candlesticks among which the Saviour walketh (Rev. i. 10—13). *Full* of oil, each lamp having seven pipes for its supply.

II. **The Meaning** (4—10). *God's help.* Jews lately returned from captivity by permission of Cyrus, King of Persia, but must look for guidance and help, not to man, but to God.

God's Spirit at all times the only true strength for His people. Remind of apostles waiting for outpouring of Holy Spirit. Then able to preach with power and win thousands of souls to God.

God's promise. Difficulties vanish—cut down like a mountain into a plain. (Probably allusion to stones cut for building Temple.) When last stone cut, shall be shoutings of joy. God's favour is abundant, grace upon grace (St. John i. 16). The same Zerubbabel who began the work fourteen years ago (Ezra iii. 1) shall finish it. The Lord's eyes see the whole, the small beginning and successful end.

Lessons. 1. The eyes of the Lord are in every place.

2. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.

3. What time I am afraid, I will trust in Him.

III. **The Olive Trees** (11—14). Two trees, branches and pipes. What are they? The two anointed ones that stand by the Lord and are channels of divine grace to others. Perhaps the two divinely inspired Testaments or Revelations of God's will by His Word. Perhaps His Anointed Son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit. Perhaps simply the two chief persons, viz. the high priest and the Jewish governor. God's Spirit specially given to them for the good of others. They are by their office and calling to "stand by the Lord" (1 Sam. xxiv. 6).

Lesson. Remember them that have the rule over you. They watch for your souls.

My God shall supply all your Need.

The Banker: "My God"—divine relationship.
The Promise: "Shall supply"—always sure to cash.
The Amount: "All your need"—spiritual and temporal.
The Capital: "According to His riches"—infinite.
The Bank: "In glory." It never fails; is never robbed; is always accessible.
The Signature to each Cheque: "By Christ Jesus." So must be honoured when presented.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.—**Review Lesson.**

Golden Text—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

TWELVE lessons on the Jews' captivity in Babylon and return to their own land. Two leading ideas: (1) God's mercy to, and guidance of, His people; (2) the ministry of angels (Golden Text).

I. **God's Mercy to His People.** Seen in different ways.

1. *His invitations* (Hos. xiv. 1—9). Let them only come back to Him. He will freely forgive. He gives them words to speak; promises full pardon; gives assurance of His blessing. Will refresh like dew, make them grow as a vine.

Lesson. The blessing of the Lord maketh rich.

2. *His blessings. Guidance* (Dan. i. 8—21). Young princes taught to prefer simple manner of living. Grow in wisdom and in favour with all.

A new heart (Ezek. xxxvi. 25—35) given to all who seek the Lord. Old things passed, all things become new. Hearts and lives transformed by power of God with holy and tender spirit.

A new life (Ezek. xxxvii. 1—14). Not only individuals, but whole nation, to be raised to new life, restored to their land, their worship, and God.

Full salvation (Ezek. xlvii. 1—12). God never does things by halves. His salvation is full and free. For man's benefit and His own glory.

Lesson. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.

3. *His help* (Ezra i. 1—11). *Hearts moved* even of heathen to help His people. Cyrus, as prophesied, decrees their return and helps them.

Temple rebuilt (Ezra iii. 13—iv. 5). The old lament for former glory, the young rejoice in present revival. All assured of new glory for the new house (Hag. ii 1—9). Its glory spiritual, which is far greater than material.

Lesson. God is a Spirit; they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

II. **The Ministry of Angels.** 1. *To preserve* (Dan. iii. 14—26) God's people in danger. Three young Jews, steadfast in faith, cast into furnace, saved by an angel like the Son of God; teaching how the Church is under God's protection.

2. *To punish* (Dan. v. 17—31). Impious monarch profaning vessels of Temple, warned by message on wall of banqueting house, slain same night; teaching that no grandeur of worldly empire can stand against God's almighty power.

3. *To comfort* (Dan. vi. 10—23). Daniel's faith tested, continues to pray; God continues to help.

An angel shuts lions' mouth, stands by God's servant; all ends well. God's truth spreads, His servants encouraged.

Lesson. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.

The Guardian Angel.

It is a beautiful picture. Two children, brother and sister, have strayed into a forest. Bright and happy, they wander about in play. But see, the girl with her left hand is pulling a flower growing at her feet, and sees not that it grows on the edge of a deep pit. Her right hand holds her brother's; but he, with his other hand, is reaching out after a butterfly which is close to the brink of the dangerous pit. Next moment they will surely fall and be dashed to pieces. But in the air above are seen the outstretched arms of an angel, who looks down upon them with a face of great love. One feels certain that all is well. Is the angel a mere fancy? Our only safety is to place ourselves in God's hands, who in His own way preserves His people.

OCTOBER 1ST.—**Joy in God's House.**

To read—Ps. cxxii. Golden Text—Ver. 1.

THIS one of the Psalms or "songs of degrees" (CXX.—CXXXIV.) composed to be sung by pilgrims going up thrice yearly to Jerusalem to keep the three great religious feasts—Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles (Deut. xvi. 16). Went in parties or companies of friends (St. Luke ii. 44). Sang these and other Psalms (such as lxxxiv.) on the march.

I. **Praise of Jerusalem.** *Gladness* at going. The very thought of the place, especially of God's house, filled all hearts with joy, such as villagers would now feel if they went to a grand service in cathedral of a great city.

Beauty of the city. King David made it compact, stately, and magnificent (2 Sam. v. 7). Stood on rocky plateau, with valleys on three sides, admiration of all, strong and secure (Ps. xlviii. 1—3). Centre of religious, as well as political, life to whole nation.

Worship of all the tribes thrice yearly, of inhabitants twice daily. Thus continual witness to their privileges as God's people (Ps. lxxxi. 4, 5).

Judgment. Centre also of justice. Courts held by judges at the gates (2 Sam. xv. 2, 3).

Lessons. 1. They shall reverence My sanctuary.

2. My house is the house of prayer for all nations.

II. **Prayer for Jerusalem** (6—9). *For peace.* Very name - Salem—means peace (Heb. vii. 2). Its God is a God of peace (1 Cor. xiv. 33). Therefore, all should pray for its peace — political, that they might be safe from enemies, as when Sennacherib, King of Assyria, invaded, and at Hezekiah's prayer the city was saved (Is. xxxvii. 21, 33); also religious peace, that all might truly serve and worship God.

For prosperity, result of peace. This promised to those who feared God. Blessings on children, harvest, etc. (Deut. vii. 13, 14). Thus, all living in peace and comfort, would be indeed blessed.

Lesson. Blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God.

The True Foundation.

In the early days of the Puritans in the State of Massachusetts, in North America, their councillors passed this resolution:—"That the State of Massachusetts should be governed by God till they had time to find a better ruler." So may all rest on God till they find a better resting-place. The city of Jerusalem was safe and prosperous as long as the people feared God, but when they rejected God's Son their city was taken by the Romans, and not one stone of the Temple was left on another. Destruction and unhappiness are in all the ways of the wicked.

OCTOBER 8TH.—**Haman's Plot against the Jews.**

To read—Esther iii. 1—11. *Golden Text—Rom. viii.* 31.

THIS book comes in historically in the middle of Books of Ezra and Nehemiah; gives account of events among Jews who did not return to their own land at the end of the seventy years' captivity. To-day's lesson describes Haman's plot against them.

I. **A Proud Ruler** (1—5). *Promoted.* Haman, an Amalekite, in some way gained favour with Ahasuerus (or Xerxes), son of Darius, monarch of Persian Empire. Was set over all other princes. Became Prime Minister. All bowed down to him, by king's order, as to king himself. Became puffed up with pride; led in consequence to plan a dreadful crime.

Mortified. One man alone refused to bow down to him. Who was he? The uncle of Esther (ii. 15), the Jewess who had become queen in place of Vashti. Can picture Haman coming from the palace, all the people bowing low, except Mordecai. Why will he not? Because Haman is an Amalekite, a nation under God's displeasure (Exod. xvii. 14—16). He cannot conscientiously prostrate himself before an enemy of God. He is bold for the honour of God. He dares to oppose the chief man next to the king rather than do what he believes to be wrong. What a good example!

Lesson. Be strong in the Lord.

II. **A Wicked Plot** (7—11). Haman scorned to wreak vengeance on Mordecai alone. He desires to kill all the Jews because of this one who has slighted him and wounded his pride. How closely pride and anger are joined! What does he do? First casts lots for a lucky day for the massacre! Then plans to get the king's consent. On what excuse? The Jews an alien nation, with different laws from those of the country; they are likely to be dangerous to the king. So he plays on the king's fears to gratify his own malice! The king consents, allows him free scope, and all seems likely to succeed. But greater is the God of the Jews than this bitter enemy (Golden Text).

Lessons. 1. The Lord resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the lowly.

2. Put off all these: anger, wrath, malice. Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.

Pride Rebuked.

A celebrated theologian and musician named Notker was one day composing melodies on his psaltery. A certain royal chaplain, wishing to make him ridiculous, said, "We will put a puzzling question to this most wise and learned theologian. Pray what is God Almighty doing now?" Notker quietly answered, "God Almighty is now doing what He has done in past ages and will do while the world lasts: He is putting down the proud and exalting the humble."

SHORT ARROWS

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK.

Bell-rope Grease.

WE once knew a tourist who was worshipping on a Sunday morning of his holiday at a little English church in Switzerland. His early arrival was rewarded by a dismal torture to which his ears were subjected from the hideous creaking of the bell-rope. Harder and harder tugged the stolid Swiss attendant, and more shrieking and discordant grew the clangs and creaks At last our distracted friend hit upon a happy idea. Screwing up a substantial silver contribution in paper, he directed it "Bell rope grease," and dropped it into one of the alms-boxes before he left the church. Next Sunday there was a delightful change; the rope worked smoothly, and no ugly creaks marred the bell's message, as it tinkled out its tale of glad tidings among the everlasting hills. Is there not a parable in this ingenious and thoughtful act? Do not some of us who would fain, by precept and example, summon our brethren, especially our poorer brethren, into ways that are ways of pleasantness and paths that are paths of peace, spoil our good purpose by a little needless, and perhaps unintentional, harshness and angularity? The most numerous converts are not made by the excellent folk who, as the wise and witty American said, write all their virtues in a big copy-book hand, and then forget to rub out the lines. It is tact and not tyranny, sympathy and not patronage, which brace the energies and win the affections of the poverty-stricken, the unfortunate, and the sinful. If we realised how a forbidding or brusque manner can neutralise much possible good, we should not grudge a little harmless "bell-rope grease."

To Save to the Uttermost.

AT the close of last year a drawing-room meeting in connection with rescue work was being held at a certain London vicarage under the presidency of a Royal Princess. A lady who bears a distinguished name—which, as the Press were not invited, we do not feel justified in giving, but which is widely known as that of a pleader and philanthropist—described a letter which she had recently received from a gentleman to whom she had written, asking for aid towards an institution for inebriate women. "If you can point me to one solitary example," replied her correspondent "of a drunken woman who has ever been reclaimed, I will gladly forward you a handsome subscription." "To such a criticism," proceeded the speaker, "I thought the fittest answer was this: 'If you do not yourself believe in the power of Christ to rescue the worst among humanity, for God's sake still send your money to those who *do!*'"

Chinese Lepers

THE city of Hangchow gazes on scenery that is lovely even for China, and away to the west it looks on health-giving hills. It looks and longs, like Tantalus, for advantages just beyond its reach, whilst its own portion is a damp atmosphere, calculated to extract the starch from a stiff constitution. This, with malaria and the habits of the people, ensures disease described by Dr. Duncan Main, of the Church Missionary Society, as almost always in the superlative degree. In his Mission Hospital mandarins in silk attire and beggars in rags meet in the fellowship of suffering. Nothing was done to nurse the sick women until, in 1883, Mrs. Duncan Main received six into a small house—her first humble attempt at a Nursing Home. Amongst the men and women who sought relief in the foreigner's house of mercy were some who could not be received with the rest. A separate refuge for lepers became a matter of necessity, and in 1895 also a matter of fact, thanks to the Mission to Lepers in India and the East, and to the generosity of the Shanghai community. The distressing condition of one woman, named Lien Vong, moved the Mission to open a Home for her and other victims of this loathsome disease. The loss of several fingers and her right thumb did not quench the consistent spirit of helpful independence which developed in Lien Vong, baptised by the name of Salome. Mrs. Main saw her mend her cloth shoes by holding the needle between her teeth.

Much may be done for the body, mind, and soul of lepers—vigorous measures may arrest the disease—but no cure has yet been found. Prevention is, however, better than cure, and a Home for the untainted children of leprous patients is the latest development of the Hangchow Medical Mission. The whole work, started and superintended by Dr. and Mrs. Main, is supported by the Mission to Lepers, which aids, either in its own or in the Homes of other Societies, 3,580 such patients or their children. All missionaries in China are called to engage in a fierce struggle with evil; the fight becomes more intense when disease and degradation are united with heathenism as enemies; but perhaps the superlative degree of self-devotion is required in the care of lepers. Every attack of fever hurries these poor creatures on to an advanced stage of misery. If they overcome the irritability which is the inevitable attendant of the disease and appreciate kindness, it is a triumph of Christianity.



(*From a Photograph.*)

IN A CHINESE DISPENSARY.

Mildmay Deaconesses.

Mildmay Conference Hall, in North London, is the centre of much work, in addition to the conferences, evangelical services, and missionary meetings of various kinds that are held there. Connected with it is the Central Deaconess House adjoining the hall and the residence of the directress, Mrs. Hogg. It may be spoken of as the administrative headquarters of the three branches of Mildmay deaconess work—viz. mission, medical, and foreign—the various Mildmay workers, including deaconesses and workers, now numbering about two hundred and fifty. The house is furnished plainly, but with refinement and comfort, offering a welcome rest to the workers in the depressing scenes of the slums. They carry on fifteen missions from this house in different parts of London by invitation of the clergy, while there are two hospitals among the Mildmay institutions—one being in Bethnal Green and the other in the grounds. Several other hospitals and workhouse infirmaries are visited, and the conduct of several missions and certain nursing work undertaken in the provinces and abroad, including a medical mission at Hebron in Palestine. The workers are bound by no vows, but they voluntarily offer themselves for work for Christ's sake, their work taking such forms as the authorities think most suited to their abilities. Junior deaconesses undergo a two years' training, including a systematic course of Bible study. The primary duty of those going forth daily from the headquarters is systematic house-to-house visitation. To maintain all the training and teaching, all the mission, medical, nursing, and foreign work, requires some £27,000 a year. Every worker who can do so pays for her own maintenance, and sometimes adds more in donations, about £1,450 being thus contributed. The Illuminated Card department yields some £600; the sale of bulbs, £00, which has been used towards the support of a bed in the Bethnal Green

Hospital; and the sale of foreign stamps supplied £25 last year. The endowment of the Conference Hall is only £641, of the Memorial College Hospital in the Conference Hall grounds £750, and of the hospital at Bethnal Green only £131. For the remainder, Colonel Morton, the treasurer, and the other authorities, have to look for subscriptions to sympathisers outside the mission staff.

Making both Ends Meet.

"I THOUGHT, ma'am, perhaps you would like an orange." "Mother Dearlove's" basket was, like herself, famous for bringing her neighbours things warm and comforting or cool and refreshing, according to the season. Mrs. Birch, a new arrival next door, had always been accustomed to keep herself to herself, and from force of habit her back stiffened. "I thank you, ma'am," she replied icily. "I find it hard enough to make two ends meet without spending money on fruit." "Why, I am glad if I can make one end meet and the other potatoes," said Mrs. Dearlove. "The greengrocer gave me this orange, and I thought maybe you would find it nice after your hard work settling in." The neighbours each took a sore heart indoors, but the sorest beat in the angular form of Mrs. Birch. She was tired of the narrow rut in which she had chosen to make her solitary way through life, and in her new surroundings she felt strange and lonely. A sudden impulse made her resolve to regain the friendliness of the only person who had approached her since her arrival in the village. With a great effort she knocked at the next door. "I shall be glad, ma'am," she said. "if you will tell me the price of potatoes, as I want to fetch some; and if I can be of any service to you in cooking yours with mine, I shall be happy.' These were the terms of her surrender, and Mother Dearlove, who had earned the right to her name and title, knew how to take advantage of them. Pride once deposed from that mighty citadel, the human heart, more gentle influences prevailed. Mr. Birch decided that change of air and scene had benefited the health of his thrifty housekeeper. Both ends met and were bound together by love. When this is the case, there is generally a balance of time and money to make the world a better and happier place.



Mrs. Birch had always been accustomed to keep herself to herself.

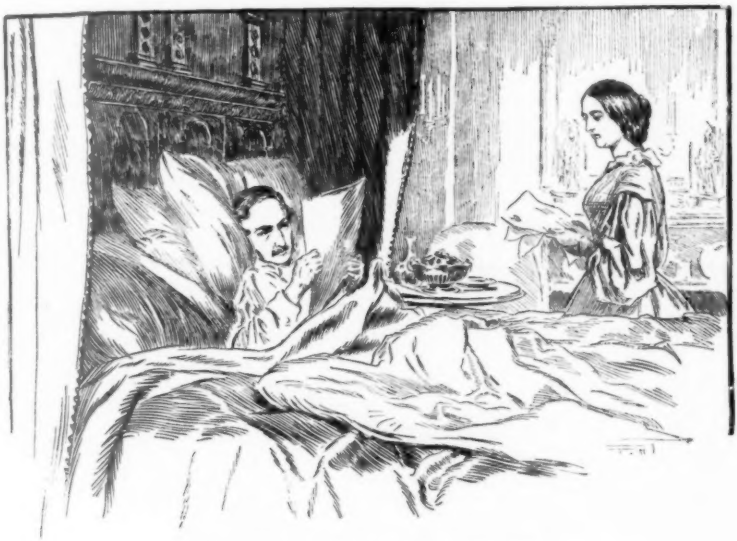
Nobody is all Black.

A LECTURER on "Light and Colour" said, "A substance is called black if it absorbs all the rays of light that fall upon it. It is very difficult to get a black substance, and probably there is no substance either in nature or art that is entirely black." Absolute blackness is as absent from the moral world. No one is as black as he is painted by scandal-mongers.

Street "Journalists."

IN the streets of Dublin one sees more miserable-looking children than almost anywhere in the world. They have nothing on their feet, and very little indeed even of flesh, not to speak of clothes, on any part of them. They try to earn a precarious penny by selling evening papers. It is for this reason that a lady who pities these children very much calls them her friends the journalists. Last Christmas she gave a tea for these humble journalists, and very greatly did they enjoy the entertainment; and she says they behaved like perfect little gentlemen. The only argument against feeding these hungry little ones is, that other drunken, worthless parents, if they know that money or food is to be got by street-begging under pretence of journalistic work, will put their children on the streets. Archbishop Whately used to say that people will do anything for which they are paid, including begging. Once he said to one

who asked for alms, "You know I never give anything in the street." "Then where would your Grace like me to wait upon you?" This answer showed that the man was clever enough to have earned a living if he had not been spoiled by indiscriminate almsgiving.



THE READING OF THE DESPATCH.

(*See "Mollifying Words."*)

Mollifying Words.

How great is the value of mollifying words! In any dispute between nations and individuals they may count for much in closing the quarrel. On one ever-memorable occasion, alterations suggested by the Queen and the Prince Consort in a despatch originally drafted by Lord Palmerston, or his Cabinet, proved of great service in preserving peace between England and America. It was at the time of the Civil War, and on November 8th, 1861, the captain of an American ship of war seized Messrs. Slidell and Mason, envoys from the Confederate States, on board the British steamer *Trent*. Excitement in Britain ran high. The opinion was expressed that by international law the seizure of these men was unjustifiable. Lord Palmerston (as stated in Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort") wrote to the Queen that the Cabinet had concluded "that her Majesty 'should be advised to demand reparation and redress.'" Next day (November 30th) Lord John Russell forwarded drafts of the despatches. They reached Windsor in the evening. Unhappily, the Prince Consort was ill—an illness which within a few weeks terminated fatally. But "doubtless" the despatches, says Sir Theodore "occupied much of the Prince's thoughts in the long hours of the winter morning when he found sleep impossible." He rose at seven, and drafted a memorandum—"the last political memorandum written by the Prince." "It shows," says the same biographer, "like most of his memorandums, by the corrections in the Queen's hand, how the minds of both were continually brought to bear upon the subjects with which they dealt." The suggestions made commended themselves to Ministers, and the despatch was altered; everything that could irritate was removed, and an opportunity offered the Americans of receding with honour "from the position in which they had been placed by the indiscreet act of a too zealous navy captain." The satisfactory result is a matter of history.

The Only Safe Attitude.

Almost every rider of a bicycle must have noticed a tendency to run against a stone or anything else near him which he steadily looks at. This is caused by the co-ordination of muscles—that is, the unconscious working together of the muscles of different parts of our bodies. When the eyes of the bicyclist look at an object, his hands, unconsciously to himself, direct the machine near that object. It is safer to look a good distance ahead. There is a similar moral experience. As we journey through life, to fix our eyes, either those of the body or of the soul, upon sin and temptation is dangerous. Such introspection may become morbid, and cause us to fall a prey to the sin and temptation we are trying to avoid. It is much better to fix our eyes, not on the sin around us, but on the Saviour from sin. "Looking unto Jesus" is the only safe attitude.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Cambridge** (for which applications were invited up to July 31st, 1899) has been gained by

MISS FRANCES ANNE WISE,
Wellington Street, Littleport, Cambs.,

who has distinguished herself by **fifty-three** complete years of service, forty-four of which have been spent in St. George's School, Littleport, with which she is still connected. Formerly she taught in schools in Stepney, Bow, and Paulton (Somerset), from March, 1846, to the end of 1854.

As already announced, the next territorial county for which claims are invited for the **Silver** Medal is

NORFOLK,

and applications, on the special form, must be received on or before August 31st, 1899. We may add that **Suffolk** is the following county selected, the date-limit for claims in that case being September 30th, 1899.

In the announcement in our July number Miss E. A. Ashford, the Silver Medallist of the county of Somerset, was credited with sixty-one years' continuous service in the Parish Church Sunday School of Stoke-sub-Hamdon. This was incorrect, the actual period of service being sixty-seven consecutive years.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from July 1st, 1899, up to and including July 31st, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs' Fund:* J. J. E., Govan (140th donation), 5s.; "No. 16," 3s.; M. Fallowfield, Brixton Hill, 10s.; A Glasgow Mother (110th donation), 1s.; R. S., Crouch End (10th donation), 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* An Irish Girl, 10s. We are also asked to acknowledge the following amounts sent direct:—Anti-Jesuit, 10s.; W. A. M., 2s.; M. H. (Thank Offering), 5s.; R. H. B. P., 2s. 6d.; L. C. O., Forest Gate, 5s.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund:* M. Smith, 2s. 6d.; A. G. E., Crosby, 10s.; J. H. N., Brighton, 5s.; A Constant Reader, Brighton, 4s. 6d.; A. Bishop, 2s.; L. C. O., Forest Gate, 4s.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

121. Who were the two great leaders of the Jews in rebuilding the Temple after the Captivity?

122. What special hindrances did they have in rebuilding the Temple?

123. By what means did God encourage Zerubbabel in the work of rebuilding?

124. Which of the prophets made a final appeal to the Israelites to turn to God before they were carried into captivity?

125. On what special occasions do we read of the ministry of angels in the Book of Daniel?

126. Which of the Psalms are known as the "Songs of Degrees"?

127. From what passage do we learn it is the duty of every man to pray for his country?

128. Quote a passage which shows how thoroughly surprised and astonished the Jews were when King Cyrus issued his decree allowing them to return to Jerusalem.

129. What mountain in Judæa was noted for its heavy dew, and is thus used as an emblem of God's blessing?

130. Of which country was Ahasuerus king, and who was his chief minister?

131. In what way did Haman seek to destroy the Jews?

132. How did God preserve the Jews from harm?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 980.

109. Ezekiel speaks of a vision in which he saw a stream of water flowing from the Temple, very shallow at first, but getting gradually so deep as to be a mighty river (Ezek. xlvii. 1-6).

110. The living water issuing forth on the Day of Pentecost; the number of the disciples (120) soon increasing to 3,000, and spreading more and more over the known world (Acts i. 15, ii. 4, 41, v. 14, and Rev. xxii. 1).

111. "That saith of Cyrus, He is My shepherd . . . saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the Temple, Thy foundations shall be laid" (Is. xliv. 28, see Jer. xxix. 10).

112. The command to build the Temple at Jerusalem (Ezra i. 2).

113. Everyone went to the district in which his forefathers had resided (Ezra ii. 1, 70).

114. Cyrus gave the Jews permission to cut down cedar trees in the forest of Lebanon, and gave them money from the royal treasury (Ezra iii. 7; Jos. "Ant." xi. 1, 2).

115. At the beginning of the seventh month they commenced the daily burnt offering, and kept the Feast of Tabernacles on the fifteenth day of the seventh month (Ezra iii. 4, 5).

116. The mixed population whom the kings of Assyria had placed in the district of Samaria (Ezra iv. 2).

117. The Levites, from twenty years old and upward, were appointed to superintend the work (Ezra iii. 8).

118. The heart of the people was not in the work of building the Temple, each one trying to look after his own comfort (Hag. ii. 17 and i. 2-4).

119. God sent a drought upon the land, then hail, blasting, and mildew, that the people might be turned to consider their ways (Hag. i. 9-11 and ii. 17).

120. The prophets Haggai and Zechariah, who told the people that God would help them if they really tried, and they would be successful in the work (Hag. ii. 4; Zech. iv. 7-10).



NEWS FROM THE WANDERER.

(From the Painting by Stanhope A. Forbes.)

WORK AND PLAY IN CRUTCH-LAND.



(Photo : Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

CRIPPLES AT CRICKET.

MORE than two hundred years have passed since the creator of natural philosophy came to London and called his house "Woolsthorpe," after his birthplace in Lincolnshire. Sir Isaac Newton looked back on his long life, and said of his discoveries: "To myself, I seem to have been as a child playing on the seashore, picking up a pebble here and there, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay unexplored before me." The world has revolved rapidly since his day, but that boundless ocean of Truth yet lies infinite and unexplored. Woolsthorpe House, transformed into the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, still stands in Wright's Lane, Kensington. It is one of the largest porches of the modern Pool of Bethesda. Amongst its earliest and best friends were the late Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Lawrence. Passing generations, in spite of advance in skill and knowledge, continue to lay down a multitude of impotent folk to wait for the moving of compassion, or for the friendly arms of some passer-by to bear them to a place of help or healing. The prosaic and impartial District Railway has divided the old country house from the royal palace, and brought High Street Station close to its doors. In the midst of realistic surroundings, old traditions are treasured. It is fondly believed that a mulberry-tree, bending with venerable age in the playground, might stoop to whisper of romantic passages in the life of Sir Isaac Newton, whose favourite seat under its shadow accommodated himself and a lady friend. The sleeping Cupids on the carved mantelpiece of one of the original rooms survive unchanged. With their plump, rounded limbs, inseparably associated with the days of Good Queen Anne, they have for thirty years contrasted with successions of living boys whose bodies have been distorted by disease or mutilated by accident.

The intention of the institution is eminently practical. It receives destitute, neglected, or ill-used lads, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, for three years — educates, boards, clothes, and teaches them a trade for the annual payment of £10. It is calculated that each boy costs £28 a year, and for this sum (which includes outfit), as the funds do not allow of the beds now vacant being filled up

on the ordinary terms, the Committee receive twenty supernumerary boys. All enter after the age when they are supposed to have passed the compulsory School Board standard; but many of them have everything to learn, including their A B C. Disease and suffering will baffle the most complete educational machinery. There are now fourteen who cannot pass the first standard examination. Backward boys study from 6.45 to 8.15, in the school-room four evenings a week.

The resident schoolmaster took me over the house. In the modern part, first came the Louise Hall, a fine room, called after the Patroness, the Marchioness of Lorne.

A stone in the wall perpetuates the memory of its being laid by the Marchioness of Lorne on June 26th, 1877. On the same day, her Royal Highness planted an oak-tree in the playground, which, with the slow growth that belongs to superior living things of all kinds, gradually unfolds its possibilities of strength and shelter for future generations. Youth is the time of hope, and even the limited prospects of crippled boys seem to expand with the contemplation of the workshops.

"Have any boys who enter here a hope of being cured?"

"Not as a rule. This home is in no respect a hospital. One, however, who was in the carpenter's shop, got so well that at last he enlisted as a soldier."

"The doctor hesitated about his admission,"



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

RELIEF STAMPING AT THE KENSINGTON HOME.

a lady of the Committee who superintends the Sunday school remarked; "he feared that the boy would never be well enough to learn a trade."

"How was it that he recovered? Had he any surgical treatment?"

"No. I suppose that the life suited him."

Regular food, regular rest, and regular work do wonders. Body and mind react one on the other, and both are likely to improve together. Besides a small sick ward, there is an isolation hospital, the gift of a kind friend, but invalids are ineligible. One of the questions to be answered by the friends or patrons of candidates before their admission is: "Does the candidate's condition give a reasonable prospect that he will become self-supporting after being taught one of the following trades, viz. carpentering, relief stamping and copper-plate printing, saddlery and harness-making, tailoring?" The mere hope of independence is salutary. The master carpenter has great faith in his trade He pointed out a boy vigorously using a plane as one of those who had gained strength in a marked degree since entering the shop. "Carpentering makes them grow," he added. "Whilst they have been with me, I have known them obliged to have their trousers made three inches longer."

"Do you take orders here?"

"Yes, we have several on hand. We engage to turn out anything we undertake well and neatly done. We cannot compete with the ordinary trade in speed, for this is the smallest department. Only a few boys are strong enough for it."

Amongst the orders executed in Woolsthorpe for royalty was a large doll's house sent to Siam by the direction of the King. Low enamelled tea-tables, presses, bookcases, and a handsome ottoman box were in process. In each department, work has to be suited to the strength and capacity. A head may be full of intelligence, though it is set back on the shoulders like that of a fledgeling hedge sparrow, and the limbs beneath it may be of fair strength. One such stunted figure belonged to one of the few apprentices strong enough to stand and work the press in the relief stamping and copper-plate printing room. Defects in arms and loss of fingers are not a bar to the manipulation of visiting or printed cards, nor to obtaining good wages in this calling. The relief stampers sit two and two, an adept and a learner, at each press, along a counter; the one stamps addresses or crests, plain or in colours, the other looks on and lays out the sheets to dry. One lad has the attractive work of filling in the gold and silver as required.

Under the law that governs Nature, every living thing must produce something useful

or beautiful in order to gain her smile of contentment. Poetry can discern a plant rejoicing in its own flowers and fruit. It needs little imagination to observe a face chastened and prematurely aged by suffering light up with pleasure over an irreproachable specimen of copper-plate writing, or an artistic device stamped and finished off in three different colours.



IN THE LEATHER ROOM.

The harness and saddlery department also offers opportunities for decorative taste. Twenty-three boys are employed in the leather room. The designs on blinkers and bridles are less likely to be lost on them than on their high-bred wearers. Horses probably are better able to appreciate the well-stuffed collars. The Drive in Hyde Park sees the harness that comes from this Home, but knows little of the makers.

The tailoring department is perhaps the most useful to the community, for it undertakes all the mending and making, besides turning out high-class work. The skilled craftsmen, in the four trades taught in the institution, have seldom any difficulty in obtaining situations. Ex-pupils who have risen to be masters, engage assistants from amongst their successors in Woolsthorpe. The photographs of old boys that adorn the walls, are illustrations of its history. Of each there is something to tell. To their teachers and friends, they must be a part of the evidence that labour bestowed on boys whose need is their only claim is not in vain.

"There is one with his wife and six children."

"Six children?"

"Yes, that is no rarity. One or two old boys have eight; but I never heard of any crippled children amongst them. That one maintains his parents; but you are not going to put that down?" This was to arrest an entry in a note-book. "Numbers have done the same. One supports a blind father. This one has his own shop; he manages it himself, and is succeeding well. You can see his face looking through the window. His wife and children are at the door."

One of the instructors might well declare that this Home had saved the public in poor rates alone an untold sum. Left untaught, most of these lads would have gone to the Union. Now, instead of being paupers, they increase the nation's wealth. Since the

founding of the Home in 1865, not 1 per cent. has, so far as it is known, turned out badly. They are not allowed to drift out of touch when they leave; as a rule, they will not allow themselves to be forgotten. Fifty sometimes meet at the annual "old boys' tea." All are furnished with the "Woolsthorpe Chronicle," a neat little publication, issued yearly. It is somewhat surprising to read in it, amongst other events, the successes of the "Woolsthorpe Cricket Team," which accepts the challenges of able-bodied clubs, and won eight out of eleven matches last year, while a ninth was drawn. Some of the number can only bat or bowl, others can only run or field, and, in giving or receiving challenges, this division of labour is understood.

Woolsthorpe House can accommodate one hundred boys, though the funds only allow the Committee to receive ninety-three. The Home grew out of one started for crippled girls. Close to Marylebone Church, stands Northumberland House, the oldest Home for cripples in London. The handsome building has sprung out of a humble beginning. It was not in vain that, in 1851, a degraded little cripple seated herself on the steps of St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square. A lady who passed by noticed her, and could not be satisfied with merely giving her the customary copper. There was little to record in the child's story but sin, sorrow, and suffering—except, indeed, success in her trade of begging: she was making, on an average, 3s. 6d. a day. Her new friend, Miss Blunt, rescued her from the streets and placed her in an asylum for homeless girls. But the neglected little waif was out of place. The question arose, "What was to be done with her?" It was answered by the suggestion that other girls who were in the same hapless condition might be taught an honest industry. Miss Blunt and her friends collected a few together, and opened a small home for them. They engaged a monitor to teach them straw bonnet, hat, and basket making. Classes were formed, and a band of ladies volunteered to give them daily lessons in Scripture and elementary subjects. The success of the trade soon justified the existence of the enterprise, which developed into the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls. With the branch at St. Leonards, the whole community number one hundred and twenty. There are sixty-nine pupils and workers and ten monitors, all cripples; a domestic staff of about thirty able-bodied girls, chiefly homeless, in training for service; seven matrons, and a resident superintendent.

The founder of the Home and the crippled girl whom she saw resting her weary limbs on the church steps have both passed beyond this world, where the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. The portrait of Miss Blunt is in the Committee Room of the Home, and there the memory of the neglected child who was the indirect cause of its existence lingers. For years she lived there to prove the transforming power of love.

Elementary education has advanced since the day of small things, and the Home is under authorised inspection. Girls are admitted from twelve years old and upwards. They have school every afternoon until they pass the fifth standard examination. In accordance with a resolution of the Local Government Board, the charge for the maintenance, clothing, and education of each girl is £15 12s.

Daily between 11 and 3 o'clock the large door is thrown wide open to visitors, generally by a diminutive figure, for some inmates, stunted in growth, are the strongest and most active on their feet. A matron conducted me upstairs to the work-room. One company of needlewomen were engaged on a set of silk clothing, soft to the touch and pleasant to the eyes. Each garment was embroidered with three initials, the third not representing the present surname of the lady who had given the order!

"We think this must be a trousseau," the matron said, "and last year we made a similar one for the young lady's sister." The world of imagination and romance is open to girls who must stand aside and see others following a flowery path which is for ever closed to themselves. They cannot discern the thorns that may hide beneath the sweetness and brilliant colours. The question will arise why some are chosen to be the actors and others only the spectators in the drama of life; why some are called to sit down at the banquet whilst others wait upon them. The Great Master Who came to this world, not to be ministered unto but to minister, holds the key of these mysteries. The richly endowed in health, wealth, and prosperity add to their blessings if in the midst of their happiness they remember the poor, and give them the satisfaction of honestly earning the necessaries of life by fairly paid labour. Fine stitching, fine tucks, fine lace are as fine in the eyes that see them growing under their hands as to the wearers—possibly finer, for to them a feast of beauty is more rare. In a limited sphere, small comforts and pleasures assume comparatively great magnitude.

"I know it is all for the best," one grey-haired invalid in this Home said, with a smile of perfect contentment when she spoke of the unlikelihood of ever again leaving her bedroom. The summer was coming, but the daily airing in a chair now belonged to things of the past. She had been so long in the Home that

she had become a free inmate for the rest of her days; and they would be probably few, for the disease that had crippled her was making rapid strides.

"The doctor scarcely thought she would get through last winter," the matron said on leaving her room.

"How does she occupy herself?"

"She can read and work for a little while at a time, and we all look in and see her at intervals. When I first came here, some years ago," she added, "I always felt ready to cry. The suffering and lameness is not noticeable when the girls are sitting at work; you realise it when they try to move about. I think that, being all afflicted, they escape the constant reminder that they are different from other people. When work is over, and they are free to amuse themselves, they begin to sing, and are sometimes so lively that it is necessary to keep them in check."

"Life is worth living still," the Poet Laureate says, "so long as there is a wrong to right." These cripples justify their existence. In intervals of the routine of daily work many of them find time for works of charity.

In the straw and fancy department there were eight permanent inmates employed. The monitor had been in the Home over thirty years. "We have several who have been as long," the matron remarked. "Tiny has been here thirty-five years. It is Tiny who generally opens the front door. She seems a part of the institution."

Work baskets, dolls' cradles, and various fancy things were under manufacture: but the necessaries of life must always take precedence of the luxuries, and head covering is the most profitable. The Royal Schools at Windsor are supplied from this source. "Besides the fancy articles, we made nine hundred and forty-five hats last year," the monitor said.



(*Photo: Russell and Sons.*)

IN THE WORK-ROOM.

(*A Scene at Northumberland House.*)

When it is considered that the working hours are only from ten till five, and that many of the workers are constant sufferers, it appears that they use their short hours with diligence. Interruptions are inevitable. One needlewoman had been several times in the hospital. She had lost one whole leg and part of another, and had had surgical treatment for her wrist. "Yet there is not a more cheerful woman here," a matron said. "Her life has taught me many a lesson." The lesson of bearing one another's burdens is carried out practically. If the

members of this party have not each an able body, they share amongst them the use of their able members, and make the best of what they have. One, firm on her feet, has no power to move her elbow joints, "but no pain," she said. She cannot put on or take off her own hat, but she can work well with her needle and sewing machine. Some, like her, deformed from birth or mutilated by accident, may enjoy ordinary health and spirits and help to cheer up the rest. For those who cannot manage any other industry, machine knitting is a welcome and profitable resource.



(*Photo: Russell and Sons.*)

CRIPPLES IN THE WASH-HOUSE.

(*Photographed at Northumberland House.*)

Every morning, weather permitting, at nine o'clock, a procession starts for Regent's Park, in wheeled chairs and on crutches. This infirm community may say with Dr. Watts:

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?"

They are at least sheltered and cared for, and given a means of independence if they leave and go out into the world. Time will show, and time does show, the good results of stepping into the place of parents when it is deserted, or has been forfeited. Crooked limbs may grow straight, and crutches be laid down. The evolution of a happy, smiling face belonging to an ex-pupil, who received ten shillings from the Ladies' Committee for good conduct during her first year of domestic service, is as curious as any scientific development of nature. Its origin must be traced back to a time of anguish of body and mind. Her father chained and padlocked her limbs, and sent her out into the streets to excite compassion. For this offence he was imprisoned, and the case was recorded in the press. The child was rescued from him, and the love and gratitude that he had forfeited was freely given to strangers or, rather, to friends in this home.

Many cases of deformity or lifelong suffering are due to the cruelty or neglect of parents, and in such cases it is not surprising if a warped and twisted mind accompanies a crooked body. Sir Walter Scott makes the hero of Kenilworth say: "Those who find themselves severed from society by peculiarities of form, if they do not hate the common bulk

of mankind, are at least not altogether indisposed to enjoy their mishaps and calamities." England's care for little waifs and strays who are tossed about on the waves and its streets, it took its present name and became a memorial to William Walter, fifth Earl of Dartmouth.

On entering the door, a handsome dark oak



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A GROUP OF FIVE YOUNG TAILORS.

of this troublesome world, and in imminent danger of sinking into the criminal class, has developed during the present century. Large institutions, such as the Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, and Dr. Barnardo's, provide for the afflicted amongst other children. But there are two in London specially for cripples who are under the age for admission into the National Home for Crippled Boys, or the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls.

One is the Cripples' Nursery, 29, Park Road, Regent's Park, which takes in children between the ages of three and eight, for £14 per annum, and the other, the Dartmouth Home for Crippled Boys, Blackheath, where the age for admission is eight to thirteen. The Dartmouth Home owes its existence to the late General Sir Lynedoch Gardiner. It was started in 1870, in a street near Hyde Park, and until 1895 it was known as the Moore Street Home. In that year Lord Dartmouth conveyed the freehold site of a house known as Eastnor House, Blackheath, to the trustees of the charity, and on its removal to the breezy height from which it looks down on London

hall-stand is noticeable. On a brass plate in the centre is inscribed: "To 'our General.' From the Boys, Past and Present. November, 1896." The resident secretary has been in charge of this home from its foundation. Though the number received into the institution is limited to thirty-five, twenty-nine years is long enough to see many boys grow into manhood and go out into the world. At least ninety young men are prospering in their divers callings, and do credit to the training. The greater proportion are shoemakers, but there are also jewellers, tailors, and clerks. In some cases, boys are transferred, when old enough, to Woolsthorpe House, so it is not surprising to hear of saddlers and die-sinkers among ex-pupils. All the instructors are old boys. The schoolmaster has held his post for eighteen years. The fourth standard examination must be passed before learning a trade. This may be an incentive to diligence. Last year 100 per cent. passes were gained. The shoe-making department has proved a distinct success.

"We do everything here that we need for the home, and make and mend for an institution

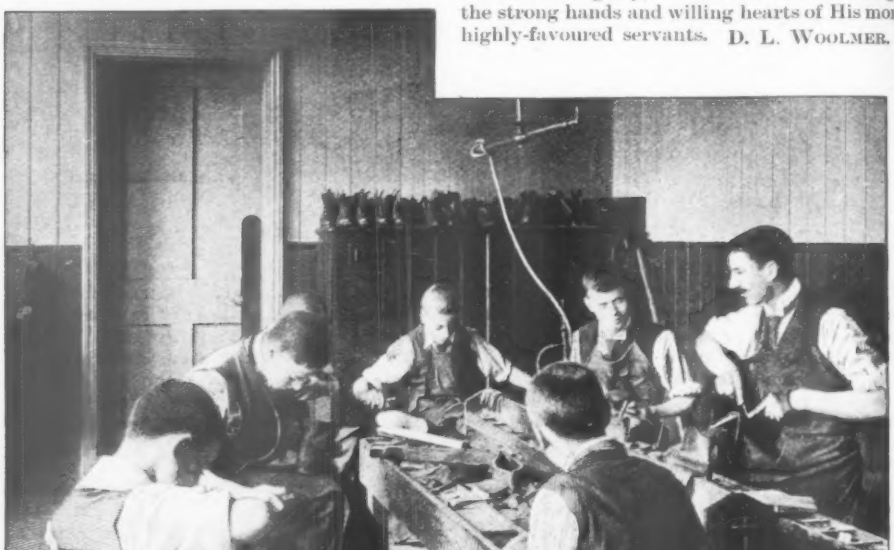
for girls as well," the matron said. She asked the seven boys who were employed to show what they were doing. It was pathetic to see one lift up a boot for a very short leg. The deep sole was made by the master shoemaker, and this boy was finishing off its fellow for himself. His knowledge of and skill in the trade made him independent. He would at least know the comfort of a light sole of exactly the right height. Five tailors were busy, and the matron expressed her opinion that the success of this newer trade would soon rival the long-established shoe-making.

For recreation, cricket is played on crutches. One particular hollow on the heath close to the home is generally left by other players to the Dartmouth Home boys. They also compete for a prize for the best cultivated garden plot. On leaving, they are generally regarded as having served a part at least of their apprenticeship, and only the necessary fee has to be paid for them to be received as improvers.

Outside every institution candidates are waiting admission. Who can tell in how many crippled and dwarfed forms there may be the talent or genius of a Pope or an Epictetus? It would have been a loss to English literature if our deformed poet had not obtained the culture that enabled him to write of the coming Messiah:

> "'Tis He the obstructing paths of sound shall clear,
> And bid new music charm the unfolding ear;
> The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
> And leap exulting like the bounding roe."

So long as the gigantic evil of intemperance stalks abroad, there will remain among the rising generation a certain proportion born to suffer and limp through the world; and so long as children possess a faculty for getting into mischief, they will pay the penalty in loss of limbs, and will be handicapped in the race of life. It is God's work to raise the beggar and make him inherit the throne of glory, and this He effects through the strong hands and willing hearts of His more highly-favoured servants. D. L. WOOLMER.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

CRIPPLED SHOE-MAKERS AT WORK.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES

IN OCTOBER.

By the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A.



(Photo: Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.)

LORD PALMERSTON.

THE memory of Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister of England, is doubly united to the month of October, for he was born on October 20th, 1784, and died on October 18th, 1865. Few statesmen have had a longer public career, for he was a member of one ministry when he was twenty-three, and he died in office at the age of eighty-one. Although Lord Macaulay played a statesman's part in India as well as at home, it is by his literary rather than his political career that he will be remembered. He was born on October 25th, 1800. It was Lord Palmerston, by the way, who offered him his peerage.

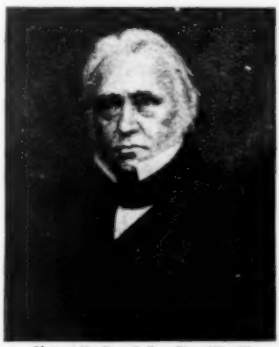
From the State let us pass to the Church. On October 16th, 1555, Hugh Latimer and Nicholas Ridley were burnt at the stake at Oxford. Latimer, the older man, died very soon, but Ridley suffered exquisite torture from his lower members being first consumed. On October 24th, 1694, died Archbishop Tillotson, deemed the best preacher of his age. A saintly Bishop of another type passed away suddenly on October 22nd, 1885, in James Fraser, Lord Bishop of Manchester, one of the most widely honoured of modern prelates.



(Photo: Franz Baum, Manchester.)

THE LATE BISHOP FRASER.

Literature may claim in this month Geoffrey Chaucer (died October 25th, 1400), whom Dryden called "the father of English poetry." Johnson held that he did not deserve either all the praise or all the censure he received. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet and philosopher, was born on October 21st, 1772. De Quincey called him "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, that has yet existed amongst men." There is the note of exaggeration in that praise, but it expressed the admiration in which many of his contemporaries held Coleridge and his work. Carlyle called him "a sublime man—a king of men." On October 20th, 1894, died James Anthony Froude, historian, and, by way of relaxation, perhaps, novelist also. The son of a clergyman, he himself received deacon's orders, but abandoned the clerical life and threw himself into literature.



(Photo: Mault and Fox, Piccadilly, W.)

LORD MACAULAY.

On October 24th, 1764, died William Hogarth, painter, whose brush rebuked the vices of his age not less severely than the pen of moralist and satirist could have done. "He resembled Shakespeare," said Sir James Mackintosh, "in the versatility of talent, which could be either tragic or comic." "I have done my best," said Hogarth of himself, "to make those about me tolerably happy, and my greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury."

Many of our readers will like to be reminded that on October 14th, 1644, was born William Penn. What advice to rulers could be better than that he gave to "you, who

are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania"? He bade them "be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Keep upon the square, for God sees you; therefore do your duty." On October 7th, 1849, died Edgar Allan Poe, an imaginative writer of power, but of an ill-balanced mind. "Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge," is the verdict on him delivered by one of his most distinguished countrymen. In the history of the struggle by which the United States came to their independence, two anniversaries belong to October. One is the capitulation of Burgoyne at Saratoga (October 17th, 1777); the other, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown (October 19th, 1781).



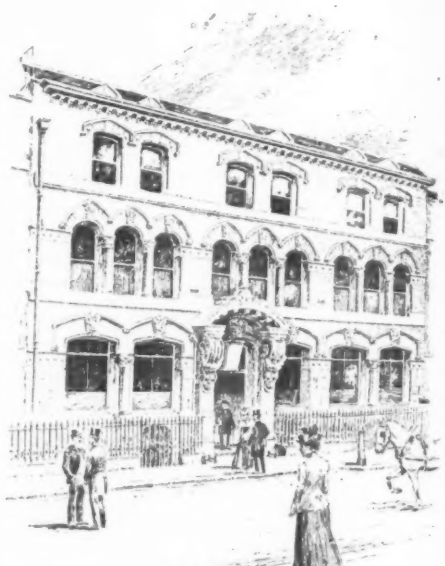
WILLIAM HOGARTH.
(*From the Print by himself.*)

October is rich in anniversaries associated with the work of foreign missions. First as to societies. The Baptist Missionary Society is entitled to regard October 2nd, 1792, as its birthday; for it was then that the meeting was held at Kettering "for forming a Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel amongst the Heathen." The house which saw that meeting was standing a few years ago, and may still be in existence. With the founding of this Society we must always join the name of William Carey, village pastor, schoolmaster, cobbler, missionary, and professor. The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society looks upon October 6th, 1813, as its birthday; but the Methodists had been active long before, and some regard Christmas, 1786, as the inaugural day of Methodist missions abroad. The interest of British Methodism in the care of other lands is, of course, even earlier than this. Early, however, as the Methodists began work in America, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was long before them. On October 11th, 1712, the Rev. W. Andrews, its representative, began to teach the Mohawks at Albany, New York. Two other missionary anniversaries are worth recalling. On October 16th, 1812, died Henry Martyn—saint and, in a manner of speaking, a martyr too. He was but thirty-one. On October 29th, 1885, died another martyr, James Hannington, first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, murdered in Busoga, on his way up to Uganda, by orders of King Mwanga.

One other anniversary must not be overlooked. The National Society, or, to give it the full title under which it is incorporated, the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church, was founded on October 16th, 1811. Amidst the immense development of a national interest in and national organisation for popular education, the pioneer work of the National Society can never be forgotten. Since its beginning, the Society has spent about a million and a half of money on this work, and has been the means of a very much larger sum being raised for the same purpose. It is still as active as in the days before School Boards.



WILLIAM PENN.



THE BAPTIST MISSION HOUSE.

Colina's Island.

By Ethel F. Heddle, Author of "The Pride of the Family," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORY TOLD.



COLINA woke next morning after a short sleep into which she had fallen just before dawn. She drew up the blind and looked out over the loch, now dimpling and flashing under the early beams of the winter sun. The mountains pierced the blue sky, snow-capped: Ben Lui, a huge lowering mass, rolled away to the north, the sun catching an ice ridge near its heavy top, which glistened and dazzled the eyes. The beautiful loch! How she had grown to love it! She knew every island now—every legend. The McVean Island had its own story, and report went that on the death of every chief a light flashed to the other shore—a light which was the golden pathway for the soul's flight! Colina had heard the legend, and had smiled faintly. Death seems so strange and almost unbelievable a fact to the young, and the beloved, and the happy! Yet some day, she knew, her soul, too, would wing its flight into the secret and the silence of Death! She had asked herself if she would be here, on the Island, when she died, and if the light would be seen for her soul's pathway!

Now, standing with her feet bare, and with her brown hair falling around her pale face, she thought she knew one thing. From what spot it would be, she was ignorant, but it would not be from the Island. The Island was hers no more. Things had righted themselves slowly, but surely, in the dark watches of the night. She had spent part of it kneeling by the window, looking out over the lovely moonlit water, and the dazzling white shores of Port Sonnachan. Temptation fell away from her, and her spirit rose above it. She could look down upon her temptation—ay, and her yielding to it—now as we look down upon the mists which enshroud the hill as we climb higher. She felt as if she breathed a purer air. She would tell Cosmo all; give him the real will, leave him to be happy, and to marry Lilliard! She felt at rest after this decision was reached, yet as if mentally rather weary.

"And if Angus Campbell knew I had been so wicked!" she thought, as she dressed slowly, "how he would despise me!"

There was no opportunity of speaking to Cosmo all the forenoon, and at lunch he was full of an expedition they were to make to Loch Mohn, to visit the ancient ruined stronghold of the McVeans. A certain artist had painted a picture of its castle, and Cosmo was petulantly certain it was all out of proportion. He would row Colina and Lilliard over, and they would see. Colina agreed, quietly. She thought she would perhaps find an opportunity of speaking to him on the Island. Rather to her surprise, Lilliard had that morning spoken of going South, to pay a visit in London, and Colina had assented gently and rather lifelessly. The bitter anger in her heart against Lilliard seemed to have died down, too—borne off on the tide of nobler thoughts.

Cosmo was in rather uncertain spirits as they walked up the road through the village; Loch Mohn was a muir loch, and reaching it meant a considerable tramp; but they met young Dunlop McIntyre, and he joined them, rather to the relief of all three, for they dimly felt as if the atmosphere were charged.

"Did you hear Kilgower had set Gregor a' Thing free?" McIntyre asked as they passed through a gate into the muir, Lilliard and Cosmo walking on smartly, in deep conversation. "I fancy you had rather a penchant for the old man; hadn't you, Miss McVean? It seems Kilgower got a gang of poachers before him on Thursday, and elicited the fact, somehow, that they had bagged the game we found on Gregor! He promptly set Gregor free—and tipped him well! He said he'd write to Cosmo about it. Poor old Gregor! You never saw a man so changed and crushed! He's been ill, too—and so melancholy, he hadn't a word to throw to a dog! You'll take him on again, perhaps?"

Colina's hazel eyes looked up at the young man rather sadly, and she sighed.

"I wish I could—I'm afraid I shall not be able."

"You mean Cosmo wouldn't approve?" And McIntyre laughed. "Well, you see, Gregor did cheek him a bit now and then! But he didn't really mean it!"

"No, I suppose not," Colina said absently; and then she raised her head suddenly. "Couldn't you—give him something to do? Just to reinstate him, as it were, in his own opinion?"

"I don't know what McVean would say!" The young man laughed. "But I will, if you like. Hulloa, here's the loch! I'll just run on and help Cosmo with the boat."

When they landed on the Island, they explored the ruin thoroughly, and Colina saw where the water lilies grew thick in summer, and where Gregor had told her was the fairies' ring, just inside the old banqueting hall. She was standing looking at it, her back turned, when Cosmo came up suddenly behind a jutting piece of the ruined masonry. He called "Lilliard!" gently.

She knew the moment for telling her story had come, then, for she had seen Lilliard go down to the boat with McIntyre, and she turned round at once, and faced him. Cosmo was struck by her paleness, and by the curious steady light in her eyes; but he felt annoyed at his slip, and muttering something about "making a mistake," and they had "better go on," turned away hastily. But Colina thought this too good an opportunity to lose.

"Cosmo, will you come back a moment?" she asked—she was surprised at her own calmness.

He returned at once, looking down at her, unwillingly. He had half meant all day to fling off the yoke of his engagement and own that it galled him—fling all to the wind, for Lilliard's sake; and he had been only



He stood for a moment with hanging head.

restrained by Lilliard herself—by her worldly and shrewd reminders of his poverty. What was Colina going to say? He felt half relieved, half alarmed. He felt this was a crisis.

"Cosmo, I wanted to tell you something—I have tried to tell you all day. I know all the truth about you and Lilliard! I know the mistake you made, and I am glad it is not irrevocable. There is time to put the matter right! I set you free, and you are free to marry her." She suddenly stopped, and, taking off her glove, felt for his rings. "I should give you back these—but—now I remember—I threw them away!"

His face grew crimson, and for a moment he stood with hanging head.

"Colina!" he got out at last, "I 'm—I 'm awfully sorry! It's been a wretched business all along. I *was* fond of you! But, you see, I'd seen her before—I sometimes wish I hadn't—and—and you and I didn't hit it off very well, did we?"

"No, I suppose not!" Colina sighed. She was looking at him gravely and sorrowfully. All the time she had a curious feeling as if something in her heart were crumbling away—as if Cosmo were changing before her eyes, and vanishing. Lilliard's lover! Lilliard's lover!

"And of course you were awfully good to me!" he got out then; "and from a worldly point of view I've just done for myself! For I haven't a penny, and I'm sure I don't know what we shall do! And I hate poverty. I've given up a great deal for her." Colina's heart shrank at the petulant, angry tone. Oh! if he had only been more manly—if she could only have respected him!

"Cosmo," she said, "we all made a mistake about one thing, and I have just discovered the truth. The will which left me the Island was not the last will, after all!"

"Heavens! You don't say so!"

A light leapt into his face—it fairly beamed. He drew near her, eagerly, "Colina! And I am master? Do I inherit after all? He left it to *me!*"

"Yes," Colina agreed; "you are the master. I heard Silis, the witch, say something, and I suspected, and asked her old father. It seems our uncle used to go up there, and talk to the old man, and that he was fond of making wills, as a kind of pastime."

Cosmo gave an angry laugh at that, his face flushed and excited. "He played with me, as a cat does with a mouse. He was always chopping and changing. And I don't know how I ever kept my temper. I couldn't, but that I knew how much depended on it." Colina's eyes fell. "And the only row we ever had was about Lilliard. I suppose I shouldn't tell you that, Colina, but you don't seem to mind. I had met her, and we would have been engaged, but that he wouldn't hear of it, and wanted me to marry a red-haired heiress he knew of. So there was a row, and I thought he 'd disown me. But he hasn 't, it seems! Tell me all about it (I've waved to the others that we are coming—McIntyre can row her about a bit). Where did you find the will, Colina? Upon my word, it 's like a romance."

"In the kirk, under the slab where they hid the crown long ago."

"By Jove!" Cosmo cried, "I remember his talking of that place once. He was crazy! Colina, why don't you bring in a claim that he was crazy?" He had thought of her point of view at last, and looked at her suddenly and keenly. But she shook her head.

"Oh, no; he was not crazy. As you say, I think he played with you—he meant the will to be found, I am sure. Very likely, if he spoke to you of that place he meant you to search, and find it after a little."

"Upon my word, it was a mean trick!" Cosmo could not get over that. "To keep me out of the place all this time—and make such a mess of the whole thing! Have you got the will, Colina?"

She handed it over to him, and Cosmo took the paper eagerly. He was so long reading it, that Colina grew chilled, and she could hear McIntyre shouting to them from the boat. McVean had forgotten everything but the great news.

"Had you not better finish reading it after?" she asked; "they must be tired and cold." And Cosmo, assenting, walked on beside her with an air of stifled excitement and delight.

Lilliard looked at him with slightly puzzled eyes, as if wondering what the *tête-à-tête* had brought forth to so change his mood; but once on the Island, Cosmo went off to the library alone.

He appeared in the drawing-room before dinner, and when Colina entered she saw at once that he must have whispered the news to Lilliard.

She almost felt as if she were a culprit. She could not meet Lilliard's eager, rather anxious look, and they went to dinner without any explanation. Cosmo returned to the drawing-room after, however, and told Miss Anne the story, and the old lady listened in a kind of amazed disappointment. Colina sat in the background, rather apart.

"I know you are horribly vexed!" he cried as he concluded, laughingly; "we knew you would be! I 'm afraid you don't approve of me, Miss Anne. And I 'm sure there will be a universal howl of disappointment through the Island! But you won't go away for a while, Colina? You must let me treat you as you treated me——"

He broke off then, apparently remembering

one particular in which the two cases could not coincide, but Colina's pale face did not alter. Lilliard wondered if the girl were a trifle cold-blooded, after all!

"Thank you," Colina said, "but I think it is always wisest to cut one's cloth to suit one's coat at once! So you mustn't think me piqued or angry if I say that I think Miss Anne and I must wing our flight together."

"I am leaving at once," Lilliard said hastily. "I shall start for London to-morrow. Oh, dear Colina, I am so sorry for you! I can't help it, even if the new Laird hears!' I am!"

But Colina shrank instinctively from the caress, and from the pretty clinging arms—and Lilliard felt the movement, slight though it was. She knew that the moment had come when Colina understood all, and she felt sorry. Cosmo must have bungled the matter, she thought—let her know, in some crude speech, what she, Lilliard, would have had broken slowly and delicately. She would not come out well in the matter at all. And she hated to be thought ill of.

"Weel, it 's awfu', the ups and downs o' life!" Miss Anne said; "and he was a queer cranky auld carle, praying wi' folk like that! Is this will correct, Cosmo? Are ye sure it *is* the last?"

"Quite sure!" and he smiled. "It is a holograph. No, I'm afraid you can't disinherit me, Miss Anne, much as you 'd like to do so."

"You 'll certainly no mak' sae kind a landlord as the bairn," and Miss Anne looked at him grudgingly. "But, of course, if ye *are* the Laird, there 's nae mair to be said. I hope you 'll let a' she's dune bide? She tried to dae weel. And ye needna' fear for her—she 'll come wi' me. Dinna' be ower sair ta'en up aboot her! Dinna' fash yersel'."

He did not at all perceive the slight sarcasm in her voice, and said no more then on the matter. He was very busy during the next few days, and there seemed a good deal of business to transact. The county was much amazed when the news spread. Not that the new will made much difference, they said. Only it was best, perhaps, for the husband to be the real possessor. The ruptured engagement was not yet announced—by Cosmo's request.

Lilliard had left. She came up to Colina to say good-bye in the cold dawn of the January morning. Cosmo was to see her off at Loch Awe station for the south.

"You are angry with me, darling, I know!" she said to Colina; "and you think I deceived you. But you don't know all the story."

"No, I do not," Colina said slowly. She was looking, with a strange sense of loss and regret, at the pretty, slight figure. "But I do not think I am angry. Only you—are not the Lilliard I loved and thought I knew. I thought I had—all your confidence."

Though the words were spoken with only inexpressible sorrow, Lilliard flushed redly.

"Colina," she cried, "till you asked me—indeed, almost till I saw him, for you never mentioned his first name—I was not sure it was Cosmo—my Cosmo, I mean."

"Yes; but you could have told me—later."

"And then been obliged to leave you? Oh, Colina, don't be hard on me. I was fond of you, and everything was over between him and me. I loved you, and you were so good to me. It would have meant going away and teaching if I had told you. I saw very soon that he fascinated you. And I always told him he was a very lucky man"—Lilliard looked quite virtuous. "For I knew he hated poverty, and could not stand it. We both hated it! I can't be happy, Colina, unless you forgive me."

"Then I forgive you, Lilliard!" and Colina tried to laugh, and even kissed the pretty face lightly and softly. "But when you are mistress here, will you—will you try and make Cosmo think of the people? We have such a little bit of opportunity in the world, Lilliard—and then someone else takes our place. Now, when my little space of time here is past—and it was only a tiny space—I feel as if I could have done so very, very much more."

"My dear Colina, you were always an angel!" Lilliard said, stroking her friend's face, happy again. The thought of playing Lady Bountiful in a Paris costume (and she could wear Paris costumes as Cosmo's wife) was really rather enchanting. "I shall try and make Cosmo carry out all your plans—I shall, I assure you. Poor, dear Cosmo! He *is* rather wrapped up in himself. I 'll do the best I can—for your sweet sake."

"Weel, she 's aff!" Miss Anne said later, turning away from the window. "And Cosmo won't be back till lunch. She cam' into my room and made me ane o' her 'charming' speeches! I ken the brand! Colina, my dawtie, ye hinna' brocht yersel' to tell me the whail story, but it 's a' as plain as a pike-staff. They 're a weel-matched, selfish pair! And we 'll gang oor ain gait, and let them be! I mind your aye caain' her 'charming' to me, d'ye mind? I had my doots then, but I said naething. I'm no fond o' your sugary folk; and Lilliard's that sugary she aye maks me think o' treacle. Or else o' a purring cat. And the cat scratches! She gied ye an awfu' scratch, my bairn, for a' ye petted her and took her in and gied her a' thing! There 's nae trustin' cats, for a' their purrs!"

"But a scratch heals very soon"; and Colina tried to laugh. Never, even to Miss Anne, would she discuss Lilliard.

"In a healthy body, aye," she said grimly. "Now come awa', Colina, and I'll read ye what I've written aboot the hoose!"

CHAPTER XV.

"I looked for evil, stern and pale of face,
Came good too fair to tell.
I leant on God, when other joys did fail;
He gave me these as well."

COLINA and Miss Anne left the Island very shortly, and in the spring Cosmo and Lilliard were married in St. George's Church, Hanover Square. She wrote to Colina that some fashionable relations had discovered and made much of the relationship, once her engagement to the Island's master was announced; and that she would have the satisfaction of being married from a fashionable house in Eaton Square.

"People are horridly worldly, darling Colina!" she wrote. "But one lives in the world, so I suppose one has to swim with the tide. The Geoffreys will expect a *quid pro quo* from me in the shape of shooting invitations, and game; and, of course, there was always heaps of game! Do you remember how you petted the poachers, Colina dear? Cosmo laughs about that sometimes, and says they will hate him now after your reign there."

Colina did not read that sentence to Miss Anne. Lilliard often wrote to Colina after this, and was in the habit of speaking to people a great deal of her "dear Colina." She impressed them with the idea that they were great friends still, and that it was Colina, indeed, who had tired of Cosmo. She told Cosmo she did this for Colina's sake, "for a jilted girl has such a horrible position!" And Cosmo, who never quite understood Lilliard, only shrugged his shoulders and told her to do as she liked!

Colina had said farewell to Angus Campbell rather hurriedly at Loch Awe station, just before the train started on their journey south. He came up rapidly, looking very grave and pale, and took her hand in his firm, strong grasp. His eyes read hers with a deep and tender pity, from which she almost shrank. When she tried to ask him to go and see several of her old people—farewell visits being almost beyond her—he agreed at once; and last of all he put a little book in her lap, saying nothing. The train started, and he stood bareheaded, looking after it.

"I wonder if we shall ever see him again," Colina said. The little book was Thomas à Kempis, and under her name were the words which head this chapter, and Danté's "God's will is our peace."

Colina was to know the little book very well in the years that followed, for they were not easy years. We do not part with cherished possessions easily, and Colina had so loved the Island and the Loch and her people. She had loved Cosmo. And she had lost them all.



"I forgive you, Lilliard!"

There was a good deal of what the French call "*le mal de la pensée*" in her face, sweet though it was; a depth in her clear eyes, a certain expression of strength and of pain held down, and conquered, in the firm lips. "Colina's a rale strong lassie! She thinks for hersel', and judges for hersel', and she's got a gey, broad horizon afore her," Miss Anne would say. "She minds me whiles o' the way that fine Hielander, Angus Campbell, used to look at a' thing. I wonder if he'll ever turn up!"

People usually do "turn up," as Miss Anne

expressed it, sooner or later, in this world, which seems so limited a sphere after all; and one summer, when they had gone to Edinburgh, Miss Anne took Colina to hear a new preacher, of whom its congregation boasted very great things. And the grave face with the eyes Lilliard had always called stern, and like John Knox's, were Angus Campbell's, of the lochside kirk.

He came to see them, summoned by a note from Miss Anne, and how his fine eyes lit up that astute lady saw very well when they alighted upon Colina in her white gown.

He had been succeeded by a cousin in his Highland charge, a cousin who was a great Gaelic scholar and who needed fine air and rest, and thus it came to pass that Angus had answered the call of the city people.

"Ye saw the nettles were a' pu'd up and flowers planted!" Miss Anne said, with her old smile. "Maybe you'll find nettles can flourish i' the toun as weel, Mr. Campbell? Ay, and maybe there's a want o' flowers, forbye!" He smiled at that. He came often, and Colina and Miss Anne attended his church and listened to him till they left for London. Colina had begun her Gaelic studies again, and he helped her with them. There was no bitterness now in her heart, and she would ask Angus eagerly for Morag and Silis and the muir-dwellers. Gregor a' Thing was with Mr. McIntyre, and was rather old and lame and rheumatic, but he had never forgotten Colina.

They did not speak of the fashionable couple who held great state in the Island. There was no baby there, and Lilliard came every season to London, and Cosmo, it was whispered, had taken to betting and racing. Nothing was done for the people, and the McVeans were not at all popular. But Angus did not mention that.

Miss Anne meant to leave for the South again, and it was October when one day Campbell found Colina alone in the drawing-room, Miss Anne being at the other end of the town, paying visits. They had been talking of the loch, and Colina said that she and Miss Anne talked of going to Sutherlandshire next year.

"They say it is the loveliest county in Scotland! But I can scarcely believe anything could be more lovely than my own Loch Awe! I call it my own still, you see!" and she smiled. "Some day I shall go back. What eons of time away it all seems! I was there so short a time, after all."

Angus Campbell looked at her suddenly.

"Colina," he said, "could you go back? With no pain?"

"Oh, I think there is pain everywhere in the past!" she said, and looked at him with her deep and gentle eyes. "Just because it *is* past. I think the evanescence of every thing earthly is just this world's tragedy! And the tragedy would be unbearable but for the hope of the better world! The world which, as Dickens said, is 'to set this right'! Yes, there would be pain in returning, just because it *is* all past!"

He looked at her almost yearningly, and something in his eyes made her flush and wince.

"Mr. Campbell," she said slowly, "but not with the kind of pain you suspect. That is all outgrown and forgotten. My cousin and I meet every year. I think we are better friends than ever we were."

He drew a long breath, his eyes brightened.

"I asked, Colina," he said, coming near her and looking down with a wonderful gaze of tenderness, "because I—I have almost dared to hope. I loved you, I think, from the first moment I saw your face in the little kirk, looking away through the window at the Ben. You wore a white gown, and a shady hat. I remember the way your hands lay in your lap, the way your hair curled under your hat. I told myself yours was the sweetest face in the world. And then I heard your story, and knew you were not for me. And then there was that night on the loch. If you could know how grieved I felt for you! My poor wee bairn, how my heart bled for you! *Mùirneau! Alona!*"—("Darling, Heart's Joy"). He whispered the Gaelic caress last of all. He had taken her hand, but Colina looked up, her eyes suddenly shrinking from his.

"But you must listen. You don't know all. You do not know how wicked I was, and how tempted. Yes, and more than tempted, for I had made up my mind."

"To what, Colina?"

"To hide the will. I found it, you know, in the old kirk, that snowy night, and when I read it, and knew that he, Cosmo, would inherit—oh! I was mad, I think. I felt I hated him, and her. I deceived myself with the thought that it would be all for the people's sake to hide it. I flattered myself and thought I had done so well. Oh, Angus, how little we all are—how little, and small-minded, and contemptible! It was the place, and the position, and the power, and the praise I loved."

He was smiling at her very gently still. He took her hand and held it in his strong one.

"Alona! We are all tempted alike. And power, and position, and praise tempt us all alike. You conquered. You trampled the temptation under foot."

"Angus," she said, "I thought you would despise me."

"Am I so stern? Am I so perfect?" He was stroking her hair. "Colina dear, if you only knew! Only God, and we ourselves, know the depth of our weaknesses. I think no one judges our hearts so truly as we do ourselves, for we know the hidden sins and stains, the hidden temptations we would whisper to no earthly ear—no, not even to our dearest. If you can love me, Colina, we will 'climb the hill thegither.' The hard hill, Mùirnean, that winds upward all the way. With you, I do not feel as if it could be so very hard. If you could—love me?"

Could she? She was looking up into his eyes, perhaps listening to her heart, her lips slightly apart.

"Are you listening for something, Alona?" he asked.

"Yes, Angus. I was wondering if you would not be disappointed in me. But I have told you all. You must never idealise me."



"You must listen. You don't know all."

"Disappointed!" and he took his lover's kiss at last. "Oh, Colina!" And Colina said no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

COSMO'S WILL.

"IT isn't any use, Lilliard. One can't wring money out of a stone. And you can't get it out of *me*. I've sold or let every bit of shooting I possess, except over the near muir, and there are piles of unpaid bills in the library that make me ill to think of. You must stay at home, that's

all. The Island isn't bad in October. You used to like it."

Cosmo McVean spoke rather wearily. He was cleaning a gun in the gun-room, bending his handsome face over it; he had looked up at his wife's entrance. Lilliard was prettier than ever—calm, and cool, and sauve, and beautifully dressed; but Cosmo looked slightly care-worn, and the handsome face did not seem happy. It had an ever-present expression of worry and care. He sometimes felt that it was like trying to stem a mountain torrent to try and stem the stream of Lilliard's extravagance.

She shrugged her shoulders now. "Then all I have to say is you must sell or let something more. I must and shall get away. 'Used to like it!' My dear Cosmo, I never more than tolerated the place. It was your cousin Colina who raved about the people, and learned that awful Gaelic, and was always out on the muir and on the loch. If you wanted to keep your wife immured here, you should have married Colina."

Cosmo looked at her unwillingly. He never argued with Lilliard, because she always got the better of him; but she did not provoke him the less.

"I treated Colina very badly," he said slowly. "I was crazy about you! When she thought the Island was hers she was so sorry for my disappointment that she offered me half of the income! She paid my debts through McLaren; she was always trying to make me take money and things in a delicate, quiet way. She really let me be master here, till we fell out over the poachers. When she discovered the will she could easily have kept it, or destroyed it; but she didn't! And when my turn came I just let her go! I never offered her anything!"

Lilliard gave her little cool laugh. "My dear Cosmo! She couldn't have gone on staying here and ruining all the tenantry! Colina was always a little prosy and tiresome. And she was troubled with a conscience and scruples. She used almost to preach to me sometimes! Besides, what is this all *à propos* of? I want my money! We need not discuss Colina's perfections!"

"I shall see what I can do," he said wearily. "I am to meet McLachlan near the Pass at four. But this can't go on, Lilliard! Everything in this world comes to an end, and my money is coming to an end."

"Not quite, yet," she said calmly and cheerfully, and walked off and closed the door.

Cosmo had put down the gun, and he went up and looked out of the window. He was thinking of what he had said about Colina. Yes, he had acted rather shabbily by Colina. He had never been particularly happy with Lilliard. She was his wife, and to possess her for his wife had seemed once to promise bliss unalloyed, but it had not proved so! She was cold and worldly, and calculating, and selfish and self-absorbed. Selfish people do not keep love long. He had said once that he and Colina did not "hit it off," and it was true that her aspirations and ideals had vaguely annoyed him; but he asked himself, standing there, if Colina's reign had not been, after all, more successful than his, and if other things and qualities did not annoy one quite as much as high aspirations. The people did not like him and Lilliard; they were very far from popular. Lilliard knew nothing about them, and used to say frankly that she hated Scotland.

"If anything happened to me she'd marry again, she's so pretty!" he said to himself gloomily. "And they'd let the place and never look at it. I think she'd marry that man Vane. I've never made a will. And Uncle Colin made dozens! Wonder how the Scots law stands? I think I'll make my will. One never knows."

He sat down idly, and drew a sheet of paper towards him, and he wrote a very simple disposal of his property. He left the Island to Colina and her heirs—she was the last of the McVeans; a third of his whole estate was his wife's by Scots law, and he gave her no more. After properly executing the will, he put the sheet of paper into a strong envelope, with a few directions, and addressed it to the lawyer. This he deposited in the post-bag, and the letter left the Island that night.

And then Cosmo took his gun and sallied out. He could hear Lilliard talking and laughing over the teacups with a friend as he passed the window, but he did not turn and wave his hand. She would have stared if he had. She always used to say she was not sentimental. And nothing told Cosmo McVean then that he would never look upon her face on this side of time again! Nothing made her go to the window to look after him!

He had not very good sport, and his thoughts were not very happy ones. The estate was growing burdened. Only careful living, wise and economical governance, would bring things right. If they lived as they lived now, with the expensive flat in London to keep up, and Lilliard's bills to pay, not to speak of the little yacht and all the entertaining, ruin stared him in the face!

She said she could never stand poverty. "It will all have to go; I'll be sold up, like old McKnight of Loch Alsh, and trustees appointed, who'll allow me £200 a year!" Cosmo thought dismally. "We started so gaily, she and I! Who would have thought we'd make shipwreck of it all so soon?"

His thoughts were disjointed and rather desperate, and he was coming down a boulder-covered knoll, carrying his gun carelessly, when his foot was caught by a tough root of heather, and he fell heavily forward. From somewhere, which seemed very far off, he heard a loud report, and he felt as if a great dull pain and fire were burning through him. He tried to raise his head, and could not. He realised stupidly that he must have shot himself, and lay still wondering how bad it was. Things grew hazy and far off, and he seemed only to rouse at intervals.

Then he wakened to feel that someone was trying to raise him and staunch the bleeding, and, still through that dim veil of grey, he recognised Gregor a'Thing's face! He remembered something about Gregor, and poaching, and how people had said the old man had never been the same since his sojourn in Inverara' gaol! He, Cosmo, had sent him there unjustly!

"Och! and this iss a ferry bad business! Och! poor lad, poor lad!"

There was a great accent of pity in the voice. Cosmo raised his heavy eyes.

"I'm done for, am I not?" he said slowly. "I was carrying my gun stupidly, and I caught my foot. I think I've been lying here a long time. It's no use—going for help! I'm done for. Just stay here—will you? It's—rather—lonely!"

Gregor had taken off his ragged coat, and he made a pillow of it for the dying head. He knew the wound was fatal, and that McVean would bleed to death internally. He could not leave him to die there, and go for help. Help would be too late.

"It iss a bad business," he repeated heavily—"a bad business. Yes, a ferry bad business." He kept repeating the words in a dazed monotone.

"I don't know that it is," Cosmo said, as if waking, suddenly and unexpectedly, to understanding, though his voice was weak and husky. "I never wanted to die—by inches. And—she'll do better for the Island—than I ever did. Tell Colina I said so."

His voice ceased then, and his eye-lids fell.

Cruachan rose behind them, in the soft velvety dusk; the lovely faded heather stretched away on all sides, with here and there a patch of burnt-umber or bright yellow, where the dead bracken stood. There was no sound, save now and then the distant bark of a sheep dog or the faint cry of a bird.

Cosmo raised his eyes just once, wearily, and knew Gregor, and remembered again.

"You never forgave that, did you?" he said feebly, "that about Inverarray?"

"Och, and it iss not worth the mentioning," said the man, and there was almost the old irrepressible twinkle in his eyes. "It wass just living rent free, at the county's expense, that I wass. We will not be speaking of it at all. No, not at all! Poor lad!"

Cosmo smiled faintly. He had a dim sense of kindness and forgiveness, very soothing. He thought disconnectedly that Colina would bring things right in the Island—and remember Gregor—that dying was not so very hard, after all—only a drifting out on a slow, slow tide, that grew cold and colder.

Drifting where? Ah, where? Who can follow the thoughts of the spirit as it faces that mystery, that question of all questions? Only God's ear hears, only God's eye sees. We see the tide drifting out, we see the weary body turning like a child over to sleep, but the spirit's pleading, the spirit's cry, the last unuttered prayer, only one Heart hears. But that is a Heart more pitiful and more tender than our highest vision, our highest imagining. Remember that!

The breadth, and the length, and the height of God's love is beyond us, and above us.

Gregor a' Thing alone saw the last weak breath, and he closed Cosmo McVean's eyes to all things earthly. He took the news to the nearest house, and they carried the master of the Island home over the shining waters of the loch. Gregor rowed the boat with the unconscious burden, and he looked up the rippling water as they landed on the pier.

"And he did not die on the Island, so there will be no light flashing over the loch this night! But there wass never a more peaceful passing, and it iss the smoothing of the hand that I hef seen on his face in the heather. And if Silis is to lay him out, I will tell her to put a cross of rowan on his heart, and that look will be on his face when they hide it. Poor lad! Poor lad!"

* * * * *

Lilliard McVean waited in the drawing-room till the funeral was over, then went to meet Mr. McLaren when he entered, motioning him to a seat. She had "kept up" very well.

"Did my poor husband leave a will?" she asked. "You have not found one, have you?"

He looked at her coolly as he seated himself. He did not care for her, and he knew well she was at the root of all Cosmo's difficulties.

"He made a will on the last day of his life," he said, "and posted it to me, with a few simple directions. I shall read it now."

"What a curious thing!" and Lilliard looked up uneasily. "Are you sure it *is* his will?"

He smiled, opening out the sheet of paper. Lilliard's cousin was shocked at the furious and angry wave of colour which suffused her face,

the incoherent words of passion which broke from her when the contents were known. The lawyer told her that by Scots law she could claim a third of Cosmo's estate, but the Island was Colina's.

"It is base and cruel!" she cried. "And I hate him! I never cared for him! Now I hate him!"

For once in her life she had let the veil before her character fall, and they caught a glimpse of her true nature; then she remembered, and drew herself up proudly.

"Well, no matter! After all, I should not have lived here in this desert. Good-morning, Mr. McLaren. We need not detain you."

She left shortly after, and Loch Awe saw her no more. And Cosmo's supposition was right, for she married the elderly baronet, Sir Hugo Vane.

He kept a very tight hand on the purse-strings, and Lilliard is apt to complain that she has "scarcely a penny to call her own." Many are her confidences over her late husband's "infamous will," and his bad treatment of herself.

And Colina? What of her?

It was a good many years before the estate was free and unencumbered, but the people did not suffer, though Angus Campbell keeps on his city church and charge, and only glowing summer weather sees them on the Island.

She is very happy. Gregor a' Thing is her boatman; lame as he is, he can still row; and while the Kilbrain minister takes his holiday Angus preaches again in the little bald kirk.

In the Island pew his wife sits with her little sunny-haired son, the Island's heir; but her eyes do not wander out to the Ben's peaks now—she listens with loving attention. And as Angus's voice tells of that love and that story which alone can help us to live and to die, the people's faces are softened and strengthened, care seems smoothed away, peace hovers over the Angels' Knowe as if with folded wings of snowy white.

Outside, under the mountain's shadow, the dead lie, waiting, as we shall all one day wait, for the dawn to redden and glow before the coming of His feet.

THE END.



"It's no use going for help."—*p.* 1077.

CONTENT.

By the Venerable W. M. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—ST. MATTHEW vi. 33.

THE ignoble race for wealth continues year after year with unabated vigour amongst us. No class is free from the contagion of its influence. We have it all round us. First, the lust for supposed quick returns through betting. "Clerks, artisans, carmen, labourers, railway employés, all show the greatest eagerness to know the latest quotations or the result of the last race. The familiar daily cry of 'Winner!' as the newsboys run along the street, causes as much excitement as a cry of 'Fire!' or 'Stop thief!' The man who, having used every penny in his pocket for his last bet, cannot buy a paper, will not rest till he has borrowed one. All he wants is a glance at the sporting column, which tells him whether the winner is a winner for him or not. So it is in the free libraries, except those where a wise rule obliterates the betting news. Groups of working men and boys crowd round the newspaper stands to see the late editions immediately they are placed on view. Directly the papers are posted, those in the front rank turn to the all-engrossing item of news; the name of the successful horse, or the latest odds given, are passed from mouth to mouth, and the group forthwith disperses." In every room of every London factory where girls are employed, there is one who acts as bookmaker to the others. "To the man who cares about such trifles as the future of our race," says a thoughtful worker amongst labouring people,* "the growth of gambling in this day presents a problem bewildering and appalling. Amongst the working classes the mania has reached a pitch of which only those who associate with them can form a proper conception. It is not only on horse-racing, pedestrianism, and athletics that men gamble; they bet about everything." A very large proportion of the men in gaol are there because they have been led on by gambling to rob their employers.

The same mad thirst for wealth exists in commerce. Lest I should be suspected of saying anything harsh or exaggerated, I will quote from the public press.

Here is a working-man's paper:—"Cotton and sugar corners, salt and iron syndicates, with all the other fiendish inventions of greedy capitalists intent on sucking the very life-blood of the people in order to add to their already abnormal possessions, are a disgrace to our commercial life, and a constant menace to the prosperity of the workers. All reasonable and true ideas of exchange have been lost sight of in the mad rush for gain."

Here is a weekly review:*—"Rigs in copper, salt unions, cotton squeezes, syndicates for buying up medical drugs and doubling the price of them, may be carried on without interference from the law, but surely discretion suggests that restrictions should be placed on such enterprises at a time like this. They are not only a reproach to commerce, but a danger to society; none of them come into the description of honourable trade; some of them rank in point of merit with sheer brigandage, and, if the preachers of Socialism are to be decried, quite as pestilent are the trusts of capitalists, who with their rapacious rigs and rings fill the mouth of anarchy with argument and invite rowdyism to violence."

It is difficult to speak about the centres of financial speculation, but it is clear that it has been invaded by this

* The Rev. C. F. Aked.

* *The Saturday Review.*

same rage for quick returns. Here is the comment of a leading newspaper a few years ago on the charge of an eminent judge:—"The remarks addressed to a Leeds jury by the judge, in reference to gambling in city speculation, described the evil with a vigour for which every moralist will thank him, and an accuracy which no one will be disposed to dispute. 'A more disgraceful and discreditable piece of gambling than this transaction,' he said, 'did not exist in the world' . . . It would certainly not be the fault of the judge if foolish persons continued to lose their money in the game of speculation. Play at Monte Carlo, the Leeds jurors were told, is respectable compared with the gambling too often carried on in the courts and alleys of the City of London. At Monte Carlo, the play is at least for ready money, and is conducted in the light of day . . . But the London variety rests upon a basis, generally a very flimsy basis, of credit. 'There is not,' remarked the judge, 'a more pernicious species of gambling than this "plunging" for time bargains, and matters of that description.'" Very true and very significant is the dismal dirge of Thomas Hood:—

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mould,
Price of many a crime untold."

From all these turbid anxieties the genuine Christian is happily freed. If he gives himself up to the lust of wealth, he cannot be a Christian in any true sense of the word. Our Blessed Lord has mercifully made the matter exceedingly plain. "No man can serve two masters. . . . Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. . . . Take, therefore, no anxious thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." The necessaries of life—food, clothing, lodging, education, those are all the things we need; and about those we need not trouble, because God will provide them sufficiently for all who love Him. And again, how gravely our Lord warned us that the deceitfulness of riches chokes the word and we become unfruitful. And once more most earnestly He insisted how hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God!

By the utter unworldliness of His own conduct, and by His constant teaching, He gave us the inestimable lesson of divine *content*. What a priceless blessing for Christians to have done absolutely with the fret and fume and worry of the world! When the reflection arises in your mind that you are not a favoured son of fortune—a king, a duke, a great landowner, or in command of a fortune that would place every conceivable amusement and pleasure at your disposal, and you begin to regret and feel jealous—what a priceless blessing to remember that such thoughts do not enter at all into the scheme of Christian things or the Christian character! St. Paul worked at tent-making for his living; and he said: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." To his friend, Timothy, he wrote: "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content." The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews in the same way urged: "Be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Some of the wise men of the ancient world knew this truth, though it was never insisted on as a vital element in religion as it is in Christianity. But rapacity for riches was the destruction both of Athenian and Roman society; and it is only where Christianity has been clearly understood and has become the conscientious rule of life to many, that content has really been an effectual force. Without the hopes and beliefs of Christianity there would be little to recommend content or raise it beyond the level of a cool, philosophical approbation.

"To be content," said St. Ambrose, "kills adversity if it assault, dries tears if they flow, stays wrath if it urge, wins Heaven if it continue." There was once an Italian bishop who struggled with really great difficulties, without either complaining or showing the least impatience. One of his intimate friends one day asked him if he

could tell him the secret of being always so easy in mind. "Yes," said the old man, "I can teach you my secret with great readiness. It consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I die and am buried. I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our cares must end; and what little reason I have to repine or to complain."

The last consideration is one for much devout and thankful reflection. It has been well put by the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy": "How many deaf, dumb, halt, lame, and blind miserable persons could I reckon up that are poor, and withal distressed, in imprisonment, banishment, galley-slaves, condemned to the mines, quarries, to gyves, in dungeons, in perpetual thraldom? than all which thou art more happy; to all which thou art able to give an alms; in comparison of which thou art a lord, a petty prince! Be contented, then, I say; repine and mutter no more; for thou art not poor in deed, but in opinion."

How would you like to be a miner, living the best part of his life underground, lying on his back in narrow passages, picking at the blocks of coal with ceaseless monotony, exposed to choke-damp, explosions, and the sudden flooding of hidden streams? How would you like to be a scavenger, or a chimney-sweep, or a coal-heaver, or a crossing-sweeper, or to work the whole night long in shunting trains, or to spend your time in attending to the sewers of London, chiefly, perhaps, in a three-foot drain? Or to pass your days from youth till the grave in making the heads of pins, or parts of matches? Or to have no prospect but that of labouring in the fields for ten or eleven shillings a week, a prey to rheumatism and ague? Or to work out your life in the close, oily rooms of a factory at some special piece of machinery, from which you never expect respite or change? Or to be one of the vast army of job-labourers in our great cities, who never know from day to day whether they will have anything to do or anything to earn, wandering about in search of work from five o'clock in the morning till twelve at noon, and dismally certain that after twelve there is no hope of anything whatever till five o'clock comes round again next morning?

Then there are the dangerous trades, which have to be supplied like others. Much has been done by the Factory Acts in Britain to mitigate their evils; but the conditions of peril cannot be eliminated. And Britain stands alone in the beneficence of her Factory Acts. The white-lead trade is pre-eminent for its fatal effect on the workers. They are continually exposed to the influence of the deadly poisoning. The widow who has a family to support, the wife of a drunken husband, the girl without a character: these are the applicants for employment. The consequences are always the same: anæmia, hysteria, convulsions, loss of eyesight, or death. The children of the white-lead worker chiefly enter the world to die from convulsions.

There is the phosphorus trade. The women who work at it begin to suffer from pains in the jaw. It is a gnawing and tearing pain: the pain of cancer. The jaw changes colour and becomes offensive; death ensues after much suffering; and, both before and after death, the jaw is seen, if examined in a dark room, to be alight and phosphorescent.

Then there is the alkali trade, employing 20,000 of the finest men in the country. The gases and vapours which do the mischief bring on bronchitis, and in the winter the hospitals and workhouses are full of patients from the chemical works. The men who are employed on what is called *salt-cake* have their teeth rotted away in course of time by the hydrochloric acid gas; others suffer from contact with vitriol; others again do their work in air which is filled with stinging caustic: the men in the "lime-house" constantly get burned by the action of the perspiration on the lime particles which settle on their bodies; and, worst of all, bleaching-powder men suffer daily semi-suffocation and bodily torture of a dreadful kind in the chlorine chambers, which they enter with their mouths

swathed with a huge protuberance of flannel. Nothing could be more terrible than such conditions of labour.

You are not called, in all probability, to earn your livelihood in any such circumstances. You may well be thankful. I could tell you something also about the distribution of wealth which might well increase the contentment of such a congregation as this. There are, for instance, in the United Kingdom nearly 6,000,000 families, or more than three-fourths of the inhabitants, who have no registered property whatever: and there are 14,500,000 persons who have an income below £100; 1,400,000 who have an income below £1,000: and only 130,000 whose income is over £1,000. It is such facts as these that bring home to us the undeserved advantages which we enjoy in comparison with the great mass of our fellow-countrymen.

But I prefer, after all, to urge the duty of content from the spiritual point of view. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." "Content and patience are the two virtues which conquer and overthrow all anger, malice, wrath, and back-biting," wrote St. Augustine. And Jeremy Taylor has put it in his beautiful way, which you will not forget: "Learn to be content with your condition. Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives on what falls every morning from the clouds, the storehouses of heaven? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full cup, or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf?"

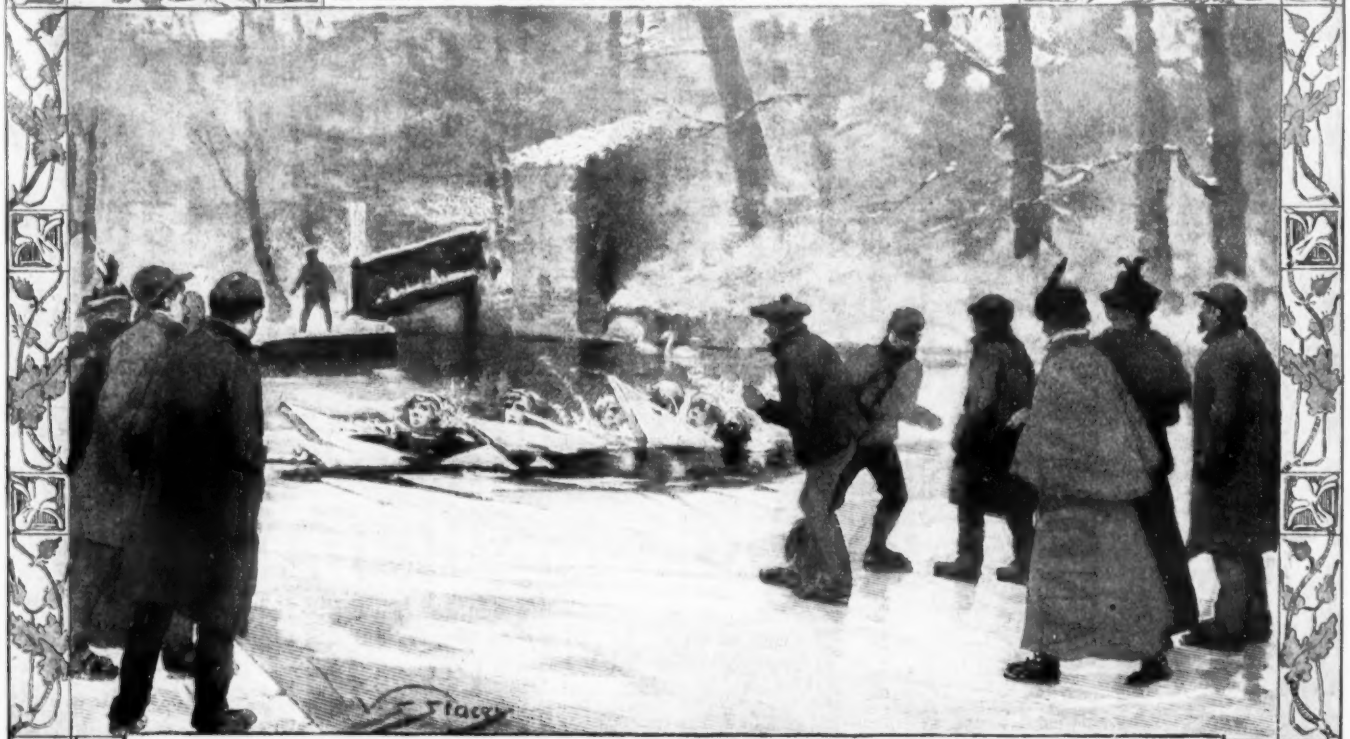
Content can be exercised in great things and in small. I will give instances of both. St. Chrysostom, on the eve of his exile from the Archbishopric and Patriarchate of Constantinople by the vixen empress Eudoxia and the infamous Synod of the Oak, thus addressed the multitude who would have defended him: "My brethren," he said, "the waves beat on the rock, but they can only shatter themselves to foam on its impregnable bases: the billows curl over the ship: how can they submerge it when Jesus is on board? Fear not for me; what have I to fear? Death? To me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Exile? The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. The plundering of my goods? I brought nothing into this world, and certainly I shall carry nothing out. I despise that which makes many tremble. I laugh at the riches and honours which many covet. Wealth and poverty to me are both alike; and if I desire to live, it is solely if I may be of use to you." John, Duke of Saxony, one of the heroes of the Reformation in Germany, was a conspicuous example of deadness to the world. When he was told of the rebellion of the fanatics, which led to a disastrous war in that country, he said: "If it be the will of God that I should continue a prince, as I have hitherto been, His will be done; but if otherwise, I can descend to a lower station; smaller things will serve me just as well."

The other is of a devout shepherd. A traveller, meeting him, asked what sort of weather it would be to-morrow, as it looked inclined for rain. "It will be such weather as pleases me," answered the shepherd. The manner was civil, the words seemed surly. The traveller asked him how that could be. "Because," replied the shepherd, "it will be such weather as shall please God; and whatever pleases Him always pleases me."

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." There is only one thing more about content which I wish in conclusion to urge; and that was said by Sir James Mackintosh: "It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are." As you value your immortal soul and your daily happiness, ask God earnestly for the great necessary virtue of content, in humble gratitude for the abundant mercies of His providence which we so little deserve. Try daily to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By conquering your temptations, and laying aside every weight, and the besetting sin of which you are so deeply conscious, fulfil the aspiration of St. Paul: "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

XUM

OUR ROLL OF HEROIC DEEDS



A FEW years ago Joseph Hall, a boy of sixteen, was skating on Endcliffe Dam, when two children, attracted by some swans on the open water where a stream enters the dam, ventured on to ice too thin to bear them, and were soon struggling in water five feet deep. Hall at once turned to their assistance, but before he could reach them the ice, to the edge of which the children were clinging, again parted, and three more little ones were submerged. Hall fell as he reached the edge, and carried down with him into the water another little boy. With great bravery, however, the boy continued to keep all six of the little ones from sinking, and after considerable trouble and no little risk he ultimately forced his way with them to the onlookers on the bank.



THE COMMANDANT'S LOVE-AFFAIR

By A. E. Orpen, Author of "Perfection City," Etc.

THE Commandant had always been a favourite in Madame Lecour's boarding-house, for he was a gentleman of perfect manners. He was never out of temper, like Monsieur Nigault, and never snappish, like Monsieur Clement, and, above all, never sarcastic, like Madame la Comtesse, that venerable aristocrat of whom we all stood in awe. The deference we showed to the old Countess was due to fear of her acrid temperament, that which we bestowed upon the Commandant was the result of our admiration for his honest, upright character. We had known him for a good many years, for some of us had lived a long time under Madame Lecour's economical roof, and we had always liked him. This feeling grew into a sort of admiration when at length, on the death of his mysterious wife, the well-kept secret of his marriage came out, and we learned how he, while still a youthful lieutenant, had married a lady many years his senior, in order to save her from the results of her too rash loyalty to the Duchess of Berry. There was something so chivalrous and romantic in his linking himself for life to a total stranger in order to grant her the shelter of his honourable name, that we felt the days of Quixotic gallantry were not quite passed, and we were prouder of him than we had been before.

And yet, such is the irony of Fate, it was to Madame la Comtesse we were indebted for the only love-idyll which ever came to brighten the respectable gloom of our boarding-house, and somehow we never felt particularly grateful to her. Ah! but we did to Yolande, and also in a moderate degree to Monsieur Etienne.

Yolande was the grand-niece of the Countess. She came back with her at the termination of a visit the old lady paid to relatives at Fontainebleau. She came like a promise of spring from the forest, like a violet from the meadow. So sweet, so gentle, so fair was Yolande.

The idyll, which was continued with interruptions until Easter, began on New Year's Day. It was Madame Lecour's habit to issue a few invitations to *déjeuner* on that day. To this banquet came certain former boarders of distinction and a few relatives of the present ones, according as our diplomatic landlady wished to honour her boarders or not. Among these, on the New Year's Day in question, late in the 'sixties, came Madame Jacob's son, M. Etienne, a lieutenant of Cuirassiers.

Yolande sat next her noble relative. She was fair, with shimmering, bright hair falling into a wealth of ringlets round her neck. They trembled and quivered as she moved, like the bells of

a snowdrop. She looked down much, as became so young and modest a girl, but when she did look up it was with a bright glance from blue eyes. One received the impression of having seen a violet unexpectedly from beneath the shelter of its tender leaves. Yolande did not laugh. She smiled, however, and we were grateful to her. There was sometimes an impression of gentle sadness about her, and we pitied her greatly for having to pass her life in the society of that cross old Countess.

At the New Year's table she sat beside Madame la Comtesse and faced Madame Jacob. Beside the latter sat her big son, the lieutenant of Cuirassiers. There exists assuredly a language of magnetic influences among the young which we old ones have completely forgotten. Those two young people conversed during the whole of that three hours' *déjeuner*, and yet Yolande, like the girl of perfect manners that she was, never uttered a word save to her grand-aunt or to Madame Belhomme. The young lieutenant gazed at her rapturously, and she—well, she timidly glanced at him with her violet eyes, and then blushed a delicate pink which faded from her cheeks, but remained throughout the *déjeuner* in her tiny shell-like ears. Don't tell me that was not language—the language of youth, poetry, and love. It was a more satisfying language than any the Lieutenant heard during the breakfast, and he fell silent and kept looking at her for the rare answers from her shy eyes.

Madame la Comtesse screwed up her eyes until they were mere slits, and when we adjourned to the *salon* she engaged the Commandant in confidential talk. He still wore a band of crape on his arm in mourning for his late wife. The Countess rallied him upon this.

"Eh, monsieur, it is time for you to lay off this mourning now. Nine months is too long to continue the crape."

"Madame la Comtesse, I desire to be exact and to show every mark of respect to the memory of a lady who always possessed my highest esteem," replied the Commandant with a bow.

"You were ever a model husband, monsieur, and now that you are in the enjoyment of a sufficient fortune to be able to maintain a suitable establishment, it is time to think of ranging yourself."

The Commandant was amazed at the sudden affectionate interest which the old Countess showed in his private affairs, she who had hitherto never showed the slightest sympathy with anybody, and whom he cordially disliked.

"Madame is very kind," murmured he, at a loss how to reply.

"What will you, monsieur? It is the privilege of age to interest itself in the happiness of the young," said the lady.

Undoubtedly she was very old, but this was the first time she had made pointed allusion to the fact that the Commandant was her junior.

"I can hardly demand the privileges of youth," replied the gallant officer, pointing to his moustache, where a few intensely black hairs but emphasised the preponderating presence of the white ones.

"Monsieur, a man counts for nothing until ripened by age and experience. My late husband was forty years my senior, and I was married at eighteen. Yolande will be eighteen in the month of May."

The Commandant started visibly at the idea which this sudden juxtaposition of names and dates created in his mind. Madame la Comtesse smiled.

"Ah, madame, it is a beautiful age—eighteen. What a pity we can never renew it, we who have so long left it behind!"

"Pardon, monsieur. A woman can never renew her youth. It is the privilege of you men exclusively. A man lives his life, and when he feels a little of the lassitude of years creeping over him he takes unto himself a young wife of agreeable manners, and thus has twice the joy of being young. It is a great privilege."

The Commandant looked embarrassed but said nothing.

It was astonishing how frequently Monsieur Etienne came to pay his respects to his mother after this New Year's *déjeuner*. He was a devoted son assuredly, and Madame Jacob, with that blindness which a beneficent Providence has designed for the especial preservation of loving mothers, ascribed his assiduity to his filial devotion. Some of us laughed at her for her mistake behind her back, but she was so happy in it that we forbore from making disillusioning comments in her presence. Most of us, indeed, had tender

places in our hearts for mothers and their loving weaknesses. Perfect perspicacity is, after all, not invariably the most blessed of qualities.

And the Commandant?

His position was undoubtedly one of considerable difficulty. Madame la Comtesse was not a woman to relinquish a plan once deliberately formed. She had brought Yolande to the *pension* with the express intention of marrying her to the Commandant, and she was not one to be lightly baulked. She had intrigued too much all her life to give up at the first check.

Yet that gay young Lieutenant was a decided check. He was so manifestly determined and so cheerfully persistent. She could not keep Yolande from seeing him, unless, indeed, she were to shut the child up in her room, and there was not a shadow of excuse for such a stern course of procedure, for Yolande was most gently submissive and modest. She never tried to catch the attention of the young soldier. There was, in fact, no excuse for any little feminine wiles on her part, since the Lieutenant was ever prodigal of his silent attentions. Ah! but those two understood each other without having recourse to the clumsy medium of words. Their young hearts opened responsively to one another in obedience to the imperious law of youth and of love and of the spring-time of life.

We looked on at this little vaudeville, not with palpitating excitement, but with a gentle sympathy. We knew so well what the *dénoûment* would be. Yolande loved the dashing young Lieutenant, but she would marry the old Commandant. Monsieur Etienne was not rich. How could he be, with a mother whose fortune was so small as to necessitate her living at the *pension* Lecour? The Commandant, on the other hand, was now a man of means. Beauty belonged to the brave in the old days. It is not so now. It belongs to



"Will you marry Yolande?"

the *rentier* with a clear income. Ah, well, the soldiers have had their day, and a good long day it was, too, if one reads the ancient chronicles of the world. It is time for wealth to get a few of the prizes. Besides, Monsieur le Commandant was a most estimable man, and in every way worthy of the stroke of good fortune that was coming to him. When one remembers the sacrifice of his first marriage one welcomes the idea of a fair young bride to brighten his declining years. At least one would welcome the idea but for that poor Etienne. He was so very much in love, one could not but feel sorry for him and for Yolande.

Madame la Comtesse became distinctly uneasy. The affair of the Commandant did not advance, while the affair of the Lieutenant advanced like the magic bean. He came every Sunday and also on *fête* days. During the carnival he seemed to have no garrison duties at all. He was at the *pension* three days out of the seven. Madame Jacob was beaming. Yolande blossomed into beauty like a rose. She dressed her blonde ringlets with care, and got several new ornaments for the hair, or wore flowers. These were the prettiest, we thought, and suited her best. Etienne sent her a box of most delicious bon-bons. Madame la Comtesse showed evident pique that the Commandant neglected to do so.

Finally she asked him point blank the question.

"Monsieur, will you marry Yolande? You see her, you can judge if she is a lady well brought up, and one to make a husband happy?"

"Madame, your niece is a pearl among women. My happiness would be supreme if I but possessed the affection of Mademoiselle Yolande," replied the old soldier, with a slightly drawn look about the mouth that in some men would have denoted sorrow or at least an inward struggle. One never quite knew with him what were his feelings. The life-long discipline of the army had schooled him into such complete self-control—or was it, possibly, his strange marriage that did the schooling?

"Then, monsieur," replied the old Countess with sprightly affection, "I charge myself with your happiness. Leave it to me, dear friend, I arrange everything."

"But, madame," interrupted the Commandant hurriedly, "Mademoiselle Yolande——"

"Not another word, monsieur. Yolande is my grand-niece. She has been well brought up according to the old fashion. Nothing more need be said. Come to my apartment this evening, after dinner. Yolande herself shall give you her answer."

The Commandant kissed the withered fingers of the old Countess, who smiled at him a skinny smile with little in it that was alluring. Then he went away to spend a restless afternoon. He walked in the park behind Sainte Marie, he walked on the Boulevard, but not with his head erect as usual. He looked for the most part on the ground, and sometimes he sighed heavily. His thoughts were not the bright gay thoughts of the accepted lover.

"My youth and my prime I freely gave out of pity to a woman. Shall I be less generous in my old age? Surely not."

The question and the answer seemed to give him a certain satisfaction, since he raised his head and walked back to the *pension* with a more elastic step. He was still pale, but not so pale as Yolande when they met in the evening. The young girl had not come to dinner as usual, but the Countess reminded him they were both expecting his visit. Yolande was dressed in white—that was what he looked for, of course, but he had not expected her to dress her features too in the pallid hues of death. So ghastly an expression in the place of Yolande's liquid glance and rosebud smile startled the Commandant, so that he was hardly able to speak. Her violet eyes seemed faded under the long lashes, or was it only the tears she had shed which had washed their beauteous hues away? Her cheeks were blanched and her chin quivered piteously. Yet she said nothing, but held out her hand to him, an icy-cold, marble hand.

He held it for one moment in his true and honest grasp, and then, with a sigh of "Poor child!" imprinted a kiss upon it. When he looked up at her again he was smiling—such a kindly, quizzical smile—from under his shaggy grey eyebrows, but she did not see or did not understand, and the little chin quivered piteously still.

Madame la Comtesse did the honours

of that melancholy betrothal visit right gallantly. She talked well and brilliantly, drawing from the long-laid-up store of her reminiscences, and when the Commandant rose to go, Yolande, who had hardly uttered a word during that long and terrible evening, was bidden to escort him to the end of the passage. This was a daring proceeding on the part of the Countess, and one not sanctioned by usage; but she felt that the knot would, perhaps, be more safely tied for some little love-passages between the pair. Not that she doubted for a moment Yolande's perfect obedience. Of course she would take the husband that was appointed for her, like the well-brought-up young woman that she was. The Commandant, however, was a more uncertain quantity.

The love passages between the pair would somewhat have disconcerted the Countess had she heard them.

"Tell me, Yolande, with your hand on your heart, do you love me?"

"No, monsieur," faltered Yolande's white lips.

"And you do love someone else?"

"Yes, monsieur," she whispered like a faint breath.

"Trust me, my child. I love you too truly not to wish to see you happy," said the Commandant, kissing her bowed head tenderly.

Madame la Comtesse was indisposed the next morning from the unwonted exertion of the preceding evening. In the afternoon she sent Yolande to Madame Jacob's apartment to beg of her the loan of *Le Journal pour Rire*, a newspaper that is supposed to be of an exhilarating temper. Yolande knocked softly at the door, and was bidden in a high-pitched voice to enter. Madame Jacob had a singularly shrill and piercing voice as a rule. As Yolande came in a merry laugh greeted her, a merry laugh in a man's strong bass:

"Ha, ha, *mamman*," began the merry voice, when suddenly it changed into an exclamation of profound amazement. "Mademoiselle Yolande, I crave your forgiveness. I thought it was my mother coming in, and I indulged in a little pleasantry."

The Lieutenant sprang forward, the love-light shining in his frank, clear eyes; and Yolande, looking up with a gasp, saw that light and felt its magnetic influence. Who has not? None, indeed, who is worthy of the name of man or woman. There have been some who followed it to their own undoing, followed it far and fearfully, that most bewildering, dazzling, fatal, beautiful light. So, too, Yolande followed it now and suffered Monsieur Etienne to lead her to a chair, as if she had been a queen and he her most submissive slave.

"Each moment I expect my mother to return. Pray be seated," said he, employing for the moment an altogether commonplace remark. When she was seated he knelt before her. This was not commonplace. Yolande looked at him and then turned pale. Ah, very handsome he was in his gay uniform, his black eyes glowing and his countenance quivering with emotion, kneeling there at her feet. She forgot that she was Yolande, promised to an old bridegroom; she only remembered that she was queen of Etienne's heart and that her subject was kneeling before her. The world and its realities had fallen away from the young pair, and they were in Elysium.

"Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant in quick words, "let my tongue at length tell you what my eyes have long striven to do. I love you. Ah! Yolande, say to me but one word. Can it be that my heart has been a traitor to me, and that you are indifferent? Teach me with a smile, with one precious glance from your gentle eyes, whether I may hope?"

Although he knelt before her he did not attempt to take her hand, he simply waited for her to give him some sign. She was still the queen in his imagination, and he was the lowly suitor. He dared not profane the throne of her sweet innocence by so much as one caress. He was made timid by his great love. Yolande looked at him with her violet eyes, one long, lingering look she gave, and then she remembered—the Commandant.

"Ah! Unhappy girl that I am!" she exclaimed, and falling backward in her chair she fainted with the weight of grief which the recollection of the Commandant had borne in upon her heart.

"I have killed my love! Yolande! Yolande!" cried the terrified Lieutenant, springing to his feet and raising her head on his arm tenderly.

"*Par example!* What comedy is being played in my room, thou great son of an Etienne?" exclaimed the shrill voice of Madame Jacob, who at this moment entered.

"She is dying! Help, mother!" said the young man, in sore distress.

"What hast thou done to frighten Yolande so?" asked his mother suspiciously.

"I said but once that I loved her—only once," confessed the Lieutenant submissively. "And it is true."

"Of course it is true, great baby. But that should not cause her to faint, unless it is true what Madame Stolpé says, that she was betrothed to the Commandant yesterday evening."

"No, no, that cannot be—say it is not true, mother. I cannot bear it," exclaimed the young man.

Madame Jacob threw water in Yolande's face; she opened her great violet eyes—oh sad, sad eyes, that looked fearfully at the young soldier—then she turned to Madame Jacob and burst into tears.

"Take thyself off, Etienne," said the elder lady to her son. And it was wonderful how gently the long-legged young fellow got himself out of the room, with his cuirass, his gorget, his helmet, and his sword and all, yet made no sound except the slight tinkle of his spurs.

Alas, poor Yolande! We were sorry for her and for ourselves. The young soldier had got his marching orders. The road was to be cleared for the triumphal entry of the bridegroom-elect. We should never again see the love-light in their young eyes, or if we did, it would be with sadness, for the beauty of the light would be quenched, and the glare that comes in its place, when young love is forbidden, gives no pleasure to old eyes. It is a wicked, bewildering glare. Better the cold ashes of indifference. Our idyll was over. Send away the young soldier to do duty in far-away Algiers, and let him never see Yolande again. We could



"I love you too truly not to wish to see you happy."

not bear the thought of harm coming to our Yolande, that sweet fresh violet from the forest of Fontainebleau.

The Commandant was serene. He sought an audience of Madame la Comtesse. She received him eagerly, for she felt that she must supply the encouragement so neglected by the bride herself.

"Madame, you have shown me that you are willing to admit me to the honour of an alliance with your noble family, I who am plainly plebeian, and have no coat of arms except my sword, and no crest except my cross of the Legion of Honour."

"Monsieur, the sword is the universal coat of arms of all nobility. France has founded her aristocracy upon it," replied the Countess with politeness

"Madame, your kindness makes me all the more confident of a favourable reception to my embassy. I come, madame, to formally propose an alliance. I beg your acceptance of Monsieur Etienne Jacob, lieutenant of Cuirassiers, as husband for your grand-niece, Mademoiselle Yolande. I engage to supply the young people with an income suitable to their position, and to bequeath to the wife of the Lieutenant Etienne Jacob my entire property, provided always that his wife shall be Yolande."

It was checkmate to the Countess. She fell back in her chair and gasped.

"Monsieur, you amaze me by a proposition the most extraordinary ever heard by mortal ears. You offer to portion Yolande and then to give her to your—your rival."



"Help, mother!"—*p.* 1089.

"Madame, I could never hope to win Yolande's love. I shall be able to retain her gratitude. That will be very precious to me."

"Monsieur, such unselfishness is incomprehensible."

"My child, come here," called the Countess shrilly.

The young girl started on seeing the Commandant.

"Yolande, thou knowest I hold thy word to marry Monsieur le Commandant when I shall have arranged the preliminaries of the alliance, and shall demand obedience of thee?"

"Yes, madame," answered Yolande steadily.

"Monsieur is now here to make formal demand for thy hand on behalf of the Lieutenant Etienne Jacob, having relinquished his own claim. What sayest thou to the change?"

Yolande seemed for a moment as if she would fall. She steadied herself, however, and her eyes became luminous as if they were drawing in colour mysteriously from the blue spring sky.

"What sayest thou?" repeated the old Countess.

"I say, madame, that from all you have taught me I should never have believed such goodness and unselfishness were possibly to be found in this world," said Yolande.

Sweet, sweet Yolande. Our share of her joy was to see the bright, pure lovelight in her violet eyes once again, burning there a guiding star for ever to her love. But the Commandant was, we verily thought, the happiest man on Yolande's wedding day.

THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

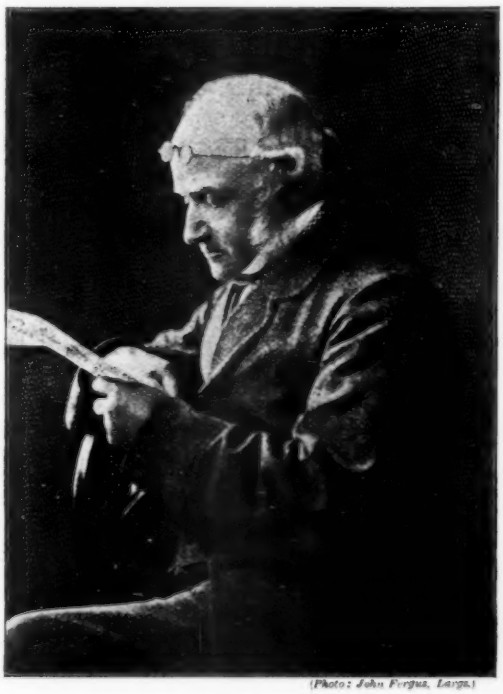
By the late Professor W. Garden Blaikie, D.D.

FOR some five-and-twenty or thirty years after the middle of the century, Dr. John Brown was one of the most distinguished, and certainly one of the most interesting and attractive, citizens of the Modern Athens. As a physician he was not at the top of the tree, but he was trustworthy and trusted, and had a good family practice; for in addition to his professional attainments he had two important recommendations—strong common-sense, and a cheerfulness of manner that did good like a medicine. It was a pleasure to look on his handsome face, which, in spite of a latent sadness, seemed, like the fair Una, "to make a sunshine in the shady place"; while his kindly greeting, quaint humour, and helpful counsel made even a brief conversation refreshing and stimulating.

As his intimate friend Dr. Alexander Peddie has remarked—"His personality impressed all who knew him with a peculiar charm. His expressive countenance, the keen gaze through or over his tortoiseshell spectacles, the persuasive tones of his voice, his ready perception of peculiarities in persons and things, his currents of thought, human sympathies, social affinities, easy style of humour, and quick insight and subtle analysis of character, were all highly individualistic. In the thoroughfares of our city he seemed to know, or be known by, almost everyone. When in good spirits he had a smile or nod for one, a passing quaint remark or joke for another, an amusing criticism on an article of dress or ornament displayed by a third, or to others, ready and happily expressed words of recognition, congratulation, encouragement, or sympathy, as the occasion suggested."

And if he had a kindly look and word for all manner of human acquaintances, he had hardly less for dogs, and pre-eminently terriers, "those affectionate, great-hearted little ruffians," as he used to call them. Once in his childhood he was severely bitten by a dog, and he used to say playfully that he had "remained bitten ever since in the matter of dogs." A lady whom he would occasionally invite to a seat in his carriage tells that on one occasion, observing him looking very earnestly at some object outside, she asked if it was someone whom he knew. "No," said he; "it's a dog that I don't know."

He had an unexampled pedigree; he was the fourth, in lineal succession, of a



(Photo: John Fergus, Largs.)

DR. JOHN BROWN.

race of John Browns, all remarkable for gifts both of nature and of grace. His great-grandfather, John Brown of Haddington, the well-known author of the "Self-interpreting Bible," a man of high character and wide local celebrity, was one of those remarkable Scotsmen that work their way through the greatest difficulties to a superior education. A herd-boy in his youth, he had contrived to acquire enough of Greek to make it his great ambition to possess a Greek New Testament. Having scraped together the requisite shillings, and got a friend to look after his sheep for a day, he walked twenty-four miles to St. Andrews, and went into a bookseller's to make his purchase. A professor of the University, surprised to see a lad in such guise asking for such a book, offered to present it to him if he could read it. Going through the ordeal creditably, he carried off the prize; and right happy was he as he trudged back his four-and-twenty miles, with his much-coveted prize in his possession, and his money in the sack's mouth to the bargain. The book has been preserved in the family—an heirloom which gold could not replace.

Dr. Brown's father was the foremost minister in the Secession church, to which the family belonged. With a face beautiful as a classical statue, a keen and searching intellect, and a gift of powerful oratory, he won high fame as a preacher, an author, and a professor of divinity.



"It's a dog that I *don't* know."

There was a special pathos in the relation between him and his eldest son, for John's mother died when he was but six years old, and the affection of his father, cordially returned by the son, was peculiarly tender. One of the best things the son ever wrote was a sketch of his father, forming a contribution to his biography, which was written by Dr. Cairns.

Of his older relatives, John was greatly drawn to a grand-uncle, Rev. Ebenezer Brown, minister of the Secession church at Inverkeithing. He gives some rare reminiscences, in the letter to Dr. Cairns,



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE U.P. MANSE AT BIGGAR.

(The birthplace of Dr. John Brown.)

of his grand-uncle's goodness and genius. An orator by nature, his little chapel was often resorted to by strangers whose curiosity had been excited by his fame. On one occasion Lord Brougham, when on a visit to a neighbouring laird, went with his friend to hear him, and, arriving early, sent word that he would be glad to have a little conversation before church. The reply was, "Mr. Brown's compliments, and he sees nobody before sermon." These moments were reserved for a higher fellowship.

On one occasion, in his old age, during a fierce snowstorm, Mr. Brown, mounted on a small grey pony, had set out for some duty at a distance. The storm was too much for him; his pony could not keep his feet, and some carters, with carts loaded from the distillery, found him tumbled in the ditch. With great tenderness they lifted him up, "dichted" his clothes, rubbed grease into the pony's feet, and offered him a horn of whisky. The old man reverently uncovered his head and said, "Let us give thanks." The rough carters were amazed at his whole demeanour, but especially that he should ask a blessing over a tass o' whisky. When he next appeared in the Presbytery the old man said he had a statement to make. Referring to the incident, he remarked that he had often said that real kindness



THE GREEK TESTAMENT HEIRLOOM.

belonged only to the true Christian; whether these lads had grace or not he could not say, but greater kindness could not possibly have been shown him;



(Photo: J. Moffat, Edinburgh.)

PRINCIPAL CAIRNS.

and for himself, he would not be so *positive* about this in the future!

Dr. John Brown shared the religious feelings of his forefathers, but his religion was of a type different from most of theirs. The ordinary Secession type was very intense within its sphere, but the sphere was narrow. Dr. Brown's was as wide as the ordinary type was narrow. His sympathies went with all that was good and true, even though it might be very incomplete. He sympathised and communed with many men who were not religious in the common sense, but who seemed to him to be lovers of truth, and desirous to promote objects that were good, though not, perhaps, on a theological basis. Optimistic in his temperament, he loved to find goodness and truth in any circumstances and in all kinds of men. It was not for him to explain its origin; they might be wrong in important ways without number, but his optimistic temperament was thankful for what he found.

During his lifetime he was subject to nervous depression, which, as in the case of the poet Cowper, led to sad experiences of spiritual darkness. But in the end, there was no cloud of darkness; "his whole aspect was that of calmness, patience and perfect peace." To one who was much esteemed by him and who has written lovingly of his life* he said, some days before the end came: "I know that this is something vital," pointing to his chest. Then, as it happened to be Sunday, he asked if she had been at church and what the text was; and being told that it was "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," he said, "Wonderful words," and folding his hands and closing his eyes, repeated slowly, "Be of good cheer," then, after a pause, "and from *Him*, our Saviour!"

In the circle of his friends, "Dr. John" was early known for his exquisite taste in literature and in art, and on all such questions his opinion and advice were highly valued. His first piece of work for the press is recorded by himself as having been accompanied with great surprise and yet with pleasure. In 1846, he one day most unexpectedly received a letter from the renowned Hugh Miller, editor of *The Witness* newspaper, who was quite unknown to him personally, enclosing twenty pounds, and asking him to contribute to his paper a series of



HUGH MILLER.

articles on the principal pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy.

* "Dr. Brown and his sister Isabella." By E. T. McLaren.

His first impulse was to decline the work, but, as he hints, his wife thought it too good an offer to be refused, and the notices, which proved to be most interesting, were accordingly written. The contact of the two men was interesting for there were great differences as well as resemblances between them. Hugh Miller, with the hot blood of the Highlander, had the soul and the arm of a warrior, and to fight with his pen for his church, and for the Gospel which it enshrined, however painful the battle might be, was the first duty of his life. Dr. Brown might admire this, but he could not go in with it. But on another side of his nature, Hugh Miller was devoted to the pursuit of truth, and delighted in science, literature, poetry, and art. Somehow he had discovered the undeveloped gift of Dr. Brown as an art critic, and, despite the limited resources of his paper, was eager to enlist him in his service.

And Dr. Brown came to know something of him on a more tender side. One of his sketches in his "Horæ Subsecivæ" is entitled "Her Last Half-crown." A woman from Cromarty, an old acquaintance, who had wandered from the path of virtue, was dying in Edinburgh. Miller had gone to see her and given her a half-crown. The dying woman remembered that she had a debt to a neighbour, rose from her bed, crawled to the neighbour's, and paid her debt. The present writer possesses an autograph letter of Hugh Miller's, addressed at an earlier date to his half brother and coadjutor, Andrew Williamson, bidding him find out if this woman was in Edinburgh and in distress, and if so to give her a pound. If she has erred, said Miller, we must not forsake her. This was just the spirit to touch the heart of Dr. Brown.

The year after the appearance of his papers in *The Witness*, Dr. Brown came out as an art critic in a more elaborate form. He had written in *The North British Review* a critique of a book then little known, which now stands by universal admission in the first rank of modern literature—"Modern Painters. By an Oxford Graduate." The book was entirely to his mind. And his beautiful, delicate, and sympathetic criticism was a great means of bringing to its author, young John Ruskin, the early fame which went on increasing ever after. The two men were cast in similar moulds: devout and enthusiastic in their love of nature, cordially recognising that unseen Being whose wondrous works kept their souls in a glow of admiration, and deeply loving every form of art in which that beauty was truly reproduced. They became



RAB.

warm friends, though Brown was considerably the older: but Ruskin had not the sober judgment of Brown, and some of his views on other matters were far from commending themselves to his friend, who used a friend's liberty with him when he thought him going astray.

Still, it was in a comparatively limited circle that Dr. Brown's gifts had, as yet, become known, especially as the contributions we have noted were anonymous. It was not till 1858, when he published "Rab and his Friends," that he might have said, like Lord Byron, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." Oddly enough, "Rab" had lain in embryo for eight-and-twenty years before he saw the light. It was in December, 1830, when Brown was an apprentice of Mr. Sym, the celebrated surgeon, at his private hospital at Minto House (now demolished) that James Noble, the old Howgate carrier, brought his beloved wife, Ailie, to be treated for cancer, and undergo the operation that hastened her death. The circumstances of that tragedy in humble life made an indelible impression on the young doctor, and often, as he said, he told the story to himself. But he never told it to the public till, being urged by his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Smith of Biggar (his native place), to give a lecture to his people, a thing he had never done before, he thought late one evening of the Howgate carrier, his wife, and his dog, sat down at midnight, wrote right on till four in the morning, and produced the story almost exactly as we have it now. And who has not read, and read again and again, not without tears, "Rab and his Friends"? Nothing could well be conceived more beautiful than the devotion of James to "his ain Ailie," and the tender, sweet, suffering spirit of his life-companion: and nothing more simple or more touching than the way all this is told.

But who in all the wide world, except Dr. Brown, would have given it the title of "Rab and his Friends"? Who would have made the dog even the nominal hero? We may say that by this honour the very race to which Rab belonged has been elevated — elevated by Rab's virtues — by that mingling of courage, fidelity, and affection which has given, even to the dog, a place in so many hearts. The only fault that has ever been found with the story is that it is too sad; but that can only be thought where the eye fails to penetrate beyond the veil —to see James and Ailie with their long-lost Mysie, rejoicing together in the "land o' the leal."

It was when the present writer became Editor of *The North British Review* that he came into intimate relations with Dr. Brown. This was a high-class Quarterly, the object of which was to carry out in that department the idea of Dr. Arnold, who thought that there was less need for books avowedly religious than for works on ordinary subjects written in a religious spirit. Dr. Brown was greatly interested in the Review, and promised all the help in his power. But he could not be relied on as a contributor. He could not write without the inspiration of an absorbing personal interest in his subject. Once, when eager to have something from his pen, I sent him a parcel of volumes of poetry, such as editors receive in great abundance, he did kindly write a few pages, but they were not a success. On the appearance of a new volume of "Modern Painters" I thought I was sure of him, but no; for some reason he could not review it, but rolled it over on a very able young lawyer and *littérateur* — the late H. H. Lancaster (often referred to in the Life of Professor Jowett). Lancaster did it, as I thought, remarkably well, but somehow Ruskin was displeased.

After I had vacated the editorial chair, Dr. Brown did find a subject which had fascinated himself, and into which he entered *con amore*. He called his paper "Pet Marjorie," and it appeared first in the number of the Review for November, 1863.* It seemed hardly suitable for a grave quarterly review, but as a magazine article it would have been splendid. He had got hold of the journal of a remarkable child, Marjorie Fleming, who died in her ninth year, and he had been captivated by its extraordinary quaintness and simple humour, combined with higher and more serious qualities. His paper begins with a graphic description of Sir Walter Scott, in 38, Castle Street,

* Dr. Peddie, in his memoir of Dr. Brown, says 1860; but this is a mistake.

busy with "Waverley," but "off the fang," flinging his papers aside, proceeding to 1, North Charlotte Street, the home of Marjorie, and carrying her off, as shepherds carry a lamb, in the fold of his plaid, to have two or three hours of pure enjoyment with the bright humour of the child.

"Marjorie Fleming" has proved one of the most interesting of Dr. Brown's brochures. The only defect that he could have found in her was that she had no special affection for dogs. No doubt she included them in the charms of Braehead, "where there is ducks cocks hens bubblyjocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightful." But the delight was modified by the fact that when there came too many young cats and kittens, they had to be drowned—"it is a hard case, it is shocking."

I remember a remark on the character of a mutual friend, which showed how Dr. Brown could fitly associate dogs even with the noblest order of men. The late Principal Cairns, whom he knew well and loved much, was as fine a specimen as could be imagined of a great man—large in body as well as great in soul, yet simple and guileless as a child. "He is just a great big evangelical Newfoundland dog," was Dr. Brown's remark, and a happier comparison could hardly have been found. "Did you ever notice," I once asked, "what a grip Cairns takes of you when he shakes hands? His hand is like a vice." "Well," said Dr. Brown, "it's the only vice he has." His conversation sparkled with happy similes and clever turns of expression; with wise saws, sage counsels, and epigrammatic wit.

His circle of loving friends embraced most of the distinguished writers and artists of the day—Carlyle, Ruskin, Dean Stanley, Gladstone, Thackeray, Sir George Harvey, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many others. With Ruskin and Thackeray, and with his old friend Harvey, his relations were quite brotherly.



THE OLD MINTO HOUSE IN 1873.

REGINALD'S LAST TRY.

A Complete Story. By M. A. Balliol.

CHAPTER I.

"IF you tried, Madge? Don't you think you could, if you tried?"

"Perhaps. But, you see, I have not the time to try. Number three done." And Margaret Latimer folded up neatly and quickly the stockings she had been darning.

Reginald Rainsford sat on the edge of the table and surveyed her ruefully.

"You will have an early start to-morrow," Madge went on, threading her needle with grey wool. "You will want your breakfast at seven."

"I suppose so," was the melancholy rejoinder. "I should like—but, of course, you will be asleep in bed then."

Madge threw a swift, smiling glance at the gloomy young man before her.

"In bed!" she cried in a mocking tone. "At seven o'clock! My dear boy, you are thinking of your own habits. If you had to look after the milking of five cows, the washing and dressing of three children, and the breakfasting of a family of eight—without counting the servants—well, I think you would find six quite late enough to get up."

"Do you mean to say you get up at six?"

"Of course I do."

"Jove! You *are* good to those little beggars. I wish you were half as good to me. Couldn't you spare me a little of all the time you spend on them? You cannot be always washing and dressing and feeding your family."

"What holes Will does make, to be sure! Just look at that, Reginald."

But Reginald was engrossed with his own troubles, and ignored the holes in Will's heel.

"I won't give up hoping, you know, Madge. And I do think you might spare me five minutes out of a day that begins at six o'clock."

Madge shook her little brown head. "If you only knew what I have to do from the moment Dot is dressed in the morning until Charlie is tucked into bed at night! No; there is no time for love-making in my life unless—I get up half an hour earlier. Would you like that, Reg? For," very demurely, "I could spare you half an hour between five and six a.m., if you liked."

A curly head came in at the door.

"Madge, what's 'When you can?"

"'When you can' what, Nell? I don't understand. Come in and explain."

The body attached to the head appeared inside the door: very short frock, generally rumpled appearance, and ink-stained fingers.

"It's our grammar. Me and Dick's fighting about it. He says 'When you can' is a principal noun—something, and I say it's a conjunction. Look, here it is." And a grimy finger pointed to a page of the exercise-book the little maid held in her hand.

Madge put down her stocking and read the sentence scrawled on the page. "'Do a kindness, when you can.' Oh, it is your analysis, I see. Now, what did I tell you about clauses beginning with 'when'?"

"You said they were—they were—clauses," replied Nell vaguely; while a triumphant voice from the hall was heard: "Knew she'd forgotten. Said so!"

Nell started for the unseen enemy; but Madge caught her short frock and held her back. She looked gravely at her little sister as she said, "I told you that 'when' generally introduces an adverbial clause, because it tells the time when a thing takes place. But I am afraid you did not understand."

"Yes, I did," cried Nellie, adding hurriedly, "and Dick's wrong, *anyway*, isn't he?"

"No, he isn't," shouted the voice from the hall. "For he knew it was a clause—*anyway*, and you thought it was parts of speech! Boo!"

"I *never* did!" and Nellie, breaking away from Madge, rushed wrathfully after the retreating Dick.

"I should have sent her to you, Reg. An army candidate must know lots of grammar."

Reg shook his head. "A defeated candidate, Madge. This is my last chance. If I fail now, there's only the colonies before me. Well; I shouldn't be here to trouble you then."

"You won't fail," the girl said kindly; then she rose. "I must look after the children's dinner now. I think you see how busy I am—not half enough time to teach them."

Reginald got off the table and stood before her.

"Do you dislike me very much, Madge?" he asked with the air of a martyr.

"Dislike you?" Madge put her two hands on his shoulders and looked straight up into his mournful blue eyes with her own bright brown ones. "My dear boy," she added in her kindly, motherly way (for had she not six brothers and sisters to bring up, not to mention her father?), "my dear boy, you know I like you ever so much. You are just my best friend; only, I really don't know anything about falling in love and all that. I don't feel a bit like the heroines in books."

"But you will try, Madge? That's just it."

She shook her head, smiling. "I have not time. Really, it is literal truth."

"But if you had time, Madge? Or, when you have time?"

He looked at her so beseechingly that she



A grimy finger pointed to the book.

felt a little angry with herself for what seemed her cold-heartedness, and melted somewhat.

"Well—when I have time, Reg."

"You promise?" he said eagerly.

"I promise," she repeated quietly.

CHAPTER II.

THREE moons waxed round and waned, until the last "went dispiritedly, glad to finish."

But on the morrow there was joy in Coombe Vicarage, for Reg had come back, all his examinations over and care cast aside for a time.

Though he was only a distant cousin of the Latimer household, Coombe Vicarage had grown to be a second home to Reginald Rainsford. Just before he began to read for the army he had studied under the Vicar for a year, and every holiday had brought him back for at least a few days. No wonder, then, that Dick and Will shouted—

"Welcome home, Reg! Welcome home!"

"And when shall we know the result, Reg?" asked Madge.

"To-morrow, I hope. I determined to be out of that place before the news came. It is to be wired to me. I just packed up my traps, paid granny the necessary visit, and here I am."

"Hooroo! Three cheers!" shouted Will and Dick, and even Charlie chimed in a feeble little cheer, while Nellie, Alice, and Dot hung round their tall cousin or climbed over him. The Vicar, coming in at this moment, received Dick's cap right in his eye.

"Awfully sorry, father!" shouted Dick.

"It is only joy that Reg is back," said Madge, taking off the Vicar's hat, which, but for her ministering care, would remain on the back of his head from morning till night.

"I am very glad to see you here again, my boy," said the Vicar; "and what do you think your chances are?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir. Some of the questions were regular squelchers; but I just scribbled away for bare life. Glad I haven't got to read those papers over, though."

"Now, boys, go and wash your hands," ordered Madge; "there is the bell."

The unruly tribe tumbled out of the room anyhow, and Madge followed to see they did not break the jugs and basins upstairs.

"And what regiment will you join, Reginald?" asked the Vicar.

"I should like the Borderers. But I must wait to see if I have passed."

"Ah, true. And if you have not? This is your last chance, is it not?"

"The very last, sir. If I fail now—well, I am sure I don't know what I'll do—go to the colonies, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose so," the Vicar answered dreamily, examining with interest a fly crawling on his hand. What did it matter where a man lived, if he had a few insects to collect, or even their fossil remains to examine?

But Reg had hopes, and, six noisy Latimers rushing into the room at this moment and one staid one following them, he turned his thoughts to his lunch instead.

That evening, when the last brother was safely tucked up in bed, Madge and Reginald sauntered up and down the avenue, arm-in-arm. They were drawing glowing pictures of the future, when Reg should serve his Queen and country in the Borderers.

"And then, Madge," was Reginald's last word as they said good-night at the foot of the stairs, "and then perhaps you will have time to care for me."

Madge laughed.

"I guess it is you who will not have time to care for me, then," she answered.

And in her own room this speech of hers returned to her with a little pang, and she was surprised to discover that she did not quite like the idea of Reg's caring more for any other girl than herself. She became so thoughtful that she paused full five minutes, brush in hand and quite inactive, to contemplate this new aspect of things.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning at breakfast, Will danced into the room waving a brown envelope over his head.

"Here it is, Reg! Quick, open it!"

Reginald started up, tore open the brown envelope—eight pairs of eyes fixed on the young man's face. A second's silence. The paper dropped, and Reg rushed from the room. Madge seized the telegram. It contained but three words, three fatal words: "Failed, Reginald Rainsford." A groan from Dick and Will, while Nellie burst into tears, which, of course, made Charlie weep too, though he did not quite know why.

Mr. Latimer was the first to recover.

"Well," he said, "he has the Colonies still. There is that £2,000 his aunt left him. He can buy a good farm. Or he might try California. Entomologically the country is very interesting."

Madge had kept silence, her lips shut close together. Now she looked up.

"You may have your holiday to-day, all the same," she said, addressing her brothers and sisters collectively. "Go out and play, all of you."

She left the room as she spoke, closing the door after her. She crossed the hall and entered the study. There, his arms stretched out on the table, and his face buried in them, sat Reginald. For a moment the girl stood by his side irresolute; then she put her hand on his shoulder. Reginald looked up. His face had grown almost haggard in those few minutes.

"Reg, dear," she said and paused. Would some words of sympathy follow? "Won't you—come and finish your breakfast?"

Reginald laughed bitterly and almost shook off her hand.

"Don't you see I am a failure?" he cried. "Ruined, disgraced, not fit to be spoken to."

But Madge was not to be shaken off. Instead, still standing behind him, she put both her arms round her cousin's neck, and said:

"Will you do just one thing to please me, Reg?"

Those round arms about Reginald's neck comforted him more than he had believed possible.

"Yes, Madge," he murmured; "but don't ask me to go into business. It would kill me."

"No; I only want you to saddle Bess and go an errand for me. Will you? It is to Mrs. Crump's at Fairvale, six miles from here, you know. But you won't mind that little ride, will you?"

"No; I'll go if—if you like."

"She wants to get rid of me," he said to himself bitterly; yet he but half-believed himself.

He went off to the stables, and when he rode round to the door, Madge gave him a note.

"There is no answer," she said gravely.

The note ran thus:—

"DEAR MRS. CRUMP, I want Reg to be amused all day, and there is nothing here to

amuse him. He has failed in his exam.—Yours in haste, MADGE LATIMER."

It was late in the evening when Reginald returned, and it must be confessed his mood was much less despairing than when he had set out. He had had some splendid tennis with the Crumps and a very good dinner.

In the study he found Madge alone. She was far the sadder-looking of the two. He sat down beside her, and gradually they drifted into talking, seriously and sadly indeed, but quietly, of Reg's failure and future prospects.

"I must go to the colonies," he said, his eyes bent on the ground. "Harry Crump has been telling me about his Texas ranch. It isn't half such a bad life apparently; only—only——" He turned and let his gaze dwell on his companion's face. She sat quite still, looking straight before her, her hands for once idle in her lap. "Only," he went on in a voice which would break a little, "it is hard—to say good-bye to you, Madge. Will you quite forget me? Will you ever have time to think of me?"

Then Madge looked at him, and Reg saw tears in her eyes. She slipped her hand into his.

"I—have time now, Reg, for that and—and——"



"Don't you see I am a failure?" he cried.

But the rest was never spoken.

"You darling!" cried Reg in a concentrated tone.

And when he next allowed her to speak, she went on half-laughing, half-crying:—

"I said *when* I had time, you know, and I have been thinking about it all day; and I really have time now, or shall soon; for I heard from Aunt Lizzie two days ago, and she says she wants to come and live with us, if we will have her. She is very good to the children and, of course, to father, her own brother; so—I really think they will be able to spare me, and—I should miss you so, Reg. I did not know how much until last night."

Whereupon Reginald kissed her again.

There was much wailing and also much joy in the turbulent Latimer household next day. But joy prevailed when it became clear that Madge was not to leave them all immediately. Reginald was to start as soon as possible for California, where he had heard of a good fruit-farm for sale, and, when everything was ready, he was to come back for Madge.

"The fruit is so plentiful there," announced the future farmer, "that they feed the pigs with apricots."

"Oh, I say!" shouted Will from the top of the bookcase, where he sat enthroned, "that's the country for me! I'll look you up, Reg, all right. I give my consent."

"'When' *is* an adverb!" screamed Nellie.

"No, 'tisn't!" in Dick's stentorian voice; "it's an adjective—interjection, I mean!"

"Oh, you stupid!" cried Nellie, enforcing her remarks with a vigorous push. "'When' always induces an adverbial clause. Madge said so; like 'When I have time,' she said."

Reg caught Madge's eye and both smiled.

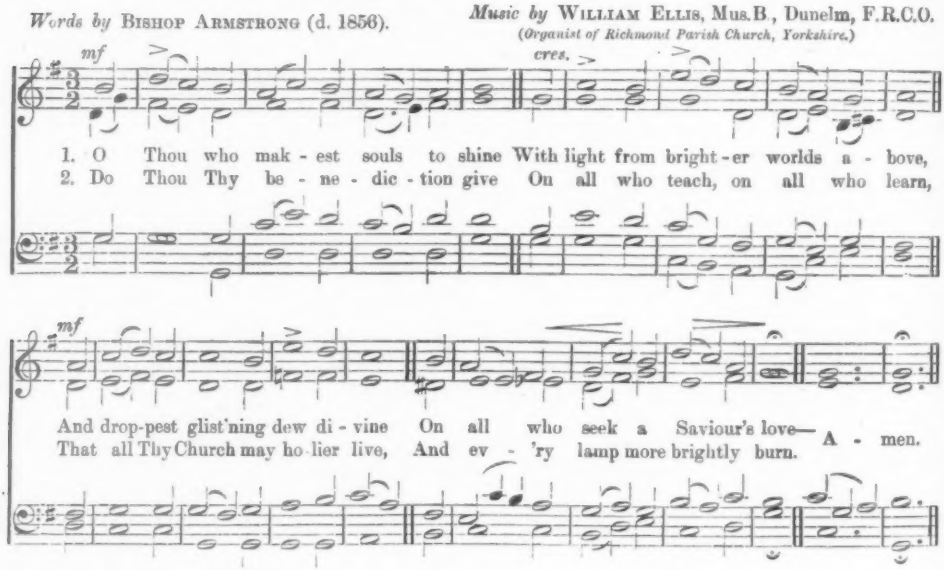
Reginald stooped his head to whisper:—

"I never before understood what adverbial clauses meant. I like them."

O Thou who makest Souls to Shine.

Words by BISHOP ARMSTRONG (d. 1856).

Music by WILLIAM ELLIS, Mus.B., Dunelm, F.R.C.O.
(Organist of Richmond Parish Church, Yorkshire.)



3. Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4. Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind:
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5. Oh, bless the Shepherd! bless the sheep,
That guide, and guided both be one—
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

6. If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven,
We taste our immortality. Amen.

JESUS SINGING.

By the Rev. David Burns, Author of "Sayings in Symbol."

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."—ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 30.



HERE has been singing in very strange circumstances; but this is the strangest. It is late, and the shadows cross the room. Darker shadows lie on the hearts of the guests, for this is a farewell feast and near its end. He, who has drawn them to each other in drawing them to Himself, and who has made them one family, is to be torn from them. Death lurks for Him in the night without. But He sings, and sings on, with a light on His face in keeping with the praise on His lips. It is with broken voices that the astonished hearers second His clear note and cry Hallelujah.

We look in on the strange scene and catch the very words of the song. It is the "Grace" after meat—the sacred Hallel, in which Israel recalls the salvation which gave them a God and made them a people. We indeed hear better than the men grouped around the singer. We know, as they do not, who He is, and what He looks on to see and to celebrate. We hear the words with the full meaning for which they have been waiting. We hear, indeed, the sweetest and loftiest song that ever thrilled the air. It is Christ's own anthem; and, as far as we know, this is the only time when He raised His voice to sing.

It is a Temple Psalm which He chants. Centuries ago it had been inspired by some great national deliverance, and was first used when the grateful people took possession of the rebuilt Temple. We can gather from its wording that part of it was sung as the procession wended its way to the Holy Gates, and part was the welcome chanted by the priests; while the closing verses rang through the sacred courts as the now assembled multitude praised the lovingkindness of their God. From that day the psalm—our one hundred and eighteenth—was one of the songs of Zion; and it found a place in the ritual of the three great feasts.

So now, on this last passover, it formed the closing hymn. But, indeed, the passover bread and wine have already been lifted in the hands that are to be nailed to the cross, and have been made the emblems of the Great Atonement. The Passover has given place to the Communion of the body and blood of the Lord; and this psalm of the Jews is the first Christian hymn. The Lord Himself gives out and leads the praise of His Church. He begins the gladsome worship of the last and true Temple, whose altar is a cross, whose unveiled glory is the Face divine, whose every stone is a saved soul. Now, indeed, is there salvation, and that for Gentile as well as Jew. Now, at last, has the lovingkindness of our God burst forth in splendour. Now only has there come a joy grand enough to fill and overflow the familiar words.

He, who leads in the psalm, almost forgets that as yet our curse lies on Him and our doom awaits Him, so full is He of our joy. He makes our song His own, and calls on us to mingle our voices with His—"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever." He calls on *all* of us to take up the grateful strain. Let Israel—God's own children—now say, that His mercy endureth for ever. Let the house of Aaron—we who speak and serve and sing for God—now say, that His mercy endureth for ever. Let them—the others, who live among the people of God, and know something of His love—let them now, that fear the Lord, say that His mercy endureth for ever.

So did Jesus set His Gospel to music and inaugurate His Church with a song. We, therefore, who learn of Him are to act from motives of joy and to find joy in the act. From gratitude for the mercy of our God, from adoration of His gracious will, from hope of His great promises, out of a jubilant heart we serve the Good Father of our spirit, and make our life a temple psalm. A poor and broken song it is, but, as we follow the lead of our Lord, His strong, pure note bears it up and mingles with it, and makes it good and acceptable.

It is a Consecration Song which He sings. Marching to its music the people who first used the psalm came at last to the steps of the Temple. Their captain sought entrance for himself and them, crying: "Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord." From within came back the answer of the priests—the servants of the house: "This is the gate of the Lord; the righteous may enter into it." The voice was a challenge rather than a welcome. The righteous One would receive only the righteous! Thus would the eager feet have been stayed on the threshold had not a Victim been put forward—the token indeed of confessed unrighteousness, but no less the plea to have it put away. Marshalled now by the very priests who had barred the way, the joyous folk enter the holy house and encircle the holy altar.

Jesus was singing the same words and to a like end, but in very different circumstances. He was the captain of but a handful of men, and it was night, and within doors. The stir of multitudes, the noon-tide radiance, the wide portal and the towering Temple—all the glory of the ancient festival, was wanting. But, in fact, it was now and never before that the gates of God were summoned to let in the unrighteous to dwell, and that the altar of God was offered a worthy Victim. These eleven men, so troubled in countenance and so quavering in their hallelujahs, are but the first rank of a procession that widens to the width of the world, and that is as long as time. Their leader is the only righteous One, who ever bade the gates receive His followers. His of right to enter, but He comes not in His own name, but as one of the many, to answer for them, and to act for them. As righteous, He is to charge Himself with their unrighteousness, and be Himself the Victim.

With His own voice He starts the altar song and consecrates Himself to death. The words of it force upon His attention all the horror of His undertaking. They tell of one in straits, compassed about with them that hate Him and that thrust sore at Him: and they tell how even the Lord chastened Him and that sorely. Thus singing, He goes willingly—ay, with a true joy—to let man heap sin upon Him, and to let God lay the blame upon Him. Man is to betray Him with a kiss; to take Him and bind Him as they take a thief; to forget friendship and deny Him; to lie His life away; to jeer at Him and spit on Him and lash Him: and then to nail Him up before the sun to die of pain and thirst. God the Righteous is to look on the altar and see a world's guilt, and turn His face away. The lips that now sing shall raise to heaven the most sorrowful cry that ever pierced the air, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani." Thus, for the first and for the last time, atonement shall be made and the gates be shut no more.

It is a Battle Strain which He leads. The psalm breathes of battle, and of deliverance by force of arms. But the struggle, which it commemorates, was but an incident in the campaign which has raged through all the ages and over all the earth. It tells but of one movement in the ceaseless strife between God and the devil, between good and evil, between joy and woe. Now the dark legions are massed for a decisive stroke; and, when Jesus has sung this hymn, He goes forth to do battle for us. A lowly, feeble man—leading towards Mount Olivet these eleven common folk with their two swords—does seem a poor force to wrest a world from the usurper. Our champion is man indeed to act for us men; and, as He has our nature, so He shares our weaknesses. Gloom and shame and wounds and the pang of the parting soul give the tempter a full opportunity.

Well may we suppose, therefore, that this psalm was as welcome to Jesus as ever was a battle strain to the fearing

yet advancing hero. It tells of the sure victory that is in store for those who have the Lord on their side. It tells how the forlorn and rejected one, flung aside as a stone unfit, may, by the doing of the Lord, be raised to the head of the corner, and made first of all. It puts into His lips a battle cry—"The right hand of the Lord! The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly!" So singing, Our Leader braces Himself for the battle. He adopts the words of trust, and makes them true indeed. We can see His eyes lighten, and hear His voice rise at the words—"I will not fear; in the name of the Lord I will destroy them: I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord." He rehearses the pæan of triumph, and so prepares to pass on before us and meet our foe.

This strain of trust and hope has been caught up by the followers of Jesus. Singing it after Him, and singing it now when the victory has been won for us and we but press the flying foe, we need not let our voices falter. Whatever our struggle; however frail our arm; however long the stress; the Captain is by and the issue is sure.

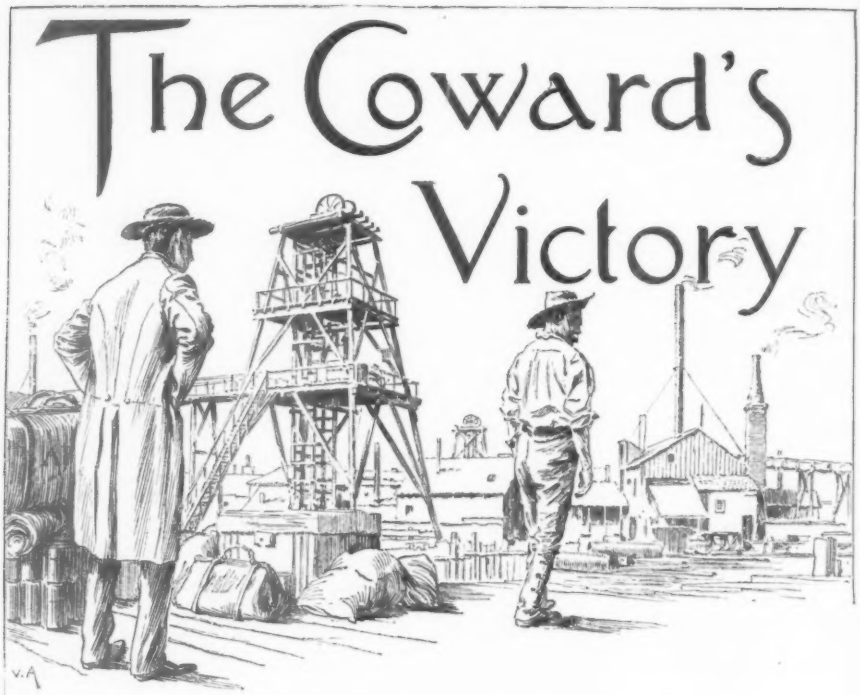
It is a Morning Hymn which He starts. It is indeed a greeting to the dawn, but He sings it in the night. It was easy for the first singers of the psalm to cry, "This is the day which the Lord hath made," and to leap for joy and be glad in it. Their night of alarm and strife was gone, like a bad dream: and the light was on their face, and the sun climbing up the sky. Peace and freedom and the promise of prosperity had come. Well might they hasten to the Sanctuary, and welcome in the new time with singing. But He, to whom it falls now to renew their hymn, has yet to face the darkest of this most darksome night. The gloom presses in upon the lighted table. Outside, the night waits for Him and His little band. Away in the garden the shadows of death are gathering. Even the sun, when at last it comes, cannot bring day to the doomed; and at noon, the night rushes back and buries the cross and its awful load. Vain the later shining; it cannot make day behind the closed eyes of the dead. Vain the new dawn; it is still night under the rock and beyond the sealed stone. It is indeed the midnight of the world, for hope is quenched in the heavens. Our Sacrifice has won no response of peace; and Our Champion is in the hands of guilt and death!

Such is the night, which Jesus startles with the music of a morning hymn. He believes that God is Light, and that the day is being born in the night. He sings of the mercy that never fails, and lives already in the joy that is coming. And He, whose praise outwent the time, was the first to see the dawn and find the joy of which He sang. While night still held the pierced body, the pierced spirit was free, and soared to the Gates of Righteousness and offered the atonement. From within the Eternal Temple came the instant welcome—"Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord: we bless you out of the house of the Lord."

Thus the morning broke, and the day was come to which no night shall follow. The light of salvation shone forth, full and free, for every eye the wide world over. As the blessed day has crept over the fields and cities of earth, the voices, that hail the light, have multiplied. Still is it morning with another and another glad soul, on whom the face of the Saviour dawns. Again it is morning—sweeter in peace, and fairer in hope—as the soul, in following the Saviour, comes to the Gates of Glory, and finds also the welcome of one coming in the name of the Lord. A little band, and faltering voices took up the hymn, as Jesus led it in the upper room. Now heaven and earth answer each other in a mighty chorus, and cry, "God is the Lord; and He hath shown us Light."

Jesus sang, not for Himself alone, but to lead the singing of His disciples. To the same end He causes us to hear His voice. Now, indeed, He aids us in our praise so fully, that we need never cease our song. Though the joy of the temple feast pass into the self-sacrifice of the altar, or the stress of the battle, or even the terrors of night, we still can sing. Our Leader, using His divine power, enters our heart and prompts peace and love and trust and hope—the very notes of our song. He makes our life a psalm which He and we are ever singing.

The Coward's Victory



A Complete Story. By M. Bradford Whiting.

THE Rev. Alan Henson was the pluckiest little coward that ever lived. To face danger without being afraid is supposed to be the distinguishing mark of the brave, but to be afraid and yet to face danger is the mark of a higher courage still. Henson had been afraid ever since he was born, but his fear had never prevented him from answering to the call of duty.

Why such a man should have chosen the Church for his profession was one of the many curious problems that life continually presents; to stand up in a pulpit and preach was a perpetual anguish to him, whereas some modest clerkship, in which he might have plied an unmolested pen to the end of his days, would have afforded him the grateful seclusion for which nature seemed to have designed him. So it was, however, and none of the congregation knew of the perpetual purgatory in which their little curate lived.

But such inward conflicts wear away the strength, and Henson grew paler and thinner every day, until there seemed to be a probability of his fading out of existence altogether.

Then at last his friends took the matter in hand; doctors were called in, and the fiat went forth that he must spend the next few years in Tasmania.

Exile did not, however, mean idleness in the estimation of the Rev. Alan Henson, and the voyage was no sooner ended than he set about seeking for work. The glorious climate was like new life to his veins, but he still looked as if a puff of wind would blow him away, and the labour that he longed for was long to find.

"If you really want work, I can tell you of an opening," said a clerical friend

at last, who, while admiring the young man's zeal, was not at all inclined to saddle himself with so frail an assistant; "a new man is wanted for the Mission Station at Miller's Creek, and I have no doubt that you can get the post if you care to apply for it."

His conscience rather smote him as Henson poured out his thanks; to send that little creature among the miners was something like sending a baby into a bear-pit; but, after all, he could come back again if it did not suit him, and with this consoling reflection he dismissed the matter from his mind.

Henson, meanwhile, was making his preparations with avidity. He had had an immense turn for adventure stories as a boy, although he had always been afraid to be out alone after dark; and he had thrilled with admiration of pirates and free-lances, while he had hesitated to take the life of the smallest insect. He had started now in quest of real adventures of his own, and as the train bore him out of Hobart Town, his heart beat high with glowing anticipations. That difficulties and even dangers lay before him he was quite aware; but in all the tales that he had read, much stress had been laid upon the power of kindness; the wildest savage and the most hardened criminal had always melted at last beneath the influence of love, and he had no doubt but that the same power would avail him now.

"I will be kind to the miners, and then I shall be able to influence them," he thought, even as an innocent child might say, "I will be kind to the bears, and then they will not eat me."

Miller's Creek was reached at last, and as the long, weary journey came to an end, and Henson stepped out upon the rough wooden stage that answered the purpose of a platform, he looked about him with an air of expectation; such an event as the arrival of a new clergyman could not fail, he thought, to have aroused much interest in the neighbourhood, and he wondered to see no welcoming faces on the platform.

No one was to be seen, however, except a man in a slouched hat and moleskin trousers, who was dragging his great portmanteau and bags from the train and flinging them down on the top of a pile of cases of tinned meat.

"That luggage is mine," he said, addressing the man in a diffident tone.

"Well, you can chuck it along yourself, then," was the indifferent answer.

"It is too heavy for me," said Henson; "is there no outside porter?"

The man stared at him in bewilderment for a moment; then, apparently making up his mind that the unfamiliar expression must be an insult, he turned away sulkily.

"I won't stand none of your side, neither in nor out!" he muttered as he walked off.

Henson stood gazing after him in utter discomfiture; there seemed to be no other living being within call, and he suddenly realised that he was cold and hungry and tired, and that he felt more inclined to cry than he had done since his first night at school when the boys had made him an apple-pie bed and set a booby trap over his door.

"But I am forgetting myself," he said suddenly; "this is an adventure!" and forcing a smile to his lips he strode across the platform and began sorting out his possessions.

"Now then, what are you meddling with my traps for?" said an angry voice behind him, and he looked round to see a man springing down from a light wagon, which stood just outside.

"These things are mine," said Henson, pointing to the luggage; "what would you charge to drive them to the hotel?"

The man looked down at the heap in silence.

"Get in," he said at last; "we'll talk about it on the way."

He did not offer to lift the luggage, but busied himself with his cases, while Henson struggled along with his bags.

"You're a weedy one!" he said, as he watched his panting companion climb into his seat. "What have you come here for?"

"I have been sent here in charge of the Mission church," said Henson.

The driver stared at him in undisguised astonishment for a minute or two, and then burst into a short laugh.

"What are you laughing for?" asked Henson.

"You'll know soon enough," was all the reply that he could extract, and they pursued their way in silence, until the wagon drew up at the door of

Harvey's Hotel—in other words, a grog-shanty of the meanest and dirtiest description.

"What is your fare?" he asked.

"I'll tell you this day week," said the man, as he swung himself down; "you'll have to stop along of me, because there's no other place to stop at, and I'll charge you for it in the bill, never fear!"

Henson's heart sank as he stepped inside. The noble savages he had read of had always lived in "primeval forests," varied by expeditions in "bounding barks," and it had never struck him that he might have to encounter filthy surroundings and horrible smells in his quest after adventures.

"Hullo, Harvey! who's the young 'un?" shouted a stentorian voice.

A tall bearded man was leaning against the wall, a short black pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets.

"He says he's the new parson," said Harvey with a grin.

"Poor little kid!" said the other; "we'll soon show him his mistake."

Henson heard and his cheek burned; with a desperate effort he shouldered his portmanteau, and determined to show that he was an athlete, stepped across the threshold, only to find himself stumbling over the big miner's foot and measuring his length on the floor.

"You're a public nuisance, Sandy Bill!" said Harvey, coming to the rescue. "What do you mean by sticking your great ugly feet in people's way?"

Sandy Bill stared at him with amazement.

"Looking after the main chance, are you?" he said. "Well, you'd better not offend me, or little enough gold will you get out of that white-faced chap's pocket."

Sandy Bill was the bully of Miller's Creek, and all the men in the place were afraid of him; his word was law, whatever he chose to ordain was carried out, and whatever he chose to condemn was religiously tabooed. It was certainly unfortunate that Henson should have fallen foul of him on his first arrival, and though Harvey would have given little for his chance of success before, he would have given less now.

But when Henson had at length carried his belongings to the room assigned to him, and had washed off the dust of his journey and eaten some supper, he began to feel a return of courage. The next day was Sunday, and he intended to begin his service at once, so he made his way to the drinking saloon, where the miners were holding their nightly orgie, and boldly entered.

There was a sudden silence in the babel of rough voices as he stood before them. His face was as white as chalk, his eyes were glowing, and his hands were trembling with nervousness, but he would not turn back.

"Here's that little fool again!" growled Sandy Bill, while Grayling, a broken-down actor, who recalled his former triumphs by raising a laugh from the miners of Miller's Creek, exclaimed in a mock heroic tone—

"Is this a spirit that I see before me?"

"You're out of it, there, Grayling," said his rival, a sharp-tongued man who went by the name of Files, in allusion to his rasping temper; "there's some dash and fire about *spirit*, but that little tallow candle hasn't got so much as a spark to show for himself!"

A roar of laughter followed his words, and before Henson could recover himself sufficiently to speak, another man made his voice heard above the tumult.

"What's your name?" he asked, with a show of deep interest.

"Come, this looks like friendliness!" said Henson to himself, and plucking up a little heart he replied cheerily, "My name is Alan Henson, and I have been sent here——" but the rest of the sentence was lost, for Files silenced it with his harsh voice.

"And a capital name, too! The son of a hen is a chicken, and in all my born days I never see such a chicken-hearted fellow as this here. Let's tar and feather him and kick him out of the place."

"What a row you make, Files!" said Harvey, interposing angrily.

He had no liking for the white-faced little parson, but as long as he paid his way he was entitled to consideration, and he felt himself in some measure responsible.

Henson took advantage of the momentary pause to say the word he had come to say.

"I will not disturb you, gentlemen, for more than a moment," he began, "but I wish to tell you that there will

be a service in the Mission church to-morrow at three o'clock in the afternoon."

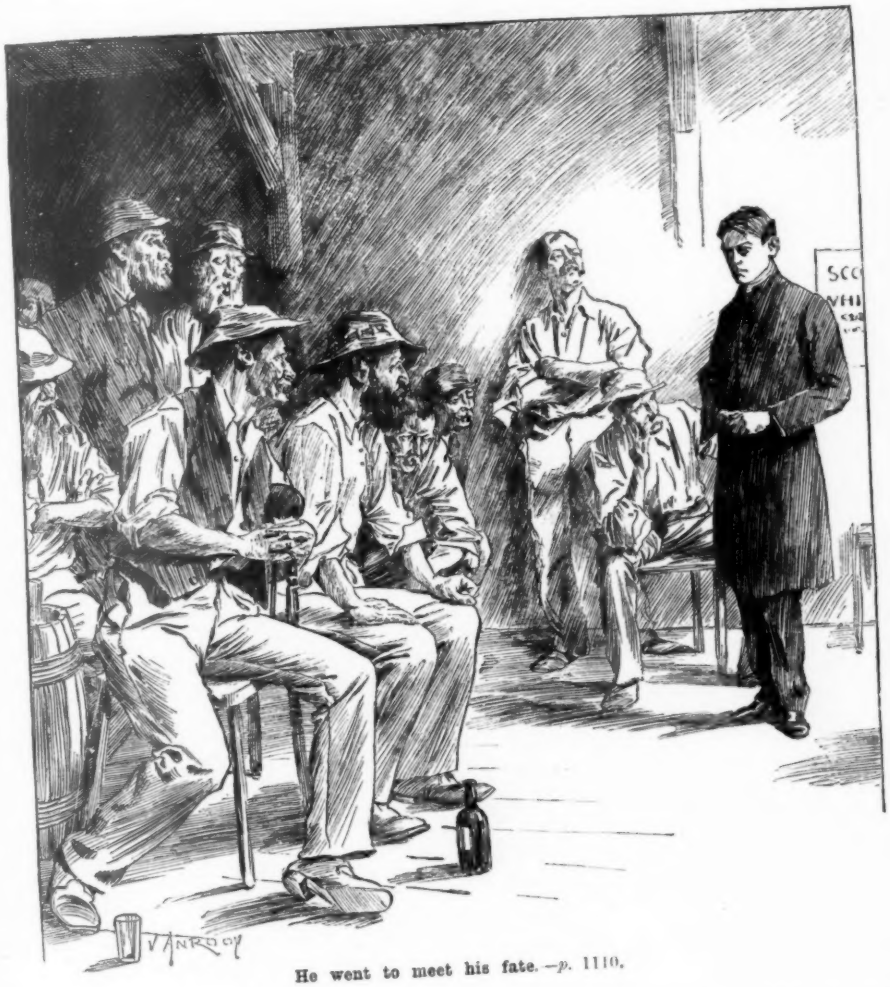
"Seems a civil-spoken sort of chap!" said Grayling to the man next him. But this was enough to rouse Files at once.

"If he 'll be civil enough to attend to his own business, well and good," he said; "if not——" he looked at Sandy Bill for approval, and that worthy finished the sentence.

"Git out!" he said, pointing to the door, and there was a smouldering ferocity in his eye that warned Henson not to disobey.

"But after all, the men had been drinking," he said to himself, as he tossed restlessly on his bed that night; "they will think better of it to-morrow."

The house was quiet enough next morning, for the miners were all asleep in their huts, and as soon as Henson had had his breakfast, he took the key of the iron shanty in which the service was held and went out to reconnoitre.



He went to meet his fate.—*p.* 1110.

It proved to be a dismal place, with leaky roof and uneven floor, but still

it was better than nothing, and he spent a long morning in making it as neat as he could. At half-past two he set the doors wide open, and wished vainly for a bell, that he might summon his congregation; he had put up a notice in the bar, however, and therefore the men could not say that they did not know when service would begin. But at three o'clock the benches were still empty, and there was no sound in the desolate building but the sound of the heavy sighs that came from the heart of the little parson!

Service must be held, however, congregation or no congregation, and mounting bravely to the rickety desk, Henson read through the prayers, sang the hymns, and delivered an address, which was, however, more of a passionate pleading than an exposition. "Make a way," was the burden of his words—"Make a way by which I may obtain the victory even in this hopeless struggle."

His head was bent in utter depression as he wended his way back, but he straightened himself quickly as he saw a mocking group waiting for him at the door of the hotel.

"Well, Chicken, no service to-day!" said Files tauntingly.

"Yes, there was a service," said Henson, his spirit rising; "it is your own loss if none of you were there! Service will be held every Sunday as long as I remain in this place."

"Then you won't remain in the place, that's all!" muttered Sandy Bill; but Henson took no notice of his words.

All through the week the conflict went on; the miners exhausted their ingenuity in devising new insults, and Henson wore himself out in the effort to preserve a brave front. Another solitary service on the Sunday did not tend to improve his spirits, and when he returned to his room he saw a piece of paper lying on his bed which was addressed in a straggling handwriting, "To the parson," and which contained merely the brief sentence: "We have something to say to you to-night in the saloon at 8."

Some fresh ordeal was in store for him, no doubt; but he set his teeth with the determination that he would be equal to it, and at the appointed hour he went to meet his fate.

The miners were assembled in solemn conclave, Sandy Bill at the top of the room, and as Henson entered he uttered the command, "Step up here!"

"You've come to Miller's Creek on a wrong errand," he said, when Henson stood before him; "the billet you were meant for is an infant school, and you've got to go along and find it. But we'll give you a chance first. The last parson that came here was a man if you like, and when he got here first we made a bargain with him—a turn with the gloves, and if he got the best of it we'd go to his preachings, and he did get the best of it, and go we did! Now, them terms we offer to you, fair and square; you stand up to me to-morrow evening in this here room, and if I win you leave the place, and if you win we'll treat you as we did him."

Henson listened with a gathering sense of anguish; his puny frame and undeveloped muscles could have no chance in such an encounter, and he shrank from defeat no less than he shrank from physical pain; but as he hesitated, Files' mocking voice fell on his ear, "Didn't I tell you he was a chicken-hearted little funk?"

It decided him at once. "I am ready to accept the proposed terms," he said quietly; and without glancing at the astonished faces of the miners he marched out of the room.

Long after the men had forgotten their amazement in slumber, Henson paced his room with restless steps. Sleep was impossible for him, and the feverish desire to escape while there was yet time increased with every moment, and could only be conquered by an agony of effort that exhausted heart and brain.

Fervent petitions went up from his lips that some miracle might deliver him, even as Daniel was delivered from the lions' den; but morning came and the day wore on, and still no answer had come to his prayer. But as he waited in solitary wretchedness for the moment of doom, a thought suddenly flashed into his mind like a ray of light: it was not *from* but *in* the lions' den that Daniel had been delivered, and therefore he need not fear the coming ordeal, terrible as it might be. Sandy Bill's arm would doubtless be paralysed before it could strike,

or it might be that a new heart would be created within him and he would come forward as a champion and not as an assailant.

All fear left him as the idea took possession of his mind, and when the appointed time arrived he got up quietly and went to the saloon. The tables had been cleared away and the benches put back against the wall, and an expectant ring of men sat gazing on the brawny form of Sandy Bill, who stood in the middle with his great arms folded across his chest.

Henson advanced without a word, took off his coat and laid it on the floor, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, stepped in front of his antagonist, and—waited for the miracle!

In another moment he lay at full length on the floor, all the wind knocked out of him and an excruciating pain in his left arm. The torture, to a frame so delicate as his, was extreme, but he scarcely felt it; one terrible thought filled his mind to the exclusion of all else—"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

"Well, will you try again?" said Sandy Bill.

Henson gathered himself up with difficulty.

"No," he said, in a strange, lifeless voice. "You have won, and I must not break my word."

He looked wretched, crestfallen, dishevelled, and a roar of laughter pursued him from the room; but he scarcely heard it. God had not come to his help, and he cared nothing what man might do unto him. Through the whole of the preceding night he had wrestled and prayed, but now that the struggle was over his nerves refused to respond any longer to his mental anguish, and he fell into a torpor that lasted till day dawned once more.

There was nothing for it now but to go; he had tried his best, and he had failed, and there was no more to be said. All through the morning he occupied himself with his packing, and when the last bag was strapped he went out to look for someone who would help him take his things to the station.

"You've got a spark of spunk after all, or you wouldn't have stood up to him," said Harvey, with a touch of regret; but Henson could not answer; he was sick from the blow, his sprained arm was aching sorely, and worse still, his heart was heavy with misery.

"Will you carry my things to the station for me, Jim?" he said, addressing the lad who helped in the bar.

"Don't care if I do," was the gracious reply; and having paid up his reckoning, he bade good-bye to Harvey and left the hotel.

He walked along in silence with hanging head, and the lad made no attempt at conversation until they passed a hut at the side of the road.

"Do you hear that?" he said, with a sudden gleam of interest.

A low moaning was distinctly audible as they stopped to listen, and Henson looked at his companion for an explanation.

"It's Files," said Jim.

"What do you mean? Has he had an accident?"

"No, he's got the smallpox."

"How do you know? Has a doctor been to see him?"

"No, there's no doctor down this way; but there's smallpox at a station a mile or two off, and they offered a sight of money if anyone would take them food, for no one would go near the station. Files is always mad after money, so he went on the sly; but Sandy Bill found it out, and when he started shivering yesterday, he knew what it meant."

"And who is nursing him?"

"Nursing him?" said Jim vaguely. "Oh! giving him his victuals, you mean, and that sort of thing! No one's nursing him; Sandy Bill barred up the door and cut a hole in the shutter, and he's got a pole with a hook at the end to hand him in his things with."

"And you are going to let him lie there like a dog!" cried Henson indignantly.

"'Tain't nothing to do with me," said Jim sulkily.

"I shall nurse him myself," said Henson.

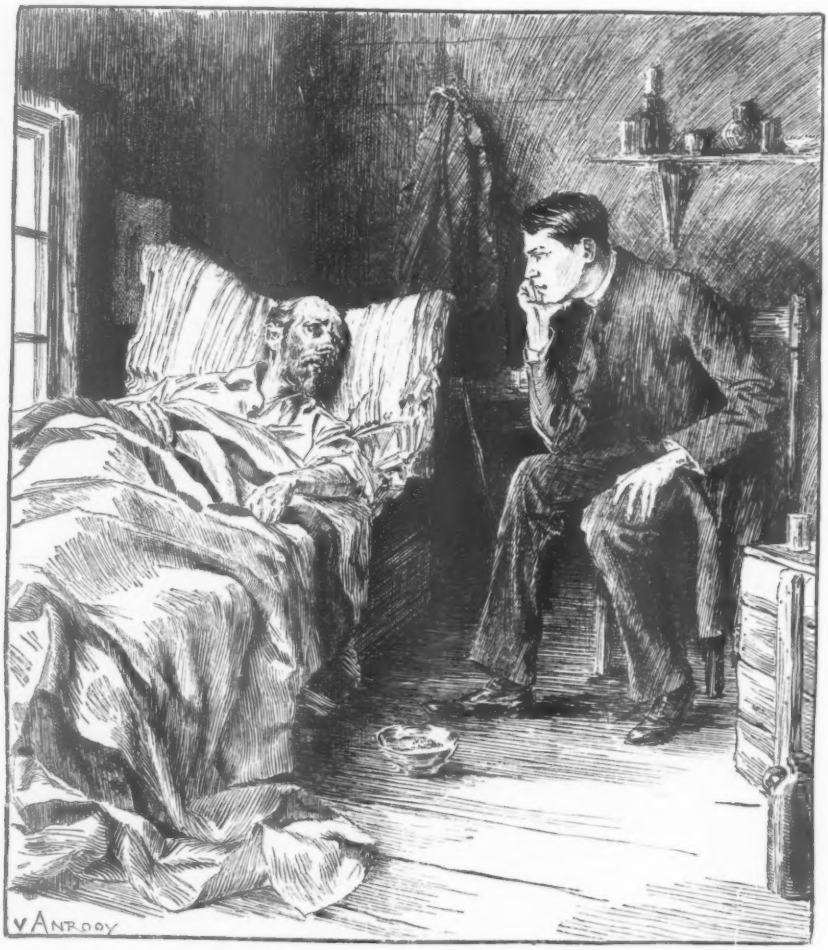
"But you'll catch it and die, as sure as a gun!" said Jim.

"Perhaps it would be as well if I did," said Henson bitterly, as he thought of his miserable cowardice and his life of repeated failure. "You needn't come any nearer to the hut; just give me that bag and take the rest back to Harvey's, and come outside here to-morrow, and if I want anything I'll write it on a piece of paper and put the money on it, and you can bring the things down."

Jim made no further remonstrance; he stood staring in utter amazement until Henson had displaced the bar and entered the hut, and then hurried back to the grog shanty to tell his news.

The interior of the hut was stifling in the extreme, and Henson gasped for breath as he entered it; there was light enough to reveal the vacant countenance of the man who lay muttering on his rough bed, and Henson looked at him with a shrinking of disgust. Not even Sandy Bill's fist had hurt him so much as Files' taunting tongue, and he felt that if he had been given his choice of a patient out of the whole of the mining camp, the last one whom he would have chosen would have been the man before him.

The days and nights that followed were like some horrible dream; the ravings and blasphemies of the delirious man made the hut a hell upon earth, and the physical suffering caused by using his sprained arm came almost as a relief. What the world outside thought of his proceedings he could not tell, for no one came near him; his only communication



"You're the pluckiest chap that ever walked this earth!"

with his neighbours was the exchange of his written messages into food and firing and oil for his lamp. But the day came at last when the disease had run its course, and when the patient looked up at the figure bending over him with eyes of conscious wonder.

"How did you get here?" he asked. "Sandy Bill said he would kill you; am I dead too?"

"No," said Henson gently, "you have been ill, but you are getting well now; let me sponge your face for you with this vinegar and water."

Files said no more; the effort of speech was too great at present, and he gave himself up to the novel sensation of tender hands ministering to his needs; but the next day he returned to the charge.

"Do you mean that you've been seeing to me all this time?" he asked.

"Yes. I only wish I knew more of doctoring. But still, you have pulled through, thank God!"

There was a long silence, and as he looked at the patient he saw the tears trickling down his wasted cheeks.

"Did Sandy Bill fight you?" asked Files at length. "I meant to come up to see, but I turned so queer I couldn't stand steady."

"Yes," said Henson sadly; "I promised that I would go if he beat me, but I could not leave you to die. I must tell him how it was I broke my word."

"You're the pluckiest chap that ever walked this earth!" burst out Files, with a wild sob in his voice. "I'll let Sandy Bill know what I think of him, and if he won't let you stop here I'll follow you to the end of the world."

But Sandy Bill needed no reproaches; his own conscience told him that the puny parson was a braver man than he, and he was not above owning it.

"I've done him a wrong," he said to his mates, "and I'll tell him so first time I see him."

It was not till all fear of infection was gone that Henson returned to the world, but when his quarantine was over he sent for a change of clothes from the hotel, and set out in search of Sandy Bill.

"I meant to have kept my promise of leaving Miller's Creek——" he began, but the miner interrupted him.

"You've fought a bigger fight than I ever did in all my born days," he said, "and if you'll stop here you'll master us yet!"

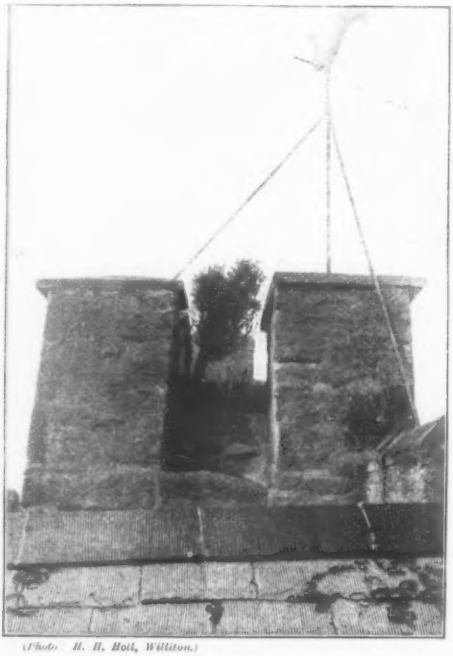
So it came to pass that on the next Sunday the Mission Church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and though Henson was thinner and whiter faced than ever after the ordeal he had passed through, the heroic spirit was seen and recognised at last, and the coward had won his victory by the almighty power of love!



Some Remarkable "Church" Trees.

ACCORDING to Mr. D. L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, there is buried in the town of Hanover a German Countess who denied the existence of God and ridiculed the idea of the resurrection. To show her contempt for Christianity, she ordered that, on her death, her grave should be built up of solid masonry, and covered by large stones, strongly bound together by heavy iron clamps. On the outside was engraved her defiant challenge that through eternity the tomb should never be disturbed; but one day the seed from a tree, either blown by the wind or carried by a bird, became lodged in a small crevice of the tomb, where it soon sprouted and began to grow. Then, as if Nature seemed to mock the haughty infidel, she quietly extended the delicate roots of that tiny seedling under the massive blocks of stone, and slowly raised them from their place. And now, though scarce four generations are passed since that tomb was sealed, the most insignificant seedling has done what God Himself was challenged to accomplish.

This is a poetic yet convincing example of the marvellous forcing power exerted by trees and shrubs in their efforts to live and ramify, and it also incidentally illustrates their wonderful ability to live—and live strenuously—without apparently receiving nourishment from the soil. There is, however, no need to travel abroad to find such instances, for in various parts of England, and particularly in connection with ancient churches, numerous cases may be found of trees which are to-day thriving under the most remarkable conditions.

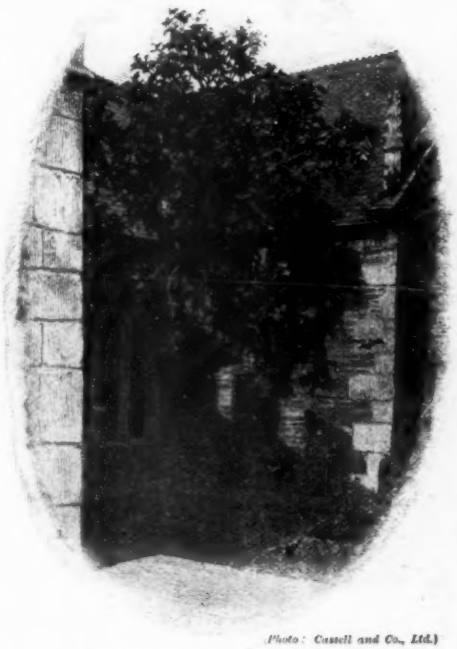


(Photo: H. H. Bell, Williton.)

THE YEW-TREE ON BICKNOLLER CHURCH.

At the top of the church tower at Bicknoller, in Somersetshire, and some sixty-seven feet from the ground, there is growing a yew-tree which must be nearly a century old. In the churchyard is a venerable yew of some three hundred years, and it is the habit of the birds to pluck its berries and eat them on the

neighbouring tower. The tree on the north-east turret is thus supposed to have sprung from a seed dropped by a bird. The Vicar states that a parishioner, born in 1808, informed him that he could remember this curiously placed tree as a child. It is therefore already of quite respectable age, and, judging by its healthy appearance, is likely to outlive many of those who now see it day by day. The roots cannot be seen, being somewhere between the stones of the tower, and, marvellous to relate, not only does the tree thrive without soil, but in 1879, when the building was restored, it was cemented round, and thus deprived of possible means of sustenance from accumulations of dust and dirt. It has now a height of two feet eight inches and a girth of eleven inches, and presumably is entirely dependent upon what moisture is available from the walls and the atmosphere.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

FIG-TREE AT NEWLYN EAST.



(Photo: W. P. Jones, Manaccan.)

MANACCAN CHURCH, WITH ITS FIG-TREE.

The church itself is an interesting structure, built in the thirteenth century, and the village is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Its name, Bicknoller, is derived from *Bychan*, which signifies small, and *Alwar*, a treasury; and, from the circumstance that Roman coins have from time to time been discovered in great abundance in the district, it is conjectured that the Romans had in that spot one of their small depositories for the money which they dispensed to the army

stationed in different parts of the country.

Further west may be seen two examples of fig-trees growing from the walls of churches, and, strangely enough, they are both to be found in Cornwall. That at Newlyn East is so ancient that no one is able to give any information as to its origin, the oldest inhabitant affirming that it has always been there. It springs from the wall about midway between the roof and the ground, and, as will be seen from the illustration, its size is such that it quite fills the corner in which it grows. During the summer it has abundance of foliage, and bears a number of small figs, which, however, never ripen or grow to any noticeable size.



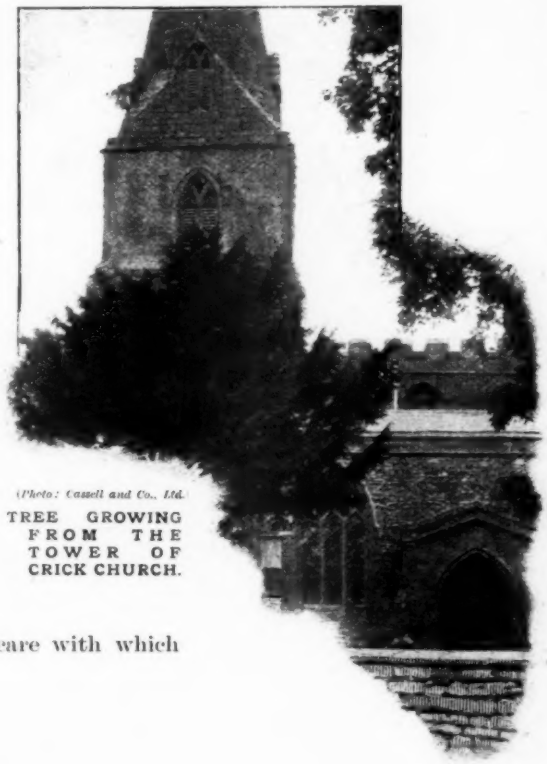
(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE TREES IN ROSS CHURCH.

The fig-tree at Manaccan is even more remarkable. The bole, which has the appearance of being fixed to the wall, is actually over a yard in diameter, and the trunk itself has a thickness of eighteen inches. It is believed that the roots must travel down the inside of the wall, which is about three feet in breadth, to the ground; but this is only supposition, as no indication of this can be found by an examination of the inside and outside of the wall. Stranger still, the enormous bole and its invisible roots have not apparently disturbed or damaged the stonework in any way. A glance at the photograph on the previous page, taken last winter when the branches were bare, gives some idea of the immense size of the tree. It is marvellous that the weight of the trunk and branches does not cause the tree to fall away from its curious birthplace in the wall.

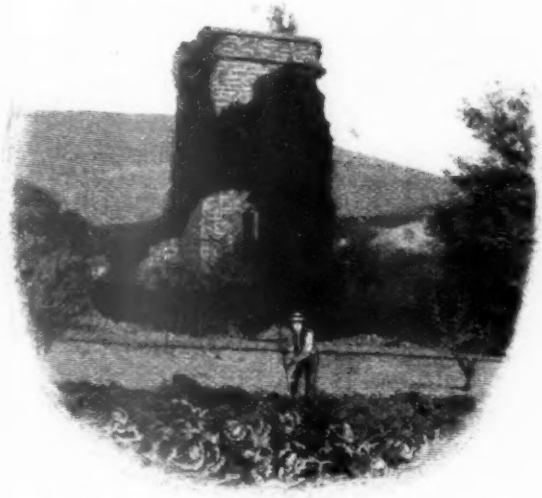
The parish church of Ross, in Herefordshire, is likewise famous, but in this instance the trees are to be found *inside* the building. The accompanying picture shows two gaunt, solid trunks of some seven or eight inches in diameter, which are in reality suckers sprung from the roots of an old tree that was cut down outside many years ago. They lived long enough in their strange surroundings to grow right up into the roof, and regularly put forth leaves, but they have now been dead six or seven years. The trunks are still suffered to remain in the old church, and, in fact, are covered with foliage in the summer months; but it is borrowed plumage, for the leaves actually belong to a Virginia creeper which has been placed in a stone trough set at the foot of the trees. These old trunks are held in much veneration by the townspeople, many of whom attribute

a most poetic history to them. The celebrated "Man of Ross," who lived at the latter end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, among other great benefits conferred upon his native town, is said to have planted all the magnificent elms that now adorn the churchyard, and he has always been held in grateful remembrance by the inhabitants. But when one of his elm-trees, planted too near the church, began to interfere with the roof, a matter-of-fact churchwarden of the early part of the century, with no respect for the ancient traditions of the place, had it cut down. Thereupon, in the very next year (the story goes), these two trees made their appearance, as a protest against the high-handed act, *in the actual seat* where the "Man of Ross," when in the flesh, used to worship on Sundays. Hence the care with which they have been cherished even after their death, as no one knows what steps the old tree might take next to assert its dignity, if they were removed.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.

TREE GROWING FROM THE TOWER OF CRICK CHURCH.



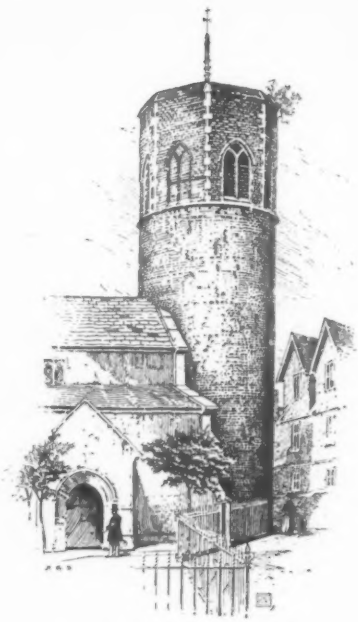
(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE PEAR-TREE ON COMPTON ABBAS TOWER.

A similarly interesting case of eccentric growth is to be found in the little Dorsetshire village of Compton Abbas. Here is an old square church tower, on the summit of which a healthy pear-tree is to be seen. It is supposed that originally a bird must have dropped the seed of a white thorn, which took root in a crevice in the tower. At any rate, upon the white thorn stock a pear was grafted by a certain John Feltham (who was parish clerk from 1790 to 1843), and has grown into an average-size pyramid pear-tree. The

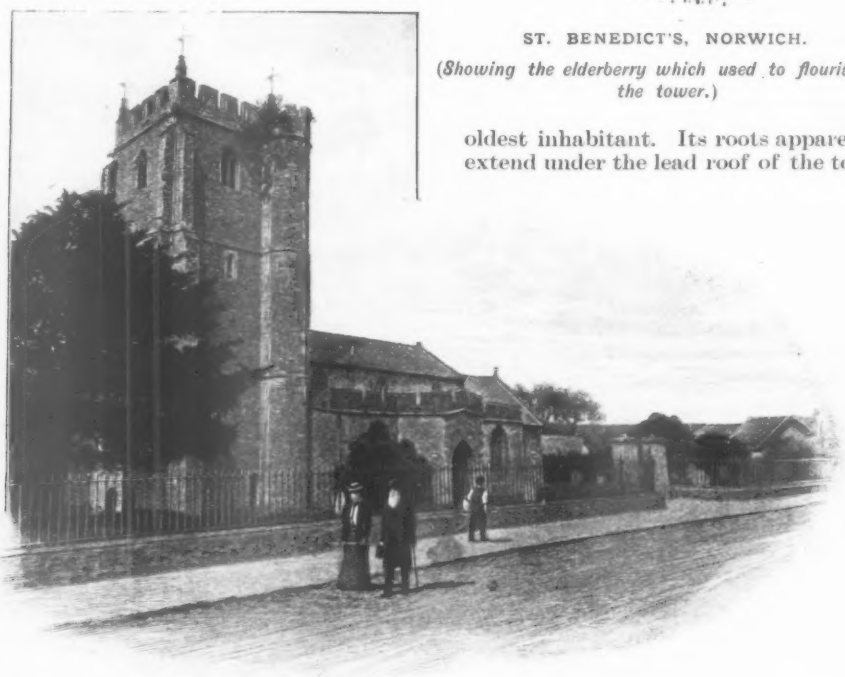
grandson of John Feltham, who is parish clerk at the present day, has taken the tree under his especial care, and occasionally supplies the roots with a little soil and manure. It is strong and healthy in appearance, and even bears fruit occasionally, though not regularly. It appears that Feltham was very fond of gardening experiments, and he was certainly successful in this peculiar instance. The old tower, with its interesting tree, is still standing, though the body of the church, having become dangerous, was demolished in 1866, and an entirely new building erected in an adjacent and more convenient position.

The parish church of Crick, in Northamptonshire, also boasts of a steeple-tree, which can be seen in the accompanying photograph, protruding from the left-hand side of the tower. It is an elder, and considerably over thirty years of age. Equally interesting is the yew-tree growing out of the turret of Culmstock Church, which is older than the oldest inhabitant. Its roots apparently extend under the lead roof of the tower



ST. BENEDICT'S, NORWICH.

(Showing the elderberry which used to flourish on the tower.)



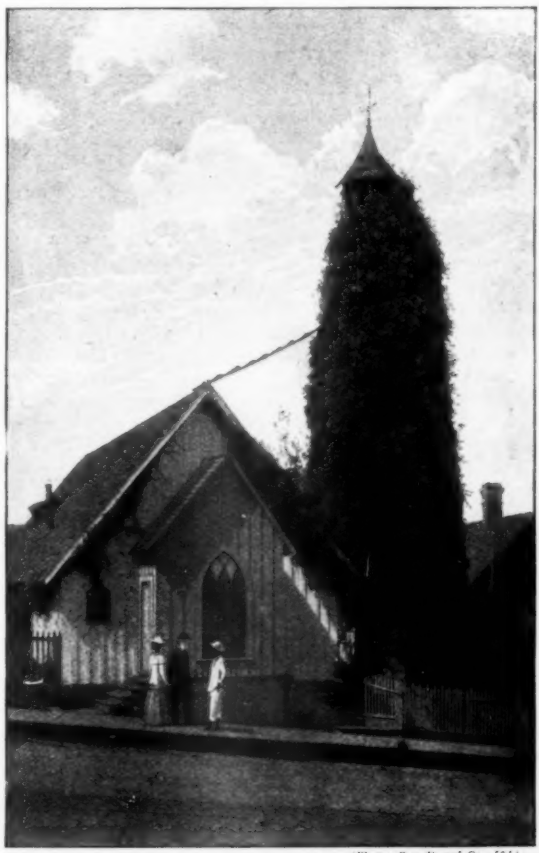
(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

CULMSTOCK CHURCH.

(With its yew-tree on the tower.)

from one side to the other, and, says the Vicar, "it *may* receive nourishment from rotten woodwork, of which I fear there is a good deal, as our tower sadly needs much repair." It is quite possible that the tree may derive some amount of sustenance from the rotten woodwork, and it is likewise quite within the bounds of possibility for the roots of the yew to be responsible in some measure for the state of the woodwork. There is no doubt that several of the "ecclesiastical" trees scattered up and down the country do considerable damage to the sacred structures on which they flourish.

For instance, in Norwich, the tower of St. Benedict's (one of the oldest churches in this city of old churches) was ornamented until quite recently with an elderberry, but, owing to the unanimous opinion of building authorities that the tree was doing serious damage to the tower, and even threatened to bring it down, it was removed at a cost of no less than £10. Some attempts had been made to poison the destructive tree, but without success. On one occasion, a hole was bored in the trunk in which vitriol was poured, and it is believed that, had the operation been repeated several times, there would have been no need for further drastic measures. But the man sent up the tower foolishly commenced to cut off the bush from the outside, with the consequence that a crowd quickly collected and, resenting the "sacrilege," threatened to take severe action if their idol were not spared! It was felt advisable to give way; but the tree was subsequently removed as already stated, and its roots cut out, when the tower was restored some few years back, the scaffolding hiding the operation from the eyes of the jealous parishioners. The Vicar was himself very loth to sanction the removal; but, as it was a choice between the destruction of the tree or of the tower, he had no alternative, and was unable to respect the sentimental feelings of the inhabitants. Before its removal the tree was the centre of much interest. To this day it is impossible to account for its method of obtaining nourishment, as the tower—which is assigned by some antiquarians to the Danish period—is composed of rubble, faced with flint, and so hard that it is almost impossible to drive a nail into it. The tower has a "lean," being some six inches out of the perpendicular, and this is supposed to have been due to the setting of the hot cement with which the rubbish (of which the church



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

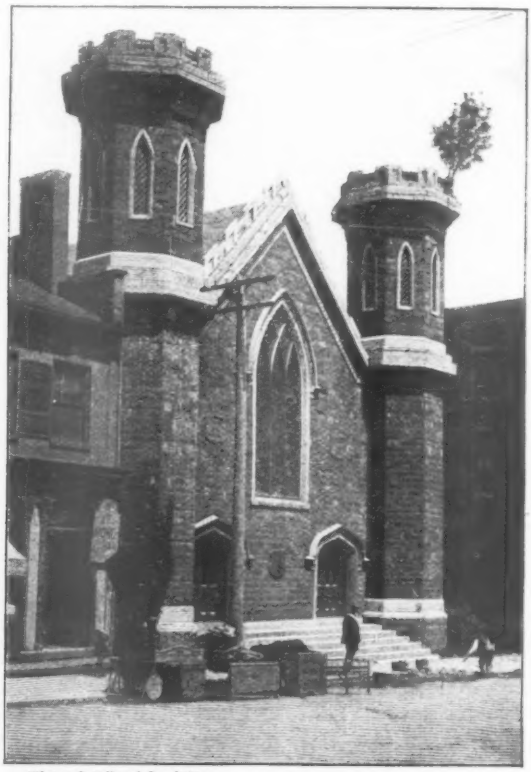
TACOMA CHURCH.

(With its cedar tower.)

and the tower are built) was mixed. Another curious feature about St. Benedict's is the democratic character of its institutions—the Vicar, both churchwardens, the parish clerk and the sexton, all being elected by the parishioners.

The foregoing particulars afford ample proof that England possesses many excellent samples of "church" trees, but it has been reserved for American resourcefulness to conceive and act upon the novel idea of utilising a tree as part of the architectural plan of a church.

At Tacoma, in Washington, there is standing to-day a church which was built in such a position that an enormous old cedar could be suitably lopped, and then used as a tower for the sacred building! On the top of this improvised tower a belfry was built, the bell-rope from which runs down the side of the tree and through the roof of the church. The illustration on page 1119 gives a very clear idea of the ingenious arrangement. It also shows the ladder stretching from the church roof to the tower, which is used whenever the bell gets out of order. This curious tower is now covered with a thick belt of ivy, and the creeper has even found its way into the interior of the edifice. The whole of the roof inside is now clothed with a garment of green, thus forming another notable feature of this quaint little church.



(Photo: Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

THE MOUNTAIN ASH ON UTICA CHURCH.

Utica also boasts of a fine specimen of mountain ash, growing prominently from one of the twin battlemented towers of a church. According to local information, it has been flourishing for thirty years upon a narrow ledge of sandstone,

sprouting from a joint in the masonry less than an inch in width. The main stem just above the stone has a diameter at the present time of five inches. The tree is fifteen or sixteen feet in height, and about eight feet across at its widest part. The branches are thick and numerous, and for some years each autumn they have been bright with the vivid scarlet berries peculiar to this species of tree. Protruding from a chink in a mortared wall forty-two feet above the ground, exposed to the glare of the sun in the summer, and to the frosts of many severe winters, its roots having only the mortared interstices of masonry through which to penetrate in search of nutriment, the question may well be asked, Where does such a tree obtain the elements that enter into the composition of all plant life? To this question it is impossible to give a definite reply. We can only conjecture that in all the cases quoted in this article Nature has in some wonderful manner adapted these trees and shrubs to the extraordinary circumstances of their positions, and rendered them peculiarly able to absorb sufficient nourishment to sustain life from the air, and from the trifling amount of dust and dirt which must inevitably gather round them.

Before leaving this subject it is interesting to note that the members of the Baptist community at Santa Rosa possess a church which is remarkable in that it was constructed entirely from the wood furnished by a single tree. This was a specimen of the celebrated redwood tree of California, and not only were the floors, pews, pulpit, roof, and walls furnished by the timber obtained from the tree, but there was a large quantity left over after the structure had been completed.

Leaving America for Africa, the following incident may also be of interest. At a recent meeting of the (English) Church Missionary Society a devoted missionary gave the following testimony. "It is now fifteen years," he said, "since I first went to Equatorial Africa. There was then, up one of the hills, a tree regarded by the natives as the "god" of the country, and round this the chiefs used to meet. No one else ventured near: but if the tree happened to be damaged in any way, however slightly, an ox was slaughtered at the foot of it by way of sacrifice. What has happened now? On that very hill stands the first mission-house in this benighted part, and, what is more, this Gospel house is built out of the actual tree once worshipped by the natives, and the remainder of the wood was subsequently used towards the erection of the Christian church which now stands there."

A. P. H.

Two Views of Life.

I.

A FEW more sighs, a few more griefs and fears,
A few more struggles in this vale of tears,
A few more troubles in the careworn years,
And then THE NIGHT!

II.

A few more joys, a few more songs of praise,
A few more thankful, trustful, happy days,
A little while of walking in His ways,
And then THE LIGHT! F. J. C.

LOVE-LIGHT

A ROMANCE OF CAPRI.

By M. H. Cornwall Legh, Author of "A Hard Master," "The Steep Ascent," Etc.

CHAPTER IX.

REPENTANCE.

SO there was an end of it! As Nugent stood on the deck of the little panting, groaning steamer which was bearing him to Naples, and watched Capri growing ever smaller on the horizon, he laughed at himself once more. It was not a mirthful laugh. It may be questioned whether there had ever been less of mirth in his melancholy-disposed soul. He was ashamed of himself for having drifted into the passion from which he had supposed his own cool nature absolutely-proof; ashamed of himself in a far more disturbing degree for that moment last night when he had allowed himself to slip, when he had held Phyllis's hand in his, and some strange, strong impulse, proving him most strangely weak, had made him clasp it, in a hot pressure, and ask the question with his eyes to which he vainly tried to persuade himself that he had found no answer in hers.

He had been a fool—much worse than a fool! What was she thinking of him now? What would she always think of him? What under the sun had induced him to be carried away thus, so that he was obliged to run away—yes, put in plain English that was what it amounted to—before he met Phyllis again? After that short conversation with Mrs. Bevan, in which so much had been written between the lines, he had meant to leave, but not quite so suddenly as this, not without wishing Phyllis good-bye. What had come over him to alter his whole nature and lead him into asinine folly and close on dishonourable conduct?

Such questions are not of a cheering or a quieting nature. True as he always tried to be with himself, Nugent might, in this instance, have allowed himself some sort of soothing self-deception if the objective had been anything or anyone but Phyllis. There was about her something so utterly true, so simple and transparent, so wholly sweet and trusting, that she shone as a candle on his soul, lighting up all the unworthy elements there, so that he could not fail to see them. Nugent had never had a very high opinion of himself, but he was less of a man than he had supposed himself: that was the unsatisfactory answer to his self-questioning. As for the remedy, he did not propose to seek for one.

Phyllis represented faith, labour, an ordered, regulated life, the absolute surrender of his freedom. Existence without her meant liberty to think, to do, to believe, what he pleased: an untrammelled life, free to follow every spontaneous impulse. There could be no choice between the two, though for one moment, one extraordinary moment, as the sun was going down into the water, dazzling his eyes with its level rays, there had seemed a choice, and the balance had gone down with—Phyllis!

That moment of madness was over now, and the only thing to be done was to get out of love as quickly as possible, to follow the advice he had given to more than one friend similarly circumstanced, always laughing inwardly over the youthful folly confided to him; forget her.

Nugent did not linger at Naples; the sight of that blue island the other side of the bay was enough to disturb him. He went

on by the first train to Rome, where he sent his picture to a dealer, without so much as looking at it before he went.

He laughed cynically when the following day brought him the information that "The Faraglioni" had found a purchaser, and received for it a sum equal to a year and a half of Phyllis's earnings.

Nugent had friends in Rome, and was soon recognised and buttonholed by one of them, after which invitations poured in upon him. He accepted them; he thought he would go in for society again. But society bored him more than ever. Then he determined to work. He took a studio, and devoted his whole time and energies for a few weeks to painting. The results were the most unsatisfactory he had ever produced in his life. His disgust with himself spread to disgust with his work. He cut his canvas into strips, shut up his studio, and took the train for Paris. At Paris he would come once more in contact with Phyllis, but safely, through the intermediary of the "man he knew." It was hardly likely that the Bevans would favour Mr. Bowden with their opinions of him, an opinion which he had brought himself to picture to himself and face, though it had not been a pleasant process.

Mrs. Bevan would put him down as a heartless flirt; he did not care much about her view of his conduct. But Phyllis, what could she consider him, short of a coward? With her sweet charity, she would probably allow no worse against him than an extraordinary eccentricity, but in her heart she must recognise his worthlessness.

The design for the frieze might possibly be ready by this time, and, brute as he was, Nugent did not intend to keep her waiting for her money. He proposed, moreover, to double the sum promised in the name of Mr. Bowden. The Bevans were not likely to suspect him of any generous conduct now! So he went to Paris.

There were a good many letters for "Nugent



It was not from Phyllis!—*p.* 1124.

Cleveland, Esq.," awaiting him at the Hôtel Bristol. There was one letter for "William Bowden." He opened that before even looking through the others, and a very curious sensation it brought to him, holding that letter in his hand, drawing out the sheet of thin, cheap paper.

It was not from Phyllis! Glancing at the signature, he read "Madeline Bevan," and an experience singularly resembling that which Phyllis had gone through after reading his letter to her came to him: a sudden inability to see what was before him in the shock of unexpected bad tidings.

The strain of the weeks that had passed on a nature which race and an abnormal exercise of the mental over the physical activities had combined to render singularly highly strung, gave Nugent an intuitive perception that the letter contained bad news, with the sight of Mrs. Bevan's signature. The note was very short:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I am writing for my daughter, Miss Phyllis Bevan, to tell you that, in consequence of a malady of the eyes, she will not be able to carry out the order for a design for a frieze given her on your behalf by Mr. Cleveland. My daughter begs me to express to you her great regret at not being able to fulfil her engagement. The oculist tells her that she must give up drawing entirely for some time to come.

"Yours faithfully,

"MADELINE BEVAN."

She must give up drawing entirely! What that would mean for Phyllis! The thought came over Nugent as the striking of a rod. "A malady of the eyes"; what that might result in he could not bring himself to think. Where were they now? What had they done when this great trouble came? Mrs. Bevan's letter was dated three weeks ago.

The impulse seized him to telegraph. But it was not likely that they were still at La Casa Bianca. When the bread-winner ceased to work, they would no longer be able to pay for those rooms. No, he would not telegraph; he would do something more effectual.

The night express found Nugent once again in the train, covering the same ground he had done twenty-four hours ago, but with his face turned southward instead of northward.

As Nugent made his journey southward his reflections took a new colour and brought him to a crisis in his mental, or it should perhaps rather be said his moral, development.

His thoughts were at first claimed by Phyllis, whom he now discovered he loved with a love that was no mere passing fancy, but something that had struck its roots into the innermost part of his being. Then they turned in upon himself, and the unworthiness of his conduct towards her came to him as a revelation. The utter selfishness of it struck him first; his one idea had been to amuse himself with her after a fashion more refined perhaps than a young man's ordinary flirtation, but not more altruistic, hardly less heartless. What she must have suffered through him, if she really cared for him, as he could hardly doubt she did, gave Nugent a pang of suffering which no philosophic consideration came to soothe.

Next, in this new light of love, the deceit he had practised upon her became something contemptible. How would she look at it when she knew? That was the question which put the matter with most disagreeable vividness before him. The fact that he had never told her an actual lie would not go for much with her candid nature. He had persistently deceived her—and why?

Nugent experienced an unmitigated sense of humiliation as he found the reply that he would have to bring himself to make to her—that he might indulge complacently in the playing with edged tools, over which he had ultimately given her so severe a cut, as he feared—or hoped: which was it?

At any rate, he had inflicted a sufficiently painful wound upon himself in the end. There was a certain sense of relief in that.

CHAPTER X.

A MEETING ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

IT was a lovely March morning when Nugent landed once more in Capri. The peach-trees were in blossom now—a pink cloud here and there on the side of the slope—and the whole air was redolent of spring. He drove up the hill, and got out at the top of the lane leading down to La Casa Bianca, leaving his luggage to go on to the Quisisana without him. As he reached the door of La Casa Bianca a party of Germans were coming out of it, and a voice from the balcony above called "Lebewohl!" He looked up, and saw a long-haired young man with a pipe in his mouth leaning over the parapet. It was evident that the apartment had new occupants.

Nugent knocked, and the old woman who kept the house came slowly across the courtyard. La Signora Inglese had left there a month ago. She and the Signorina had moved into an apartment—ah, such an apartment!—in the Vicolo Mattei. They had perhaps left the island now; they had been intending to do so before, when the Signorina's eyes grew bad, so that she could not draw, but

the Signora caught cold just as they were about to go, and the *medico Americano* came and told them that to go back to England at that season would kill her.

Did la Signorina suffer much from her eyes? Perhaps; the old woman could not tell. She was always patient, but they looked very red. Yes, from just the time il Signor went away. But she went on drawing, more than before, until one day the doctor came to pay them a visit, and, when he had gone, la Signorina came to her in tears and said that they must give up the rooms, and from that time she drew no more.

Nugent went forth in search of the Vicolo Mattei, and, following the directions given him, entered the town of Capri, crossed the Piazza, and turned into a narrow street full of small shops. Out of this street, which answered very truthfully in Nugent's mind to Mrs. Bevan's description of a slum, ran several lanes still narrower and more unpretending. The fourth of these proved to be the Vicolo Mattei, at the top of the third house of which the Signora Inglese lived. Nugent ascended a flight of dark, dirty, and rickety stairs, which brought him at last to what was actually the top of the building. He stepped out on to a paved yard, closed in by the chimney-pots of surrounding houses, except for one space of about two feet, through which was visible a glimpse of glittering sea. Along the low wall surrounding this bit of flat roof were some flower-pots gay with blossoms, and a cage in which a bird was singing joyfully to the sun. There were domestic utensils about, and a clothes-line on which some linen flapped in the breeze, but the cleanliness and order of the yard presented a delightful contrast to the rest of the house below.

A single room opened on to the yard, very low and small, and most sparsely furnished. As the door of it, which served for window also, stood open, he could not but see inside and take in with a glance its perfect neatness. A girl was scrubbing the flagstones of the yard. The girl was Phyllis.

At least she was not blind, nor were her eyes bound up or disfigured with glasses, though she wore a broad-brimmed hat to protect them from the glare. She rose at the sound of his footstep, and a glad exclamation of welcome escaped her as she saw who it was. She wiped her hands hastily, with her own joyous laugh, and held the right one out to him. There was not a touch of reproach in her voice as she gave him her welcome; her smile was so exactly what it had always been that the nightmare he had endured the whole way from Paris to Capri seemed to melt in the air. But as he looked at Phyllis closer he saw that she had grown thinner, and that there was something about her face that comes only after pain.

"You are not gone!" he said, again holding her hand, though he did not venture to press it now.

"No, we are leaving for England to-morrow. I am so glad you came back before we left," she said. "I am not like you; I like to wish my friends good-bye."

His eyes fell before hers.

"Tell me all about this—about your eyes," he said. "They are better now?"

"Yes, much better, thank God. It was not an actual disease, so the doctor said—that nice American doctor of yours. He came to see us again—'as a friend,' he told us—about a fortnight after you left. My eyes were paining me rather, and that indistinctness of the sight seemed getting worse, so mother insisted on my letting him look at them. He said they were in a bad state then, and, if I did not take care, my sight might be impaired for life, and that I must positively take a complete rest for three months. He told me I had overstrained them. After you went away I had begun to work hard again—harder than I did at first. I wanted so much to finish that frieze."

"I have been at the bottom of all this, then. It is my doing your going nearly blind!"

Phyllis's cheeks turned scarlet. That may have been only from the tone of his voice, and the look in his eyes, but Nugent remembered the account of la Signorina's red eyes. It was not overwork alone, but tears' that had made those sweet eyes dim; and both she owed to him.

There never was a man in the world, it may safely be said, who so desired to take a girl in his arms and kiss her as Nugent did Phyllis at that moment and refrained.

"And then?" he said in an uncertain voice. Phyllis motioned him to sit beside her on the low wall, and told her story.

"Then we should have gone home at once, only Dr. Ashford told us it would be too great a risk for mother, after her having just caught a fresh chill. So we moved here, where they take us for eight francs a week, including our breakfast." Nugent wondered how much the breakfast included—and the rest of the meals in the day. "They do not wait on us, of course, but I was glad to have the work to do when I could not employ myself in other ways. I cook our meals on a tripod over a brazier. Isn't that nice and primitive? And aren't we delightfully picturesque? Even mother has got reconciled to it now; the air is so pure up here, and we are quite bathed in sunshine."

"And you live upon air—or is it boiled geranium leaves?"

"With roast canary on Sunday? No, sir! I have learnt some wonderful ways of cooking vegetables; a nice young woman down below has taught me. And you don't know how much nourishment there is in macaroni. We have fish sometimes, too. Oh, we manage to live very well. Why should we want more than the Capriotes?"



He helped Phyllis to wash the dishes.

"You have not been able to earn anything, then, for the last month?"

"Yes, I have. How do you suppose? By taking an old lady's dog out to walk! She is staying at the Quisisana with a maid who has sprained her ankle, so Dodo is confided to me for two hours a day, and I get a franc an hour. That makes fourteen francs a week, which leaves six francs over, after our rent is paid and our morning bread and coffee. It really would be more economical to stay on here than go home, if it were not that in London I have my teaching. I shall be able to take up teaching again now, for that does not mean much strain on the eyes. And by degrees I hope to get more pupils. Dr. Ashford says I ought not to do any fine work again for a year, at least; so I shan't, if I can help it. If I can't help it—well, I must just go on as long as my eyes hold out, and then — perhaps some other old lady will have a dog for me to take out!"

Mrs. Bevan, who had been for a stroll in the sun, here appeared at the head of the stairs. Her expression, as she caught sight of Nugent, was curious, especially to Phyllis, who had heard such violent disapprobation expressed with every mention of his name as had not made her tears the less in those dark hours when nobody could see them.

Mrs. Bevan came forward with an odd smile. "So you have turned up again?" she said, addressing Nugent. "Have you succeeded in selling your picture?"

"Yes, I have been fortunate enough to sell it very well, and I have been planning an expedition for us to make with the proceeds. Will you and Miss Bevan be my guests, and make a trip with me over to Amalfi? I have always said that you ought not to leave Italy without seeing the Gulf of Salerno."

Phyllis caught her breath. "Oh, but we ought not to spend your money like that!" she said.

"I suppose you will tell me I ought to put it in the Savings Bank." Nugent laughed, looking collectively at her and Mrs. Bevan. "That isn't an artist's way, you know. 'Light come and light go,' is always our motto. If you do not allow me to spend my earnings in this way, I am certain to throw them away, somehow or other, I assure you."

"When do you want us to go?" asked Mrs. Bevan.

"Why not to-morrow? You were leaving for England then. Come and see Amalfi first. We might make a week's trip of it, if you don't mind. The picture will run to that, and we could throw in Sorrento and Pompeii, and perhaps Pæstum, on the way."

Phyllis still looked doubtful.

"It seems so selfish for us to let you spend all that you made by your picture on us!" she said; but Mrs. Bevan apparently took Nugent's view of the matter, and felt that if he did not spend his money thus he would not be likely to lay it by as the foundation of a future fortune.

Nugent accepted an invitation to dinner, and they had their meal out in the open, the guest being placed with his face to the two-feet strip of view, and told especially not to look at the chimney-pots. The repast consisted of a dish of macaroni cooked with tomatoes and cheese, and a salad made of wild things which Phyllis's friend in the room below had taught her to find upon the rocks.

"I haven't enjoyed a meal so much since I left Capri," Nugent said, as he helped Phyllis to wash the dishes afterwards, when Mrs. Bevan had retired into the room. "I begin to believe in the saying about the dinner of herbs."

CHAPTER XI.

AN END AND A BEGINNING.

So the re-united trio set off upon their expedition.

"I could not have imagined I should leave Capri feeling so happy," Phyllis said. Indeed, her joyousness seemed to have a new brilliancy in it after her time of tears, as Nature shows herself a-sparkle with the dewdrops clinging to every twig and blossom when the sun shines out after a shower.

They landed at Sorrento, and Nugent took them straight to the best hotel.

"This is my 'shout,'" he said. "And I am going to have my own way from first to last. I will not be dictated to about it. For once in our lives, we will do things comfortably."

So Phyllis forbore to make any protests, even when Nugent took the best rooms in the hotel, looking down from a height on to the sea, and ordered afternoon tea to be served in the orange garden, though she knew that must be "an extra."

When tea was over, Mrs. Bevan remained in the green shade to rest, while Nugent and Phyllis went off exploring. As they came back from their walk the young moon was beginning to brighten, and Phyllis to think that Sorrento was lovelier even than Capri.

The dinner had something of romance and even pathos about it to Nugent. Mrs. Bevan did not hesitate to avow her distinct preference for stalled ox over herb collations, and he fancied that Phyllis's appetite was not due alone to the walk over the hills.

In the evening a party of men and women, dressed in the picturesque old national costume, sang more of the Neapolitan songs of which Phyllis had not yet grown tired.

But at Sorrento the Schreiners reappeared, and so set upon Nugent — whom Phyllis considered they had treated with but bare politeness at Capri—that he determined not to linger there, and the next day they drove to Castellamare, and thence to Pompeii. There they spent one day going over the ruins, and another making the ascent of Vesuvius, on horseback as far as horses would carry them, and the rest of the way on foot. The next day they proceeded to Salerno, stopping at Cava to lunch. Then came Pæstum, and the day after that they took the magnificent drive from Salerno to Amalfi, where the road winds round the shore of the gulf, with the sea far below on the one hand, and on the other rocky heights standing out against the sky.

After passing through a succession of picturesque villages, the carriage stopped at the entrance of Amalfi.

"Which hotel?" asked the driver. Phyllis could not help uttering a protest when Nugent answered, "The Cappuccini."

And all the while, Nugent was happy as he had never known himself before, with no space to think, and no inclination, because of his complete absorption in making Phyllis happy. The same light that had shone on those days of simple enjoyment at Capri was on these days of travel, yet with a difference — the difference of the radiance of departing day from that of swelling dawn; and those who think that sunset is as fine as sunrise are only those who never get up early.

"The Luna would be quite comfortable enough for anybody," she said. To which Nugent answered, "For anybody except you."

He liked to look at Phyllis when he said things to her of that sort. Yes, it was impossible not to prolong the beauty of dawn.

The Cappuccini Hotel consists of a building stretched out along the side of the rock. It was the old monastery of the Capuchin monks, and the present bedrooms of the guests were once the monastic cells. At the foot of the steep ascent leading up to it, the carriage had to stop. Nugent engaged a chair, in which Mrs. Bevan was carried up, while he and Phyllis followed

on foot the zigzag upward path, the view from which increased in beauty at every step.

They were received by the proprietor of the hotel with much effusion, though the good man was accustomed to entertaining titled folk and even crowned heads. The telegram, which had instructed him to reserve his best suite of apartments, including a private sitting-room, had impressed him with a sense of their importance. The Abbot's chamber had been prepared for Mrs. Bevan, and Phyllis was hardly less luxuriously accommodated.

"For once in our lives we will do things comfortably," Nugent repeated. "I have vowed the whole of the proceeds of my picture to this trip, so if we do not spend what is left of that sum at Amalfi, there will be nothing for me to do but to throw it to the beggars."

Beyond the monastery there extends along the side of the rock a narrow strip of terraced garden, with arbours here and there, and a gravel walk, which forms a promenade for those staying at the hotel. Nearly everyone came out there that evening, Nugent and Phyllis among the number. They strolled up and down amongst the flowers, whose breath filled the night air with sweetness, and looked down on to the gulf, glorious in the light of a full moon.

"I must tell you what the lady who sat next us at dinner asked mother," Phyllis said, with a laugh. "Whether you were any relation to the millionaire Mr. Cleveland, who was said to be travelling about in Italy! See what comes of going to the most extravagant hotels."

"What answer did Mrs. Bevan make?"

"She said that she *didn't think so!* Mother did not tell her about your living in a cave!"

"That was considerate of her. One may be a pauper without caring for every stranger to be aware of it—I know the man she means. No, he is no relation."

"I wish he would come here," Phyllis said. "I should like to see what a millionaire looks like."

"It is only a million of capital, you know, not an annual income of that amount. He has only about five hundred thousand dollars a year."

"That is a hundred thousand pounds, isn't it? What does he do with all that money?"

"Not much. What can a man do with it, supposing that he does not care about betting or gambling, and has not an appetite for pearls dissolved in vinegar? Have you ever taken in how very small a sum it is possible for a man to spend actually upon himself? What he can eat and drink and put on his back is limited, and what he is able to enjoy is more limited still, supposing as I say, that he was born without extravagant tastes. That money of his," Nugent went on, "which he came into while he was quite a child, has been like a millstone round his neck. It has prevented his doing anything. What was the good of his doing anything when he could have anything he wanted without exerting himself in the slightest? And as for pleasures that gave any pleasure to him, he had pretty well used them all up by the time he was twenty-five. If he had only had a moderate fortune, he might have done something with his life; as it is, he has failed even to get the average amount of enjoyment out of it."

"Is he married? His children ought to be some interest to him."

"No. He is a bachelor. How could such a man marry, knowing that no woman would refuse him, and that the chances were a hundred to one that the girl he chose only married him for his money?"

Phyllis drew a long sigh. "How dreadful! I mean that the fortune should have come into the hands of a man like that! What sort of age is he?"

"He is now in his second childhood."

"What a pity he isn't a relation of yours!" she exclaimed, laughing. "Couldn't you impose upon his failing intellect and make him imagine that he did marry, and that you are his son? If he were to leave his money to you, now!"

"How do you know that I should make any better use of it than he has done?"

"By knowing you!" Phyllis looked up into Nugent's face with laughing lips, but so intense a confidence in her eyes that he did not like to meet them.

"I am a fraud," he answered quickly, "if I have made you imagine that I should have the smallest idea what to do with a fortune like that. I assure you that, even supposing a man is philanthropically inclined, it is no easy matter to dispose of five hundred thousand dollars a year without doing more harm than good."

"Of course it would not be easy. But how could a man born as rich as that expect to have an easy life? Perhaps he saw from the beginning what a great work he was called on to do with his money, and, being a weak character, the thought of it crushed him, and paralysed his efforts. One ought not to be uncharitable, even to millionaires!"

"No, don't be uncharitable to him! Tell me what you would do with the money, if you had it?" he said. "Make out a scheme for the profitable spending of that fortune, and we will respectfully submit it to the millionaire."

"Won't he be grateful to us?" Phyllis laughed back "Well, if *I* had it, I think I



Phyllis looked up into his face with laughing lips.

should spend it all for the benefit of poor young artists. Is he artistic?"

"He has some artistic tastes."

"Oh, then, that is sure to appeal to him! I should begin by starting a great art school—something like Herkomer's, only much larger, and entirely free—and I would let the pupils work there from the very beginning, for sometimes the greatest difficulty for people without money is to get the start. If they could not afford to keep themselves, I should have them kept—in nice artistic cottages built on purpose. In any case, they would have to live very simply, and I should make them work very hard! I would have art taught in all its branches, especially, I think, design. My aim would be to reform the Ornament of Europe! You see, I should have views large enough to match the hundred thousand pounds!"

"And of America, I hope," added Nugent. "Remember, our millionaire is an American, and he might not see giving his money entirely for the benefit of Europe."

"Oh, yes! We would let him have a school of the same kind in America. The money would 'run to' that, as you express it, wouldn't it? It is hard to calculate about a sum so entirely beyond one's imagination."

"Oh, yes, it would run to that; and there would still be plenty over for you to exercise your ingenuity upon, for, after all, there are only a limited number of artists for whom there is scope in any country, and you say they are to live plainly."

"Yes; but they are to have the best of teaching. We could include the minor arts—wood-carving and metal-work, and so forth. That would be necessary, if we were going to do anything vital in the way of reforming

Ornament, for the design must be adapted to the material in which it is to be worked out. Wouldn't it be lovely to train a school of really good craftsmen?"

"Yes. Who are the 'we,' by the way? You and the millionaire, I suppose?"

"Of course! He supplies the money and I the schemes."

"And which of you is going to take the responsibility of running the show? That won't be child's play, I can assure you. Why, it will be as bad as managing some enormous commercial enterprise."

"I think we will employ you as our manager!" Phyllis responded gaily. "I will kindly help you with advice, and you shall have all the hard work to do, and the responsibility of the financial part, which I should not understand anything about."

"A good deal more than I do, for you are accustomed to economise."

"Perhaps we had better leave that to the millionaire to arrange! Dear me, what a lot of nonsense we have talked! But it was nice nonsense, wasn't it? Since I have not been able to use my eyes I have had to think so much that I have taken to dreaming dreams; and this is the one I have amused myself with most. You know it really is not impracticable."

"If you had the money."

"Yes, only that little 'if'!"

And, still laughing over Phyllis's scheme, they went into the house.

CHAPTER XII.

CONFESSIONS.

NEXT morning rose bright and glorious The flowers along the terrace were hung with dew, and the sun shone resplendent upon the water. While it was still early, Nugent and Phyllis set forth to explore the Mill Valley, Mrs. Bevan preferring to remain sitting in the sunshine, and watch the view from the hillside, to accompanying them, since, as she put it, "What goes down must come up again."

The picturesqueness of the old town did exceed that of any place Phyllis had yet seen, and the beauties of the cathedral chained her to its precincts far longer than Nugent had intended. When at last he succeeded in dragging her away from the fine old building, the sun was high in the heavens.

They now walked up the Mill Valley, one of the most picturesque spots in Europe. By its side the mill-stream brawled, throwing itself from rock to rock in a succession of cascades, only pausing at intervals to turn a wheel. The path alternately passed into the mill buildings and out again into clear sunshine, and at every few yards a point was reached from which a fresh sketch might be made.

At length the stony path led Nugent and Phyllis up beyond the buildings altogether, into the bit of wildness at the top of the valley, which she proclaimed the loveliest part of all. Here, the young leaves were breaking out almost perceptibly in the warm sunshine, and the ground was carpeted with wild flowers.

They gathered a great bunch of cyclamens, primroses, and blue and white anemones, and then sat down on the side of the grassy slope to rest. A silence had fallen on Phyllis after her gay exuberance of talk. Nugent was silent too for some time. At last he spoke—without any introduction, any circumlocution whatever—six plain, direct words, that left not the smallest doubt as to their meaning.

"Phyllis, will you be my wife?"

That was the result of a lifetime of thinking, turning all subjects over and over in the mind; the splitting of intellectual hairs, the balancing of all things in minute mental scales. "Phyllis, will you be my wife?"

The tears were in her eyes as she raised them to his, for there is a joy too great for smiles.

And therewith they plighted their troth.

"You are willing to have me when I have nothing to offer you? Willing to be poor your whole life long, to come and make your home with me in a cave?"

"In a prison, Nugent, if you had to go there! If I have not minded poverty without you, with you—it won't be poverty at all."

"But your mother? I am afraid she won't take exactly the same view of the matter."

Phyllis's face grew grave. She did not speak for a few moments. She remembered what Mrs. Bevan had said about living with them in a cave, when the whole matter was a joke, indeed, but, as she had guessed at the time, with some real meaning lying beneath her words.

"You are quite right, Nugent," she said. The smile was on her face now—the old, brave, patient smile. "It was very selfish of me not to think of her. Of course, she is my first charge. And it would not be fair on you to let you support us both, even if you could do so in a way that would give mother, with her delicate health, the comfort she needs. But that only means that we must wait," she said, bright and courageous as ever. "I shall be willing to wait ten years—twenty years. I am sure you will be able to make something by your painting, if you work at it. See how well you have sold your picture! And when my

eyes are strong again I shall begin to put by something too. If it is only a few shillings at a time, that will mount up in the course of years. It won't be hard to wait."

"You would be ready to be my wife as soon as we can scrape enough together to set up housekeeping on a scale no lower than you are accustomed to now? You are willing, then, to marry a pauper?"

It did not need the strong pressure of the hand that lay in his, nor the face upturned to his, to answer—"Yes."

"But would you be willing to marry a fraud?"

Phyllis was a trifle mystified, but she laughed, with the utter confidence she had in him.

"Didn't you really paint that picture?" she said. "Or did you take us in about the cave?"

"Guess again!"

"Perhaps you don't really care for me? You know, I thought you didn't, after you went away without saying good-bye to us. Then I found out about my own feelings for you. Shall I tell you now? That was what made my eyes so sore!—No, not the crying only, though I used to be dreadfully silly at nights, but working so hard that I might get you out of my mind—which I never did!"

What followed here need not be specified.

"Haven't I guessed right yet? How tiresome you are!" Phyllis went on, when they had begun to talk again. "I cannot think of anything else you ever told us. Perhaps you are related to the millionaire?"

"No, Phyllis, a great deal worse than that—a great deal worse than anything you could guess of me. My dear child, get all your powers of constancy together to stick to me—I am the millionaire!"

It speaks for Phyllis's childlike simplicity that no touch of suspicion had entered her head that the explanation of Nugent not being related to the fabulously wealthy American lay in his being himself the man. She sat with wide-open eyes gazing at him—her beggar turned prince—as though she expected his next action to be to vanish into fairyland.

"Don't look at me like that, darling," Nugent said, taking her in his arms. "A millionaire is not synonymous with a monster—only with an effete and worthless product of modern civilisation."

Still she could not speak.

"You have not left off loving me, dear, now that you know all?"

The hand he held gave his an answering pressure, but a great gravity had seized her. It was true that the sense of the deception he had practised impressed her more than the fact of his being a man able to offer her enormous riches. He began to apologise for being so rich, and so useless and so deceptive, to ask her to forgive him for having taken her in; though, as he explained deprecatingly, he had not occupied the cave in order to lie, spider-like, in wait for unsuspecting maidens and entrap them into a life of care and responsibility, while pretending to offer them a free, untrammelled existence.

Still she said nothing.

"I give you back your promise, Phyllis," he said, "if you feel these dollars too much for you."

"They are too much for me," she answered. "I never thought of being the wife of a rich man. I am not clever enough. I have not had any training—I don't feel as if I could be suited to it."

"But we are not going to live the life of ordinary rich people, are we?" he answered. "What about the scheme? Don't you feel inclined to help me to carry that into effect?"

"*Really?* Do you really mean that you would do that?"

"Yes; if you will do it with me. I have always been put down as an eccentric, and this will only be the last of my mad caprices."

"But why did you pretend that you were poor?"

Her true eyes met his, and called forth the simple truth from him.

Dropping the half-bantering tone, with which his pride had made him cover the humiliation of his first apology, he confessed everything, laying bare to her his motives without an attempt to palliate anything.

"Will you forgive me now?" he said, in a tone singularly different from that in which he had first uttered the words.

Then she looked up at him, with eyes that were full of tears and lips that were trembling with tenderness, and she threw her arms round his neck.

The sun was in mid-heaven as they walked back down the valley, by the mill-stream together; and the water, dancing and sparkling along sang a song of joy and exultation for the triumph over philosophy of love.

When Phyllis made the great announcement to her mother, Mrs. Bevan received it with less astonishment than she had expected, but more delight. There was none of the severe blame for Nugent's untruthfulness which Phyllis, accustomed to hearing the severest views taken of his conduct, had anticipated. The moral aspect of the case passed unnoticed with Mrs. Bevan in her joy over the conclusion of the affair. Great was her delight at the thought of being mother-in-law to a millionaire and of moving once more in the society to which as a girl she had been accustomed, with Phyllis moreover, and living in a luxurious house in the best part of London.

"You said that Nugent had a house in Queen's Gate, did you not, dear?" she ended.

"Yes, and it is you who will have to occupy it, dear mother—the house on Jamaica Plains too, for he and I are going to live among our art-students. Isn't it good of him to let me plan out the future for us both? The only life I could be happy in is one of work, and he says that he intends to try my prescription, and go into harness too. When I was speaking about his being so rich, and my having nothing at all to bring to him, he said that the only dowry he wanted with me was the secret of my happiness!"

The Cleveland University of Art in Hampshire and the Bevan University of Art in New Hampshire—for it so pleased the founders to distribute the names—are now solid facts, and hundreds of young students of both sexes look up with enthusiastic gratitude to the two hardest workers of either institution, whose voyages to and fro across the Atlantic, from one art settlement to the other, form almost their only holidays. There is plenty to be done still to bring the new scheme from the magnificent start it has made to its complete development. The Ornament of the world is not yet reformed, though already the influence of these two centres for the study of the purest art attainable, and the encouragement of individuality and experimental effort in design, is beginning to tell.

A vast future is predicted for the new school of Ornament, but to work this out means the absorption of two lives in labour for the good of the race.

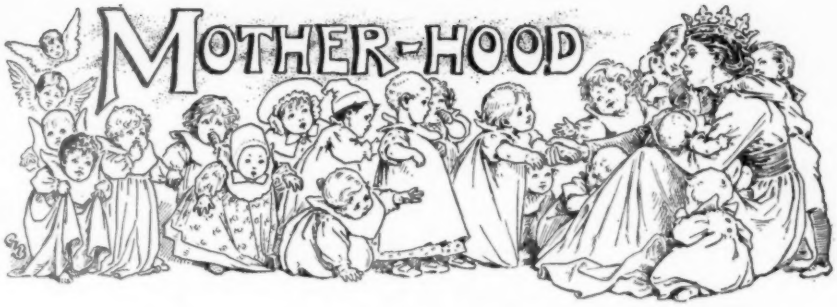
But if Nugent and Phyllis Cleveland are the hardest-worked people connected with the institutions of their creation, they are the happiest. For, as she loves to quote to him, when, looking forward, he tells her that the true results of their work will not be attained till the forces of their own lives have been spent on it, and their place is taken by others—

"What's won is done, joy's soul lies in the doing!"

THE END.



Her beggar turned prince!—*p.* 1131.



By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of "Our Home Rulers," Etc.

"THE ULTIMATE END."

I FEEL very strongly, in stringing my last batch of arrows to this bow of Motherhood, that the cord quivers more intensely than ever before. In preparing our children for any earthly calling, we are training them for what *may* come. In training them for eternity, we are preparing them for what *must* come. In the one case we are working, more or less, in the dark. The boy destined for a soldier may never wear the red coat. The girl fit for Girton may sink into an ordinary *hausfrau*. But it is different when we approach eternal verities. "We must all come before the judgment-seat of God."

Hearken to the words of the wise. "Education," says Mrs. Sewell, "is but another term for preparation for eternity." "To give bodily vigour and intellectual ability, without any moral foundation to the character," writes Landor, "is to give an education, not only wanting in completeness but in balance; an education mischievous both to the individual and to society." "True science and true religion," sums up Professor Henry, "are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both."

We are anxious to make our children happy. "Let us never forget, then, that it is the Divine presence and favour that makes every place happy and comfortable" (Howard). The young are spontaneously religious. Their natures turn Godwards as surely and certainly as a helianthus opens to the sun. There is no need for pruning or grafting, only a wise training of the natural bent.

"The mother is qualified, and qualified by the Creator Himself, to become the principal agent in the development of her child, and what is demanded of her is a *thinking* love" (Pestalozzi). If we lack wisdom in dealing with these new-born souls, we lack one of the most essential attributes. Miss Mason says, "As this is the highest duty imposed upon parents, it is also the most delicate. We have infinite need of faith and prayer, tact and discretion, humility, gentleness, love, and *sound judgment*, if we would bring our child to God, and the thought of God to our child."

This *must* be the case if we realise that "the moral dye is a lasting one," and that it is possible to turn a young heart "irrevocably against God by the ideas of Him imbibed in the nursery." What grave and careful thought it requires, then, to regulate the prayers and praises of our babes and sucklings! What definite resolve, so to weave the daily life on to that which is eternal, that there need be no change when our little ones are called over the river. Lives that are "struck in the key set to the songs of immortality" call for no transposition, even if the golden harps are suddenly placed in wee white hands.

"There is no function of mind or body but may be performed divinely," says Froebel, and religion may verily be an every-day garment. Not a rough, coarse cloak, but delicate raiment of fine needlework wrought about with gold. "Habit is T-E-N natures," and the *habit* of reverence should never be forgotten. The Bible and breadcrumbs must not be mixed together *literally*. Metaphorically, the more Bible we mix with our breadcrumbs the better for households. Much "brisk talking of religion" is to be discouraged; gradual growth and development of the same to be looked for. The Master Himself has described spiritual life as seed hidden from the eyes of men—growing, as seed best grows, in darkness.

Few of us mothers may know much of the working of this life in our children's souls,

except incidentally. As Lyttelton puts it, "During the dark period of growth (from fourteen to eighteen) there must be, and practically is, always reticence." *I* would say that the "dark period" extends from childhood to maturity—whenever that may be, and all precocity, even in religious matters, is to be deprecated. "God takes His children to Himself at their full growth." He knows when that is. We do not. We only know that our sweetest, our fairest, our cleverest, reach fruition first. It must be so, for "There is always something pathetic about a soul that stands upon the borderland of the great new country beyond. There is always something that strikes a tender key about a life that is so soon to be merged into the fuller life of immortality" (Willard). From this arises the constant feeling, "My child is *too* good, I am afraid."

Dear mothers, afraid! Of what? "God alone should speak by the side of the grave," said Monsieur Guizot, but a few human voices may comfort us, too.

"Death cannot be an evil, because it is universal. It must be good to those that do good, because it crowns man's evolution on the planet earth," writes a great mother from her bleeding heart. "I have never lost them," she would say, speaking of those gone before. "They are as constantly with me in the spirit as ever they were in the flesh." By another it was written, "Years ago my care at night had been to see my children safely covered in their beds. Now I have seen all but one close their eyes in a blissful sleep, with the assurance that they will waken to rejoice in the glories of an endless day."

Let me tell every mother that nothing can help in the day of bereavement—not even the remembrance of talent or beauty—like the knowledge that our little ones were *ready* for the "Great Divide." How can we best prepare them? By realising that education for that end is in our power, that *our* influence in trivial things is the unexpressed, unmeasured magnetism that draws our children Godwards. The eternal education "depends so immensely on the gradual growth and development of the mother herself, and on the influences through which she passes" (Searle), that the cultivation of personal holiness should be part of our definite scheme for building up our little ones in the faith. The teaching and communication of a multiplicity of facts does not constitute real education, "but only the giving prominence to the eternally living unity that is in all things" (Froebel).

"Impressions gained through the eye and ears are incomparably more lasting and real than any information learnt from books." The sight of a Bible on a lectern, read standing, will inculcate more reverence than any amount of careless, desultory foraging therein. A tender inflexion of tone in prayer does much to recommend its following to the young. Gladness in seizing every opportunity for going to the house of the Lord makes such example infectious.

In all this, let a mother avoid artificiality. "Do not try to be what you are not, but very well what you are." Thus runs an old proverb, and each of us should lay it to heart. "A little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a very great thing." If the saying be true, "Circumstances do not make talent, they immensely influence it," it is doubly true in regard to religion. "Nothing in the lives and training of the young, especially if they are precocious and clever, is unimportant." If we want religion to be "guide, stay, and solace in life," as it was to John Howard the philanthropist, we must make it so in childhood. "In general," says Froebel, "what has been omitted and neglected in the education and development of man in boyhood is never retrieved." "Whoever sends his child out into life without vital ideas of the spiritual life, sends him forth as a dormant soul, however well instructed he may be in theology." (Mason). "If we neglect or fail of this, I am not sure whether it matters much that he has fulfilled his duties" in other matters.

In conclusion. "It is a great thing to be a parent; there is no promotion, no dignity, to compare with it." "To be God's special servant, His instrument for any particular purpose, is the highest dignity to which the human being can attain; and no one undertakes the education of a child without being raised to it." To prepare a child for what God is preparing for it is surely a great thing to seek for ourselves! Let us be content to "doe ye next thinge" that comes to our hand, and say, with regard to our children, "I am always content with that which happens; for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose" (Epictetus).

Finally, I will close this series of articles with a posy garnered in "a Surrey garden." It will act as a warning against pinning our faith to any quotation, however wise it may be; at the same time, it shows us the utility of getting every stray arrow (even those that fall "beyond us") shot for our guidance and help (1 Sam. xx.). "It is wise to gather as many opinions as we can, always with the idea of helping our own judgment; never as putting the responsibility on others of any important decision which ought to rest entirely with ourselves."

"Goads and nails" are useful, but only in their proper place.

TEMPERANCE NOTES AND NEWS.

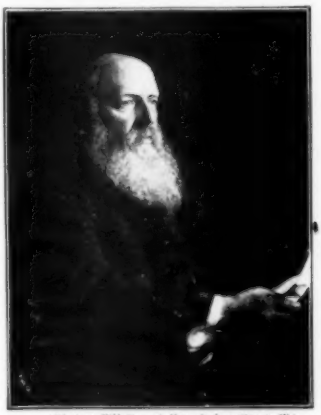
By a Leading Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.



(Photo: F. Baum, Manchester.)
MR. JAMES WHYTE.

IT would be an interesting problem to discuss how far the United Kingdom Alliance has fulfilled its mission. This great organisation was founded by a few enthusiastic philanthropists in Manchester on October 25th, 1853, and its headquarters have been centred in Cottonopolis ever since. A leading promoter was the late Nathaniel Card, an earnest member of the Society of Friends. The first Secretary was the late Thomas H. Barker, who remained in office until 1889, when he was succeeded by his active assistant, Mr. James Whyte. No association could have been better served. Mr. Barker's attractive personality secured for him a host of friends, whom he was not slow to utilise for the promotion of the heroic, not to say startling, leading principle of the Alliance—"The Total and Immediate Suppression of the Liquor Traffic." How many diverse minds have given of their best to the work of the Alliance! What years of effective service were rendered by the late F. R. Lees and J. H. Raper! Among clerical supporters, one can recall the great work done by such men as Henry Gale, Dean Connor, Prebendary Grier, and Thomas Hutton—all now passed to their rest. It has had a long and thoroughly cosmopolitan representation in Parliament, and all the world knows that its President for many years past has been Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P. His "gay wisdom" is heard at its best at an Alliance annual meeting. Year after year there seems to be no difficulty in crowding the historic Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to its utmost capacity, and the record of these meetings will be found to include the names of many of the most distinguished men of the time. To out-and-out temperance folk, however, the Conference is the most enjoyable feature of the gatherings. A "burning" question crops up nearly every year, and times without number the late J. H. Raper was "put up" in the thick of the fight to speak the few tranquillising words of sanctified common sense necessary to save the situation. A speaker always demanded at this Conference is Thomas Whittaker, whose happy knack of coining a phrase to "stick" may be relied upon to send an audience away in a good humour. The Alliance is, we suppose, the most universally hated temperance body in existence. It is always "going for" the "trade," and the "trade," through its official organs, misses no chance of hitting back. The organising agents of the Alliance are planted throughout the country in charge of stated districts, and are very much to the fore at election times. Whatever view one may take as to the work of the Alliance, all must admit that it has fulfilled a great mission in keeping the claims of the Temperance Movement before the public. Its official paper, *The Alliance News*, was edited from the first number until quite recently by Mr. H. S. Sutton. The present Editor is Mr. R. A. Jameson. Mr. Sutton has written some verse of much distinction, which attracted the attention of no less capable a critic than the late Francis T. Palgrave, whose "Golden Treasury of Sacred Song" contains examples



(Photo: Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)
SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.

of Mr. Sutton's muse. The present Secretary of the Alliance, Mr. James Whyte, is a native of Crieff. He wields an incisive pen, and has turned out some most useful work in the domain of economics. His many papers on the commercial and statistical phases of the

movement give evidence of most careful preparation, while with his complete mastery of figures there is combined a sympathetic persuasiveness which considerably helps his argument.



(Photo: Gabell and Co., Ebury St., S.W.)
MISS ORME.

WOMEN'S WORK.

We regret that by an unfortunate misunderstanding the portrait of Miss Lucy Docwra appeared in our August number instead of that of her sister, Miss Mary E. Docwra, who is President of the Women's Total Abstinence Union. In making this correction, we desire to pay tribute to the great work which Miss Lucy Docwra has done in Essex, particularly in connection with the Band of Hope Movement. Like her sister, she is a most untiring worker, her one desire being to "speed the cause along." We are glad to give a portrait of Miss S. E. Orme, who, until a few months ago, was the Lady Superintendent of the Temperance Hospital. She took up this important position in 1873, and served the institution with rare sagacity and fidelity for over a quarter of a century. Upon her retirement, Miss Orme's devoted labours received gratifying acknowledgment at the hands of the Hospital authorities. Retirement, however, in Miss Orme's case does not mean idleness. So far from sitting still, she has cast in her lot with the National Temperance League, and has courageously taken in hand the organisation of the great "Twentieth Century Bazaar," which is to be a feature of the League's work next year. Miss Orme's programme for this event has been sketched out in a thoroughly businesslike fashion, and we understand that she has already secured many promises of help.

HOMES FOR INEBRIATES.

The Inebriates Act of 1898 will remain a dead letter unless some energetic efforts are made to found homes for dipsomaniacs. Bristol was the first place to make a start, and the Irish Temperance League is also moving in the matter. The Rev. T. Dixon-Spain, Rector of Rand St. Oswald, has launched a scheme for the Eastern Counties. He proposes to secure Utterby House, Louth, Lincolnshire, of which we give an illustration. Everywhere the stipendiary magistrates are calling out for the urgent need of homes, and Dr. Branthwaite, who has been specially appointed by the Government to superintend the working of the Act, has made a strong appeal to the friends of temperance to develop this work.

COMING EVENTS.

There are already indications of an active temperance campaign this winter. The Report of the Royal Commission, and Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book, will give ample material for speeches. We trust, however, that advocates will not forget that their message to "dear hearers" at every meeting should be "Sign the Pledge." The United Kingdom Alliance annual meetings will be held at Manchester on October 17th. The Railway Temperance Union meetings will take place in London on October 21st. The Lord Mayor will give a reception to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the members of the National Temperance League at the Mansion House on October 25th. On October 27th the Church of England Temperance Society's Police Court Mission will meet at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair. The annual meetings of the Canterbury Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society will be held at Croydon on October 29th. On November 2nd there will be a "Quiet Day" for the Church of England Temperance Society workers in St. Paul's Cathedral; and on November 28th Lady George Hamilton will open a Sale in behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society Ladies' Needlework Guild at Portman Rooms.



UTTERBY HOUSE, LOUTH.

(The proposed Eastern Counties Home for Inebriates.)



A Fairy Parable. By Roma White.

ONCE upon a time there lived a little old woman who was very poor and very ugly indeed. She had built herself a hut of reeds, osiers, and clay on the borders of a broad, quiet river; and, for food, she made herself bread from the gleanings of the harvest-fields, and drank the milk of the wild goats. The shy, soft-eyed things loved her, and would step lightly and daintily to her door through the morning dew, with their kids trotting along behind them. All the animals and insects and flowers cherished her; and, to them, her queer, wrinkled old face looked very lovely indeed.

But the travellers who rode past her house along the path by the waterside saw nothing but a little bent old woman, who came and went through the trees like a quiet shadow, and who always stopped their horses and dogs to offer the thirsty creatures water from a big green pail. Sometimes the riders thanked her with a careless word; more often they turned their eyes away from her and passed on, for she seemed to them to belong to a world of poverty and misery that they wanted to forget.

But the old woman only smiled to herself when she saw their cold, averted glances, and went quietly on with her work of bringing water to the horses and dogs.

Then one day down the path by the river came a gay procession of squires and dames from the court. All the ladies wore beautiful hats trimmed with feathers and flowers; and the knights wore satin doublets and had diamond buckles on their shoes. They shone and glittered like birds of paradise as they rode by on their gentle, silken-coated horses; but somehow, none of them were so beautiful as the dragon-flies that hung in the air over the river, with a thousand opals in their wings.

And the old woman came out of her hut as usual with her green pail, and, stopping the first knight, offered his horse water to drink.

He was a gay-voiced, thoughtless boy, and he laughed and doffed his cap to her, half in courtesy, half in mockery. The handsome girl by his side tossed her curls with a proud, petulant look and bade him make haste.

"The sun is high," said she. "We cannot waste any time, or we shall miss the first part of the big tournament."

The old woman glanced up at the maiden from under her quiet brows.

"You take your pleasure, lady," said she.

"Of course," replied the girl carelessly, yet haughtily. "What else should I do?" And she shook her white reins, and passed on.

The young knight, with his beardless, merry mouth and bright hair, rode after her. And she turned to him with a little shiver of repugnance.

"I am glad *I* am not old and ugly and poor and thin," she said. "I should be so miserable that I should die."

The boy lifted his handsome face to the sunshine and drew a long breath. But he said nothing. He was thinking of the joy of life and of the delight with which he felt the young blood thrill and throb through his pulses. He felt sorry for the old woman, because he thought she was lonely and indifferent and cold.

And all the knights and dames in that gay

cavalcade thought the same: but their horses looked at the old woman with bright, grateful eyes, and a white cockatoo, that one of the ladies carried on her wrist, flew to the weary, stooping figure, and, nestling to her neck and shoulder, would not be persuaded to come away.

When all the horses had drunk, the bright procession streamed on down the river path; and, by-and-by, were out of hearing and sight.

As the old woman sat there by the river, she began to sing; and her voice was thin and cracked and silly. But when the dragon-flies heard the song, they stopped darting to and fro, and came and hung in a clustering crown over her head. The squirrels crept down the tree-trunks and drew near, and little shining green lizards gathered about her feet. The thrushes hushed their pure notes in the white thorn-bushes, and the blackbirds in the hazel-copse were still—because the song seemed to them more beautiful than anything in the whole sweet, strong music of earth.

And while the old woman was singing, and while the birds and animals were quiet and motionless that they might hear, a child came down the path by the waterside; he had decked his hair with bluebells, and he dragged after him a great bough of snowy, fragrant may. And when he saw the old woman he stopped for a minute, and looked at her with delight and awe.

"I knew," he whispered softly—"I knew that only one of the sky-fairies could sing like that."

Then, very gently and gravely, he crept up to her knee, and looked into her eyes.

"Beautiful lady!" he said, "who are you, and where do you come from?"

The old woman stopped singing, and smiled at him. Then she spoke; and, to the ears of the child, her voice was as the summer wind in the oaks, or the quiet breaking of a full, calm tide.

"I am no beautiful lady," she answered, "but a woman, very poor and very old. My father was a wood-cutter in the forest, and when he died, I was left alone. I am ignorant and almost useless in the world. And I must be very thin and ugly, for everybody who passes by says so."

The child shook his head, so that the bluebells fell about him in a shower. And the old woman, who always wanted to be helping somebody, picked them up, and twined them in his hair afresh.

"You are not ugly," said the child. "Your face is like the stars, and you sing like the blue-birds in a dream I once had. What was the song about?"

Then the old woman rested her chin on her wrinkled palm and looked away again into the river. The dragon-flies had returned to their home there as soon as the singing had stopped.

"I was singing about love," she answered dreamily.

"About love?" echoed the child solemnly. "Tell me more."

But the old woman shook her head.

"I know no more," she said. "I am very ignorant, and I have never had anyone to love me. When I die nobody will weep. Still, whenever I sing, I always sing about love."

The child was silent for a time. Then he said thoughtfully:

"I, too, think about love. I shall be a prince when I grow up, and I mean to marry a princess with golden hair. Is that the sort of love you sing about?"

"I think not," answered the old woman. "Or, at least, that is only part of it. But I am too old and ignorant to say, little one. I have never been able to give anybody all the love in my heart. Still, it is there, and it makes me sing."

"Are you happy?" asked the child gently. "Your song sounded as if you were."

The old woman laid one of her thin hands upon her heart, and smiled.

"I am ugly and old, and people pity me," she answered. "But something is here, very warm, that makes me want always to sing. Yes, I am happy, my child."

And then, with her hand over her warm, glad, loving heart, the old woman began to sing again, and, very softly, the child went away.

"I will go and see her again to-morrow," he said. "She makes me feel as if the world was beautiful and good."

The old woman, meanwhile, sat quite still by the river, singing to herself. And by-and-by she began to feel as if her voice were going away from her, up into the clouds, as if the fields were hidden in gleaming mist, and her hands and feet grew numb and chill.

"I am ninety-five to-morrow," she whispered to herself. "This must be what is known as Death."

She stumbled to her feet, and leant over the river, for she wished to drink. And, in the water, she saw a vision of Paradise. And then her big, loving soul was set free, and her worn-out, thin, weary body slid softly under the ripples of the river, and rested, calm and still, below the sunlit surface of the running stream. The green reeds closed up tenderly about her, and the dragon-flies, who had seen, too, the beautiful picture in the water, never ceased their happy darting to and fro.

And the next day the knights and ladies rode past again on their way to the tournament, but the old woman's hut was empty and quiet. Only, as they drew near, they all cried out in astonishment and delight.

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For the whole breadth of the river where it flowed by the little empty house was lit up with great shining flowers.

The knights and maidens feasted their eyes on them, and talked eagerly of their beauty, and gathered some of them for the chamber of the Queen. And, when the gay party had carried off their golden spoil, the child came running to the river, for someone had told him that the old woman was dead.

He, too, saw the radiant, sunlit reach of yellow flowers; and he stood still with clasped hands and beating heart, for he knew, dimly, what the blossoms meant. Then, with bent head, he crept away.

"When I am crowned King," he whispered to himself, "it shall be with a wreath of those golden flowers."

And the child kept his word; and, in the whole of his kingdom, none were found to gainsay him, when he decreed that all faithful, loving knights should take for their badge an iris bloom, because nobody had ever seen anything so beautiful as the great golden blossoms that had sprung up from the old woman's grave.



The knights and maidens feasted their eyes on the flowers.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

With Illustrative Anecdotes and References.

OCTOBER 15TH.—**Esther Pleading for her People.**
To read—Esther viii. 3—8 and 15—17. Golden Text—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

LAST lesson told of Haman's plot. It was discovered by Mordecai, who told the queen. She revealed it to the king, and Haman was at once hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai. Thus God brought the counsel of the wicked to naught. But the Jews still in danger. So Esther pleads once more with the king.

I. **Esther's Petition** (3—6). She, the favourite wife, again ventured into the king's presence. The matter was urgent. Haman, indeed, was dead, but letters for the massacre of the Jews, sealed with the king's ring, had gone into all provinces of the empire. She fell at his feet and besought him to reverse the decree. She appeals to his love for herself. She cannot endure to see her nation and kindred perish.

II. **The King's Answer** (7, 8). *Favourable.* He has already punished Haman for his plot to destroy the Jews; but he cannot reverse the letters which have been sent, because the king's decree, once pronounced, cannot be reversed; but they may send out other letters telling the Jews to stand for their life (ver. 11), *i.e.* defend themselves.

Urgent. Messengers at once sent with new decree.

III. **The Jews Saved** (15—17). *Mordecai* honoured, being in full favour with king and queen, clothed in royal apparel, held in high esteem. *The city* of Shushan full of joy. Evidently Queen Esther had won the people's hearts. *The whole land* rejoiced.

Lessons. 1. *Esther a type of Christ.* He pleads in Heaven at God's throne for His people. His pleading of His love for them (shown by His death) is effectual. They are saved.

2. *Good out of evil.* Haman's plot resulted in his death, but the safety of the Jews. Knowledge of true God spread. He doeth all things well.

Redeemed.

An Englishman, standing in a market in Egypt, saw a slave being sold by auction. The slave, noticing the avowed enemy of slavery bidding, was very angry, and despaired of his freedom. Finally, the Englishman, being the highest bidder, had the slave sold to him. Then he took the bill of sale, duly receipted, and gave it to the slave, telling him he might go free. The slave was so overcome with astonishment and joy that he refused to leave such a loving master.

OCTOBER 22ND.—**Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem.**
To read—Ezra viii. 21—32. Golden Text—Ver. 22.

SIXTY years since dedication of new Temple, Artaxerxes, King of Persia, commissions Ezra to head return of remaining Jews to Palestine. Started on New Year's Day (vii. 9), took four months. First halt made at River Athara.

I. **The Fast** (21—23). *Why kept.* To humble themselves before God and seek His help more earnestly. Such a fast as Daniel observed in Babylon (Dan. ix. 3) and people of Nineveh (Jonah iii. 5—8). *How kept.* With *confession* of sin, as by Israel at Mizpeh (1 Sam. vii. 6). With *prayers* for guidance and sustenance. With *humiliation* that they had leaned on the king for help after boasting of what God would do for them.

The result. God accepted their prayers and tears. They were assured of His help.

II. **The Precautions** (24—29). *The selection.* Twelve priests, besides princes, carefully chosen to guard the treasures. The money and precious vessels of gold and silver carefully counted, weighed out, and put in their charge. All these were presents offered to the Lord for His house.

The charge. The priests are holy, set apart for God's service. So are these vessels. Therefore they must guard them carefully till they give them up complete at the end of their journey to the higher priests and officers at Jerusalem.

Lessons. 1. *Seeking God's help.* They were on a long and difficult journey. Halted for united prayer. Confession of past sin. Joined with prayer for guidance. So should it be always. "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel."

2. *Prudence in action.* "Not slothful in business." All proper precautions taken for safety for themselves and the treasure.

III. **The Result** (29, 30). Journey resumed after twelve days' halt. God's hand *was* on them. He did guide them safely. Enemies lay in wait in vain. God's word again proved true.

The whole story a type of man's journey through life. He is exposed to dangers from world, flesh, and devil—all seeking to destroy soul. Only God's grace can keep safe. This must be sought constantly.

Lesson. Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe. Deliver us from evil.

Prayer never Hinders Work.

In a little church on the Italian mountains I saw a picture which struck me. There was a ploughman who had turned aside at a certain hour to pray. The rustic artist drew him on his knees before the opened heavens; and, lest there should be any waste of time occasioned by this, an angel was going on ploughing for him. I like the idea. I do not think an angel ever did go on with a man's ploughing while he was praying, but I think that the same result often does come to pass, and that when we give our hearts to God, and seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all these things are added unto us.—C. H. SPURGEON.

OCTOBER 29TH.—**Psalms of Deliverance.**
To read—Psalms lxxxv., cxxvi. Golden Text—Psalm cxxvi. 5.

PSALM LXXXV. I. **The Past** (1—3). The Psalmist, a Levite or priest of the family of Korah, acknow-

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ledges God's mercies to His people. For their sins they were punished, exiled to Babylon. But they thought upon God and repented. His mercy is seen in forgiving all their sin and in restoring them to their own land. Therefore "Selah," *i.e.* let the music strike up to bless the Lord. His anger has changed into mercy.

II. **The Present** (4—8). In spite of God's favour, the consequences of their sin remain. Their condition (as told in last lesson) is one of great affliction. Therefore prayer is poured out for revival of new life as a nation and joy in the Lord. Pardon is good, but peace and joy are better. Then the answer is anxiously waited for. God will send peace in His own time.

III. **The Future** (9—13). Prayer scarcely over before answer comes—favourable.

God in His glory will dwell among His people.

God's mercy and faithfulness will combine to bless them.

Truth shall be seen between man and man.

Holiness shall be poured down from Heaven.

Temporal blessings follow; peace and prosperity.

Lesson. Blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God.

PSALM CXXVI. **I. Joy** (1—3). Song of first returning exiles (Ezra i. 1). He put it into heart of Cyrus to issue decree. It was unexpected, and like a happy dream. But it was no dream; only a glad reality. Even the heathen owned it was the Lord's doing. But only a few returned at first. Much left to be done.

II. **Prayer** (4—6). To bring back remaining captives. Land in south near desert parched till the rains come. So is it with the nation. Tears of repentance been shed, good results follow.

Lesson. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

The Joyful Spirit.

The poet Carpini once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description. The great composer replied: "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart it will be easily forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

NOVEMBER 5TH.—Nehemiah's Prayer.

To read—Neh. i. 1—11. *Golden Text—Ver.* 11.

BEEN reading of Ezra's return to Jerusalem. Thirteen years now passed. Story turns to Nehemiah, the King of Babylon's cup-bearer, a Jew left behind when others had returned to Jerusalem.

I. **The Visit** (1—3). Twentieth year of Artaxerxes, *i.e.* B.C. 445, in seventh month (Chisleu) at Shushan, the quarter containing the king's palace. Party of Nehemiah's friends from Judæa—one of them, Hanani, his own brother—come to see Nehemiah. Naturally exchange news. They tell sad tale of present condition of Jerusalem. Those returned from captivity, small remnant of the nation, are in sad distress. City wall in ruin, the gates burned.

II. **The Prayer** (4—11). One hope left. God, the hearer of prayer, within reach, though Jerusalem far off. So Nehemiah gives special days, to mourning and prayer for his people and nation.

Notice the different parts of the prayer.

The address. God is all-powerful, therefore able to help; all-merciful, therefore willing; all-faithful, keeping His covenant, therefore pledged to help.

The confession. They have all sinned. Have failed to keep God's laws—have done amiss.

The plea. God's own promise. Had told Moses that if nation transgressed would be banished, but if penitent would be restored (Deut. xxx. 1—6). Nehemiah claims that he and those at Jerusalem are God's people—the same nation as formerly rescued by God's power from enemies in Egypt (Exod. xiii. 3, 14).

The prayer. That God would hear, answer, and prosper him with the king his master.

Lessons. 1. God keepeth His covenant for ever.

2. The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

NOVEMBER 12TH.—Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem.

To read—Neh. iv. 7—18. *Golden Text—St. Matt. xxvi.* 41.

NEHEMIAH waited patiently, praying daily for five months, but doing his daily work. Then an opening came. The king asked him why he was sad (ii. 2), gave him leave to go to Jerusalem, and an armed escort; also letters to various people to supply materials (ii. 8, 9). But Samaritans (iv. 2) opposed the work.

I. **The Attack** (7, 8). Sanballat, leader of Samaritans, and Tobiah, connected with nobles of Judah (vi. 17, 18), gathered large parties together to stop building of the walls. Tried contempt—the Jews feeble, easy to conquer (ver. 2); then ridicule—a fox could break down the new wall (ver. 3); then direct opposition.

II. **The Defence** (8—13). Some Jews discouraged because of the *amount* of the work. Also because of the *secret attacks*. What does Nehemiah do?

Pray. He calls them all to pray in this crisis.

Watch. Walls not high enough to protect builders, so watch set day and night to warn them.

Encourage. Nehemiah urges to work and fight with a will, for God is on their side.

III. **The Result** (15—18). Retreat of enemy and return of all to their work. Builded with one hand and with the other held a weapon. So they prevailed, trusting in God. Truly a parable of all who join in building up the spiritual city of God—the Church.

Lesson. If God be for us, who can be against us?

Prayer and Work.

A minister observing a man on the road breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, remarked, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts as easily as you are breaking these stones." "Perhaps, master, *you do not work upon your knees*," was the reply.

Short Arrows
Notes of Christian Life & Work.

The Negro Leader.

MR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, whom the American Ambassador to Britain has described as the leader of the negro race in the United States, has had a remarkable career. He was born in the old slavery days and never knew his rightful name. When, therefore, he went to school and found that other boys had surnames, he wanted another name himself, and he took, he said, the best he could—the name of Washington. From a nameless slave Mr. Booker Washington has risen to be the principal of a great school and institute at Tuskegee, Alabama, where 1,100 young people of the negro race are being taught to be teachers or to support themselves by manual trades. The race problem, as it is called, in the States is a serious one. Ten millions of negroes are living there, together with some sixty millions of whites. The Civil War emancipated the negro, but certainly did not solve the race problem. Mr. Booker Washington contends that there is only one way to solve it. It is, he says, God's way. It is by the black man trying to live like a Christian gentleman, and by the whites treating him as such. For this end, of course, the negro needs training; he needs teaching how to live and to be self-reliant. The worst curse of slavery was that it destroyed his self-reliance. The industrial system, Mr. Booker Washington declares, is the most valuable; and if the negro by his skill and brain produces first-rate articles, he will win respect. Mr. Washington seems to be following on the lines of the late General Armstrong, who, after the War, did so much for the negro. He established the leading school for them at Hampton, Virginia, and it was there that young Booker Washington qualified himself to follow Armstrong at Tuskegee, Alabama. The Government has given the Institute 25,000 acres of land, and the State of Alabama gives it an annual donation.



(Photo: Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

MR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Constantinople.

IMAGINATION cannot depict a fairer scene than that which greets a traveller who, sitting on a deck-chair, sails up the Bosphorus in a yacht or passenger ship and enters the Golden Horn, as the port of Constantinople is called from its form. The streets of this city are not of "pure gold," but very filthy, there being no other scavengers than pariah dogs. The roofs of many of the mosques and of other public buildings, however, are covered with gold-leaf, and these multiply the rays of the rising and setting sun and produce a glory that must be seen to be understood. Until the traveller lands he thinks that Constantinople is a city of palaces, when he disembarks that it is



A VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

one of beggars. The palaces of pashas and of other rich men are everywhere to be seen, and so large that in comparison to many of them Buckingham Palace is insignificant. If on a Saturday you witness the Sultan going in state to say his prayers, you see the population (871,561) turn out, and are astonished at the number of shapes beggary and wretchedness can take. You hear the call to prayer repeated at stated hours from the minarets of mosques so numerous that there is said to be a mosque for every day of the year; you ask yourself why is there no call to cleanse this Augean stable of moral filth, injustice, and tyranny? Why is that old wooden bridge, for instance, allowed to remain a danger to every man and bullock cart that cross it, and no call made to those who have received money to construct a new one to do so? Scutari, where so many English who died during the Crimean War are buried, is about five miles higher up the Bosphorus. Stamboul, as the Turks call Constantinople, is on two promontories at the junction of the strait with the Sea of Marmora. With the exception of Cairo, there is perhaps no town where the street life is so interesting. It is veritably a "Turkish mixture." Here East and West meet, and you see people of very many races, wearing distinctive dress and differing from each other in manners and customs. As everyone knows, Constantinople means the town of Constantine, and some people think that this Emperor mixed Christianity to its disadvantage when he made it a department of the State. We all have heard of the largest mosque in Constantinople, that of St. Sophia. The name means Wisdom. Let us hope that worshippers in it learn to be as wise as serpents an . as harmless as doves. We cannot help thinking, however, that it is the Cross, and not the Crescent, that makes men wise unto salvation. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

When Greek meets Greek.

THE Church of St. Mary in the Charing Cross Road, the greater portion of which has been lately demolished, under a "dangerous structure notice," by order of the London County Council, has passed in its day through some remarkable vicissitudes of fortune. The building began its career as a Greek Church, and it is at present a Church (or, to speak more correctly, about a third of a church) of England. It was occupied successively in the interval by congregations of French Protestants and Nonconformists. Rome, in fact, appears to be about the only denomination to which changeable little St. Mary's has not in turn succumbed. An amusing and unusual episode is connected with its early Greek days. "Our Humility of Samos," as he was officially styled, Archbishop Georgeirenes, who had been ousted from his see, went about England collecting subscriptions for the church he proposed to establish in "Sohoe Fields." In this pious task the worthy and quite irreproachable prelate was grievously annoyed by the manœuvres of an unprincipled Greek priest, who, by impersonating the Archbishop, also wheedled many contributions out of the faithful, which he applied to his own use. The desperate Georgeirenes at last inserted an advertisement or notice in *The London Gazette* for February 12th, 1680, wherein he strongly emphasised the physical differences between the impostor and himself. The evil Joachim Ciciliano is described as "of high stature, with black bushy hair and a long black beard"; but, on the contrary, "the Bishop of Samos is an indifferent, tall man, and slender, with long black hair, having a wart on the right side of the nose, but against his eye, and black whiskers, and very little beard." Let us hope that the "wart," at any rate, bore witness to the authenticity of "Our Humility," confuted the wicked Joachim, and diverted errant subscriptions into their legitimate channel.

Wanted—More Worshippers.

WHAT would happen if all the inhabitants of the British Isles were seized with the desire to attend a place of worship? After every house of God belonging to all denominations had been filled, 25,000,000 would be crowded out. There is space at present to seat 15,000,000. The population is 40,000,000; therefore, if all chose to attend a place of worship, the accommodation would have to be three-fifths larger than it is at present.

A Man who Flogged the whole Bench of Bishops.

ETON has had many famous masters, some of whom were especially noted for their learning; others for their piety; and others, again, for their disciplinary powers. But no head of the great college has ever surpassed in fame the celebrated Dr. John Keate, the record of whose achievements as a "flogger" has survived even to the Eton of to-day, and whose name still causes a strangely mixed feeling of dread and pride in the breast of the average Etonian. Keate flogged a boy for the merest trifle; he took no excuses, and if a boy tried to palliate some severe dereliction of duty by confessing a minor one, the famous Doctor's favourite exclamation was, "Then I'll flog you for that!" Yet his pupils turned out, as a rule, exceptionally well, and a great number of them did the school much honour in later life. Mr. Gladstone, who recollected the rule of Keate only too well, used to tell some famous tales of the dreaded head-master's flogging proclivities. And the Doctor made his power in this particular line of chastisement quite a subject of legitimate pride. At one period nearly every bishop on the English bench was an old Etonian who had, in his younger days, been under the sway of Dr. Keate, and the latter used often to boast with pride to his friends, both jocularly and seriously, that there was one man, at any rate, who could say he had "flogged the whole bench of bishops!"

Thoughtful Kindness.

A STANDING monument of humanity is the Dogs' Home at Battersea—humanity, we mean, in the sense of humaneness in the treatment of animals as well as of mankind. The object of the Dogs' Home is now pretty well known. It is a suitable



SPARROWS IN THE MAGPIE'S CAGE.

(*See "Thoughtful Kindness."*)

place, fitted with kennels, to which lost and starving dogs are taken. If not claimed within a few days, they are generally put to death in a painless manner, should their condition or breed not warrant the manager of the Home in keeping them. That there is ample need for such a place may be seen from the following facts. During the year 1898 no fewer than 23,940 dogs were received, 19,642 of which were brought by the police under the muzzling order; 2,888 were received under the Metropolitan Streets Act, having been found lost, but wearing muzzles; while 1,351 were brought to be painlessly destroyed in the lethal chamber. Of the large number brought to the Home only 2,044 were restored to owners on payment of a small fee. There are cats' houses also at the Home, and during the year 620 were received. As you walk among the kennels, you see all sorts of dogs, leaping up and looking at you, as though to ask, "Are you my master? Have you come to take me away?" Some, on the other hand, lie still, and scarcely look round, as though they were very tired and enjoyed the rest. Animals and birds are often very interesting to watch. A little lady of our acquaintance used to keep a magpie in a large cage in a suburban garden. The bird was very pert and amusing, and became fairly tame, but it used to attack the sparrows savagely that perched in its cage to pick up food. A narrower network of wire was evidently needed. Thoughtful kindness to animals can hardly be too often insisted upon, especially with the young.

Hear Both Sides.

When anyone made a complaint against an absent person, Aristides used to cover one ear, and when asked why he did so, he explained that he kept the other ear for the absent party.

"Anything in the Prisoner's Favour."

A little while ago, the writer, who lives in Dublin, visited the depôt in the Phœnix Park where they train recruits for the Royal Irish Constabulary. In one large room they were being taught a catechism of police duties. Many of the questions were very suggestive, and showed constabulary work in a pleasant light. One was, "If you knew anything in the prisoner's favour, would you volunteer to tell it in court?" The answer was "Certainly." A lesson is taught here to those who talk against people at tea-parties and elsewhere. Instead of rejoicing in iniquity, scandalmongers should force themselves, if they know anything in the prisoner's favour, to say it.



IN THE DOGS' HOME AT BATTERSEA.

Consolation.

FRANKLIN wrote thus to a relative, whose brother had died: "A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born amongst the immortals, a new member added to their Society? . . . Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last for ever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are so soon to follow, and know where to find him?"

He Should and Must Show It.

WE heard a man saying lately, about another man: "If he is religious, he does not show it in any way." There is scarcely anything more to be reprobated than hypocrisy, or pretending to be what we are not; but, if people have found a splendid remedy, they should tell it to fellow-sufferers, and this is what those have got who have gone in earnest to the Good Physician. Then Christians are told that men shall know them by their fruits, and that they are to be like a city set on a hill. No! we can scarcely imagine a man being truly religious without people knowing it. Men would take knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. Men, do we say? Why, even his dog and his cat would feel his gentleness.

THE QUIVER FUNDS.

THE following is a list of contributions received from August 1st, 1899, up to and including August 31st, 1899. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For *"The Quiver" Waifs' Fund:* A Glasgow Mother (111th donation), 1s.; J. McE. (4th donation), 1s.; J. J. E. (141st donation), 5s.; K., 5s.; J. McE. (5th donation), 1s.

For *"The Quiver" Lifeboat (Repairing) Fund:* In Memory of Caroline E. J. Mudge, £24.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes:* An Edinburgh Friend, 5s.; An Irish Girl, 2s.; K., 5s.; X. Y., 10s. 6d.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund:* K., 5s.; A York Friend, 10s.; A Thankful Mother, 2s.; E. G., 10s.; H. B. D., 5s.; C. F. M., 10s.; E. M. B., 3s.

We are also asked to acknowledge the receipt of 5s. from T. H. W., Brighton, for the St. Giles' Christian Mission.

ROLL OF HONOUR FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

THE **Special Silver Medal** offered for the longest known Sunday-school service in the county of **Norfolk** (for which applications were invited up to August 31st, 1899) has been gained by

MR. HENRY STARR,
Long Stratton, Norfolk,

who has distinguished himself by **sixty-eight** years of service, the last fifty-six of which have been spent in the Congregational Sunday School at Long Stratton.

THE QUIVER BIBLE CLASS.

(BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

133. In what way did the Persian kings show their acceptance of any person who came into their presence?

134. As King Ahasuerus could not recall the order which he had given for the destruction of the Jews, what did he do to insure their safety?

135. Of what colour was the royal apparel of the kings of Persia? Quote passage.

136. To what position in the kingdom of the Medes and Persians was Mordecai the Jew advanced?

137. What was the effect of the promotion of Mordecai?

138. Where did the Jews of the Captivity assemble before starting on their journey to Jerusalem—and why?

139. In what way were the Jews, and the vast treasure they carried with them, protected during the long journey to Jerusalem?

140. What simile is used by the Psalmist to express God's constant care of His people Israel?

141. What position did Nehemiah hold under the king Artaxerxes?

142. What do we learn from Nehemiah as to the troubles which befell the Jews at Jerusalem after their return from the Captivity?

143. Who were the three great enemies of the Jews when Nehemiah went to Jerusalem?

144. What measures did Nehemiah take to protect the people while they were rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 1056.

121. Zerubbabel the Levite and Jeshua the high priest (Ezra iii. 2, 8; Zech. iv. 9).

122. The apathy of the Jews and the opposition of the Samaritans (Haggai i. 2-4; Ezra iv. 4-6).

123. By the vision of the golden candlestick, by which God showed to Zerubbabel that, as he had begun the work of rebuilding the Temple, so he should surely finish it (Zech. iv. 2, 6-9).

124. The prophet Hosea, who reminds the Israelites of God's care of them, from the time He brought them out of Egypt, and assures them of God's blessing if only they will repent (Hosea xi. 1-9, xiv. 1-7).

125. The preservation of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego in the burning fiery furnace; of Daniel in the den of lions; and the appearance to Daniel in visions of the archangels Gabriel and Michael (Dan. iii. 28, vi. 22, ix. 21, and x. 13).

126. Psalms cxx. to cxxxiv. They are supposed to have been sung by the Jews on their journey from the Captivity to Jerusalem, and by the pilgrims at the three great Jewish festivals as they went to the Temple (Psalm cxxii. 1, 2).

127. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee" (Psalm cxxii. 6; Jer. xxix. 7).

128. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream" (Psalm cxxvi. 1).

129. Mount Sion, part of the range of Mount Hermon (Psalm cxxxiii. 3; Deut. iv. 48).

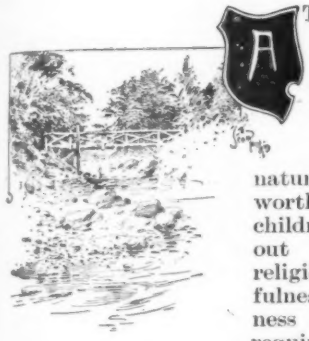
130. Ahasuerus was King of Persia and of the country from India to Ethiopia, and Haman was his chief minister (Esther i. 1, 2, and iii. 1).

131. Haman offered to pay into the king's treasury ten thousand talents of silver (about £2,000,000) if the king would allow the Jews to be destroyed (Esther iii. 9).

132. By bringing to the king's mind the remembrance of how Mordecai the Jew had preserved him from being slain (Esther vi. 1-3, 6-12).

XUM

THE REVOLT OF THE READER.



AT length we are beginning to see the unmistakable signs of a reaction. People are wearying of the continuous stream of more or less frothy and frivolous literature which has been flooding the country in recent years; they are beginning to long for something of a more satisfying nature; something that is worth reading and worth keeping, for themselves and for their children. Brightness without levity, humour without coarseness, truth without sensationalism, religion for weekdays as well as Sundays, faithfulness in fiction, sincerity in art, straightforwardness in all things: such are the imperative requirements of our Christian public, in obedience to the better instincts of the better mind.

Let better instincts prevail.

Most of the magazines of the day are a mere reflex of the mood of the moment; they are no sooner issued than they are out of date. THE QUIVER is one of the few exceptions among them. This magazine has had a remarkable career. For nearly forty years it has held on its way, entering into the inner sanctuary of home life, and fulfilling a distinct mission of real and sympathetic companionship. "I am never lonely," is the frequent testimony, "when THE QUIVER is in my hand."

A remarkable career.

Although the magazine has been at work so many years, every new volume is as fresh and varied as though it were the first. Subjects of real and abiding interest are never exhausted: there are always new developments calling for bright and vigorous treatment, always able hands to deal with subjects of perennial interest and importance. Evidence of this will be forthcoming in the remarkable series of chapters on "The Life and Work of Our Redeemer," to be contributed to THE QUIVER by the most eminent Christian writers of this age, including the Archbishop of Armagh (Dr. Alexander), the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Boyd Carpenter), Principal Fairbairn, Dr. Alexander McLaren, Dean Spence, Professor Handley Moule, Dr. James Stalker, and other men of the front rank. This series, when completed, will assuredly be recognised as a standard work of our time on the greatest of all subjects.

A Twentieth Century work.

The enormous influence of fiction for good or for evil is an acknowledged fact, with which it is impossible to trifle. In a magazine devoted to the requirements of the Christian family the responsibility of providing attractive and wholesome stories for readers of all ages is no light one; it forms, indeed, one of the most exacting and anxious details of editorial work. Every story, no matter by whom submitted, must be taken on its own merits; this, at least, is the rule which has always obtained in THE QUIVER, from the celebrated story of "The Channings" onward. Out of a large number of serial tales offered, the majority of them by writers of high repute, the Editor has selected for the new volume two serials of special interest and freshness. "The Lady of the Manor," by the author of the very successful story, "The Organist's Daughter," is of a character to attract many thousands of readers by its well-sustained power and charming style. The Rev. P. B. Power will give us one of his inimitable narratives to run side by side with the longer serial. Among the complete tales there will be a series dealing with aspects of life in a typical Abbey town, in which clergy as well as laity will be the living

No light task.

"The Lady of the Manor."

and moving personalities, from the skilful and sympathetic pen of Miss Agnes Giberne. In the first of these stories the Dean of Twychester, although as yet but a secondary character, will be welcomed as a high-minded and winning personage.

An undiscovered country.

Always stronger, and sometimes stranger, than fiction, however, are the startling realities of human life in unfamiliar surroundings. Vast tracts of human experience are to many of us an undiscovered country. The victims of vice, poverty, and crime are legion everywhere, but they have their special haunts, and need to be diligently sought out by the Christian explorer. With this arduous work THE QUIVER has been identified from the beginning of its career; but new and varied phases are continually developing as the work of investigation proceeds. Some of the most important of these will be dealt with in the forthcoming volume by commissioners of proved ability and fitness for the task.

Extending the frontiers.

Think of the children.

The cause of Christian philanthropy, its splendid efforts and achievements, will continue to be a striking characteristic of our pages, as well as the Foreign Missionary enterprise, in which so many brave deeds are done and so many lives laid down in the pioneering work of extending the frontiers of the Saviour's kingdom. Nor will the claims of Christ's little ones be forgotten, whether in the home or in the Sunday school. Our lesson illustrations and anecdotes, for the use of parents and teachers, will be carefully chosen for their appropriateness and force. We shall seek to beguile the magical Children's Hour with story and song and helpful talk; while their elders will be supplied with the counsel of experienced men and women on the ever-pressing question of the moral and practical training of the young. The difficult period of transition from childhood to youth, manhood and womanhood, will also demand especial treatment at the hands of discreet and responsible writers.

The storied past.

Then, too, the storied past, with its stirring chronicles and stimulating teachings, will have its due place in THE QUIVER. Taking a new leaf out of an old book, we shall present our readers with a series of brief, brightly written records, collectively entitled "The Christian's Book of Days." At the same time, our attention will be continually given to present-day movements of interest, by means of our Temperance pages, our renowned "Short Arrows," and in special illustrated articles, dealing with matters of the deepest interest to the thoughtful reader all the world over.

A Christian Body Corporate.

At work in Babylon.

Those who have companied with us any time these last five-and-thirty years will not need to be told that one of the most distinctive features of THE QUIVER is the philanthropic work of our own readers, acting as a kind of Christian Body Corporate, for the rescue of human life, the relief of the "sore-distressed," and the mothering of the desolate waif-and-stray morsels of humanity that abound in every Babylon. Only a reference to the pages of the magazine from month to month can exhibit with clearness and adequacy the extent of the work which is being carried on in this way by our readers.

An Institution.

As true now as ever it was is the old saying that THE QUIVER is not only a magazine but an Institution. The numerous interests which emanate from and cluster round it have secured it a position which is quite unique. This position, we feel sure, will be fully maintained in the course of the new volume, commencing with the November part, to appear on the 25th of October.

THE EDITOR.